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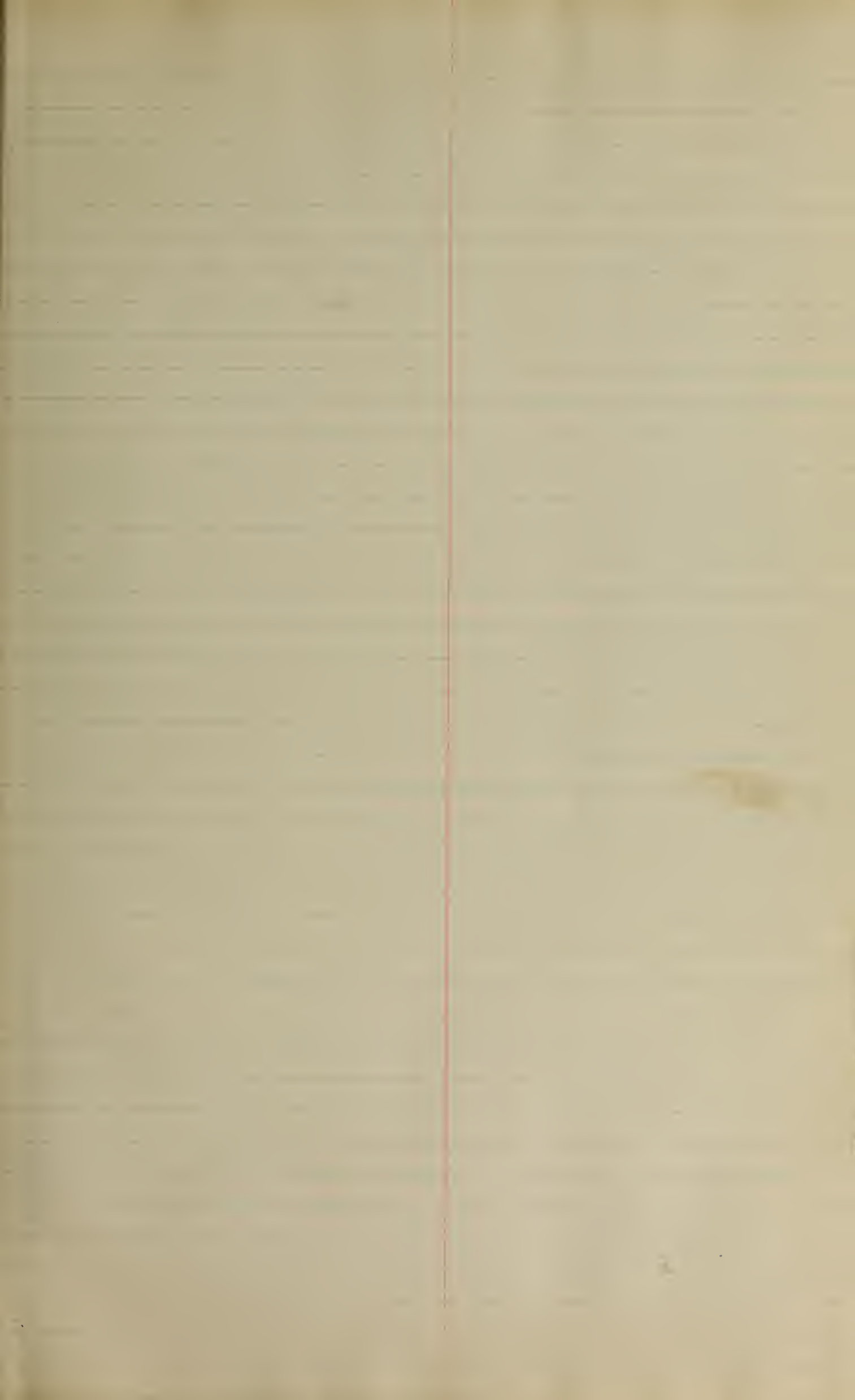






















# WORLD WAGS

By PHILIP HALE

A fortnight ago we published here the Jim Fisk song—"He never went back on the poor," which W. J. Scanlon used to sing. Soon afterwards we received a copy of "Jubilee Jim, the Life of Col. James Fisk, Jr.," written by Robert H. Fuller; published by the Macmillan Company. Mr. Fuller died after he had revised the type script of his book and could not care for the final steps towards publication. Charles E. Hughes in a postscript pays Fuller, who was his secretary when he was Governor, an enviable tribute. The book is illustrated; it is sadly in need of an index. There are a few slips in proof-reading as "Bougherau's great picture of the 'Satyr and Nymphs'."

Mr. Fuller tells the life of Fisk as if he had known him personally from his birth to his death; as if he had been his secretary, valet, factotum, man Friday, holding his master in warm affection, deploring his faults but reducing their extravagance. In Fisk's fights with foes in railroads, markets, courts, he takes Fisk's side—but sometimes in a quasi-ironical manner. Ed Stokes is the villain in the book, the handsome, reckless villain of melodrama. Josie Mansfield is a good-natured girl, disappointed in her marriage. The actor husband had much to say in his own behalf and no one can charge him with base conduct—Josie, having luxurious tastes, was tempted and went wrong. A sordid liaison in which Fisk was the more faithful lover is here turned into high romance. We hear Mr. Fuller chuckling to himself as he wrote certain pages. It's a wonder that he did not nickname Fisk as "an American Alebiades," for Fisk was at times a soldier, and not ashamed to run as colonel of his regiment when a mob charged his soldiers.

Country women of Vermont and western Massachusetts told us in our boyhood stories about Jim Fisk as a pedler of unware, brooms, "potions," about his freshness, impudence, persistence, beguiling and amusing speech. He did not at first amaze the villages with his four white horses, resplendent wagon, nor did he at first sport a stovepipe hat. Mr. Fuller begins his story with a description of life in Bennington, Vt., when "he" and Jim were boys. He tells of Fisk's experiences with Jordan Marsh, his cunning in anticipating the government's wants during the civil war, the first disastrous adventure in New York. "We went in on a shoestring and they cleared us up. . . . Wall street was ruined. 'Wall street's goin' to pay for it, you mark my words'." Then comes the long story of Fisk and his wife, their war with Commodore Vanderbilt, with Daniel Drew; the shameful struggle over Eric; unscrupulous lawyers and corrupt judges. He tells of Fisk in admiral's uniform running a steamboat line; of his bringing the 9th New York regiment to Boston, sitting in full uniform on the stage of the Boston Theatre with the chaplain who prayed and preached; the band played and Jim spoke his mind about the mayor and common council who had refused him permission to parade. "New York judged that he had spanked Boston and was rid of it." His victory over the "Boston Cultural Admiration Society" was followed by the military experience in New York when the Orangemen attempted a parade and were attacked. Jim climbed over a fence when the crowd began firing. "I don't believe I was cut for a military life."

Mr. Fuller errs when he says: "It is Jim who made French opera bouffe popular in this country." Fisk's Opera House (later the Grand Opera House) on the northwest corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, New York, was opened in January, 1868. H. L. Bateman, the manager, the fall of that year brought over a French opera-bouffe company which drew crowds to see Mme. Tostee in "La Grande Duchesse" and Mme. Irma in "Le Bleu." "Les Bavards," "La Chole" and "La Chanson de Porc" were performed under Bateman's management. The company was an excellent one, with M. Aujac the leading actor. It is one of our pleasant recollections that we saw, as a schoolboy in New York, Tostee as the Grand Duchesse Aujac as the soldier so rapidly produced by the amorous woman who sang "que j'aime le militaire." There were admirable comedians who played Boum, Baron Grog, Prince Paul, and the beautiful Mme. Lashanska, and Gould became the proprietor of the theatre in 1869. "The Tempest" produced with E. K. Davenport, Mayo, W. Davidge, F. C. Banks and other noted players. The ballet was

led by Mme. Morlacchi. Fisk did not bring an opera bouffe company to the Grand Opera House until early in 1871. Celline Montaland, Lea Silly and Marie Aimee were the bright and shining stars. Mme. Montaland was then 28 years old. Born at Ghent, she was on the stage as a child of 6. Before she came to New York she was known as one of the handsomest women in Paris and was esteemed as an actress in drama and comedy. In the early eighties she was so fat that she was obliged to take "mothers' roles." This amiable woman died in 1891, having caught the measles through her devotion to her little daughter. In 1876 she played the heroine in a singular drama, "Les Chevaliers de la Patrie," in which Abraham Lincoln (played by Latouche), Stonewall Jackson and J. E. B. Stuart figured. Lea Silly toured in this country. It was said that Fisk had engaged her for six months, at the sum of 72,000 francs. Frederic Lollie, in his "Fete Imperiale," tells of her curious experience with Brigham Young. There are many amusing stories about this joyous creature. Fisk amazed New Yorkers by driving the gay women of his company through the streets—for the purpose of advertisement? His connection with the Tweed ring and the tragedy of Black Friday were taken more seriously.

His generosity to the poor and unfortunate has not been exaggerated. There is a noteworthy example of his genuine thoughtfulness and kindness recorded by Eddie Foy in his memoirs published before his death. Mr. Fuller presents Fisk as an orator, as when he addressed as "Prince of Erie," his "fellow workmen": "Don't hanker after kid gloves and high stove pipe hats, and velvet coats and diamond pins, and gorgeous neckties, for they will afford you no real comfort. I know I should be far happier running one of those lathes, with no other care on my mind," as at Bennington when he told the crowd that his career, good or bad, had perhaps been a varied one "but I have always tried to do right." He had a rough and ready wit. Some of his sayings as the one about a cemetery that needed no fence went the round of the country. Did not Chaplain Pratt at Jim's funeral in Brattleboro, say: "We have every reason to believe that he gave testimony to his faith in Jesus?"

Jim gave a fortune of almost a million dollars to his wife. It was all gone when she died in South Boston in 1912. She had made bad investments and been robbed. She and her sister did their own washing, cooking and mending. Josie—the correspondence between Josie and Jim is published at considerable length—"peaked up a living at her trade" in European cities; married a rich American, who left her after a year or two but gave her an allowance. In 1899 she had a stroke in Boston. In 1901 she asked to be admitted to a Catholic Home in South Dakota. "By that time nobody seemed to care what became of her." She lives and will live with "Jubilee Jim" in Mr. Fuller's engrossing book.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

As Franz Schubert died on Nov. 19, 1828, Mr. Koussevitzky arranged two programs: one for the concert of yesterday afternoon; the other for the concert tonight. Mme. Hulda Lashanska, soprano, was chosen for the singer of the songs; Pierre Luboshutz as the pianist. Yesterday's program was as follows: Symphony No. 4, C minor, the "Tragic"; these songs: "Das Maedchen's Klage," "Du bist die Ruh," "Heidenroslein," "Der Tod und das Maedchen," "Hark, Hark, the Lark." The "Unfinished" symphony, B minor.

The program for tonight will comprise the symphony in B flat major, No. 5. Songs: "Litaney," "Der Neugierige," "Ungeud," "An die Musik," "Die boese Farbe." Symphony No. 7, C major. The "Unfinished" symphony and the great one in C major would naturally find a place on the program of any concert in memory of Schubert. The choice of the fourth and fifth symphonies in addition to them gave the audience the opportunity of noting the composer's development as a symphonist. There was historical interest attending the selection, yet some would have gladly heard excerpts from the charming music of "Rosamunde," as being more Schubertian.

When it came to the songs it seemed as if there should have been three singers if the composer were to be well represented in this field: a dramatic soprano, a lyric soprano, and a baritone. Few of the great songs are on the programs of this week. One misses "Die Allmacht," "Die junge Nonne," "Gretchen am Spinnrad," "An Schwager Kronos," "Der Doppelgaenger," "Gruppe um dem Tartarus," "Am Meer," "Der Atlas," "Der Wanderer," "Die Stadt," "Erkoenig," and others, not forgetting "Der Zwerg." Mme. Lashanska is a lyric soprano. She naturally chose the songs she thought best suited to her voice; yet she was most successful yes-

terday as a singer and an interpreter in "Tod und das Maedchen," which brought out the richest notes of her voice. And it is not purely lyrical.

She was first heard in Boston at a Symphony concert nearly eight years ago. Her voice was then even and beautiful. Yesterday the upper tones lacked agreeable quality, and in "Heidenroslein," flexibility, spontaneous delivery were missed. "Du bist die Ruh" calls for a sustained mood of calmness, an absence of emotional stress. This was lost by reason of the evident labor in producing the upper notes of ascending phrases. There was always intelligent conception of the songs; the excellent intention was evident, but the voice did not always lend itself to the carrying out of the aesthetic purpose. Mr. Luboshutz played the accompaniments musically. The singer was loudly applauded.

The "Tragic" symphony as a whole was first performed by the Boston Symphony orchestra seven years ago. The word "Tragic" can justly be applied only to the first movement if emotional intensity is demanded, though the headlong rush of the Finale is not without dramatic force in spite of certain melodic lines that might be found in Italian overtures of Rossini's second period. The slow movement in the aria form is suave in its tunefulness, while the Scherzo has little of a pronounced character. With the exception, then, of the first movement with its sombre introduction, the symphony hardly answers to its title.

The performance of the "Tragic" and the "Unfinished" was of noteworthy excellence. It would be late in the day to rhapsodize over the latter miracle of musical poetry. Yet M. Bourgaud, writing of the first movement some years ago, found that at the return of the "funereal shadow" which overspreads the initial theme after the enchanting song first sung by violoncellos, "the spectre of death rises before us! Mortal joys are fleet-

ing; the roses of earthly happiness are soon faded, and Nature has put into man's heart a craving for a bliss which knows no satiety." Fine words, but it is better to hear the music and forget what has been said about it. The noblest music is not to be explained nor translated. The "Unfinished" symphony—who would have had even Schubert complete it, or Coleridge his "Kubla Khan"?

If Mr. Koussevitzky brought out the exquisite romanticism of this symphony, he did not forget to emphasize the passages of mournfulness that once at least are those of wild despair.

## 'GARDEN OF ALLAH' TRAVELTALK TOPIC

E. M. Newman's Traveltalk last night in Symphony hall was entitled "Garden of Allah: Morocco and Algiers." He reminded the large audience that welcomed him heartily when he came on the platform that he first came before the Boston public 20 years ago.

He contrasted conditions of travel in Morocco as they were when he first visited that country and as they are today. Formerly the traveller was often in serious danger; the Moors thinking themselves superior in every way to Christians are even now coldly polite; but the French have worked wonders here, as in Algiers and the Sahara. They have paved and cleansed city streets, built hundreds of miles of roads for motor cars, erected sumptuously appointed hotels vying in comfort with the best of those in the United States. When they have put up public buildings or private houses they have adapted Moorish architecture in keeping with the surroundings. Yet by the side of the modern town is the quarter where the street scenes, trade and life are as they were centuries ago. The Jews, whose ancestors came to northern Africa on the fall of Jerusalem directly or by way of Spain, still have their own quarter. In Morocco they were not allowed to ride nor go out at night. Though restrictions in some parts of northern Africa have been removed, the Jews of today still are preferably at home in the ghetto and live as their ancestors did before them.

Many views and scenes of Marrakech were shown, from hotel life to snake charmers and jugglers in the market place; palaces and tombs; reviews of troops; furious riding of the Spahis; superb mosaics and tracteries on walls. In other cities of Morocco remarkable gateways, lovely gardens, while cultural wealth is such, Mr. Newman thinks, that it will be long before we will not import wheat from the United States. Pilgrims were seen going

to the Holy City, Moulay idris, pilgrims and shameless courtesans.

Fez, that famous city of narrow streets and ancient, fanatical life, was visited, as was Tiemcen. In Algiers was again the contrast between the modern and the old towns. There were impressive views of Constantin and its great gorge, the magnificent ruins of Timgad. Then came the journey in the Sahara with stopping at oases till Biskra was reached, and beyond was the loneliness of the desert.

There were many pictures on the screen. Still and motion pictures in illustration of Mr. Newman's graphic descriptions and informing observations of wild native life and the great work done by the civilizing French.

The traveltalk will be repeated this afternoon. Next week the subject will be "Spain." P. H.

## METROPOLITAN

### "The River Pirate"

A screen drama adapted by John Reinhardt and Benjamin Markson from the story by Charles Francis Coe; directed by William K. Howard and presented by Fox Films with the following cast:

Sailor Frink . . . . . Victor McLaglen  
Marjorie Cullen . . . . . Lois Moran  
Sandy . . . . . Nick Stuart  
Shark . . . . . Earle Fox  
Caxton . . . . . Donald Crisp  
Gerber . . . . . Robert Perry

"The River Pirate" is a strange mixture of adventurous glamour and mushy sentimentality, of good acting, and not so good. The one consistent phase is the photography which, like that of "The Docks of New York," succeeds in giving several splendid scenes of New York's bustling waterfront. Here the similarity ends, for the Paramount picture which George Bancroft illuminated ran to rich and racy comedy, whereas this Fox film tends to the dramatic side. Bancroft was simply a crazy-headed steamship stoker, fond of liquor and women. McLaglen, as Sailor Frink, is a man with a warped mind—thief, pirate, gunman, tutor in evil ways to a lonely youth. With wiser direction McLaglen might have been a screen figure equalling Bancroft in stature. As it is, through a valetting last half of filming he is softened and crowned with virtues which Sailor Frink never could have possessed.

In the main, interest revolves about the odd friendship of Sailor Frink and Sandy, who escapes from a reformatory to become partner with the older man in various looting expeditions. This partnership is severed when Sandy resolves to go straight because of the love of a girl, incidentally the ward of the detective, Caxton. The little loyalties between the two men do not terminate, however. To the last they are pals. The second element of interest is the chivalrous feud between Frink and Caxton. The latter is bound to get the sailor, but equally determined to be fair about it. In fact, once he discards his favoring gun and the two swing fists on each other so pointedly that they wake up in adjoining hospital cots.

It is at the end of the picture, when Frink is caught dead to rights in a warehouse, after he has bested a traitorous ally known as the Shark, that false notes creep in. One expects every minute to behold Caxton and Frink embracing each other, so friendly do they become.

Then, for added bathos, an epilogue with the spoken word is presented. An elderly gentleman with senile smile and bedtime story voice undertakes to tell how the story comes out, stressing the potency of love, "always old, ever new." Several in the audience were moved to laughter at his sugary eloquence.

Singer's Midgets, nearly 30 in number, provide the stage show. They include a clever little magician, a strong man, singers, dancers, a master of ceremonies, everything to make 45 minutes of varied entertainment. W. E. G.

## SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The program prepared by Mr. Koussevitzky for the concert last night of the Boston symphony orchestra, celebrating the centenary of Schubert's death was as follows: Symphony, B flat major, No. 5. Songs sung by Hulda Lashanska, soprano, accompanied by Pierre Luboshutz: "Litaney," "Der Neugierige," "Ungeud," "An die Musik," "Die boese Farbe"; Symphony, C major, No. 7.

The title page of the program book translates "boese" in the last of the songs "enchanted." "Boese" in this song is usually translated "evil" or "hateful." The reference is to the color green. It would be interesting to know whether the mistranslation was sent on from New York. "Litaney" full title is "Litaney auf das Fest aller Secker" (All Souls day).

Mme. Lashanska's singing of "Litaney" was the vocal feature of the concert. In this song, the more eloquent section of her voice was heard in all its richness; and in this song her tones were produced with a natural ease that



was not so noticeable in the melodies demanding lightness, lyrical purity and euphony. The audience applauded her after each song enthusiastically—and without discrimination.

The fifth symphony shows plainly enough that it was composed for a small orchestra. Mr. Koussevitzky, therefore, reduced his forces. The performance, delightful as it was, could not give importance to a composition without marked originality; one that recalls now Mozart, now Haydn; with only faint traces of the Schubert to come. There is a singular absence of color, and the amazing skill in modulation peculiar to the Schubert of the later years is not in evidence. Yet six years passed and there stood forth the Schubert of the "Unfinished" symphony.

The performance of the great symphony in C major was brilliant in all respects. For once Schubert did not seem garrulous. The famous passages for trombones, the horn call in the second movement—all the portions of the work that have excited the admiration, occasionally hysterical, of the devout admirers—these were not alone noteworthy. Mr. Koussevitzky's treatment of the lovely details in the Andante, his choice of tempi—and he knew that the orchestra could play with clarity even when driven at a furious pace, as in the Scherzo—his appreciation of the changing moods and shifting play of sentiments and emotions, with the virtuoso splendor of the orchestra itself, made the performance a fitting tribute to the composer, who, poor and ignored in his own city, is now proudly claimed by Vienna as one of its illustrious men.

#### MUSICAL ART QUARTET

There was both an unusual and an unusually attractive concert to be heard yesterday afternoon. The Musical Art Quartet gave it—Sascha Jacobsen and Paul Bernard, violins; Louis Kaufman, viola, and Marie Roemaet-Rosanoff, violoncello. And they gave it in Steinert hall, an auditorium gratefully resonant, as everybody knows, a room, furthermore, because of its moderate size, that makes the average concert audience seem cheerfully large, instead of depressingly small. Two string quartets—to go on with the afternoon pleasant features, the concert gives held sufficient, Beethoven's in G major, op. 18, Cesar Franck's in D major. These players are blessed with sound sense.

They are blessed as well with sound musicianship. Although it may be at once admitted that Mr. Jacobsen's tone is not, in swift strong passages, the sweetest ever heard or the most elastic, at all other times, the quartet produce tone of beauty, dynamically wide in range. They balance it justly; they play in tune. In rhythm they are strong, to melody sensitive.

And they play with life, with warmth. Though they made no ill-advised attempt yesterday to swell Beethoven's early quartet into music of his later days, they escaped the still sillier and more frequent mistake of patting the young Beethoven jovially on the head; even in his youth he was not always on the broad grin. They gave his music, all praise to them, the weight its turn of melody and its rhythms obviously call out for. Are these, by the way, among those melodies of Beethoven's with which Stravinsky proclaims his dissatisfaction? They gave, as delivered yesterday, genuine pleasure.

With the quartet that followed, Cesar Franck's, the players, though youngish people or younger, all bore the attitude of an earlier period than the present. They respected Franck's music. Not as stragglingly rhapsodic did they conceive it, neither spineless as a jelly-fish, yet as a pallid print in sore need of shrieking colors if it would make an effect at all.

They respected Franck's music. They felt its nobleness, its melody singularly individual, its extraordinary essence of the unearthly, the superhuman. Eloquently, therefore, with the eloquence of simplicity unforced, they read the lofty larghetto, the finale. The wonder is that performers who do not so feel his music should care to trouble with Franck at all.

The audience, plainly enough, shared the players' view of the fitting way with Cesar Franck. Their warmth of applause made so much clear. R. R. G.

## MISS MILLAY

Edna Vincent Millay is a poetess and shouldn't look like any one else. She doesn't. She swished hesitatingly from the wings in the Hotel Statler ballroom to face an audience of 1500 rapt and quivering women and three men, attired in a loose indefinite garment of no style or era. Of a vague green, it flapped about the waist and clung about the feet. Above it, a slender neck and delicate, child-

like face framed by fluffy blond hair, worn longer than the present mode allows. She was Mellsande, or a lady from a sonnet. You hardly expected her to begin, "Ladies and gentlemen of Boston, I shall now read you a few poems." She didn't.

She began with a look, a distressed look, a harried look, at the women, fat and thin, large and small, still rustling to their seats. Brushing back loose hair from her brow, twitching the unstable green mantle, she sat abruptly on the throne provided by the Statler, saying in a conversational tone, "If you don't mind, I shall wait a few minutes." The rustling subsided, and she read one

poem, the one that starts, "My heart being hungry," to the insistent buzzing and vibrating of an amplifier.

A more distressed look, more nervous switching and hair-tossing, then she burst out, "This thing is supposed to make you back there hear me better. I don't know whether this noise has anything to do with it. Do you think we'd be better without it?" (Loud applause.) She stood silent a moment, an appealing figure by Rossetti. Nothing happened. "Well," she said, "I can't do anything about it." At this point a hireling arose and disconnected the amplifier. With a smile of relief the reader proceeded.

Short poems, in their brief simplicity somehow better to read than to hear, though she read well. "The Harp Weaver" was better. It lost none of its poignant dramatic quality in being spoken. More short poems, sonnets and, finally, a play. "Two Slatterns and a King," a 15th century interlude, in quaint and swift doggerel, she did delightfully. Her arch little face, her aureole of light hair, her sliding gown and slender hands gave the atmosphere of a 16th century as she acted the King, who wished to choose a wife wisely, the imp Chance who directed his choice, Tidy, whom Chance afflicted with calamity as the King entered her kitchen, and Slut, who happened to clean her house for the first time as the King called.

The poetess was appreciated. Gentle sighs, murmurs, even tears, and much applause. She gave an encore, and then, as though her afternoon had not held enough of the irritating facts of life, in late women and amplifiers, she sat at a table and autographed books, at a dollar an autograph, for the benefit of the Bryn Mawr scholarship fund. When last seen she was doggedly signing her name, flushed with fatigue, passing a hand over the tumbled hair, murmuring "Only twelve more." Her memory of Boston will be a mile of eager faces, each accompanied by a little blue book, and a thousand "Edna St. Vincent Millays" from the point of her fountain pen. R. E. N. A.

He asked me whether he had mentioned in any of the papers of the Rambler, the description in Virgil of the entrance into Hell. With an application to the press: "for (said he) I do not much remember them." I told him, "No." Upon which he repeated it: "Vestibulum ante ipsum etc."

"Just in the gate and in the jaws of hell, Revengeful cares, and sullen sorrows dwell;

And pale diseases, and repining age; Want, fear, and famine's unresisting rage;

Here toils and death, and death's half-brother, sleep, Forms terrible to view, their sentry keep."

"Now (said he), almost all these apply exactly to an author; all these are the concomitants of a printing-house." —Dr. Johnson to Boswell on their tour to the Hebrides.

We spoke a few days ago of the eccentric "cosmopolite" Lorenzo Dow, preacher, author and seller of a patent medicine whose singular life has been described by Mr. Sellers. Dr. Spalding of Portland, Me., writes to us:

"You might have added that there are a few men still named, after men, who were named after Lorenzo Dow. I mean simply that a man named Miller had a son whom he named Lorenzo Dow, and a man named Sewat named his son Lorenzo Dow Miller, so that in Maine you are likely to find L. D. M. initials to a good many elderly people still. A good many, too, have gone along. I once knew a man with those initials. It was claimed that he changed the initials so as to refer to Lorenzo Dow Medici, the well known Italian family."

We now quote from a poem descriptive of a happy village home:

"It is to one of these dear children Your attention I would now call— The one named Allen H. Flint, Jr., Who arrived there in the late fall."

"Yes, the fall of '58, my dear ones, October 15, the memorable date The hearts in this home welcomed this son, With much rejoicing and wonder great."

## WEEKLY COMMENT

Tomorrow evening "Much Ado About Nothing" will be performed at the Hollis Street Theatre by Mrs. Fiske's company; "The Tempest" at the Repertory Theatre by Mr. Jewett's Players.

The last performance of the former comedy that we recall was at the Repertory Theatre on Jan. 11, 1926, when Eve Walsh Hall played Beatrice, Mr. Jewett, Benedick; Peg Entwistle, Hero; William Kershaw, Don Juan and John Thorn, Dogberry.

We remember a performance of "The Tempest" in Symphony hall on Oct. 26, 1909. It was a sad event. The players were Ben Greet's company. Mr. Greet played Caliban and would at times crawl on all fours and make hideous noises. Gustav Strube conducted musicians from the Boston Symphony orchestra which performed music written for "The Tempest" by Arthur Sullivan when he was a student at Leipsic.

Mr. Fiske has made the acting version of "Much Ado About Nothing" for his wife and the company. (She, of course, will play Beatrice.) His version is in four acts. "A musical setting of rare loveliness has been included." When Augustin Daly brought out the comedy in 1896, with Ada Rehan as Beatrice and Richman as Benedick, the music was written by Frederick Eck; but the comedy has not drawn the attention of many composers, except for songs and glees. There is the opera "Beatrice and Benedict" by Berlioz, "The Tempest," on the other hand, has tempted many composers. Probably Honegger is the latest. His overture was first performed in Paris five years ago, and two songs for Ariel were sung by Mme. Gills, earlier in the same year.

It appears that Mrs. Fiske's idea of performing "Much Ado About Nothing" was not merely to provide an excuse for a tour.

"Mr. and Mrs. Fiske are carrying out a plan, begun four years ago with 'The Rivals' and continued with 'Ghosts' and 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' to bring about a truly National Theatre—in the only way that an American theatre can be national in scope, by carrying to the very doors of the playgoers throughout this vast country the finest works of the dramatists presented in the most perfect manner humanly possible. They have long realized that a theatre attached to a particular city or locality could not have the influence or effect that would be comprehensive or satisfying to a country of such wide geographical dimensions, that it be of the greatest value it must be a travelling institution. It is to this that they have devoted the remainder of their years, in the belief that if the establishment of such a theatre means something in the lives of the people others will doubtless carry it on when they have retired from activity. With such an ideal the movement may best be described as a permanent migratory theatre, and already the plays for several coming seasons have been determined upon.

"While realizing the importance of the repertory company as a thing of great value to the theatre, Mr. and Mrs. Fiske have never felt that such an organization could achieve the most perfect thing in a variety of plays; that no permanent company of actors, however accomplished, could be elastic enough to interpret a number of plays perfectly. The sort of theatre they are interested in projecting is that which concerns special and particular offerings which, because they are special and alone by themselves, may at least approach most nearly to perfection."

But the Moscow Art Theatre has done pretty well with repertory and its players seem "elastic" enough to shine in plays of a widely differing character and in all manner of roles.

There are four concerts of importance today. Beethoven's 9th symphony will be conducted this afternoon by Mr. Koussevitzky. The excellent performance of this symphony conducted by him at the Beethoven centenary in March, 1927, is fresh in the minds of all who heard it. Mmes. Vreeland and Van Der Vere will again be the solo soprano and contralto, but the tenor and bass today will be Paul Althouse and Fraser Gange. Mr. Gange will be recalled, sang the baritone music in Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex" last season. He is a native of Dundee, where the marmalade comes from, and is known as an oratorio singer in Great Britain and Australasia. Mr. Althouse has been applauded here in opera and concert.

Horace Britt, violoncellist, and Lewis Richards, harpsichordist, will take part in Mme. Conti's concert at the Copley-Plaza tonight. (Unfortunately Mischa Elman's recital in Symphony hall also takes place this evening.) Mr. Richards was born at Saint Johns, Mich. He studied the piano in this country, later at the Brussels Conservatory, and became known as an ensemble player by his association as pianist with the Capet String Quartet, as a harpsichordist, with the Society of Ancient Instruments in Paris. He played for the first time in this country five years ago this month at Minneapolis. His first concert in New York was early in 1924. Mr. Britt, a Belgian by birth, is pleasantly remembered as the solo violoncellist of the Boston Opera Company. He has played as soloist with nearly all the leading orchestras of this country.

Mr. Wendt has arranged an attractive program for the People's Symphony Orchestra this afternoon. Gustav Holst's Oriental Suite "Beni Mora" should be interesting. The suite is founded on reminiscences of Arab music which the composer heard in Algeria. It was produced at a concert of British music in London in 1911. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra performed the suite in 1922.

Martha Baird, pianist, and James R. Houghton, baritone, who will give recitals this week, are not strangers here. Miss Baird has been playing our orchestras in London and at Bournemouth. Her program includes her "Visions Fugitives" by Prokofiev. There are 20 of these "Visions" dated 1917.



The year of his delightful "Classical symphony" there is also on the program a Fandango by the lamented Granados, a victim of German submarine brutality. He said of his "Goyescas" from which the Fandango is taken: "I wish to strike a personal note, a mixture of bitterness and grace; neither the one nor the other of these phrases should be the more dominant in an atmosphere of poetry: a great melodic value, and rhythm so marked that it often absorbs all the music. Rhythm, color, life—all unmistakably Spanish. The note of sentiment—now suddenly amorous and passionate, now dramatic and tragic as it appears in the whole work of Goya."

Mr. Houghton will sing one of Loewe's ballads, strangely neglected by male singers today. Mr. Henschel introduced some of them in Boston, among them Loewe's "Eriking," which some think more impressive than Schubert's. The "Ernstes Gesaenge" of Brahms are on the program, songs composed when he was obsessed with thoughts of death. He even hesitated about publishing them on account of the "undogmatic" texts, and wrote to Herzogenberg that the songs might lead him to attack his "unchristian principles." Herzogenberg replied: "Who but you ever conceived the idea of composing Bible words in this independent way, free from all the traditions of church and liturgy . . . I shrug my shoulders, too, and leave it to my friends the parsons to settle down again after licking their lips in anticipation of a scandal." Some think that the immediate occasion of the composition was the death of Max Klinger's father, but Brahms told a friend that he wrote them for his own birthday. A memento mori? The songs were published in 1896. He died in the next year.

Henri Tomianka, a violinist, who will play next Friday night, is a newcomer. He was born, we are informed, in Scotland of Polish parentage. He studied with Willy Hess in Berlin, with Boucherit in Paris, with Flesch in Philadelphia. He has given a series of sonata recitals in Paris and toured Spain.

"When it was published in the Press that I was about to dramatize Thomas Hardy's 'Jude the Obscure,' I received a cablegram from Miss Pauline Lord asking for an option on the American rights. Not one West-End manager asked for any rights in it. It may be that my plays are not any good, but I am not prepared to believe that. In any event, they are frequently performed by amateurs, so they must have some sort of worth, and I know this, that the least of them is a work of genius compared with some of the stuff that has been produced by West-End managers this year. There! That's all I have to say! I offer myself as an example of the sort of author who writes a tolerably good play, but finds it much easier to secure attention from publishers than from producers. There are no authors you say. I am not surprised to hear it. You've nearly starved them out of the theatre. 'But the cost of production! . . . ' 'Oh, go home, man, go home. Don't beat that stuff at me again! The cost of production is heavy in New York, but managers there have some courage and enterprise and they do know the difference between a play and a peck of potatoes. Half the managers in London don't.'—St. John Ervine in the London Observer.

#### "I WAS WITH GRANT"

As the World Wags.  
"Meet General Grant" is the title of the Literary Guild's book for November. Oh, la la! Literary Guild. In the long forgotten yesterdays Gen. Grant was passing through our home town and all the inhabitants thereof were down at the railroad station. Through a misunderstanding the general's train merely slowed down as it passed the station and kept on to another station a mile away. Fear that we were going to lose forever the chance of gazing upon the sacred countenance of a President of the United States caused us to hurl ourselves in desperation at the rear platform of the train. And then we hung on for dear life. That was the time we met Gen. Grant. He rushed out of the door of the car, and, looking over the railing at us, yelled: "Get off of there, you fool boys, you'll be killed!" Scared half to death because greatness had spoken to us, we released our hold and rolled 30 feet down the embankment. Meet Gen. Grant! No, thanks, we've met.

R. H. L.

#### JEWELS IN A BUSY LIFE

The twilight of a firelit room,  
The last half-hour in bed,  
Ten minutes filled with solitude,  
A letter still unread,  
The birth of stars and sickle moon,  
The silence of the snow,  
The sudden smiles of passing friends,  
These jewels we may know.

M. D. T.

#### SOMETHING NEW IN AIR

As the World Wags:  
Now that there is a change of management in the Boston Art Club and a new policy as regards the pictures to be exhibited, why should there not be also a change in smells? Why should Boston's progress in aesthetic cultivation be confined to the eye and ear and not also be extended to the nose? Why, at the present time especially, in order to balance the pictorial change which, as I understand, is to be from the modern toward the older masters, should there not be an olfactory development from the ancient classics toward the new? I refer especially to culinary smells. Why should there not, in replacement of the lunches of an olden time that have long haunted the steep ascent to our Parnassus, whether undertaken by the stairs or by the elevator—some prefiguring the stairs and some the elevator because of the special bouquet which each presents—why should there not be some recognition of the Boston cooking of the present day? I know that to some old patrons of the club such substitution would seem sacrilegious. They will refer to the historical value of the present collection, in which it has been said the educated nose can trace the evolution of the Boston lunch for a century. They will say that to the ancient question, "Where are the feast of yesterday, the answer 'At the Boston Art Club' should still be accurate. It may also be objected that the edifice itself, originally built around the room in which these odors float, like the scent of flowers on the breath of spring might suddenly collapse if this supposition should be withdrawn. But I believe that we should face the possibility and know the worst, that come what may, in the olfactory department at least there should be some recognition of modern art. JOSCELYN.

We have never learned the use of the typewriting machine. We say this to our shame. A steel pen is our best friend. Fountain pens carried in vest pocket have inked some of our choicest shirts. Not that the sport of a gold pen is necessarily ostentatious, but one seldom finds it satisfactory in the putting of hurried thought on paper. A French journalist, in need of copy, recently spoke of authors and their favorite pen and paper: Edmond de Goncourt used a goose quill; so did Victor Hugo, Flaubert, Maupassant and Coppee; while Zola, Ludovic Halevy, Daudet and Georges Ohnet preferred the pen of steel.

In a lawyer's office in Albany, N. Y., the head of the firm wrote with a squeaking, spluttering quill. There was a sand-shaker on his desk. The scrivener wrote a beautiful hand with a steel pen. We remember his dismay when a typewriting machine was introduced in the office. He saw his vocation gone.

What sort of a pen did Bartleby in Herman Melville's strange story prefer? Many would regard the use of a quill today an affectation. We would compare a gold pen to a meerschaum pipe; a steel pen to that daily comforter a briar. As for the quill, read Thomas Hood's "Ode to Perry, the Inventor of the Patent Perryan Pen":

"In times bygone, when each man cut his quill,  
With little Perryan skill,  
What horrid, awkward, bungling tools  
Of trade  
Appeared the writing implements  
Home made!  
What pens were sliced, hewed, hacked  
and haggled out  
Slit or unslit, with many a various  
snout,  
Aquiline, Roman, crooked, square, and  
snubby,  
Stumpy and stubby;

Some capable of lady-billers neat,  
Some only fit for ledger-keeping clerk,  
And some to grub down Peter Stubbs  
his mark,  
Or smudge through some illegible receipt;  
Others in florid calligraphic plans,  
Equal to ships, and wiggy heads and  
swans!

#### PENSION FUND CONCERT

For the fall concert in aid of the Symphony orchestra's pension fund Mr. Koussevitzky evidently concluded he could scarcely do better than to repeat Beethoven's ninth symphony, a work with which he roused high enthusiasm at the Beethoven centenary a year and a half ago. To assist him in his endeavor he called in the help of the Harvard Glee club, Dr. Archibald T. Davison, conductor; the Radcliffe Choral society, G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor; Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada Van Der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Gange, bass, and because he felt the symphony something too short for a full afternoon's entertainment he preceded it with the overture to Leonore, No. 3.

In his choice of attractions Mr. Koussevitzky showed sound judgment. Every seat was occupied, and most of the possible standing room. For the overture the audience expressed approval extremely hearty, and for the symphony they proceeded to demonstrations more emphatic still, for all three conductors concerned. The concert proved an occasion.

About an occasion it is rarely necessary to write many words of critical comment.

Let it answer, therefore, to set down the opinion that Mr. Koussevitzky, in quite his highest form, made the drama of Leonore more operatically dramatic than even is his wont. The symphony's scherzo, judiciously paced, he threw off with amazing brilliance. Taking, too, the adagio, at a normal tempo, he read it nobly, with an inspiring sensitiveness to its beauty of color scheme and, of greater importance, to its extraordinary beauty of melody.

In robust mood when he approached the first movement and the last, Mr. Koussevitzky chose to present them both as a music of mass, of bulk: by the pyramids along the Nile they might have been suggested, or the great Chinese wall we read about. Although not everybody hears these great movements so merely massive and big, there is no denying that Mr. Koussevitzky, who does so hear them, is a master hand at swelling bigness to something truly enormous.

He had excellent help yesterday. The soloists stood secure and firm. The choruses, admirably trained, were able to give Mr. Koussevitzky, at the instant he made the signal, the vast waves of sound he wanted—even as they gave Mr. Montoux, a few years ago, the finer shading he called for. They sang, it should be recorded, accurately in tune. Valuable help, in very truth, they lent Mr. Koussevitzky. And the audience approved.

R. R. G.

#### MISCHA ELMAN

Mischa Elman, violinist, assisted by Marcel Van Gool, pianist, played this program last night in Symphony hall:

Sonata, E major, Handel; Sonata, G major, Brahms; Concerto, F-sharp minor, Ernst; (a) Sarabande—Double-Bourree (from Sonata, B-minor), Bach; (b) Largo, Gluck-Ries; (c) Sielienne-Rigaudon, Francoeur-Kreisler; (a) Nocturne, Grieg-Elman; (b) Polonaise, Wieniawski.

One look at Mr. Elman's program is enough to show the change that has come over his musical ways. Handel, Bach, Gluck, Brahms—not always were these the masters with whom he chose chiefly to associate. His recent praiseworthy devotion to chamber music has done him a deal of musical good; it has quickened his taste.

The reserve, however, the sobriety, which many musicians hold incumbent on performers of chamber music, have left their mark on Mr. Elman. At this moment in a transitional stage, Mr. Elman played Ernst's concerto, that musical vanity of vanities, with something less than formerly of that dazzling brilliancy which alone makes that sort of composition tolerable. His technique, no doubt, is admirable still. With that technique, none the less, Mr. Elman last night struck no sparks in Ernst.

A certain loss of showiness Mr. Elman could well afford to suffer if only he had gained in its stead the art of playing Brahms. But he showed no understanding of the individual character of Brahms's first theme, a character established mainly by the theme's unexpectedness, too, of the lovely second theme, quite escaped Mr. Elman's attention. Presently, no doubt, when more at home with Brahms, Mr. Elman will feel free to play his music with a finer frankness. Just now both he and Mr. Van Gool approach the master too politely.

More nearly halfway Mr. Elman met Handel. The sonata, indeed, for the

most part he played with reserve. Beautiful tone, however, he blessed it with, fine phrasing, and a delightful discrimination in the important matter of tempo. In the tender largo, furthermore, when he gave his feeling rein, Mr. Elman played with an exquisiteness of sentiment good to hear. So, no doubt of it, Mr. Elman will play all fine music, when once he is back in concert trim.

R. R. G.

#### PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

At the Statler Hotel ballroom yesterday afternoon, the People's Symphony orchestra of Boston gave a second concert under the baton of Theophil Wendt, the new conductor, who is lately of Cape Town, South Africa. In this, their fourth concert since the beginning of the season, the People's Symphony played an interesting and unhackneyed program. No doubt doing the same as many other orchestras all over the world, the People's Symphony yesterday gave Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony the place of honor on its program, commemorating the centenary of his death.

Schubert's music was played with creditable poise and surety, considering that the orchestra is only at the beginning of its season. The ensemble was good; the balance was well preserved; the tone was warm. Mr. Wendt gave a serious and conscientious reading of the score, bringing out much of its tragic beauty, but a more living rhythm, a more flowing tone, and greater precision he could certainly have exacted from his players.

Bach's great Chaconne in D minor, arranged for orchestra by Maximilian Steinberg, opened the program. Steinberg based his arrangement on Busoni's majestic piano transcription, but it is apparent that much of the original violin piece is incorporated in the parts for the strings. With more assistance from the conductor, particularly in accurate cuing, the orchestra could have done better by both Bach and Steinberg. A rhythm too unyielding, and a lack of nuance and precision in ensemble robbed Bach's great theme and its variations of much of their nobility.

After the intermission, the orchestra played Gustav Holst's suite "Beni Mora," an impressionistic oriental tone picture of many colors, of sudden stifled melodies, and insistent, hypnotic rhythm. (The second part of this suite was omitted.)

Tschaikovsky's Suite (Op. 55)—Theme Variations and Finale-Polonaise—provided a melodious and exciting conclusion to the concert.

A large audience was in attendance, and applauded warmly.

Next week's program is announced as follows: Mozart's ballet "Les Petits Riens," Franck's symphonic poem "Psyche," dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor," and Glazounov's sixth symphony, in C minor.

E. B.

#### SOIREE MUSICALE

At the second of a series of Soiree musicales presented by Madame Amelia Conti, Lewis Richards, Harpsichordist, and Horace Britt, cellist, were heard in a joint recital.

The program consisted of Sonata No. 1, Haendel, cello and harpsichord; A Gigue, "Dr. Bull's Myself," John Bull; Galliard to the Fifth Pavan, William Byrd; The Brook, Ayrton; Tower Hill, Giles Farnaby; Rondeau, Rameau; Turkish March, Mozart, for harpsichord; Stueche in Volkston Op. 102, Schumann; Romance, Saint Saens; Intermezzo, Lalo; Piece en forme de Habanera, Ravel, cello and piano.

In view of a concert at Symphony hall and also due to the existing weather conditions, musical Boston was represented by less than 50 people. However, though they were few in number they were enthusiastic in their applause.

Mr. Richards displayed irreproachable technique in his selections, and brilliancy, if one might use the word in connection with a harpsichord for it is indeed a thankless instrument, yielding only slightly to the attempts of Mr. Richards to make his selections colorful.

Mr. Britt is of course an accomplished cellist. His selections were played with the finesse of the artist whose confidence in his skill is acquired only by years of experience with the most technically difficult music. In listening to his interpretation one was impressed by his thorough appreciation of the music he was playing. Seemingly delighted with the moods and fancies of the composers he played colorfully and with warmth and vitality.

In ensemble the harpsichord and cello did not balance well. Due partly to the acoustics of the hall, the vibrant tones of the cello were too brilliant for the tinkling tones of the harpsichord,

though this was not noticeable in the pianissimos.

The concert was enjoyable and it is to be regretted that so few people realized it to the extent of being present.

O. A.



SCOLLAY SQUARE OLYMPIA  
"No, Gangster"

A screen drama, adapted by Raoul Walsh and Archibald Buchanan from Charles Francis Coe's story of the same name; photographed by Arthur Edson, directed by Raoul Walsh, and presented by Fox Films with the following cast:

Mary Reed	June Collyer
Jimmy Williams	Don Terry
Russ Williams	Anders Randolph
Lizzie Williams	Stella Adams
Al Hill	Al Hill
Bill Lane	Political Boss
Police Captain	Dodds
Factory Owner	Gustav Von Seyffertitz
Slicker	Herbert Ashton
Philly Kid	Joe Brown
Joe Brown	Joe Brown
Don the Dude	Arthur Stone
Spanish Looie	Nigel de Bruille
Blonde Rosie	Carol Lombard
Tuxedo George	Bob Perry

The average crook picture turned out by Hollywood is one in which director and players view their theme from the outside, looking in. As Will Rogers says, they don't know anything except what they read in the papers. They don't need to know anything as long as their imagination is working well. They think that all they need is a big scene in which the police respond with armored motor cars and riot guns when a daring hold-up has been staged. The gangsters must talk out of one side of the mouth, handle an automatic as easily as they do a cigarette, and go into a huddle around a table in a back room of some hiding place when they are planning something devilish. We have had many such films this season, and probably as many more are in the making.

It seems a relief, therefore to view a picture taken from the inside, looking out. When Mr. Coe wrote his serial story for the Saturday Evening Post he was able to make his youthful gangster's confession ring true, as a recital of what early paternal neglect, ugly environment, evil companionships and distaste for honest labor will do to a boy whose only anchors are a loyal mother and a girl who would marry him if he would go straight. In this story young Jimmy Williams piled up a sizeable criminal record in a brief space of time, once he got started. More than one prison housed him before he was able to force his warped mind to accept a new point of view, namely, that in the end the crook can't win.

In the picture, Mr. Walsh follows Mr. Coe's narrative up to Jimmy's first "stretch" of two years, for an audacious robbery of an elderly factory owner which netted the tidy sum of \$50,000. Then the director evidently decided to steer for a happy if abrupt and inconsistent ending, for he brought in the girl, Mary, to plead that Jimmy tell her where he had hidden the loot, that she might return it to its lawful owner. Jimmy fights, but finally yields. On his release he finds Mary and they are about to carry out their noble inten-

tions when the gang, like vultures, sweeps down on them in Mary's home, and there is one wild mix-up. Thanks to convenient telephone and alert police the gang is routed, the money returned and Jimmy announces that he is ready to go to work, and make a home for Mary and his father. The mother had died while he was in prison.

A quiet drama, with excerpts from Jimmy's diary which read like tracts; with persistent illustration of the futility of criminal endeavor; with interesting sidelights on petty political graft, on the methods by which the wheels of justice are obstructed; on various formalities pertaining to prison life. The most forceful acting was by Mr. Randolph as Jimmy's father, an illiterate stevedore who became a grafting ward-heeler, to be kicked out by the Big Boss when he became over-ambitious. Mr. Terry as the gangster indicated the hardening imprints of criminality on a young man who might have been decent from the first, with the right training.

MODERN AND BEACON THEATRES  
"Marriage by Contract"

A screen drama by Edward Clark. Photographed by Ernest Miller, directed by James Flood, and presented by Tiffany-Stahl, with the following cast:

Margaret	Patsy Ruth Miller
Don	Lawrence Gray
Winners	Robert Edson
Arthur	Ralph Emerson
Molly	Shirley Palmer
Father	John St. Polis
Mother	Claire McDowell
Grandma	Ruby Lafayette
Dick	Duke Martin
Drury	Raymond Keane

A preachment against companionate marriage, against any form of union other than the good old-fashioned church ceremony whereby a man and a woman are united in holy wedlock, such, in a heavy, episodic way, is "Marriage by Contract," so titled after its makers had discarded their first choice, "Marriage of Tomorrow." Chiefly the story tries to show the cheapening effect on any woman who subscribes to the fallacies of trial marriage, the unhappy ending to which she is certain to come.

It opens as pictured, with Margaret

and Don announcing at a house party that they purpose to enter into a civil contract permitting them to live together as man and wife, leaving either the alternative of withdrawal from such bond at will. Margaret's parents are horrified at the proposal, but Margaret, a high-strung, wilful creature, insists. Don thinks it silly, but is willing to give it a try. The experiment is good for precisely three weeks of honeymoon. Then Don comes in at 3 o'clock in the morning, jovially drunk, after seeing another girl, Molly, home from the fights. When Margaret chides him he refers her to article 6 in the contract, which specifies that he may go where he likes, when he likes and with whom he likes. Whereupon, Margaret dresses, runs to her old home, rouses up her parents and finishes the night in her own chamber. It is a night of night-mare dreams for her, as the remainder of the picture soon reveals.

Don divorces her, and marries Molly. Arthur Irwin, a persistent suitor, would live with Margaret without any form of contract, but she spurns him. Then, as the years speed by, we see husbands moving in, and after a year or so moving out. Dirke, a smiling rough-neck, lasts two years; Winters, a millionaire in his 60's, is discarded for Drury, a youthful leech who poses as an artist. Margaret by now, despite cunning aid of modistes and hair-dressers, shows her age. When Drury tries to leave, after taking her last dollar, she kills him in a scuffle for a revolver which she had intended to turn on herself. We see her, wide-eyed, shrinking into

a corner as a policeman coaxes her to relinquish the weapon. By clever photography her features become youthful again, and she emerges as Margaret the girl-wife, awakening from a horrible dream. While she is hysterical Don calls to apologize the night before and to suggest a remarriage, for keeps. Margaret does not hesitate one instant.

Chief interest in this picture centres on Miss Miller who, thanks to her own abilities and to deft make-up, contrives to sustain illusion of advancing age. Her most dramatic moments were in the scenes when she meets Don, his wife and their husky 12-year-old son in a hotel dining room. She has eyes only for the boy, who might have been hers; and again, when she surveys her ruined life and decides on suicide. Claire McDowell made Margaret's mother sympathetic, tactful. The others were passable.

W. E. G.

Nov 20 '28

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: "Much Ado About Nothing," by William Shakespeare, as edited and arranged by Harrison Grey Fiske for performance by the Mrs. Fiske Company, a comedy in four acts and 12 scenes, produced and directed by Mr. Fiske.

The cast was as follows:

Don Pedro	Pedro De Cordoba
Don John, the bastard	Charles Warburton
Claudio	Geoffrey Wardwell
Benedick	Jan MacLaren
Leonato	Charles Dalton
Antonio	Owen Meach
Donachio	Frank Webster
Conrade	Harry Caven
Balthazar	Horace Pollock
Francis	Sydney Greenstreet
Verres	Dallas Welford
George Seagole	Taney Barrow
Hugh Outcake	Evan March
A sexton	George Le Soir
A page	Elsie Keene
Hero	Betty Lanley
Beatrice	Mrs. Fiske
Margaret	Virginia Phillips
Ursula	Mary Walsh

The stage settings were handsome; fortunately not in ultra-modern manner, and without the influence of European scene designers and painters. The costumes also were effective, especially the gowns worn by the ladies in Hero's dressing room. There was music, there was discreet dancing in the palace room and Mr. Webster sang pleasingly in Leonato's garden. Neither Mrs. Fiske nor Mr. MacLaren was anxious about taking the centre of the stage; there was praiseworthy ensemble, not a "star" and others.

To reduce the performance to a reasonable length the comedy was cut, both as regards scenes and dialogues. An irreverent person would say that he did not miss the "cackle" that was thrown overboard. Having in mind that which was retained, he might further commit blasphemy by asking: "Suppose this dialogue had been written by Mr. Lonsdale or any of the younger writers of drawing-room and country-house comedy would a modern audience laugh or even silently enjoy it? Would they be keenly interested in Benedick or Beatrice? Is not Claudio a light weight, too easily perplexed even before he is persuaded that Hero is a wanton?"

Beatrice, in spite of her reputation at Messina for wit, and her having lively moments in her encounters with Benedick, is often dull in her repartee. Millamant in "The Way of the World," is a more sparkling creature, more intelligent more lovable. Ten to one

Benedick had a sorry time after he wedded Beatrice; there was acid in her speech as if a star danced at her birth. Put "Much Ado About Nothing" in modern dress and their verbal duels would often seem tame, indeed, forced; as if the two were sparring for time. Put the characters in modern dress, the plot would seem incertain respects absurd: Benedick and Beatrice overhearing in turn those plotting to bring them together.

The performance last night was one of general merit rather than one of conspicuous brilliance. It was even; it was sufficiently brisk: it was not so romantic as to lead one to accept the possibility of the intrigues and situations. Mrs. Fiske, it is unnecessary to say, portrayed spiritedly the capricious, affectedly cynical character of the spoiled Beatrice who prided herself on her insolent treatment of men. Her realization of the fact that she really loved Benedick was charmingly shown, and she was appropriately hysterical rather than impressively tragic in her appeal to avenge Hero for the infamous slander.

Hero was represented by Miss Linley as an English young miss, pleasing to the eyes, as was Miss Phillips as Margaret, as was the figure of Miss Keene, the page. In Miss Linley's portrayal was seen the tendency to play Shakespearean characters according to the "modern" way. But Hero was not a schoolgirl, clapping her hands in joy on the slightest provocation.

Benedick in his cynicism was often too much in the mood of the melancholy Jacques; while Mr. Warburton, at his entrance, showed plainly that he was a man to plot dark and sinister deeds, though Don John was only a mild Iago; he wished to play what he considered a good joke on Claudio and Don Pedro, though Claudio was no Cassio. Mr. Dalton revived the good old traditions in playing now the genial host, now the outraged father. He and Mr. Warburton spoke distinctly throughout the comedy; this cannot be said of Mr. MacLaren's Benedick.

The scenes in which Dogberry and the watchmen figured were clowned, almost beyond endurance, with the introduction of irrelevant and impertinent stage business. Dogberry was a man of portentous dignity; an ass, he was justly called by the accused, but he was not a man of low comedy. An audience of good size evidently appreciated the excellent features of the performance.

REPERTORY THEATRE

"The Tempest"

A fairy play in a prologue and four acts. by William Shakespeare. The cast:

Master of a ship	Kenneth Reardon
Rothswain	Elmer Hall
Alonso (King of Naples)	Milton Owen
Antonio (Brother to Prospero)	Thayer Roberts
Gonzalo (An honest old councillor)	William Mason
Sebastian (brother to the King of Naples)	Benjamin Osipow
Ariel	Roger Bristol
Caliban	Hulbert Lydon
Prospero (the Right Duke of Milan)	Cameron Matthews
Miranda (daughter to Prospero)	Edith Barrett
Ariel (an airy spirit)	Katharine Warren
Caliban (a savage and deformed slave)	Robert Noble
Ferdinand (son to the King of Naples)	Arthur Sirooni
Adrian (Lord)	Roger Bristol
Francisco (Lord)	Leland Wright
Trinculo (a jester)	Thomas Shearer
Stephano (a drunken butler)	J. Augustus Keogh
Iris	Olga Birkbeck
Ceres	Anna Schreiber
Junio	Eunice Silverman

It is not often that present day audiences are given the opportunity to be- come "The Tempest." More than 20 hold years have passed since the Ben Greet players presented it in Boston. More frequently amateurs and school dramatic clubs, with daring, even rashness, attempt it, and sometimes with highly creditable results. If it is to succeed there must be lightness of touch, even a certain unreality, that Prospero's spells may not seem too incredible for belief.

The beauty and richness of imagination that Shakespeare lavished upon this play is a never-ending source of delight. To listen to the lines spoken clearly and intelligently is a pleasure not soon to be forgotten. Indeed "The Tempest" appeals to act itself and carry the actors away to realms of enchantment. Fairland indeed, where the evil are reformed, the good rewarded, and the prince and princess are made happy forever after, all by a few waves of the magic wand. Even the grovelling Caliban is not untouched by the general outburst of love and forgiveness, after providing the few moments of sporadic unpleasantness. It is from a scene of charming unreality that the audience emerges unwillingly into the unromantic city streets.

The performance at the Repertory Theatre moves quickly and smoothly against an ingenious background that pleased without being unduly obtrusive. The Caliban of Robert Noble was a particularly excellent performance; the actor did not snarl or writhe a whit too much, his voice was strong and harsh—the tones that of a beast protesting in vain against the force that brought him light. The element of

grotesqueness was reduced to a minimum, partly by his skillful acting and partly by his interesting make-up. Miranda as played by Edith Barrett was an exquisitely fragile picture, a veritable spirit of the isle. The Ariel of Katharine Warren was graceful, animated, and melodious. Never once was she out of the picture. The Prospero of Cameron Matthews was an impressive

figure, and the Grinculo and Stephano of Thomas Shearer and J. Augustus Keogh provided many moments of hearty laughter. E. L. H.

ST. JAMES THEATRE

"Peter Weston"

Drama in four acts, by Frank Dazer and Leighton Osman, staged by John McKee. The cast:

Isabelle Weston, John's wife	Jessamine Newman
James Weston, her brother-in-law	Thomas McKee
John Weston, Peter's son	John McKee
Peter Vannard, Henry's son	Don Terry
Paul Vannard, Henry's son	Don Terry
The police officer	George L. Tilton
The butler	Bradley M.
William Harris	Bradley M.

Tragedy and humor, pathos and fear, love and hatred, are strongly blended in this play, which is having its first presentation in Boston this week. The psychology of the self-made business man, who has forged his will on the anvil of seemingly overwhelming difficulty until he can conceive of no other so strong that it will not become a will of the wisp before his command, vividly and tensely portrayed.

Events begin on the evening of an anniversary dinner in the home of Peter Weston, the leading manufacturer of a New York community. Peter has always dominated his family. His son, John, who wished to become an artist, has been compelled to enter the Weston Pump Works. James, the youngest son, likewise has come under father's ruling thumb. John's daughter, is not allowed to marry the man of her choice, Paul Vannard, one of the former, but unsuccessful, workers of the factory.

A scene ensues in which Paul closes to John his discovery that the latter has misappropriated factory funds. In the resulting confusion, Paul is shot. The major part of the story hinges on Peter's determination to free his son from the sentence of death. Ultimately he becomes a broken old man.

John Warner gave a splendid interpretation of Peter Weston, a dominating, gentle, wheedling, resourceful and weak. Jessamine Newman won her audience with her cold calculating, unbending dislike of her father-in-law. Marjorie Grant, as Jessie, was the wavering daughter who became a fit scion of a strong-minded father. James Weston, in the person of Thomas McKee, supplied a relieving humor and John Juno, as his brother, might well have been the John of the story. To the large audience the play gave every evidence of being very real.

BURLESQUE

GAYETY THEATRE "Wine, Women and Song"

The Mutual burlesque show at the Gayety Theatre this week is an exceptionally happy combination of musical comedy bits, spiced with vaudeville features. Lewtas Talbot, the producer, has assembled a clever company including Eddie Lloyd and Bobbie Collins, two comedians of contrasting methods. Frank O'Rourke, Don Galt, and, for feminine beauty and talents, Jves LaRue, Myrtle Wilson and Peggy Norman. The youthful and freshly costumed chorus is a feature in itself.

OLD HOWARD "Red Hot" Likewise a Mutual burlesque show, headed by Peggy Mayo, singer, dancer and general factotum. Assisting her are Benny Platt, comedian, Helen Rend, shapely and comely, Doris LeLew, shapely and comely, Gordon Ryden and Baby Gordon. Among continuous features are the Suyenos Japs, the Baseball Four and the Hughes Duo, instrumentalists.

THIS WEEK IN THEATRES

COPYEY—Margaret, comed. with E. L. H. and com. any.  
HOLLIS STREET—Much Ado About Nothing, the Mrs. Fiske Company.  
BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Last of the Mohicans (Last week).  
PLYMOUTH—Straight Through the Door, comed. with William Hodge.  
REPERTORY—The Tempest, comed. with Cameron Matthews.  
ST. JAMES—Peter Weston, drama.  
SHUBERT—The Red Rover, comed.  
TRINOMT—Birds, a comed. with E. L. H.  
WILBUR—Cigarette, drama, with E. L. H. (Last week).

LOU'S STATE THEATRE

"Show People"

A state of the art show, with E. L. H. and com. any.



There is no enjoyment ahead for all who see "Show People." Here is a well-nigh perfect combination of satiric writing—and that includes Ralph Spence's titling—of inspired direction, of satisfying photography, of delightful performance. "Show People" reveals Hollywood as it is, or was, with all its conceits, its egotisms, its chicanery, its slap-stick methods. It tells a plausible little story of a southern girl who travels by Ford from Georgia, with her father as companion and protector, to show the "movie" world that she is the coming Bernhardt of the silver screen.

As Peggy Pepper, she is given her first part in an old-time comedy, and when some one squirts siphoned water into her face and all over her dress she "takes it on the chin," as her newly found friend, Billy Boone, would say. She does so well that other directors in more artistically inclined studios take her up, and she soon reaches that state of mind concerning her talents wherein there is no room for the clowning Billy, who has stuck with the comedy folks. She calls him if Patricia Peppore.

On the day of her wedding to Andre, her leading man, Billy forces his way into her home, pleads and scolds, and finally works the old siphon trick. Infuriated, he throws various articles at him, ending with a well-directed shot with a piece of custard pie. Billy, however, ducks, and Andre receives it, plentifully. This incident arouses Peggy's dormant sense of humor and of proportion. She drops her up-stage manner, manoeuvres Billy into Andre's place as her leading man, and all is well.

Seldom, if ever, has a picture containing so much of satire, comicality and skilful characterization been turned out of Hollywood. There are so many laughable bits in the picture that one cannot afford to permit his eyes to leave the screen for a split second. The scenes in the opening comedy, said to have been filmed in the old Mack Sennett studio, were very amusing. Peggy, at lunch with Billy one day, remarks that she does not dare to order custard pie through fear that he might throw it at some one. Her efforts to produce tears for a director who dotes on emotional scenes are extremely comical.

In later scenes, her haughty airs, her exaggerated sense of importance have equally humorous qualities. One of the high spots of the picture is the luncheon group of nearly a score of film stars, another, the encounter between Peggy and Charlie Chaplin, minus his property mustache. Miss Davies reveals a talent for which no humorist ever before known to her most loyal follower. Her Peggy Pepper bids fair to become one of the best in her line of film creations. Mr. Haver was hired in the imitation of the old Keys on screen, and was surprisingly competent in his more serious role. Mr. Rial's leading man was typical of the species, even to having a radio assistant doubt him with a pall of water after a double lead done the swimming stunt prior to a brave rescue of a beautiful lady, none other than Peggy. Messrs. Gibson and Brav as the two directors were capital. First and last, "Show People" stands alone as the best take-off of Hollywood foibles yet conceived. W. E. G.

Follow. Before his serious experience in the trenches Jack, the son of his voice than of any rare ability as a pianist, fascinates Madelon, a waitress. He comes out of the war with a maimed right hand, which means an end of piano playing. He returns home after the armistice, to be turned down by the fickle Flo. He disappears, but bobs up as Lefty's dug-out, a Bowery cafe, on the very night that Madelon, newly arrived in New York, is making her debut as a songstress. Jack, in his tramp make-up, wanders to the piano, finds the use of his crippled arm miraculously restored to him, and for the last time sings "My Sweetheart," the theme of the story, as Madelon creeps up and kisses him.

Incidentally, Gene Rodemich, of the Metropolitan Theatre band, wrote this number. It has tunefulness, and Mr. Pidgeon really sings it well. In fact, his was the only voice which came from the screen naturally. Miss Harris was less successful, although her singing was more convincing than her acting. Mr. Dugan, who seems to be the first talking comedian on the motion picture, improved on his stuttering stunt in "The Midnight Taxi," seen here recently, and went the distance. With better material he could have been funnier. The male quartet had a wonderful chance to help the cause of talking films with a series of the best of the war songs of 10 years ago. Instead it was allowed to harmonize fragmentarily and then shunted aside. "The Melody of Love" as a whole contributes little to enhance such vogue as sound and talking pictures now enjoy. W. E. G.

**B. F. KEITH MEMORIAL THEATRE**  
**"Tenth Avenue"**

A screen drama written by John M. Gougeon and Lloyd Garrison with direction by David Z. Dotti, photographed by David Abel, directed by William C. De Mille, presented by Pathé Exchange, Inc., with the following cast:

Lyla Mason	Phyllis Haver
Bob Fink	Victor Varconi
Joe Ross	Joseph Schildkraut
Frank Powell	Lupe Nervo
Edward R. Jon	Robert E. H
Ma Miles	Ellen West
Cal	Charles E. Evans
Benny	Frank Adams

"Tenth Avenue" has its moments, but they are few and far between. The story of a gunman a gambler, and the beautiful girl with whom each is in love is at times dull, but is saved in great measure by the acting of Miss Haver as Lyla, the girl Victor Varconi as Bob, and Joseph Schildkraut as Joe, gambler and gunman, respectively.

The plot itself is threadbare and seems to have been pieced together to satisfy the current demand for a world play. Lyla is the daughter of a boarding house keeper who is unable to furnish three months' rent for the landlord and evicts him, threatening within 24 hours unless the sum of \$200 is forthcoming. Joe is engaged to Lyla, although her affections are centred in Bob. Joe is jealous and when he learns that Bob is to turn his hand at gambling once more to secure the \$200 for Lyla, he breaks his promise to commit crime and leave the place with a gun. Bob gets \$100 from Fink, a money lender, as a stake. Fink refuses to give \$200 to Joe as a loan and goes up to his room.

A few moments later Fink is shot dead as two policemen make a convenient entrance. Benny, a lodger in the house, hearing the shot, leaves, only to be gathered in by the police and taken away as the murderer. Joe and Bob arrive, and they are told of the shooting. Bob accuses Joe of the crime and as evidence picks up a silver dollar, Fink's property, which Joe had dropped.

He threatens to turn Joe over to the police unless he promises not to marry Lyla. In return Bob promises to help him escape. A policeman walks in and searches Bob, and finding the silver piece, arrests him as the murderer. Joe walks away to his room, where Lyla follows him and wrings from him the confession which another officer overhears. Joe is shot down while trying to escape, and Bob and Lyla are free to be united.

The scene is laid in New York's popular Tenderloin, which resembles in the picture much of our own South end. The photography is chiefly of uninteresting interiors. One of the best bits of acting is contributed by Mr. Adams when he is accused of a murder he did not commit. Mr. Schildkraut carries off a Macbethian situation when a drop of blood, seeping through the ceiling from Fink's body drops on his hand. It is the high spot of the picture. C. L.

Let us add to the stories about heroic adventurers, from the Gobi desert to Australia, from the Brazilian jungles to the Canadian frontier.

**HARRY IN THE KLONDIKE**  
As the World Wags:

It was back in 1910 or thereabouts that Harry got the cold fever. We were

staying at the Salvation Army Home in Frisco, where Harry was being saved. He isn't worth shucks when he's that way, so I took up reading, which I could do if there were some pictures to tell me what was going on like these titles in moving picture shows, only vice versa. Well, I came across a magazine that told about a big gold rush in Alaska, which would have been no harm, except that I spoke of it to Harry. He wiggled his scalp and chewed his cud the way a cow does when she's thinking. Then he allowed we should go up quick and do some digging for gold.

It never took him long to get rolling once his mind was set. He put off his salvation for a year, saying he would do it double next time, and we lit out for the docks, where we found a freighter going to Skagway. From Skagway we hopped a stage to Dawson, getting there just as winter was setting in.

We set out with a dog team the day after we reached Dawson. It was bitter cold and our gold fever cooled down quick. There was just snow everywhere. The first night we stayed up all night for fear of freezing, not knowing how to make a camp where there was nothing but snow. The next day we dug some of it, but found no gold. By the day after we were tucked out and didn't care about gold, but wanted to get back to Dawson.

Well, it was like telling one Chinaman from another to say which way was Dawson. No matter which way you looked or how it was snow. The glass to the compass was broken and the pointer gone so it was hard to say which way was which. Harry finally figured the best way was for both of us to go different directions. The one who found the town should stay there, and the one who didn't would know he was wrong after a while and could go back over his partner's trail, which was to be blazed by spitting tobacco juice every 10 feet. It seemed the only way, so we started.

I went off and hadn't been on the trail but a couple of hours when I came to a trapper's cabin. I stayed there worrying about Harry and playing twenty-one.

Harry didn't have the luck I did. Besides he was nearly sober, and the trouble he gets into drunk isn't a wooden nutmeg to the trouble he gets into with his head clear. Thinking is hard when his head is foggy so he doesn't do it and usually gets along all right. He went snowshoeing over the scenery contrary to the way I took, and the first thing he did was to fall into a river. It was only waist deep, so he began to flounder across. He had got no more than half way when a cold snap set in and froze him into the river solid as a fish. Half of him was below and half above, stuck like a twig.

There he stayed and would likely have frozen after he got out of class words only for a snorting gale that came roaring along. It got to Harry and took the upper half of him as far as the other side of the river. It had snapped him off at the waist, or just below, neat as an icicle, leaving his legs frozen in the river and the rest of him wallowing in a snowbank.

Harry's legs weren't much like these naked Greeks' you see in museums, being warped and squat, but they were practical and worked as a rule so Harry was downhearted to lose them so sudden. There was a \$10 bill in the pants pocket, too.

But the legs were goners and there was nothing for Harry to do but save what was left so he started somersaulting end over end. He might still be going only one shoulder was low, making him roll to the left. This threw him off his course so he hit the trapper's cabin after he'd been rolling for 15 miles.

He tumbled into the cabin and stopped right side up looking like a roly poly only less refined. I didn't know him at first and the trapper was about to shoot him when I saw his scalp wiggle. Then he asked for a drink and I knew by the elegant way he asked it was Harry.

The trapper and I kept him from bleeding to death by sewing a wolf-skin on him before he had thawed. It made a handsome patch and saved a lot in pants though. Harry didn't get over grieving for the legs till we got back to Frisco. There he found he could get more money in a week on a street corner with a hat than he had made or stole all his life. So it wasn't so bad. We wouldn't have found any gold in the Klondike anyway, because the rush was in '96, 15 years before we started.

**BEN BOOZLESNOOT.**

At the first Smokers' Congress in Paris, held a few days ago, there was a passionate appeal for better and cheaper tobacco.

No wonder, for if the tobacco in

France is no better than it was in the late '90s, it is surprising that the men are not all followers of Father Trask and Little Robert Reed. The moral was abominable, recalling the text about the smoke of their torment a-rising. In despair we would try the imported tobacco from Holland. One might as well have put in the pipe strips of the bag in which this tobacco was loaded.

Was the tobacco of the 17th and 18th centuries any better in France? The books on etiquette by Antoine de Courtin (1675) and De La Salle (1782) gave advice concerning the use, but said nothing about the quality.

Courtin: "One should not take snuff nor chew, not put leaves in one's nose, unless a person of distinction, who has the right to do so in company, hands it out in a friendly manner. In this case, one should take it, or at least pretend to take it, if one dislikes tobacco."

De La Salle: "It is the habit with many to take snuff; but it is much better not to take it, especially when one is in company, and it should never be taken when one is with those to whom respect is due. It is very indecent to chew, or to put a leaf in the nose. It is equally indecent to smoke a pipe, especially in the presence of ladies. If a man of high quality takes tobacco in company and offers it, the respect due him should prevent refusal; but any other man may be refused with a 'Thank you.' If tobacco should be taken in a company, it should be seldom; one should not have a snuff-box and a handkerchief always in the hands. nor his fingers full of tobacco. Care should be taken that the snuff does not fall on linen or coat; so it should be taken in a small quantity at a time."

There has been a great deal of talk about the "commercial" theatre and the "art" theatre. Every theatre must be commercial in this respect: Enough money must be taken at the box office to pay the running expenses, unless some philanthropic person is willing to act as a daily and yearly angel and give free shows. Actors and actresses, the staff and the stage hands expect and deserve pay. So do playwrights, and they have expected payment from the time of Shakespeare. No doubt some one paid expenses in the days of the Greek drama. The "art" theatre must have a "commercial" side to it or "art" will starve.

Two books have been published recently by Little, Brown & Co. for the Atlantic Monthly Press—"The Not-Quite Purlans," by Prof. Henry W. Lawrence, and "Classic Shades: Five Leaders of Learning and Their Colleges," by M. A. De Wolfe Howe. The former is illustrated and is without an index. There is a sub-title: "Some Genial Follies and Peculiar Frailties of Our Revered New England Ancestors." The author quotes from Oliver Wendell Holmes: "We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much"; also from Viscount Bryce, calling for facts: "The investigators who are called on to supply them may have their sense of the duty quickened by knowing that their work, carefully and honestly done, without fear or favor, will be profitable to all free people."

Prof. Lawrence thinks we should no longer regard our forefathers as creatures of a "moralized and provincial mythology. . . . Their normal human cantakrounsness was often so camouflaged in pious phrases that it was, and still is, mistaken for godliness," so he takes pleasure in reminding his readers that Cotton Mather narrowly escaped a breach-of-promise suit while courting his second wife. If there were sumptuary laws about dress, Elder Brewster sported a blue cloth coat, a violet-cloth coat, and even a green waistcoat. Naturally the women were rebellious. Boston women and men in the 18th century were dressed as gaily every day as those at a coronation in London, so an English traveller observed, but even in 1754 Harvard undergraduates were forbidden to wear silk nightgowns. Girls were indicted at Ipswich in 1682 for frizzling and knotting their hair. There are entertaining extracts from statutes, letters, journals, court record showing that the carnal heart was then at enmity with the tribal God of New England.

There were even statutes against flirting. Kissing was an abomination, but bundling was practised in part of New England as in Pennsylvania and there was at least one instance of a matrimonial triangle, or "even a sort of domestic polygon." Rebecca, the daughter of Gov. Joseph Dudley, the wife of Samuel Sewall, Jr., and the mother of five children, found a "soul-mate" in a Newbury man with what would now be regarded as disastrous consequences by those who are not in sympathy with the modern movement.

There are many pages about the courting of widows. Cotton Mather's experience is cold as a romance, about marriage and remarriages—Judge



These forefathers were expert in "killing joy," clumsy in "killing time." Play was perilous. "It gave expression to natural human impulses, and these being steeped in original sin, were in need of constant repression. . . ." There were military drills, shooting at a mark, funerals with funeral gifts, mid-week preaching, hangings and floggings, battles of wit and humor in taverns, tea parties, serving on the Watch. Christmas was believed by many to be the devil's own holiday, "likely to cause laughter in Hell and weeping in Heaven."

The ultra-finnical may declaim again  
such simple witticisms, against what  
admittedly horse-play. However th  
may be, the fact remains that as o  
follows these two zanies of the sc

Has any boy today a copy of "Caleb in Town," by the excellent Jacob Abbott? This guide, philosopher and friend of youth describes in the book published in 1839, a "hawky" as a small round stick, about as long as man's cane, with a crook in the lower end, so that a boy can hit a large stone with it when lying on the ground. A good hawky is a tool for a boy.

Alfonso d'Arno and his band, assisted by Teta Perry soprano, who was singing "Scala di Milin and his ho ses," Society American of Civic Opera, Chicago, at the Court in the Teatro Comico, evening.

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Colonial Theatre, 100 N. La Salle St.  
American Opera Company  
Madame Butterfly, Tuesday, 8:30  
Wednesday, 8:30  
Thursday, 8:30  
Friday, 8:30  
Saturday, 8:30  
Sunday, 8:30  
Carmen, evening

#### MARTHA BAIRD

Martha Baird, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan hall, before an unusually excellent audience.

Chaconne, G. Major, Handel; Sonata No. 3, B flat major, Mozart; Etudes Symphonique, Schumann; Fandango, Granados; Four "Visions Fugitives," Andante, Molto giocoso, Poetico, Sostenuto, Prokofieff Nocturne, C sharp minor (Posthumous), Three "Eccossaises," Andante Spianato and Grand Polonaise, Chopin.

Years ago, say 50, it used to be the custom to stretch a thickness or two of green gauze veil across the front of the stage. An effect of the bottom of the sea thereby came to pass, to the complete satisfaction of everybody present; people in those days were easily contented. Even now, when they exact far more in the way of scenic effect, they would admit that a veil of the sort blunts outlines and edges, deepening shadows and blurs.

A veil of the sort, and a thick one, too, Miss Baird appeared to hang last night between her music and her public. Accurately she played her notes; she marked her rhythms; she fashioned her melodies. Many a passage, those in octaves especially, she played brilliantly. Nearly always she produced fine tone. But only rarely, notably in Schumann's variation just before the finale, to some degree in the nocturne, did Miss Baird twitch aside the veiling long enough to show what she really was able to do.

She feels her music deeply, a listener may guess, the emotional side of it, at all events. She appears not to realize, however, what she must do to bring an audience to share her feeling. She must make full use of the composer's musical means to an end. If he changes rhythm suddenly, surely he wants the change made manifest; he has his reason for it. A long scale passage must reach its climax at the top, be it loud or soft, a long straight line serves no musical, or emotional, purpose.

Miss Baird, last night, ignored too often her composers' obvious intentions. Too often she played constantly loud, her lack of contrast led to a sense of noise which, in point of fact, did not exist. Strong accent, too, she relied to carry off, to the damage of her rhythm. In need, on the other hand, and use of the pedals, Miss Baird liberally indulged. Curiously, indeed, in her performance she mixed parsimony and extravagance with the odd result of monotony.

The first movement of Mozart's sonata Miss Baird played charmingly, her delicate touch and the 18th-century once repeated. When she brings her evident technical facility to bear on other pieces, she gives her strong feeling, will play that music quite as well as she played Mozart's allegro last night. R. R. G.

Marcel Gourland, president of the Affiliated European Producers and a director of the Societe Generale des Films in France, is reported as recently returned from England and the continent with a number of films hitherto unknown or not shown in this country. One is the French production of "Jeanne d'Arc" directed by Carl Theodor Dreyer, which has been acclaimed on the continent as the greatest film. Also a German production which created much controversy abroad, "Marin Luther" with Eugene Kloepper in the title role. "Finis Terrae," by Jean Epstein, "The Holy Devil," based on the life of Rappin, with Gregor Chinara of the Moscow Art Theatre in the title role. "La Valse de l'Adieu," based on incidents in the life of Chopin; "The Chess Player," directed in France by Raymond Bernard, from a story by H. Dupuy-Maheul, "The Man Who Cheated Life," "The Student of Prague," with Werner Kraus and Conrad Veidt, who created the title character in "The Man Who Laughs," and the Derussa film, "The Escape From Hell," with Jean Murat (who has since made his American debut opposite Constance Talmadge). These are not all, declares the New York interviewer, Mr. Herman G. Weinberg, but they will suffice to give one an idea of what is in store for cinema audiences in America within the next few months.

In speaking of the motion picture situation in Europe as affecting the American exhibitor, Mr. Gourland expressed a belief that European producers have been pacified concerning the possible exploitation of their product in America. Heretofore they have not been able to understand why their films were banned in this country, while American films were practically forced upon them. They had complained that their films had practically no chance to be shown before American audiences,

even when they were bought by the larger companies, in which case they were frequently shelved for obvious reasons. As to the hundreds of different intermediaries calling themselves exchanges, which have taken European films for sale or distribution in America, they have provided a generally disastrous experience, the European producers say, and the "war" against the American film was a natural outcome. Now, Mr. Gourland believes, there is a new confidence in the possibilities of European films in America.

In regard to the development of the film industry in Europe, he cannot emphasize too much the tremendous progress made by it in the last few years. He cited two notable examples—"Jeanne d'Arc," Dreyer's film on the Maid of Orleans, produced by the Societe des Films, which he predicts will battle even blase New York cinema devotees, and "Freedom," a German production on the life and trials of Martin Luther. W. E. G.

#### A MODERN THANKSGIVING

(For as the World Wags)

Gosh! y' talk about Thanksgivin', now I'd really like t' know  
What y' sense about Thanksgivin' in these days o' sham an' show?  
In them little doll apartments thet y' surely could not fall  
T' touch t' walls if 'round y' swung ole tabby b' t' tail.  
Then yer little shiny tables, spread with nappy galore,  
An' glasses, knives an' spoons an' forks, enough t' stock a store.  
Bought posies in th' center! Yes! an' candles there must be!  
When I was young God's bright sunlight was good enough fer me!  
Four people at th' table sits—th' modern family's size,  
With nary little baby fer t' bless th' ole folks' eyes.  
Th' dinner brought around in teams, which darkies serve in state,  
With a good sized looking mouthful lookin' lonesome on yer plate.  
The dinner over, then th' folks must see th' latest show,  
Er auto race, er football game, ye must be on th' go!

Where's th' spirit o' Thanksgivin' in a gatherin' o' thet kind?  
Like th' homey welcome an' th' farm, it has been left behind.

Perhaps y' may b' thinkin' y' know what Thanksgivin' be,  
But y' know no more about it than a cannibal Fee-gee.  
Yes this's a modern-up-to-date Thanksgivin' sure enough,  
But like t' modern life y' live, it's nothin' but a bluff.

MARTHA M. SEAVEY

#### MERRY CHRISTMAS

As the World Wags

We walked around window shopping for Christmas presents yesterday. We could hardly believe our eyes as we looked in the windows and saw that cocktail shakers and gin and whiskey flasks made up the bulk of the displays for fall and winter wear. We had understood that the country went bone dry by 5,000,000 majority not so long ago. But a careful scrutiny of the displays in the shop windows seems to indicate there is some mistake somewhere. There are more new creations in drinking outfits displayed than we had ever seen before. There are beautiful pigskin cases for what at first seemed to be field glass cases, but when opened are found to contain silver flasks for gin and whiskey with a cunning little nest of cups between. Opera glass cases will also be much worn this season, but they do not contain opera glasses, but cunning little flasks for likker which can be slipped between the acts.

The stores are also showing lovely morocco and pigskin camera cases. But no cameras are contained within. Ah, no, but nice, perfect fitting flasks and cups. There are also overnight suitcases which are filled with containers for all the ingredients for a dozen different kinds of cocktails with the shakers and jiggers, as well as fancy bottles for rum, rye, Bourbon and Scotch. Other suitcases of new design have a centre section arranged after the fashion of a well-stocked cellar of pre-Volstead days. The spaces on the side of the suitcase wine cellar may be used for the customary extra shirt, pajamas and toothbrush, if one insists on non-essentials.

In the shop windows we also observed many books in beautiful bindings, such as "Pilgrim's Progress," "Paradise Regained," "Revelations" and other classics which when opened were found also to contain neat fitting flasks for various kinds of hooch. The books are intended apparently for those who week-end with dry hosts. The fat appearance of new canes for the fall season attracted our attention, and we found they are hollow and fitted with containers carrying from a pint to a quart of spirituous liquor.

As we gazed upon all these lovely things in the shop window we wondered and wondered why people would buy them. For this country is bone dry! The people have spoken! Twenty million voters can't be wrong! Etc., etc., etc! We give it up. Why should people buy those things? And what on earth will they do with them when they get them?  
R. H. L.  
Chicago.

#### MEMORIES OF WATERPROOF RIDGE

RIDGE

As the World Wags:

I hardly think grandfather would beam us if he still lived. He might shoot an occasional mammy singer. That would be his way. But there would be no comment, no cynicism. At any rate he cannot disappoint any possibly distorted memories I have of his greatness. He was a sport, and the strongest, most active man in Waterproof Ridge Village, or anywhere else. In peace, in war, grandfather could be conquered only by his own embarrassment, and not thus if there was an amusing escape from a situation.

Grandfather never cared much for the sheriff until he made a fool of the poor man. A lesser, yet important, building of the sheriff's modest estate was, on a peaceful evening, discovered floating down the Waterproof Ridge river (the river that flowed over the ridge in the old days—it doesn't any more). The stir in the village would have been negligible if the surprised sheriff hadn't been yelling scandalously from his vantage point which was inside the shack.

A friendship sprang up. And it was during the same year that grandfather agreed to ride a donkey through the village at traintime at such speed that utter nakedness would not be noticed. The sheriff was always lucky at bets. The matter might have passed with a few more guffaws had not the stubborn beast balked solidly in front of the church, no doubt to show the people gathered there at a lawn social just how damned nasty he could be.

That grandfather, in smoking through those memorable evenings with his feet on the rail of the old Franklin stove, seldom audibly recalled the revealing moments that were passed aboard the ass biding time for some one to bring a barrel, indicates no more than that the joke was on him. Embarrassment closed his mouth, not an idea of shame that he achieved something immoral or lewd or sinful. Yet his thumbprints are still preserved on the old Bible. He was as broadminded as broadchested. I am proud of my grandfather.

Another thing that was universally attributed to my esteemed grandfather shortly afterward was the presence of a long-eared creature in the good sheriff's office. A two-inch hawser broke in the efforts to remove the happy animal. So that for a time the sheriff was constantly disturbed at his desk by alarming brays, which unfortunately were always rendered directly into the ear of the official, and then once by the exodus of the desk he was working at when it was catapulted neatly through the brick wall by two malignant hoofs. That the sheriff went home one noon hatless, and with a noticeably large bite out of his inherited overcoat, is also significant, many believed. As for my grandfather, smoking his clay pipe during those later years that I knew him, when I would bring rumors of these and other former doings to his attention he would grunt, spit and say: "Ah, my Vice-Hyphen-Versa, when I pass, as I must—as I must, then it is to you to carry on."

VICE-VERSA.

Why should 4,000,000 acres of Highland territory be delivered to American millionaires to exhibit their fat white knees in and to debauch the population with their dollars?—Mr. Cunninghame Graham.

"The man of the world" is responsible for more erroneous opinion than perhaps any one.—Lord Cecil.

#### JAMES R. HOUGHTON

James R. Houghton, well accompanied by Reginald Boardman, sang this program last night in Jordan hall.

Archibald Douglas, Loewe; Vier Erste Gessange, Brahms; Die Stadt, Der Neugierige, Der Lindenbaum, Am Meer, Der Atlas, Schubert; The Devil's Love Song, Halict Gilberte; The Floral Dance, Katie Moss; Faith, Warren Storey Smith; The Night Has a Thousand Eyes, Stephen S. Townsend; When All the World Is Young, Lad, Percy Lee Atherton. Sea Chanties (first Boston performance), A Rovin' arr. Greaves; Home, Dearie, Home, arr. Converse; Haul Away, Joe, arr. Harris; Shenandoah, Hullahaloo Balay, What Shall We Do with a Drunken Sailor, arr. Greaves.

Mr. Houghton proved himself somebody last night—though proof, to be sure, was not required. On several counts, indeed, he proved himself such. He showed himself a man of courage. Knowing his audience would relish it, he made no bones of singing, right there in Jordan hall, "On the Road to

Mandalay." To those who ask, why shouldn't he? the answer is, not many singers would dare so much.

Individuality, as well as courage, Mr. Houghton displayed last night. Having made bold to lay hands on a song that is all but the vested right of Mr. Reinold Werrenrath, Mr. Houghton proceeded to sing that stirring tune precisely as he likes it, not as Mr. Werrenrath likes it. Most baritones appear to believe that Mr. Werrenrath's way must needs be the only way.

Not at all. Mr. Houghton, to go on with last night's points, sang the song in a way of his own. He sang it extremely well, too, with enunciation as clear as that of the best, and with diction rarely intelligent.

A keen feeling for characterization, furthermore, Mr. Houghton had ready at hand for this song.

Of even greater value, he is blessed with the ability, rare among us natives, to let himself go. He allowed no teasing self-consciousness to stand between him and his view of Mr. Gilberte's song. The English songs of the whole fourth group he sang with the ardor they demand, and with the expressive diction already mentioned. Musically, too, he sang them, with full sympathy for their own type of melody, their sentiment.

Snugly at home in these English songs, Mr. Houghton delivered his tones with a freedom that bettered his voice tenfold. Vocally, indeed, Mr. Houghton has found himself; at neither previous recital has he sung with the ease of last night, the tonal beauty.

He cannot yet, with German pronunciation on his mind, quite give his tones their normal course, or feel quite firm as to intervals. In the case of Brahms's serious songs he might have spared himself the handicap of language—difficulties enough would have remained—since the English tests are both admirable and fitting. Of the German songs Mr. Houghton dealt most successfully with the powerful "Der Atlas." The Loewe ballad, is good enough translation, he sang with excellent appreciation of its music and of its narrative force, also with splendor of tone.

A large audience applauded Mr. Houghton heartily. R. R. G.

## SPAIN SUBJECT OF NEWMAN LECTURE

"Spain" was the subject of Mr. Newman's Traveltalk in Symphony hall last night. There were particularly interesting still and moving pictures, some of them never before shown, for the photographing of certain scenes was granted by special permission to Mr. Newman through the kindness of the Duke of Alba, a cousin of the King. Then there were truly intimate moving pictures of the royal family, entertaining the ex-King of Greece and grandees of Spain at luncheon and at a horse race. Just as Parisians and visitors were permitted to gaze at Louis XIV at table—and he was a hearty eater, a man of many courses—so the audience last night saw the royalty of Spain, drinking champagne cocktails and then seated at table with their guests.

Another unusual set of moving pictures showed what might be called a "refined" bull fight at Madrid. Here were no worn-out horses to be butchered, no bull fighters to be killed; but the horses ridden by Portuguese were as skillful in avoiding the rush of the bulls as were their riders and those who dispatched the animal. The killing, by the way, was not shown, but the enthusiasm of the huge crowd was vividly portrayed.

The cities visited last night were Seville, Cordoba, Granada, Toledo, Madrid, Segovia, Barcelona, with glimpses of San Sebastian, with Burgos for its cathedral. The gloomy Escorial called to mind the cynical description by William Beckford, whose travels have just been reprinted. The modern Madrid no doubt surprised many: The broad streets and imposing buildings. To some in the audience the most impressive pictures were those of Toledo, that strange city as sombre as its history. No wonder that El Greco painted as he did, nor was Barres in his fascinating book, "The Secret of Toledo" able to reveal fully the mystery of that city.

There were beautiful gardens in some of the palaces and public buildings; there was also here and there a bleak and sinister landscape. The Alhambra was revisited; the royal Armoria was shown for the first time. All in all an interesting, unusual Traveltalk, with Mr. Newman again an entertaining and instructing guide, philosopher, friend.

The Traveltalk will be repeated this afternoon. Next week—"Germany 1928." P. H.



Our Passionate Press Agents! The Bogue-Laberge Concert Management eulogizing The Band of the Royal Belgian Guards:

"The time was 1832: the Scene Brussels. The opera 'Hamlet' was to be given and Monsieur V. Bender, conductor of the Musique des Guides, had invited its composer, the famous Ambrose (sic) Thomas, to be present at one of the rehearsals."

Brussels "1832." Ambrose Thomas's "Hamlet" was produced in 1868 at Paris, produced at the Monnaie, Brussels in 1871.

The singing of "Sigh no more, ladies," by Frank Webster in the performance of "Much Ado About Nothing" by Mrs. Fiske's company at the Hollis St. Theatre was one of the pleasant features, for it was at once observed that he was a singer who showed taste as well as experience. For some years he was the leading tenor at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, we are told. He has sung at English music festivals and taken leading roles with the Beecham Opera Co. He first visited the United States to take the tenor role in the Henry W. Savage's revival of "The Merry Widow." He returned to London for his engagements there, and has come again to this country from a tour of two years in Australasia ("Madame Pompadour" and "The Student Prince").

Mr. Webster was the first man to broadcast from the air, making a flight over Croydon in 1925 and singing for the radio at an elevation of 10,000 feet.

Ethel Barrymore will bring to the Wilbur Theatre tomorrow night "The Kingdom of God" by G. Martinez Sierra, which will then be seen here for the first time. Sierra's "Cradle Song" and "The Romantic Young Lady" have been enjoyed here and there is, naturally, curiosity about "The Kingdom of God."

Although he is only 47 years old, he has written over 40 plays, and translated about 50 English, French, German and Catalan dramatists. In addition he has written books not connected with the theatre and he has been an editor and publisher. His first book, written when he was 17, interested Jacinto Benavente, who wrote a preface for it and saw to its publication.

In 1916 Sierra became the manager of a theatre in Madrid. Having organized a stock company, he arranged a repertory of modern Spanish plays. In 1926 this company toured for a year South America and visited Cuba. He arrived in New York with his company in 1927, where he purposed to show that Spain has a dramatic art. The company brought out at the Forrest Theatre his "Road to Happiness," "The Romantic Young Lady" and three one-act plays.

New England is well represented in the American Opera company which will begin its short season at the Colonial Theatre tomorrow night. The Hale sisters, Bettina and Natalie, are from North Easton. Bettina, the contralto, took part in Winthrop Ames's revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan's operettas. Mary Silvera is from Gloucester; J. Frederiek Roberts, tenor from North Cambridge; Louise Bernhardt from Melrose. John Guernsey was a member of the Harvard Glee Club for several seasons and attended the school of business at the university.

Maria Iacovino is from Providence, R. I.; Eric Renwick, who was three years ago the police commissioner at St. Petersburg, Fla., hails from Portland, Me.

The members of the company come from 23 states of the union.

The Jews are well represented in Mr. Rosing's company. Leonora Cori was a little East Side girl in New York who attracted attention by singing to soldiers about to sail for France in the world war. She was formerly a member of the San Carlo company. Charles Margolis, baritone, is the son of a prominent rabbi in California. Helen Golden of Chicago, a soprano, was a student of the Eastman School of Music in Chicago. Winnifred Goldsborough of Kansas City is the chief dancer as well as a soprano. Other young Jewish members of the company are William Scholtz of Louisville, Ky.; B. Lavitz, bass, and Glen Memmen of Minnionk, Ill. Cecile Sherman is the wife of Charles Hedley, a marriage of leading soprano and leading tenor. John Gilbert is the husband of Dorothy Stephens; Brownie Pecbles, mezzo-soprano, is the wife of Norman Oberg, a bass.

So much for the "Who's Who" in the company.

Alfonso D'Avino's band which will give a concert at the Boston Garden (North Station) tonight has played in many of the European cities. This will be Mr. D'Avino's first concert in the United States since his sojourn of five months in Europe.

Tina Paggi, the coloratura soprano, was born in Rome. She came to New York when she was a child. Her debut in opera was at Cuba as Lucia. She toured for two years in South America, then filled engagements in Italy. She has been a member of the Chicago Civic Opera Co., of the Ravinia Co. and of the San Carlo. Last spring she sang in Italy, Switzerland and Germany.

Fernando Bertini, tenor, is also a Roman by birth. He studied at first to be an architectural engineer, but he preferred a musical life. Having made his debut at Tunis, he afterwards sang in the leading Italian cities. He came to the United States a year ago and was engaged as a robust tenor for the San Carlo Co.

Juliette Gaultier de la Verendrye, who will sing at the Hotel Statler next Saturday afternoon will appear under the auspices of the New England District of the American Association of Hospital Social Workers.

The older generation probably remembers Richard Mansfield in Clyde Fitch's "Beau Brummel." There was a discussion at the time as to whether Mansfield should, when he was taking a pinch of snuff, hold the box in the right or the left hand.

Now there is a new play with the Beau as the hero. It was written by Bertram P. Matthews and produced early this month in Birmingham, England. The central theme of the play is Brummel's passion for Lady Mary Mayne. In the final scene at Cannes, where the Beau is dying in a garret and forgotten, the daughter of Lady Mary comes in to see the man who loved her mother nobly. He dies thinking the daughter is the mother. The role of the Beau was taken by Gerald Lawrence. Sir Edward Elgar wrote special music for the play.

The greatest Italian baritone for many years died recently at Rieti. He was 71 years old. The following obituary notice was published in the London Daily Telegraph of Nov. 9:

"Mattia Battistini was born in Rome on Feb. 27, 1857. He made his first appearance in Donizetti's 'La Favorita' at the Teatro Argentina, Rome, 50 years ago, and thenceforward his reputation grew until he was recognized as the finest living representative of the old traditional school of Italian bel canto. On his first visit to London, in 1883, when he sang at Covent Garden, he did not attract any special attention, and when in 1887 he was engaged by Sir Augustus Harris for Drury Lane he had established his reputation on the continent, as he had before in South America. In that London season he was rather overshadowed by the triumph of Jean de Reszke, but in 1888 he achieved a great success at La Scala, in Milan.

"In the years that followed he sang in Italy, Spain and Russia, with hardly a rival. His repertory included more than 80 works, belonging to all periods, from Mozart's 'Nozze di Figaro' and 'Don Giovanni,' the 'Barbieri,' 'Rigoletto,' 'Luisa Miller,' 'Lohengrin' and 'Carmen' to Massenet's 'Werther' (which the composer specially reset as a baritone part for him) and Rubinstein's 'Demonio.' He was also a magnificent Wolfram in 'Tannhaeuser.' In 1905 and 1906 he returned to Covent Garden, and achieved an extraordinary success in 'Rigoletto,' 'Don Giovanni' and 'Eugene Onegin,' and elderly connoisseurs declared that he recalled the glories of the Italian opera in their youth. Battistini was not heard again in England till after the war, when, in 1922 and 1923, he gave vocal recitals at the Queen's Hall. No one, ignorant of his identity, would have guessed that he was then 65. There was all the old perfection of vocalization, and the graceful and finished style, while time has hardly touched the youthful freshness and purity of his marvellous voice. Fortunately he has left a large number of records from the chief parts of his repertory, and also of some delightful ballads. More than one vocal teacher has advised his pupils to hear a Battistini record every day."

Battistini never visited the United States, although he was more than once offered a large sum. Was it because he dreaded the voyage? Or did he think he might waste his talent and time on barbarians?

A great dancer, probably the most prominent dancer now on the stage, L'Argentina, is announced for an appearance at Symphony hall on Tuesday night. In Paris ever since 1924 reviewers of her art have been rhapsodic. In New York praise has reached its height this season. P. H.

Henri Temianka violinist, played the program last night in Jordan hall, to the accompaniments of Harry Kaufman:

La Folia, Corelli's Symphony, Espagnole, Lalo, Schumann, Raynaldo Hahn, Mendelssohn, Brahms, and Debussy, Schostakovich, and Tchaikovsky, Rameau, Kreisler, and Wieniawski, Scherzo-Tango, and Wieniawski.

In the days when we went to school, we used to be directed, for our guidance in English composition, to seek out the feature, in any object we were called upon to describe, that differentiated it from any other object of similar sort.

That was sound advice. But what distinctive feature, we venture the question, would these teachers of English have contrived to find in a violin recital that, beginning with Corelli's "La Folia," proceeding through Lalo's Spanish Symphony—with piano accompaniment—ended with pieces by, or arranged by, Auer, Kreisler, Sarasate and Wieniawski? For all their alertness those masters would have found themselves put to it to lay fingers on a single feature wherewith to distinguish last night's program from two dozen or more that have recently preceded it.

Reynaldo Hahn, to be quite fair, does not often figure on a program of violin music, or yet Nandor Szolt. Since, however, they matter little, the program remains so cruelly featureless that a violinist undertaking it must feel himself quite capable of furnishing, by his own exertions, what features there may be. To ask so much of a very young player seems discipline needlessly harsh.

Mr. Temianka, nevertheless, is not quite like the run of young violinists. Since he can play many notes to the minute, and play them cleanly, a listener must assume that his technique is excellent. His musicianship, too, as shown in melody and rhythm, is very good. His tone is sweet and strong.

As much might be said of many a youthful violinist. It is in his apparent musical taste that Mr. Temianka steps aside from the usual. For the Gallic-Ispanic elegance of Lalo he seemed to have slight relish; to the symphony's closing pages only did he rise. In the greater number, too, of Corelli's variations he showed faint interest.

But quite of a sudden, in the florid variation before the close, Mr. Temianka began playing with a vigor, a warmth that suggested the grand style distinctive of old masters, a style he

continued quite to the end of the piece. So Mr. Temianka furnished the "feature" his program lacked. Not every young player for even three pages can hint at what is grand. R. R. G.

#### "MONEY ISN'T MUCH" (For As the World Wags)

(Mr. Charles M. Schwab, speaking to the members of the American Institute of Steel in solemn convention, lays bare his heart thus:

"Boys, listen to the old steel master from Bethlehem. I am getting old—money isn't much—it is only a symbol of success. — Forget your failures and build for the future.—When my time comes to die I do not want to be surrounded by granite or marble. I want to lie amidst steel beams and L's, where I have been happy all my life.")

Oh, Brother Charles, you touch my heart.

To think that you, Once a champion go-getter Should thus recant the very letter Of success.

For years I've tried To make the grade (A million bucks), And failed. Now I know why I faltered. It seems the rules are altered. You advise—

Give up the love of kale, 'tis misdirected strife;

Seek the nobler things of life.

Well, I'm wise—

But when I fall, as fall I must, I trust

That you'll engrave my name—

On your sarcophagus of fame—

A thing of metal beams and L's

Immune from Mammon's Hells.

This burial fashion once set,

Think of the possibilities . . .

The sales appeal.

The orders you would get

For beams of steel.

ANTHONY SKELDING.

Reynaldo Hahn, the composer, is relating his adventures in Italy to the readers of La Revue Hebdomadaire. One of his stories may interest the older generation of Bostonians. Hahn is in Venice. "Antonio tells me that old Curtis seeing one day his gardener about to kill a rat reprimanded, saying that was the cat's business. 's would often sit in his garden and 'nself be stung by mosquitoes pre-



tending that these insects had some chemical principle good for the health in their darts. After an hour or two, scarlet and swollen from their bites, he would leave the garden."

## CHANGE AND DECAY

(For As the World Wags)

Now modernity sounds like maternity  
But they're not at all the same,  
For maternity in modernity  
Is little more than a name;  
And however we deplore it,  
And however we cry shame,  
Modernity is not what it used to be,  
And modernity's to blame.

F. F. H.

In Reno, Nev., a contributor writes, there are practically no social barriers. "Women make do with Daily Devils and have extra waitresses when giving dinner parties. The best of these waitresses is somewhat of a trial to the hostess because, since the girl, having gone to the public school with half the community, is apt to lean over the shoulder of say, the city attorney while serving him, and say in his ear: 'Try some of this, Roy, it's awfully good,' or 'Better take this, Lester, it's real nice.'"

## CALL DR. WATSON

As the World Wags:

On Nov. 18, the Associated Press sent a dispatch from London quoting Archie Compson, the noted English golf professional, as declaring that "prohibition had helped Americans enormously in their efforts for physical fitness" in sports.

On Nov. 19, the Associated Press sent a dispatch from New York stating that at the annual convention of the Amateur Athletic Union "six awards of engraved cocktail shakers were made at the annual banquet last night to the guests of honor, the winners of the competitions for the oldest living champions in various fields," and that "Jim-mie" Walker, the mayor, made the presentations.

T. P. H.

## THE COWBOY'S LAMENT

As the World Wags:

Yeah, I'm a cowboy. Gotta get up by candle light. Gotta ride till dark. I don't know why a cowboy gotta ride so long, because I sleep every day under a mesquite bush in the sand wash from 11 till 3. I wear high-heeled boots and I don't know why when shoes is so comfortable. My saddle weighs 50 pounds—might just as well weigh 20. I gotta Mexican spade bit, but the only thing that will stop my horse on this outfit is a wire fence. My Stetson weighs about seven pounds. My chaps weigh about 15, and my mind is heavier than both of 'em put together. I couldn't hit a postoffice with a six-shooter. I ain't lanned brown like a hazel nut, and my chin ain't chiseled except after I shave. I always make about five throws at a calf, and I talk plenty in spite of what they say about the silent men of the open spaces. I don't whistle and sing cowboy songs all day long. I never talked with a drawl in my life, and my dry wit I got looks like Jerky if you know what that is. They say I'm romantic. Rheumatic is the word. I don't know why I wear this dish rag around my neck. And I ain't got no idea why Mexican spurs got chains. Lots of books have been written about me, and my eyes are always blue. My eyes are red like cranberries. They say my philosophy of life, whatever that is, is different from other folks. Well, my philosophy just now is 70 bucks a month, making a difference of about 100 bucks from other folks. To date I've married all the rich girls from the East who ever raised a Pullman curtain and peeked out at me and the stars. Well, the rich girls from the East are the only folks I ain't fooled none. I'm the most dressed up piece of punk this side of Hollywood.

ORACLE.

## DOW AND SWETT

As the World Wags:

I did not see your original reference to Lorenzo Dow, but the letter from Portland published Nov. 19 led me to look up my book, "The Eccentric Preacher, or a Sketch of the Celebrated Lorenzo Dow, His Celebrated 'Chain,' and of His Curious Thoughts on Matrimony" (Lowell, E. A. Rice & Co., 1841).

In regard to L. D. M. Swett, I never heard of any Dow in his name, but understood his name was Lorenzo dei Medici, after the great Lord of Florence.

Mr. Swett was a distinguished citizen of Portland. He looked the aristocrat. He was a member of Congress in 1863 and the only Democratic congressman from Portland since John Appleton in 1851. He came of Massachusetts Bay stock. John Swett was made a Freeman in 1642. His son, Capt. Benjamin Swett,

was killed in an Indian battle when leading Massachusetts troops at Black Point, Scarborough, Me., in 1677. Sarah, of a later generation, married Dr. Levi Dearborn of New Hampshire and was the mother of Gen. Dearborn, eight years secretary of war, after whom was named Fort Dearborn, which is now Chicago. Portland's Swett Memorial building came from the Swett family, and on the walls is a portrait of Gen. Dearborn.

"The Chain of Lorenzo" was first published as a pamphlet at Augusta, Ga., in 1804 as "A Farewell to Georgia." It was directed against the Calvinists.—Ed.

Nov 26 1928

## PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The People's Symphony orchestra. Theophil Wendt, conductor, gave its fifth concert of the season yesterday afternoon in the ballroom of the Hotel Statler. The program was as follows: Three ballet airs from Rameau's "Platee" and "Fetes d'Hebe" arranged by Felix Mottl; three movements from Cesar Franck's symphonic poem "Psyche." Dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor" and Glazunov's Symphony No. 6 in C minor.

Rameau's charming airs were played with the appropriate delicacy, when delicacy was demanded, as in the Menuet and Musette; with spirit as in the Tambourin. A very creditable performance. Mr. Wendt infused 18th century grace into his players, who responded gladly to his desire for nuances. How beautiful this old-world music is! No wonder that Debussy was never weary of exclaiming: "Back to Rameau!"

It was a pleasure to hear again the music of "Psyche." No matter whether the composer had in mind the old story as told by Apuleius, or, as M. d'Indy insists, thought of a mystical union of the Soul and a Seraph sent from heaven, the music is there; it shows Franck at his best. As for the Soul and the Seraph, let us remember that the "Song of Solomon," that little drama for a Jewish wedding feast, has been thought by grave commentators to portray the love of Christ for the church, instead of the loves of the Summite and great King Solomon.

Then came the ever-welcome dances from "Prince Igor," this time without a chorus. The players led by the understanding Mr. Wendt gave both the languor and the savagery of these dances. The audience, which should have been much larger, was quick to appreciate the merit of the performance.

Glazunov's Sixth Symphony was first played in Boston in 1899 at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The music belongs to the later and more academic period of the composer, yet there are touches of the romanticism that characterizes his symphonic poem "Stenka Razin" and is found in some of his ballet music. Here and there in the symphony Glazunov is Russian, but for the most part he shows himself a German, and a very orthodox one.

Now that the People's Symphony orchestra has an experienced and capable conductor who is developing the capabilities of the players, now that the programs and performances deserve respectful attention, there should be a greater popular interest in the effort of conductor and players to give good music at a reasonable price. P. H.

## FLUTE PLAYERS' CLUB

They gave their first concert of the season yesterday afternoon at the Art Club, with the following artists there to perform:

Gaston Elcus, Samuel Lebovici, violin; Alfred Zighera, cello; Georges Laurent, flute; Norbert Lauga, violin; Jean LeFranc, viola; Leon Marjollet, cello; Paul Bregor, piano.

In arranging his program Mr. Laurent scarcely put his best foot foremost. If, for instance, he wished to honor the memory of Schubert, he might have done better than to open the afternoon with the string quintet, op. 163, get the work through with perfunctory dispatch, then, the plous duty done, proceed to musical matter in no sense germane to Schubert's epoch or genius.

If that quintet were to be played surely it should have been so painstakingly prepared that every bar of it not merely its gaiety, its songfulness, told for all it contained of rhythmic variety, of verve, even of dramatic force. And it should have been given the place of honor on the program with music before it and music to follow at the least of it not contrary minded.

Yesterday, after the quintet, M. Laurent played a little piece for flute alone, called "Syrinx." Debussy wrote it. It did not baffle its name. It beautifully played, as it was yesterday on another occasion it no doubt would exercise a fragile charm of its own. Ibert's two "Jeux" did, for flute and piano, very fragile indeed. For the first piece Mr. Ibert wrote a melody, strongly defined, but no doubt as good as he could contrive, which he got along by a rippling pretty accompaniment, of a dissonance very pleasant

cool in suggestion, tart. Mr. Bregor played that accompaniment in a way that seemed just right. Mr. Laurent, as might be expected, played admirably, the genteelly jocose second piece quite as well as the first.

Like these agreeable trifles, Goossens's phantasy sextet, op. 35, for strings, was played for the first time in Boston. On a plain person hearing it untimely placed at program's end, it left no definite impression. When, indeed, he rested content with being lyrical, Mr. Goossens set his instruments to singing sweetly; his viola once, after a preparation the timbre of which established a mood, with a certain impressive sombreness. When, on the other hand, Mr. Goossens felt a fancy to play "with fire," as he directed in the first movement, he wrote down series of notes that implied no strength, no ardor. The fire, perhaps, would make itself felt if the sextet could be heard again. Why can't it? R. R. G.

## TITO SCHIPA

Tito Schipa, lyric tenor, sang the following program at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon:

O del mio amato ben, Donaudy; Spirate, pur spirate, Donaudy; Luisa Miller (Quando le sere al placido), Verdi; Prece (A Prayer), Schipa; Die Mainacht, Brahms; Mondnacht, Schumann; My Lovely Celia, Monro; A Pastoral, Carey; Gipsy Song No. 5, Dvorak;

'A Vucchella, Tosti-D'Annunzio; Sevillana, Longas; Mignon (Ah! Non credevi tu), Thomas.

Mr. Schipa sang to a very responsive audience yesterday. Indeed the enthusiasm was almost inconsiderate at times, but Mr. Schipa was generous and in the course of the program sang 11 encores.

Much can be said in appreciation of Mr. Schipa's voice. The flexibility and smoothness which embodies his technique is the accomplishment of only the great artist, and this he showed himself to be as he sang the very exacting program which he had arranged. Although he may sing what he wishes with the greatest finesse, he is most at home with those folk songs of his own country which are so variable of mood and full of melody. In these his tonal quality was rich and clear with a warmth which he did not acquire in any of his other selections.

There is one thing to be regretted. With such technique at his disposal he finds it difficult to make a neat attack.

Mr. Schipa's diction was irreproachable, no matter how intricate the passage or whether it be in English, German or Italian, and when singing mezza voce it was as distinct as in full voice.

His crowning accomplishment in his ability to sing mezza voce. Few there are who can sing so and retain the fullness of tone which was his. Soft but yet firm, penetrating to the furthest corner.

Mr. Schipa likes to sing and that is apparent in every selection he sings. His interpretation shows his thorough appreciation and enjoyment of the various composers, and never does he grow monotonous.

Mr. Frederick Longas very ably accompanied Mr. Schipa and played two groups of solo pieces, Godowsky's "Alt Wien", Albien's Tango and Cordoba.

O. A.

## THE BOSTON GARDEN

Inaugural concert, featuring D'Avino and his band comprising 75 musicians with Alfonso D'Avino conducting, presented under the personal direction of

Thomas Phillips. Assisting soloists: Tina Paggi, soprano and Fernando Bertini, tenor, by arrangement with Fortune Gallo. Alfredo Anzalone, pianist.

The program: Marche, Militaire Francaise, Saint Sacs; overture, La Forza Del Destino, Verdi; vocal, Sig. Bertini, (a) Il fiore from "Carmen," Bizet; (b) Improvisato from "Andre Chenier," Giordano. Selection, "Mile. Modiste," Herbert; vocal, Sig. Na Paggi; (a) Come per me sereno from "La Sonnambula," Bellini; (b) Una voce poco fa "Il Barbiere Di Siviglia," Rossini. Suite, Scenes Pittoresques, Massenet; 1. Marche; 3. Angelus; 4. Fete Boheme.

Marcia Reale Italiana; The Ride of the Valkyries, Wagner; vocal, Sig. Bertini; (a) Ah! si ben mio from "Il Trovatore," Verdi; (b) vesti la giubba from "Pagliacci," Leoncavallo. Dance of the Hours from "a Gioconda," Ponchielli; vocal, Sig. Na Paggi; (a) Valse from "Romeo et Juliette," Gounod; (b) E'strano from "La Traviata," Verdi. Overture, Solenelle, "1812" Tchaikowsky.

Despite last night's blizzard like weather, enough lovers of band music appeared at the concert to be given in the new Boston Garden at the North station to make it an important event in the history of the structure. Heralded as the inaugural concert, D'Avino and his band lived up to all the traditions of their craft and made the first musical program in the Garden a success.

The program was well balanced and Mr. D'Avino was generous with encores. The soloists, Tina Paggi and Fernando Bertini, pleased immensely, although

handicapped by the huge size of the arena. The management of the Garden has looked well to the best methods of preventing discordant echoes, and the acoustical properties of the insulated ceiling were demonstrated when, in the strident tones of "Marche Militaire," not a single vibration was heard other than what came from the instruments of the players.

The band is considerably larger and

better equipped than possibly any other with the exception of Sousa's and the spirit and quality of their music is on a par with that of better known organizations. The soloists presenting themes from popular opera, and adding several folk songs as encores, gave a lighter touch to the program. C. L.

## NETOCO'S NEW CASINO

"The City of Purple Dreams"

A screen drama, adapted by George F. P. from the novel by Edwin Baird, directed by Duke Worne and presented by Ravart Pictures Corporation with the following cast:

Barbara Bedford, Robert Frazer, David Torrence, David Gadsdon, Paul Panzer, Jack Carlisle, Henry Roquemore.

This picture, never shown previously in Boston, was chosen by the new owners and managers of the Casino, Hanover street, as one of two screen features to mark the re-opening of the house yesterday afternoon as a motion picture and vaudeville house. The companion picture was "The Jazz Singer," with none other than the magnetic Al Jolson as the star. Needless to say, the latter film is doubly popular at this time, with its brother picture, "The Singing Fool," strongly entrenched in local favor. "The Jazz Singer" was and is good entertainment. It requires no detailed comment at this time.

"The City of Purple Dreams" is a product of a comparatively small and modest factor in the motion picture world. Yet it is worthy of recognition in many ways. Frankly melodramatic, with rather ponderous captions, marked by acting sincere if at times labored, it makes fascinating entertainment for those who like plenty of stress in emotional scenes. Capital vs. Labor is the keynote, and David Torrence as Otis, and Robert Frazer as Dan Randolph typify the struggle between the two. Miss Bedford and Miss Gadsdon are the two young women who love Dan. The one is a socialist at heart, impulsive, vindictive; the other, calm woman of the world, self-controlled, yet none the less capable of a great passion. Around these four characters the plot turns, with "Slug" Nickolay, a bad egg, to add a vicious stroke wherever he finds an opening. Like the stage melodrama of days gone by "The City of Purple Dreams" sways its audience. There was applause for the hero and a silence which bespoke disapproval whenever fate or villainy laid him low or his love affair with Kathleen Otis went wrong.

Yesterday's bill included also a number of vaudeville and Vitaphone specialties. Starting today, the Casino will operate continuously from 9:30 A. M. to 10:30 P. M. On the screen will be shown each week one silent picture and one of sound type, either talking or with sound synchronization. The new owners have applied an artistic hand and brush to the interior, making it very attractive in its cheerful coloring, from outer lobby to stage proscenium.

W. E. G.

## WASH. ST. OLYMPIA AND FENWAY

"The Terror"

A screen mystery drama, based on the play of that name by Edgar Wallace, scenario by that name, directed by Roy del Ruth, and presented by Warner Brothers as their second talking picture, with the following cast: Max McAvoy, Louise Fazenda, Edward Everett Horton, Alec R. Francis, Matthew Betz, Holmes Herbert, Otto Hoffman.

Edgar Wallace, most prolific writer of novels and short tales, and criminologist on the side, is to the British Isles what Owen Davis is in this country as playwright. Mr. Wallace also turns his talents to the stage in odd moments. In one such digression he wrote a thriller known as "The Terror"—not only wrote it, but found a producer that was in London. The play never came to these shores; but Warner Brothers sensed sound and talking possibilities in it, and "The Terror," on the screen, is the result. Already shown in London, the picture served chiefly to arouse the reviewers to assertions that they could find no merits in the vocal efforts

of any of the American performers. Only in the voice of Mr. Francis, an English actor, as Dr. Redmayne, did they perceive any harmony or softness of tone. They held up "The Terror" in its Warnerized form as an excellent demonstration that "the talkies" provide a new and interesting market for the genuine English-speaking actor and







musical ingenuity, of the creature graced the frog's wedding. Miss Wynne herself sang those ditties no better. A lovely voice she has at her command, a lyric soprano warm in color, refreshingly free from sharp edges. In these latest years she must have done some intelligent technical work, to acquire a breath control so easy and adequate, so neat an attack, a legato so velvety smooth.

In her choice of an accompanist, Stuart Ross, Miss Atwood gave further evidence of her intelligence, one who, though an excellent musician and a pianist of rare skill, still rested content with being an accompanist; he ran no tilt, for honors, with the singer.

An interesting program well played and sung—may we have more of the same.

R. R. G.

When Mrs. Thomas Whiffen and her husband returned in sore distress to New York, after wanderings in this country, shabbily dressed, mourning the death of their first born, Mary Blanche, with twenty-five dollars in hand and out of work, the husband asked his wife to give up the stage and let him earn the living. "No, Tom," was her reply, "I don't want to be laid away on the shelf. I want to keep on working in the theatre."

"Keeping Off the Shelf" is appropriate the title of Mrs. Whiffen's memoirs published by E. P. Dutton & Co. The book has many illustrations, but no text. It was in 1868 that the Whiffens first saw New York. "Tom" died in 1897. Mrs. Whiffen in 1928 is still on the stage, nor does she lag there superfluously. She is called "the Grand Old Lady of the Stage." This characterization, intended to be complimentary, is hardly suitable to her nature and her art. She is "The Lovable Old Lady of the Stage." The sweetness of her nature, her good sense, her appreciation of humor, are all made clear by the simplicity and the modesty of her narrative. There is constant appreciation of her fellow-laborers in the vineyard; nowhere does she praise herself. She leaves that for her countless admirers.

She admits, as she writes in her cabin far up in the Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia, that she's a little old-fashioned: "I do not own a radio, and I do not smoke cigarettes, and I still wear my funny old bonnet."

She was of a musical family, the Pynns, famous in their day. Louisa, with others of her family, came to the United States in 1854. Louisa, with William Harrison, pleased the public by singing in English opera. Mrs. Whiffen as a child went to school, saw Charles Kean and his wife in classic plays—saw Ellen Terry as the child apparition in "Macbeth," went with her sister, Susan Galtoun, to a school at St. Omer's in France, where they enjoyed chaperon and "gossips." When Mrs. Whiffen returned to England it was thought she would be a good pianist. I found that extremely nervous, especially a peculiar trembling of the hand, which I have to this day, interfered with my public performances as a pianist. She then thought of the stage. Aunt Louisa exclaimed: "You an actress? Why, you wouldn't even say 'boo' to a goose." Even now she says that every night is like her first night. "I am always nibbled with stage fright as I stand in the wings waiting to hear my cue."

In those years no young English girl ever ventured out without a chaperon. The bills at the theatre provided entertainment from 7:30 o'clock to nearly midnight. Mrs. Whiffen made her debut in a burlesque, "Prince Amabel," as a fairy, receiving 30 shillings a week. In the course of that engagement she took the leading part and sang in a light opera, "Castle Grim" ("Prince Amabel" was by W. Brough, "Castle Grim" by R. Reece). This was at the Royalty Theatre in 1865. Blanche did not play as Mrs. Whiffen, even after her marriage, till she joined the Madison Square stock company in New York. Touring in the English provinces she was guilty of a spoilerism. Her line in an opera was "the robbers entered into a dim cavern." She said "the robbers entered a dim cavern." The audience and actors laughed. Blanche corrected herself by saying: "No, no, I mean the robbers entered into a dim cavern."

The Whiffens, before they came to this country, knew Dickens well. "Tom" insisted that Dickens was a "mild drinker." There was gossip about his family troubles. "It was pretty generally conceded that Mrs. Dickens was needlessly jealous. Tom often told me that Dickens's god-daughter was one of the causes of jealousy."

Death was made singularly depressing in the England of the '50s. Men with black silk bands around their high hats, the horse-hair tall pith helmets,

"mutes"—hired mourners dressed in dead black—stood at the house-door night and day till the day of the funeral.

The Whiffens first played in New York, at Wood's Museum. The whole company was paid \$300 a week. The opening bill comprised Offenbach's "Marriage by Lanterns" and "Lischen and Fritzchen." The theatre opened at 11 A. M. with living curiosities: the original Siamese Twins, Sophia Ganz, the dwarf, and Gen. Grant, Jr. The theatrical performances began at 2 P. M. with an inaugural address by P. T. Barnum. (It was there, and in that year that in a school nearby we saw Lydia Thompson and her British Blondes entering the museum. Mrs. Whiffen thought Lydia a charming actress, "the younger Dumas once wrote a play for her." Which one?)

There were no cars then on Broadway. Squatters were beyond Twenty-third street; Forty-second street was practically in the country. Cows were driven on Fifth avenue to pasture.

There are many anecdotes about Lingard and his beautiful and accomplished wife, with whom the Whiffens were associated. In Boston the Whiffens played at the Adelphi in repertoire until that theatre was burned. They boarded at Mrs. Fisher's. William Warren was received in society, "a rare thing for an actor in those days." When Mrs. Lingard would read romantic poetry to her husband, he would interrupt: "Yes, Allie, one night stands all next season for me. I can get more money out of them." Fay Templeton, seven or eight years old, was singing songs in entr'actes when the Whiffens joined John Templeton's company: "Honest John" so-called because "he was one of the few managers who could be relied upon to pay his actors."

When Lingard brought out his own version of "The New Magdalene" (from Wilkie Collins's novel) a critic wrote: "Many unfamiliar with the story and the dramatization might shrink with holy horror from the very title of the play fearful lest the material of which it is compounded might not prove of the nicest." Mrs. Whiffen adds: "Imagine that title compared with titles of today—'The Demi-Virgin,' 'Sex,' 'Parlor, Bedroom and Bath,' etc." She has refused to act in some of the plays offered to her because they embarrassed her with their bad taste. "The truth of an O'Neill play I accept, but not the bad taste of a nasty bedroom farce. I have too much respect for the traditions of the theatre and too much respect for the audience that comes to see me. And above all else, too much respect for myself and for my reputation."

She has played from New Orleans to towns in Maine (when the theatres were lighted by kerosene); from Boston to San Francisco, where she enjoyed eating at the Poodle Dog, now no more. There are many entertaining accounts of her tours and the stage folk she met. Herne taught her all the older actresses' business, and dwelt on Lucille Western's Nancy in "Oliver Twist." Brigham Young seemed to her a pompous, impressive man, but his hands were shaky and his face that of a sick man. Lotta, long afterwards Mrs. Whiffen's friend, was playing in "Musette." Her "limbs"—oh, Mrs. Whiffen! Do you mean "legs"?—were shapely, but shown "in a coy way."

Mary Anderson in '77 had "bad taste in clothes." She chewed gum, to soothe her throat, she said, and as Rosalind or Juliet would stick gum on the side of a tree in Arden or a hall in Verona before she went on the stage "to amaze her audience with her matchless face and magnetic voice." Modjeska's voice was not loud, but rich and full. She contrasted greatly with Mary Anderson, who was loud and overacted. Her lack of technique and experience could not sound the depths of Shakespeare's tragic heroine (Juliet). Mansfield was "essentially a sensational actor, relying on startling effects to put him over." There is the memory of Georgia Cayvan, who was awarded a diamond star as the most popular actress of that day. Would audiences today roar at Hoyt's pieces? "I suppose the slap-stick movie has taken the place of broad stage comedy." Oscar Wilde wrote to her that Americans didn't want to hear him, but to look at him, so he felt like a nice fat Persian kitten at a cat-show. There was Mary Manning, a charming girl, a glorious vision in "Trelawney." Henry Miller, John Mason, Annie Russell, Crane, Maurice Barrymore, Alexander Salvini, Clara Morris, Effie Shannon, Louise Dillon, Herbert Kelcey, Clyde Fitch—"never wearing the same suit twice, it seemed to me, smoking gold-tipped cigarettes"; the ill-fated Clara Bloodgood—the "shades arise!"

As Mrs. Whiffen was the first Little Buttercup in New York, she found the "stipendous" revival of "Pinafore" at the Century Theatre "a great, glittering

diamond of paste" beside the simple production in 1878. The latter so real and beautiful; the revival "counterfeit and vulgar."

At the end of the book she talks wisely to young women who wish to go on the stage. "What about your married life, Mrs. Whiffen?"

"Tom and I had 29 years of happy married life, and that is why all these divorces you read about in the profession nowadays seem so unnecessary to me."

#### LUELLA MELIUS

Luella Melius, soprano, sang last night in Jordan hall, assisted by Roy Underwood, piano; George Laurent, flute, and Jean Devergie, cello. This was her program:

Et incarnatus est, C Minor Mass (with flute and oboe), Mozart; Mondnacht, Schumann; Die Forelle, Der Jungling an der Quelle, Schubert; Er ist's, Wolf; Aria—"Dinorah," Meyerbeer; Mandolines et Guitars, Grovlez; Comment disaient-ils, Liszt; Filles de Cadix, Delibes; Vesper Hymn, Old English; Rain Drops, Wolfarth-Grille; Symphony in Yellow, Griffes; The Wren, arranged by Benedict.

Before touching on less important points let us make bold to set down the opinion that Mme. Melius is blessed with one of the loveliest voices of her day. One exquisite tone, last night, she emitted after another, tones pure like white gold, soft like white silk velvet. Oftener, however, than when she sang in Boston before, she brightened her tones till they acquired brilliancy, and sometimes, by means of management extremely able, she lent them an opulent richness of timbre.

This amazingly beautiful voice is endowed with even more than the usual timbleness of a voice of its silvery, agile type. With it Mme. Melius can do what she will. She trills, when she does her best, with an evenness not often equalled. She runs scales of exemplary neatness; even chromatics she can contrive, strictly, too, in tune. Smart feats of staccato she has at her call.

From the technical point of view, Mme. Melius has a command of bravura truly remarkable. If she had rhythmic resource to quicken it with, she would be a great singer of florid music indeed.

Even without this final touch of brilliancy that turns coloratura singing electrifying, Mme. Melius gave great pleasure by her singing of Dinorah's shadow song, still more by her performance of Benedict's "Wren," so smoothly she sang them, with tone so lovely.

Musically, too, she sang them. So she did her songs, for the most part, though her voice is not of the texture that lends itself easily to expression in songs. Songs of brightness she made the most of, those by Grovlez, say, and Delibes's.

But why bother with songs? Mme. Melius shines in arias demanding coloratura, smoothness, absolute evenness of beautiful tone. In programs of arias of the sort—dozens of arias there are we never hear—Mme. Melius would rejoice in a field all her own. Why not make the most of it?

Her assistants helped her well last night. A large audience showed satisfaction.

R. R. G.

#### SYMPHONY HALL

La Argentina in a recital of Spanish dances.

The bare stage of Symphony hall is light-flooded. Curtained at back and sides in dull drab, it looks bleak, crude. The pianist on the left plays a rippling Spanish dance melody. Suddenly, from the right, a brilliant figure materializes, sways backward, castanets clicking softly hangs poised a second, then with a swift fluent motion brings her body forward into the rhythm of the dance. La Argentina, lacquered black hair, cozening black eyes, wide flashing smile, long body, slender arms and legs. She wears a costume of blue velvet, with the snug bodice and billowing skirts of the Spanish dancer.

Hers is an art so refined, so perfected that it is hard to grasp all at once. She drifts about the stage casually, almost nonchalantly, slipping from dance

step and gesture into a sudden immobility, floating off again, easily, her castanets like voices following, the theme of the music. There is an intellectual effort in watching her, like hearing difficult music for the first time. She has vanished into the wings before you have really enjoyed her, leaving an impression of a perfect technique, but hardly an emotional experience.

She grows on her watchers. You can follow the flowing grace of her body, see her place her dainty feet, in their gayly colored pumps with her own delicate precision, follow the voice of her castanets, now a gentle murmur, now wild, now gay—all this with less of a conscious effort. You begin to dance with her. In de Falla's "Fire Dance," a ritual dance for driving away evil spirits, she shifts from the ancient formal postures of the devil dancer, into wild exultation at their banishment.

In Lagarterana, Argentina becomes a peasant girl, a simple little animal, full

of joy and a clumsy archness, with now and then a flash of grace from the supple body as the peasant girl forgets her self-consciousness. Grace in the awkward steps, a fascinating gaucherie; a gargoyle in a cathedral, a puppy seriously pursuing a shadow.

Then comes a tango, with the tango steps each a little bit better done than any other tango step, and a gypsy dance. In a white, clinging dress, with ruffles flowing from her knees into a train, shining hair bound with magenta and white, shawl of magenta, body of enchantment, castanets seductive, ah, she has the animal allure, the irresistible vitality of the most fascinating Carmen that has ever lived.

"La Corrida" is her last dance—the impressions of a bull fight—and here you live with La Argentina. Forgetting how she does it, the puzzling simplicity of her motions, the miraculous balance of her body, you are simply a lovely Spanish lady exhibiting herself in all the pride of her beauty in the audience at the bull-ring. Music, admiration, excitement, picadors on horses, banderillos with their bright-ribbed darts, black eyes meeting homage from behind a fan. Then the matador, feint, leap aside, thrust, waving cloaks, thrust again, in a wild whirl of cries and excitement she is gone.

She is too much to grasp in one evening. She should return every Saturday night, like a symphony concert, so that little by little the nuances of her art could be studied. Where other dancers whirl, she drops into immobility, she is impossible to anticipate, she knows the value of restraint and the charm of the haphazard.

She is too much to grasp in one applauded with passion, considering the extremely well-bred quality of the audience, assembled by La Argentina and the Junior League. Everyone was there and everyone loved Argentina, and the Junior League made money to buy nurses for sick babies and social centres for immigrant women and things like that.

R. E. N. A.

#### COLONIAL THEATRE

American Opera Company in Gounod's "Faust." The cast was as follows:

Faust, the philosopher	Patrick Killikelly
Faust, the cavalier	Clifford Newdall
Mephistopheles	George Houston
Valentine	Allan Burt
Siebel	Harold Hansen
Martha	John Linnatt
Clifford	Natalie Hall
Conductor	Brownie Peebles
	Frank St. Leger

Last evening the American Opera Company presented "Faust" to a moderately large but very appreciative audience. The opera was of course sung in English, and although it was quite understandable because of the excellent diction nevertheless it does not permit the smoothness which is so necessary to the beautiful legato music recurrent throughout the opera.

Miss Natalie Hall as Marguerite was delightful. Endowed with a beautiful voice, she knows how to use it, the quality is clear and full and very sympathetic. Not only does she sing with intelligence but she acts with intelligence. She is fortunate in being able properly to interpret her role and yet not indulge in the spectacular. What more could one want in a person who sings opera?

Patrick Killikelly as Faust the Philosopher sang his role well although there was noticeable restraint. Seemingly that is the difficulty in having two characters sing Faust. The first must necessarily be distinctly different from the second, or why have the two characters, and there is the possibility of Faust the Philosopher being too sensitive to the fact that he is old and singing within himself instead of singing of himself.

Clifford Newdall as Faust the Cavalier sang with a voice of fine quality. His voice is more lyric than dramatic with the result that it was put to more or less of a strain at times, but even so he acquitted himself with ease not only in singing the role but in acting it as well. George Houston as Mephistopheles portrayed the role with distinction. He has a pleasing voice and he used it to advantage. He voiced his phrases with a subtlety which together with his diabolical gestures very often provoked considerable mirth in the audience. Allan Burt in the role of Valentine was well adapted to the part, as was Brownie Peebles in the role of Martha.

Siebel as acted by Harold Hansen was a distinct pleasure. Mr. Hansen has a beautiful lyric voice and although it may be a little too mature for the character, the tonal quality was light enough to balance it. This role is usually sung by a contralto or a mezzo-soprano, and that type of voice seems to be more fitting for the character since Siebel is but a boy and it is unnatural to hear the matured voice of a man. Much credit is due Mr. St. Leger. The orchestra under his leadership gave the singers excellent support, and the ensemble was almost perfection, in quality of tone and rhythm.

O. A.



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The concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be conducted this week by Mr. Burgin, the concert master. The program will comprise Miaskovsky's eighth symphony, The Dance of the Seven Veils, from Strauss's "Salome," and Beethoven's piano concerto No. 5, with Rudolph Ganz, pianist.

Although Miaskovsky is a voluminous composer, his music is unknown here. Born at the fortress Novogeorgievsk (now Poland) in April, 1881, he was trained for a military career. (His father was a general of engineers in the Russian army.) Miaskovsky preferred to be a musician. He studied at Moscow, where he is now professor of composition at the Conservatory, and at Leningrad. When the world war broke out he was mobilized. He fought on the Austrian front and was not released from military service by the bolsheviks until 1920.

His early works were songs and two symphonic poems: "Silence," suggested by Poe's prose-poem, and "Alastor" (after Shelley). The latter was produced at Moscow by Mr. Koussevitzky.

The eighth symphony was first performed early in 1927 at Moscow, then at Leningrad. Three of the symphonies have been heard in the United States. It is said that each one of the ten symphonies has a program, but he will not divulge their nature.

Mr. Ganz has played here with the orchestra several times the two concertos of Liszt and the fifth concerto of Saint-Saens. When he first came to Boston as a pianist he introduced pieces by Ravel; in his first concert here with the Kneisel quartet Ravel's piano trio was on the program.

The Dance of the Seven Veils. We quote from a recent issue of the New York World.

"Well, it's Salome, sec? You know, the historical girl that does the dance from the seven veils?"

"Can't we cut down on them veils? How about the dance of the two veils?" asked Mr. Mandell.

"Please," said Mr. Friedman impatiently, "don't be making interruptions vulgarly. I said seven veils. You couldn't spoil a dance and change the courses of history for the price, y'understand, of five veils."

"The King gives a look at this Salome, saying:

"Strike me dead, what do I see? My kingdom's been holding out on me. Where did you come from, Little Bubbles?"

You're enough to make a monarch forget his troubles.

You look to me like a brunette poem, Make yourself at home, kid, make yourself at home."

"The two guys fanning the King gently, begins fanning him awful hard, and Salome, instead sitting down, looks at the King diltiv and should say:

"King, of you I come to ask a big favor,

And if you grant it, you won't be taking a chance,

For you will be feeling a whole lot braver

When you catch my seven veils dance."

"Kid," says the King, "if you can dance like you look, you can have anything I got, including this Tiffany hat."

"All I should want is the head of John, a Baptist, on a silvery tray," says Salome.

"The King should startle back very surprised.

"The head of John, a Baptist, a la carte? What is it, cannibals? And I thought you was just a sweet, young thing, not head hunters!"

Burns Mantle names as the best 10 plays of the last season: O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," Barry's "Paris Bound," "The Royal Family" by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman, "Coquette" by Abbott and Bridgers, "Porgy" by DeRose and Dorothy Heyward, Galsworthy's "Escape," O'Casey's "The Plough and the Stars," Cormack's "The Racket," Kelly's "Behold the Bridegroom," "Burlesque" by Hopkins and Watters.

#### Notes and Lines:

The conclusion of "Coquette" puzzles me. The heroine, as a solution to her own problem and to insure the acquittal of her father, shoots herself. Why wouldn't this act make the case still harder for her father, inasmuch as the prosecutors are already questioning her chastity?

R. W. R.

Juliette Gaultier de la Verendrye, soprano, will sing in the ballroom of the Hotel Statler, next Saturday afternoon. The recital will begin at 2:30 o'clock.

Howard Goding will play the piano in Jordan Hall next Saturday afternoon. Beethoven's Sonata op. 10 No. 1; Schumann's "Carnival" and pieces by Albeniz, Brahms, Chopin, Griffes and Rubinstein.

Next Sunday Fritz Kreisler will play in Symphony Hall; the People's Symphony Orchestra, Theophil Wendt, conductor, will present an "All Wagner" program at the Hotel Statler; the Burgin String Quartet will play in the lecture room of the Boston Public Library.

#### Other concerts next week:

Monday: Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M., Isabella Burnada, contralto, with Oliver Stewart, tenor.

Tuesday: Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M., the Apollo Club, Thompson Stone, conductor; Olga Averino, soprano. (The concerts of the Apollo Club are now open to the general public.) Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Weldon Carter, pianist, from Washington, D. C.

Wednesday—Hotel Statler, 11 A. M., Sophie Braslau, contralto, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.; Clara Rabinovitch, pianist, Brown hall (New England Conservatory, 3 P. M., the MacDowell Club).

On Friday afternoon and Saturday evening Mahler's "Lied von der Erde"—sometimes called his Tenth Symphony. This will be its first performance in Boston. The singers will be George Meader, tenor, and Mme. Cahler, contralto. She took part in the first performance of this work (Munich, 1911). The "Lied" is really a symphony in six parts. The text consists of Chinese lyrics selected and translated into German by Hans Bethge. Their predominating idea is that of withdrawal from the world—the end is pessimism.

Saturday—Susan Metcalf Casals, soprano, the wife of the violinist, will sing in Jordan hall at 3 o'clock.

Sunday concerts in Symphony hall: Dec. 9, Paul Whiteman and his orchestra; Dec. 16, Handel and Haydn Society, "The Messiah"; Dec. 23, afternoon, Vladimir Horowitz, pianist; evening, the English Singers.

Other concerts in the future, Dec. 9, the Radcliffe Choral Society at the Repertory Theatre. Dec. 12, the Flonzaley quartet; its last season. Dec. 13, Grace Cronin, pianist. Dec. 15, Mt. Holyoke Choral Society (Christmas music). Dec. 17, Heinrich Gebhard, pianist. Dec. 18, Rulon Robison, tenor. Dec. 19, Christine Arnoldson, dramatic soprano (Jordan hall), MacDowell Club. Dec. 30, Ethel Leginska with her orchestra.

La Argentina will dance for the second time in Boston next Wednesday evening in Symphony hall.

Angna Enters will dance on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 8, at the Hotel Statler for the benefit of the Talitha Cumi Home and Hospital.

Ruth Draper will give her monologues for six nights, beginning next Monday, and two matinees at the Plymouth Theatre.

Cornelia Skinner will recite at the Hotel Statler next Monday.

#### COLONIAL THEATRE

##### "The Marriage of Figaro"

Opera by Mozart. The American Opera Company. The cast: George Houston, Count Almaviva; Mark Daniels, Countess Almaviva; Thelma Votukka, Dr. Bartolo; John Moncrief, Don Basilio; Frederick Roberts, Antonio; Peter Chambers, Suzanne; Mary Silveira, Marcelina; Cecile Sherman, Cherubina; Harriet Fell, Barbarina; Mary Stephan, Conductor. Frank St. Lezer.

Mr. Rosing, they say, the opera company's director, dotes on drama. No doubt "they" tell the truth. He makes the utmost of drama in those operas where it really exists, in "Carmen," say, and "Pagliacci," and, by good report, in "Mme. Butterfly." In operas of that sort he has the librettists to help him. They set forth their moving tales of love and hate with all the theatrical effectiveness they could muster. Because of the change in operatic fashion, they avoided, as much as might be, repetitions of sentences and words. He had also the valuable assistance of Bizet and the rest, men keen themselves at sensing the drama a situation affords, and quite capable of finding quickening music for its intensification. With help so patent at hand, and actors who sing fairly well, Mr. Rosing has not too stiff a job of it in making the drama of "Carmen" tell.

But Mr. Rosing, they also say, hates conventions as ardently as he loves drama. He sweeps them out of his productions with the same grand vigor that a good New England housewife used to apply to sweeping dust out of her parlor carpet; so long as she got rid of the dust, she did not much care if she broomed away some of the naps. When Mr. Rosing, in his zeal for "Figaro's" drama, tosses the convention of fine music out of the window, he makes a mistake. Let him make the most of the comedy; all able directors have done as much before him. But he may as well admit the fact that to one minute of comedy in Figaro, there

are 10 when all action stands still, to give Mozart the musician in contrast to Mozart the musical dramatist, his opportunity.

What happens in these nine musical minutes, if an orchestra trained to a fine elasticity sits not in the pit, if fine singers do not tread the stage? Mr. Rosing tries to fill them with comedy, low comedy. And there he makes another mistake; Beaumarchais and Mozart can never make good at low comedy, however hard actors push them down.

Miss Sherman sang charmingly last night, and acted extremely well. Mr. Houston, self-consciously restless as ever, also sang very well, with enunciation neat as Miss Sherman's. Miss Silveira did some very good singing and acting in a small, pretty way. And Mr. Roberts again showed himself a master at adroit characterization. The others did what they could.

A lover of drama and a hater of conventions, why does not Mr. Rosing restrict his endeavors to operas abounding in drama, where conventions stripped away will not wrench off half the substance? These he manages admirably.

R. R. G.

#### "Carmen"

For those who have always wondered just what the smugglers were saying to the gypsy girls in Lillias Pastia's tavern, or what Micaela was saying at any time, the American Opera Company's "Carmen" is recommended without reservation. In the first place, "Carmen" is a thrilling play, intensely dramatic. Its action springs from the most violent human passions. It moves swiftly, with very little stretching of the long arm of coincidence. Only in the wanderings of innocent little golden-haired Micaela from her simple village to the wicked city of Sevilla, to a smuggler's den in the mountains, all over Spain, protected only by the mantle of her purity, we return to the ordinary level of operatic action.

As a play, this company gives a new

"Carmen." There is no grouping of a weary and bored chorus while the well-corseted prima donna takes the spotlight. In fact, there are no corsets. Carmen, or Miss Bettina Hall, is a lovely creature, a slender young beauty with a smooth forehead and gleaming black hair, an actress of fire and grace. As she plays the bewitching gypsy girl her slim body bends in flowing lines of beauty, the light shines on her hair, her face is spirited and seductive. In short, she is a Carmen who really might love for a day and move her jealous lovers to murder. Don Jose, sung by Charles Hedley, is a handsome young soldier. He is thin. The Toreador is even thinner, a tall and striking Esamilio. To one accustomed to Carmens whose dance in the tavern was a visual torture, and to Jose's and Esamilio's, whether French, German or Italian, who simply could not leave starched foods alone, this production comes as a tremendous relief. It is romantic.

The opera moves against a modernistic background of silvery arches, with square colored stools piled like building blocks into chairs or tables, moved here and there about the stage. The bright colors of the gypsies' dresses and the soldiers' uniforms shift and blend in their setting. The staging is obviously inexpensive, far from the de luxe affairs of the big opera companies, but it too holds romance.

But most striking of all is the difference made in this opera by its transposition into our own language. As a play, it comes into its own when the long, unintelligible conversational stretches are removed. It is pleasant to know that the soldiers are saying.

#### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

##### "The King of Kings"

A screen drama dealing with the last two years of the life of Christ written by Jeanie Macpherson, directed and produced by Cecil B. DeMille, and presented with sound effects and a cast of 18 principals, including H. R. Warner, Dorothy Cumming, Jacqueline Logan, Rudolph Schildkraut, Joseph Schildkraut, Ernest Torrence, Victor Varpano, George Seismann, William Boyd, Mickey Moore, Sam DeGrasse, Theodore Kosloff, Joseph Striker, Robert Edison, Kenneth Thomson, Julia Faye, Mabel Coleman, Josephine Norman.

Treated to a process of synchronization, with musical accompaniment scored by Dr. Hugo Reisenfeld, and with such sound effects as come from the clamoring of vast throngs of people, or from the tinkling of 30 pieces of silver as they drip from the wily fingers of Calaphas, the high priest, "The King of Kings" is now put forth to meet popular taste, at popular prices. When first shown as a super-special at super-special prices it was to accompaniment of a large symphonic orchestra. While it was preferable in that form it cannot be denied that Dr. Reisenfeld has scanned the picture with utmost care and matched his score to action and atmosphere with exceptional success. For periods the music runs in a monotone, to break into excerpt from some

famous oratorio, or into a time-ago hymn. Once or twice voices singing in unison are heard. One great merit is evident: never does the accompaniment drown out the picture. Rather it is modulated to an unbroken planissimo.

By now the world knows that in "The King of Kings" Mr. DeMille at least equalled his masterly efforts in "The Ten Commandments." He has treated his theme with the same reverence in each. And again Miss Macpherson has written with inspired mind and hand. Each title is an authentic verse from some chapter and book of the New Testament; each is apt, and into each it is possible to read a new beauty as the pictured scene at its side is revealed. Those who live intimately with their Bible will recognize the authenticity and the sincerity of this presentation of the events in the life of Jesus prior to his crucifixion. Those of us who may have neglected this sacred volume will find dramatic illumination of more than one moving passage and utterance.

Of the performance as a whole only highest praise can be evoked. Mr. Warner's conception of the Christ seems still to be one of ineffable appeal in its spiritual refinement. The two Schildkrauts, father and son, Rudolph as Calaphas, and Joseph as Judas Iscariot, give vivid characterizations. Mr. Varconi's Pontius Pilate is sharply etched. Mr. Torrence's Peter is virile, sympathetic. Miss Logan as Mary of Magdala indicates movingly the regeneration possessing the soul of that beautiful courtesan when she meets the carpenter of Nazareth face to face. The entire picture is so impressive, so artistic, so beautiful in every slightest detail that none who profess desires to see uplift come to the silver screen should withhold their presence and their approbation from "The King of Kings."

W. E. G.

#### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

##### "Annapolis"

A screen drama of romance written by Royal S. Fosse, adapted by F. McGrew Wilson. Photographed by Arthur Miller, directed by Christy Cabanne and presented by Pathe Exchange, Inc., with the following cast: John M. Brown, Herbert Duman, Jeanette Loff, Betty, Mary Ryan, Billy Bakewell, Byron Merson, Charlotte Walker, Robert Bowman, Father.

Educational and dramatic interests are combined in this pictorial narrative of life at the naval academy. Educational, because it shows the beauty of grounds and buildings, the snappy drills of the cadets, the unbending discipline which sustains the morale of this remarkable institution, the brilliant assemblies at June dances and at graduation ceremonies. Dramatic, in that it carries a love story involving a pretty girl and two midshipmen, with honor and success for one, disgrace and defeat for the other. Add two comic characters in two other middies known to their fellows as "Fat" and "Skeeters," as harmless mischief-makers, and the grand total is a picture of unusual qualities and substantial merit.

There is a very noisy and monotonous synchronized orchestral accompaniment, and frequently one hears the whirr of a hydroplane or of a motor boat in the bay. Why, in these advanced days, is it essential to show the wheels of an engine or a car in motion, or to reproduce the sound of their clack-clack on the rails? By now every one knows that the wheels go round, and that they emit a certain sound, in motion.

Mr. Brown and Mr. Allan are the rival candidates for the hand of Betty, as played in mouselike fashion by Miss Loff. This young actress is fairly new to the screen, at least in a principal role. She is slight of figure, her eyes have a tired look. Her features have little play. One wonders what she really could do in some big scene demanding a display of deep emotion. Mr. Allan's role is the more disagreeable in that he has to portray a youth who has everything before him, allows temper and jealousy to smash his career after Betty has expressed preference for girl-shy Bill Curtis. At Annapolis they don't call them girls, they are "femmes."

Mr. Brown, manly, with a code of honor which forbids him to disclose the identity of the culprit whose mutinous acts he shoulders, has the more difficult role. His assumption of diffidence in his love scenes with Betty was natural effective. Messrs. Ryan and Bakewell played the two carefree roommates boyishly. Mr. Bosworth, in a minor role as Bill's father, was sincere. Charlotte Walker, only a few years removed from noteworthy triumphs on the stage, made Betty's aunt a woman in the "frisky 40s" trying to appear like a girl of 20.

Keith-Albee Theatre patrons will approve of "Annapolis" because of its cleanliness, its avoidance of stuffy routine, its picturesque setting, its performance remarkably lacking in affectation.

W. E. G.

#### B. F. KEITH MEMORIAL THEATRE

##### "Outcast"

A screen drama of romance written by Royal S. Fosse, adapted by F. McGrew Wilson. Photographed by Arthur Miller, directed by Christy Cabanne and presented by Pathe Exchange, Inc., with the following cast:



Miriam ... Corinne Griffith  
 Geoffrey ... Edmund Lowe  
 Valentine ... Katharine Carver  
 Louisa ... Louise Fazenda  
 George ... George King  
 Jack ... Jack Hardy  
 The O'Brien ... Peter O'Brien  
 Lee Moran

A moving picture that begins with the forcible ejection of the heroine, somewhat dishevelled, into the street is apt to focus the attention of an audience without much difficulty. "Outcast," Corinne Griffith's latest starring vehicle, not only begins well but continues to hold the pace throughout. The plot is for the most part rather far-fetched, and the so-called hero behaves in a most ungentlemanly fashion, but Miss Griffith manages to make it all seem both plausible and moving.

Miriam, the heroine, a girl of the streets, is thrown out of her boarding house with only \$3 to spare. After no little hesitation she buys a hat, using up all her available cash, and swaggers off down the street, only to have her glory drowned by a soda water siphon wielded by a somewhat tipsy young gentleman in a window above. It appears that he was merely drinking to quench his sorrow—his fiancée had chosen to marry an elderly millionaire and the ceremony was about to take place.

Geoffrey, the rejected suitor, thereupon invites Miriam to go to the wedding as a reward for ruining her hat. He makes a scene in church by insulting the bride and also Miriam, who seems far the more angry of the two, for she slaps him soundly in the face and runs off. Geoffrey pursues her, apologizes and then proceeds to relate all his woes. In retaliation she spins a highly amusing tale of her early fall from grace, brought about by means of a lollipop when a glittering dress and coronet failed to tempt her. Amused by her bravado and ashamed of his own weakness, Geoffrey takes a fresh grip on life, and also sets Miriam up very comfortably.

Their relationship is merely that of good friends, or so at least it is understood by Geoffrey, but Miriam falls deeply in love with him, to her own sorrow. Geoffrey's former sweetheart, Valentine, tiring of her wealthy husband, beckons Geoffrey back to her side. With the utmost alacrity he responds, leaving Miriam the cold consolation of a large check. About to go back to her old life, Miriam is found by one of Geoffrey's friends who beseeches her to save him from Valentine—a mercenary young lady who wants both husband and lover, but prefers the husband's wealth to the lover's ardors when forced to make her choice. How Miriam shows up her rival and wins

Geoffrey back is worth going to find out.

In the difficult part of Miriam, Corinne Griffith gave a very fine performance, never once yielding to the temptation to overact. As the girl of the streets, she was humorous and tough, though always attractive, and as Geoffrey's friend and confidante, while somewhat softened, she was never too ladylike. Her emotion was as convincing as her comedy and neither was exaggerated. Edmund Lowe furnished fair support as the vacillating Geoffrey, a most unsympathetic part, and Katharine Carver was sufficiently pretty and grasping.

## Wrestling,

By RENA GARDNER

The old Grand Opera House may seem far away. The dozen round globes on its dingy front illumine a part of Washington street where the citizens of Boston never stroll for pleasure, or are drawn by shops or theatres. The centre of city life has swung so completely away from it that the average man has only a vague notion of its existence. But as the crow flies and the taxi dashes, the Grand Opera House stands exactly five minutes away from Back Bay or downtown Boston. To see Gus Sonnenberg requires far less time and wear and tear on the nerves

from traffic irritation than to see Helen Hayes.

Bostonians, though aware of the charm of Helen Hayes, have not yet become Sonnenberg-conscious, or even Grand Opera House-conscious. Wrestling has its own restricted clientele, mostly male, an audience so well acquainted with its actors that no programs are needed.

A newcomer, seated in a ringside seat on the stage of the Opera House, with no written word of reference, looks for 10 minutes at the slippery writhing figures on the canvas mat, sees one extricate his head from the leg of the

other, and the other remove his foot from the grip of the one just in time to escape five broken toes—this novice, becoming slightly confused, begins to wonder whether the slim one in purple tights is Freddie Meyers and the fat one in black tights Tony Felice, or vice versa. His gaze leaves the brightly lighted ring, the wet glistening backs of the wrestlers, and wanders out to the audience. Behind a blue screen of smoke, every seat is occupied. It is a dark audience, all men. From the further, more hazy galleries comes the occasional flash of a match, lighting a new cigar. Cigarette ends shine like tiny stars all through the dark reaches of the Opera House.

### CORA LIVINGSTON

On the stage, the further three sides of the ring are fringed with rows of intent faces, with dozens of cigars. In the left hand wing sits Cora Livingston, champion lady wrestler of the world. Her small green velvet hat, sunburn curls and blue eyes are barely visible from the front of the house. She is the queen of the Opera House, and is surrounded by an attendant court of ladies. Mrs. Stanley Stasiak, other wives of wrestlers, fiancées of wrestlers, friends? They are "ladies of the ensemble," but everyone knows Cora. From her own 25 years of wrestling she undoubtedly always knows which is Freddie and which is Tony, and can recognize a keel hold or a flying tackle the instant it occurs.

The audience at a wrestling match is never silent, nor is it the thing to be silent. You can laugh at the theatrical rage and attitudes of Stanley Stasiak, encourage Gus Sonnenberg, or call George Walker yellow as loudly as you please without the slightest fear of an usher, and better yet without any danger that the giant you are addressing as "as yellow as your tights" will leave the ring and annihilate you with a slap. You can satisfy your inner desire, inhibited by too long residence in Boston, to yell and make other loud and unseemly noises. The Grand Opera House would be as beneficial for a neurotic as a week at Dr. Riggs. It provides a perfect emotional release, unless civilization has you too firmly in its clutches by the time you take up wrestling matches.

The old Opera House wears a romantic flavor, quite apart from the wrestling itself. Its front rows of comfortable red plush chairs, the dingy velvet hangings from its boxea, its awkward barren look of age remind you not only of the music that once thrilled through its spaces, but of more recent evenings of strangely moving plays in alien tongues, of intense Russian players thrilling with cheap scenery and threadbare costumes, of Gorky given in Hebrew, its heroine bringing tears to your eyes by the one word "Schrecklich," of foreign audiences brought up in a different tradition from ours.

### ALL BUSINESS

Thoughts like these do not intrude on the main bout of the evening. By the time the swarthy Sonnenberg and the blonde Walker throw off their bathrobes you have become acclimated. You can somewhat follow the skill of the wrestlers, as fast and as exact a science as boxing. There is much less elaboration than in a prize fight of the same importance, possibly because wrestling is not yet fashionable. They step into the ring and begin. There are no dull stretches of sparring for time, no dancing about the ring. They slip from one terrific hold into another, and somehow wriggle themselves free. There is no blood, and it is not considered ethical,

as in boxing, to close a man's eyes or break his nose. The referee even objects to hair-pulling or ear-biting.

But in some way wrestling seems the most primitive, most ancient of our sports. These huge beefy naked men, gleaming with sweat, grunting, faces distorted with agony as they try to break from a body scissors that is squeezing the breath from their lungs, or sent flying through the ropes to land half-stunned on the footlights by some lightning hold and throw, seem like a survival of gladiatorial days. Roman emperors pass through your mind, the days of real sport when the populace spent its holidays watching a few Christians eaten, or the survival of the fittest warrior in single combat in the arena. A bull-fight is the nearest thing in atmosphere to a wrestling match that we are left today, in our age of breakfast foods and prohibition. We can't all go to Spain or Mexico. But the Grand Opera House is within the reach of any man, woman or child.

We should suggest wrestling for school children, to teach them endurance and courage. A wrestler like the Canadian champion who gives up in a toe-hold without having his shoulders forced to the mat by a fall, is booed from the ring, even though he can hardly walk on those toes. In wrestling you are expected to throw or be thrown, never to give up. You must get out of

a hold, no matter what the agony. If you squirm out of it, weakened, and are then picked up by the feet and slapped down on the canvas, stunned, you may have lost the match, but you retain your audience's respect. If you cry "enough" your reputation is ruined. What is a broken wrist beside shrieks of "yellow" in your ears? After all, if you can't get your wrist out, you should stay in a lower stratum of the wrestling world until you have learned how.

### FEW WOMEN

Women have not yet discovered wrestling. Though Cora Livingston says that more women are coming than in former years, at the Sonnenberg-Walker bout 10 at most were visible.

They go to football games and watch broken collarbones carried from the field, their evening gowns enliven the ringside seats at the big prize fights, and they observe buckets of blood with complete equanimity. Why not wrestling, a nice clean sport where, when a man is thrown 8 or 10 feet out of the ring the dark spot he leaves on the stage is not blood but perspiration, where if he is knocked out everyone knows it's nothing serious? Completely disregarded by all with the announcer busy with news of the next match, he comes to and walks somewhat uncertainly from the ring. No gathering of seconds, flapping towels, supporting of the injured man to his dressing room, as in prize fighting. In the Opera House an apparent corpse on the outside of the ring is a mere bagatelle. You never need worry. It will get up and take itself off in a few minutes.

Then there is a science, a precision in wrestling that should appeal to women. Each wrestler has his own particular way of dispatching an opponent, perfected by years of experience, dreaded by the other man. Gus Sonnenberg's pet method is the flying tackle, a leap and a butt with his head and shoulders into the stomach of the opposing wrestler, done so suddenly and so quickly that you literally cannot see what part of his body hit the man. He can apparently make his tackle from any angle, coming out of the other man's hold, or from a distance, whenever for an instant his opponent leaves himself unguarded. After two of these tackles in his match Thursday night, George Walker didn't dare rise to his feet. After breaking from a hold he crouched on his knees until he could get a new hold, rather than expose his stomach. In spite of this defence a third flying tackle butted him out of the ring. He came back dazed, and Gus Sonnenberg, always his master, despatched him gently with a head hold and side throw. If he had been dangerous, Sonnenberg would have butted him into unconsciousness.

### IN EMERGENCIES

You cannot see wrestling without considering what a splendid method of defence it would be. There is always the chance of meeting a little robber in your home. If held at the point of a gun, how effective a gesture, were you a pupil of Farmer George McLeod's, to spring 10 feet across the room, wrap your legs in a scissors about his neck, and bring him to the carpet before he could shoot. Then it would be child's play to get a wristlock on the hand that held the gun, while with the toe of your right foot you telephoned for the police.

If you have ever discussed wrestling at all, some one has told you that it is always "fixed." This remark makes Paul Bowser, promoter of the wrestling in the Grand Opera House, and husband of Cora Livingston, very indignant. Bowser, who wrestled himself for 30 years, is a blond with an attractive open face. His features are refined, not brutal, and except for a slightly imperfect ear, nothing about him presents a conventional picture of a wrestler to your mind. Someway you expect him to say "Jess, them bouts ain't fixed," but he speaks the king's English in a low voice and well. "It stands to reason,"

he says "that a boy who has a chance at the heavyweight wrestling title, isn't going to throw it on the way up. And it stands to reason that in a heavyweight championship match, neither one is going to throw the title." As for the smaller matches, used as preliminaries, they are more in the nature of entertainment. The audience never takes them seriously, laughter predominates, and its favorite actors, like Stasiak, receive a round of good natured applause that has nothing to do with their skill.

The evenings are thrilling from start to finish. If you don't know anything about wrestling, the gentleman on your left in the celluloid collar will be glad to tell you. Nothing high hat in a wrestling audience, nor do wrestling devotees object to initiating novices into the secret of their enjoyment, like those fortunate but aloof beings who understand the higher reaches of music. With next Thursday night a movement may be started that will crowd the old Opera

322 "Carmen" 13  
 page 12

"All the world is rushing here, rushing there!" rather than "A la la ga la de numph." And nice to hear that Carmen had other ideas than "Love is a Bohemian child," even if that was her main preoccupation.

As for the voices, they may not be quite as good. But who cares? The President of the Society for Making Opera Easier on the Eyes answers "No one."

R. E. N. A.

House with beauty and fashion. Limousines may crawl up to its gas globes, the voice of the caller may be heard on the sidewalk. Perhaps Gus Sonnenberg may be forced to move to Symphony hall, leaving the creaky auditorium once more to the strange plays and music of older civilizations.

### THRICE FATED

(For As the World Wags)

My lawyer, my banker, and my engineer,  
Each to my heart I hold most dear,  
Although I'm sure I cannot see  
What they should care about in me!

My lawyer, he is tall and straight,  
He holds me tight, and then I wait  
To hear him say, "I love you dear,"  
He's kidding me, and that is clear.

My banker, he's no tightwad, he!  
He spends his money—I can see  
He really cares if I am good,  
And so he spends—I knock on wood.

But the engineer is young and fair,  
I love him truly, only he won't care  
If I should die, or even cry:  
But I don't care—and that's a lie.

GERTRUDE WHITNEY.

### THE DECLINE OF HAT TIPPING

As the World Wags:

With the renaissance of the derby hat (this once popular head covering is being shown in all the better shops) I wonder if we shall have with it a revival of the old-fashioned gesture of raising our hats to ladies? I put this in query form because I am not quite certain just how much of the old custom lingers on. In any event, it seems to me that the present generation of young men have almost disregarded the habit. The few young men who still conform to this once graceful function, I think do so with considerable embarrassment or reluctance; but even they have reduced the gesture to a mere jerk of the hand to the hat. A sort of awkward military salute. It may be, of course, that this is just another form of modern efficiency applied to everyday manners, a saving of physical efforts—in engineering terms "a time-saving in movements."

Some time ago a keen observer of public manners attributed the decline of hat tipping to the disregard of the derby hat. It was said that the soft hat made the gesture a rather difficult or at least an awkward performance. There is not much to this defence. If this were true, surely the old-fashioned courtiers of the 17th century, with their plumes and other heavy regalia, were more handicapped than the modern youth. No, I think the decline of hat tipping is only part of the general decline in all public manners. So that if we are to understand this social phenomenon which is taking place under our eyes I think we might look a little deeper.

May not this general decline in public manners be the forerunner of a general decline in civilization? Right here the reader may say: "Ah, this is more pessimistic stuff; another project of despair!" Well, let's not be too dogmatic about such rather unimportant questions. Who knows just precisely what civilization is? Is it a few centuries' accumulation of the thoughts of great men, the work of great artists disseminated among the masses; or is it just radio, airplanes and the wide distribution of material comforts? Probably few of us would care to exchange our modern comforts, reasonably decent incomes and democratic social privileges for the "arty" Utopias of the 17th century. Such being the situation, whatever kind of civilization we enjoy, is the only possible kind for us. But, as all the civilizations preceding our own—the Egyptian, Greek, Arabian, Hindu, Chinese; I am not naming them in their chronological order—had their birth, their youth, their maturity, their old age and death, isn't it quite probable that ours will go the same way? A doleful prophecy, eh? Or as one of the Black Birds may reply: "Well! What of it?" Which brings me back to the decline of hat tipping and the hope in the renaissance of the iron hat.

No democratic form of civilization can be held intact for any length of time







As far as Boston and other American cities are concerned the Schubert centenary funeral rites are over, though there may be a few mourners here and there. They did not take so long to bury him in Vienna a hundred years ago.

It is to be hoped that authors and publishers of books about Schubert and the publishers of his music in new editions were not disappointed. The only disappointment in the celebration by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was the singing of Lieder by Mme. Lashanska. What has happened to her voice which was beautiful when she first appeared here? Only the lower notes are now rich and full; only these were sung without too apparent effort.

We regret to say that in Vienna a discordant voice was raised. Dr. Robert Lach, a professor at the Vienna University, told a "distinguished" audience, that Schubert was "a self-satisfied, humdrum individual, a harmless little schoolmaster, conscious of his own deficient ethics and moral qualities and of the inferior value of his soul"; that he was a "limited genius"; his "great" symphony in C major is "a quite formless composition without air or plan." It is needless to add that the harsh criticism of Dr. Lach made "a painful public impression."

This Dr. Lach teaches musical history; he works especially at comparative and ethnological music history and "folk-lore," and the style and melos of the Wagner music drama. "A very productive writer," says Paul Pisk of Vienna, "but without pronounced individuality."

Well, this is an age of depreciation. We are now told that supposedly excellent generals in the world war knew little or nothing about strategy; that Anatole France was an inferior writer; that Thomas Jefferson was not much of a man after all; why should Schubert escape? As Mr. Ernest Newman dwells on unpleasant facts concerning the cause of Beethoven's deafness, so the latest English biographer of Schubert takes pleasure in assuring his readers that Schubert also suffered from the disease that was once not mentioned in polite society, not even by its name in the newspapers, but is now discussed freely by men, women and school girls, in conversation flags.

It will be remembered that the prize of \$10,000 offered for the best symphony in connection with the Schubert centenary was awarded Kurt Atterberg, "one of the leading musicians of Sweden."

When this symphony was performed in New York it made a slight impression. Nor has the symphony fared better in London. The London Times had this to say when it was performed in London on Nov. 12:

"Kurt Atterberg, we are told, has been a music critic. That means that he has heard a great deal of music and studied the technical processes by which a symphony is made. He has produced a cleverly constructed work in three movements, compounded of all the music he has ever heard and all the technical processes he has ever studied. It is anything but dull. If he had given it a program title, 'The Critic's Nightmare, or the End of a Concert Season,' all his brother critics would have found it highly diverting, and would have received it in the spirit in which it was offered."

"But it is not offered in any frivolous spirit. We must shut our ears to 'Schönerzade' in the first bar and keep them shut to the 'Sinfonia Domestica,' 'Der Rosenkavalier' (Richard Strauss is a dominating influence), and a number of other insistent recollections by the way. Reminiscence hunting is a trivial game. Have not our correspondence columns lately reminded us of how the music hall and the classics occasionally play into each other's hands? We could shut our ears quite easily to more direct quotations than are actually to be found in this score if the composer could convince us that they were only incidental to something which he urgently desired to make his music say for itself. We remain unconvinced of that."

Angna Enters, who will present a new program of compositions in dance form next Saturday afternoon in the ball-room of the Hotel Statler in aid of the Talitha Cumi Home and Hospital, is not a stranger here. We are told that five years ago she was "a struggling painter, living in obscurity in New York City"; that she was born in this country; that "when she was still a little girl her parents decided to live abroad; this living was largely a matter of wandering from country to country all over Europe. Her education was a matter not of books but of changing faces and customs in the real world. She learned to absorb the true qualities of life when still very young. At her age of greatest imagination the world was opening out to her in its true colors, and this has counted heavily in her later success. Her dances are founded on no physical technique. Neither are they based on the music. They use the music merely as a background, just as a painter uses water color or oil—as the medium through which his ideas can penetrate to the world. It is the idea and not the medium of the spectacle that concerns Miss Enters, and her technique is a setting or a frame for her live and original pictures."

Mr. James Agate, seeing "Funny Faces" with Leslie Henson, the Astaires and Sydney Howard in the company, made bold to say it was "the wittiest musical comedy he had ever listened to;" or Messrs. Howard and Henson so persuaded him. Mr. Agate gives a specimen brick:

"Attend with me closely to them both when they have mastered that large and lambent lucidity which connotes the sublimer reaches of intoxication. Mr. Howard slowly imparts the information that he is a safe-cracker. Mr. Henson turns this over in empty amplitude of mind. 'A safe-cracker of what?' he asks. 'Of safes,' replies his friend. 'Ah!' says Mr. Henson. 'Aeons pass. Then presently a comment occurs to Mr. Henson. 'That must be interesting work!' It may be that this reads dull. I cannot help it. I know only that, uttered with the portentous gravity which might have characterized a chat between Ralph Waldo and our Matthew, it set the huge audience holding its sides."

Men and brethren, is this so irresistibly funny? An old sea-captain described the Portuguese as "a frivolous people, easily amused." Now the English are not frivolous as a race—but—

The Harvard Dramatic Club on the night of Dec. 12 in Brattle hall will produce "Fiesta" by Michael Gold. Eugene O'Neill is quoted as saying that "Fiesta" is the "best play of Mexican life that he has even seen." The question naturally comes up, how many plays of this character has Mr. O'Neill seen?

Mr. Gold was born in 1895, in New York, where he attended the public schools. He spent six months in Russia studying "constructivist" theatre, and was especially interested in Meyerhold's experiments and the Jewish

Kamerny Theatre. He was elected an honorary member of Russian poets' union. He has written a book of short stories which have been translated into Russian and German, and now is the editor of the New Masses, and is one of the founders of New Playwright's Theatre. Two books by now are about to be published, one "The Twelve Million" and the other about East side gangsters. He was one of the early group of Provincetown Players; three of his one-act plays were produced there. Among them "Money." At the Workers' University in New York he teaches dramatics. His life has been one of adventure. We are told that he has wandered all over the United States and has often been arrested. In Boston he was put to work on a garbage dumpheap.

His Mexican experiences lasted two years. He worked in oil fields. "I spent a few months on a newspaper in Mexico city. My editor, Gen. Salvador Alvarado, suddenly turned rebel and was caught and hanged. In Mexico editors are not sacred, thank God. I lost that job, and then went to Guadalajara and taught English in a school for a while. But the man who ran the school was an American quack; a theosophist, an eye doctor, and chiropractor. His English school was just a side line. He gypped me out of my pay, and then tried to get me arrested, saying I had threatened him with a gun, which was not true."

In Mexico, Mr. Gold knew ranch life, and romantic "pagan" nights. "The attitude of the Mexican peon toward love is something I tried to put into my play. His attitude is one of complete acceptance; in other words, he has no critical sense toward it, and has as few inhibitions as a turtle dove or burro. In other words, every peon is a kind of happy primitive Casanova. I have also tried to touch on the peasant's hunger for land, which is the basis of the Mexican revolution."

P. H.

The Hospital Social Workers of New England presented Mme. Juliette Gaultier De La Verendrye in a recital of Canadian folk songs at the Hotel Statler ball room yesterday afternoon.

Mme. Gaultier, dressed in the costume appropriate to each group of folk songs, with her charming personality and rich sympathetic voice succeeded in pleasing an audience which was somewhat mystified but appreciative. Each group of songs was preceded by motion pictures which explained the characteristics of the people whose folk songs she sang. The first and second groups were composed of Alaskan and Indian folk songs, accompanied only by a drum, and the third group was composed of French-Canadian folk songs, and with these she played a small table harp. The lack of monotony was remarkable and I venture to say that Mme. Gaultier is one of a very few who could give such a recital and do it successfully. We should like to hear her again.

O. A.

A convalescent has written to us "Will you name some books that will amuse me? I don't want detective stories. Friends have sent them till I'm fed up on them."

Yes, this man who has "enjoyed the advantages" and even the disadvantages of a college education and appreciated the writings of Pater and Anatole France—he can quote sonorous sentences of St. Thomas Browne—descends to "fed up."

Nevertheless we have sent him a little list of amusing books all published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.

He will surely enjoy "Money for Nothing" by P. G. Wodehouse, whose flow of humor is inexhaustible, whose use of the English language, or his own language, is as remarkable as ever. Slag with him is no longer language in the making, as some deep thinker has defined it. It is language made, approved. The characters in "Money for Nothing"—Dr. Twist of Healthward Ho, who made New Men out of Old Ones, wrote letters to the London papers indorsing his institution—letters signed by "Men. Sana, etc.", "Vigilant"—quoting the doctor as saying emphatically, "Over-eating is the cure of the Age"—and this delightful quack and crook is an American.

There is the equally delightful American, Thomas G. Molloy, with his "daughter," Molloy with his bum oil stock for English investors, Col. Wymern, the choleric colonel whom we first see at a chemist's purchasing Brophy's Elixir and kicking a yapping dog, there's Ronnie of the 11-inch cigarette holder, the pal of the irrepressible Hugo, there's burglary, kidnapping; there's a tale of love, not too saccharine. Old Carmody, the tight-wad, develops surprising ingenuity in guarding his own. "Soapy" Molloy boasts of his face for business purposes: "I may not be the World's Sweetheart, but nobody can say I haven't got a map that inspires confidence." . . . These fellows that own those big estates in England are only glorified farmers when you come right down to it, and a farmer will buy anything you offer him, just so long as it's nicely engraved and shines when you slant the light on it." Then there's the scene of Hugo trying to touch his uncle at Dr. Twist's, and complaining of uncle's lack of confidence. "There's nothing so dangerous as a want of trust. Ask anybody. It says a young man's character."

Ten short stories by Don Marquis are now collected and published in one volume "When the Turtles Sing and other Unusual Tales." The Old Soak thinks this world would be a better

place if "the days and ways of them old-time peeryarchs the Good Book speaks of was to come again"; when a "peeryarch" would sit on his ivory throne with his flocks and herds about him, with his wives and children, in-laws and outlaws, captives and "conquereddones" and dispense judgment; when soothsayers and interrupters of dreams and medicine men would pull wise-cracks and proverbs and riddles. On his 500th birthday he would have a regular barbecue, not a prohibition one.

This leads the Old Soak to tell the extraordinary amorous adventures of Jason Tucker and the fellow-dwellers in the swamp, and what followed hearing the voice of the turtle there. (Remember the young man in "Innocents Abroad" who was found watching a turtle and wondering why he did not sing?) Again Dickie Peters becomes rich through a tablecloth, again there is the wild pursuit of a trained flea. There is a glorious prize fight in "A Fighting Parson" with a tragic ending. "A Keeper of Tradition" is in Frank Stockton's whimsical vein, while "The Spots of the Leopard" reminds one of a strange little story by Balzac. "The Well" is grim, even if the story is told by the Old Soak. "The Inside Story of Waterloo" with Tim O'Meara failing to give his strategic plan to Napoleon at Waterloo and courted by Josephine and Marie Louise, and "O'Meara, the Mav-floer—and Mrs. MacLure" are of rollicking humor. Nor should "The High Pitch" with Dr. Karson and the Deacon up in a balloon be left unread.

"The Column Book of F. P. A." is a collection of what are regarded as the best paragraphs, sketches and verses that Mr. Adams has contributed to newspapers during the last 10 or 15 years. Here are excellent translations from Horace; parodies, original verses, sketches, quips and wheezes. Did Jane Carlyle throw a teacup at her Thomas? Hear Browning tell of it.

"As a poet heart- and fancy-free—whole I listened at the Carlyles' keyhole; And I saw, I, Robert Browning, saw, Tom hurl a teacup at Jane's jaw. She silent sat, nor tried to speak up When came the wallop with the teacup—

A cup not filled with Beaune or Chiquot. But one that brimmed with Orange Pekoe.

'Jane Welsh Carlyle,' said Thomas bold, 'The tea you brewed for n' brakfast's cold!

I'm feeling low i' my mind; a thing You know b' this time. Have at you!' . . . Bing!

And hurried, threw he at her the teacup; And I wrote it, deeming it unique, up."

Oscar Wilde thus described the incident:

"Lady Leffingwell (coldly)—A full teacup! What a waste! So many good women and so little good tea. Exit Lady Leffingwell." Fortunately, there is no excerpt from Mr. Adams's Pepys diary, for the outside world is not interested in Mr. Adams's dining and winning, playing tennis or going to the theatre with men and women who happen to be his friends and no doubt like to see their names in print.

"The Top Drawer, Random Recollections by One Who Was Born in It," was published some time ago. It is a satire on 20th century snobishness. The author, a member of the English "upper class," says he "would much rather be knocked down by a noble, than picked up by a man without a grandfather." He tells tales out of school about indiscreet or silly members of the aristocracy, intrigues and queer incidents at country houses. High born dames cheat at cards, relish scandal about young, unmarried girls. The old story of the man who boasted that the Duke of Wellington had spoken to him is now attributed to a reigning king and a co-usher. One



of the best stories is that of Lady F. and her royal guest, H. R. H., who after the quadrille said, to her dismay, "Let us go in to supper. It's time I had my oysters," but they did not arrive till he was in bed and asleep. The book should be read by snatches; a good book for a convalescent, or for reading in bed.

"Cursory Rhymes," by Humbert Wolfe, are not so entertaining as his "Lampoons." There are poems against doctors; in praise of famous men; a series entitled "The Return of the Fairy" and others, some of which should appeal to children. We like the attack on the aversion of doctors, beginning:

"The doctor lives by chicken pox  
By measles and by mumps.  
He keeps a microbe in a box  
And cheers him when he jumps."

The doctor, "If there is nothing else to take, he'll take your temperature." There are illustrations by Albert Rutherson.

A book that should interest, amuse and instruct collectors is: "Antiquamania," edited by Kenneth L. Roberts, being the collected papers of Prof. Kilgallen whose portrait taken at an early age by Booth Tarkington shows the garb and surrounding that inculcated in him a love for the beautiful. "The lace at the neck, calves and elbows is genuine Point de Cape Cod in Gothic Sandwich-glass taste," Mr. Tarkington also pictures rare plates, old Idaho portrait pottery, a tape-work portrait rug, an old spatulate high-boy, a sampler in which colonial ladies took 712,861 stitches. These and other illustrations are as droll as the text, and this is saying much.

#### PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The People's Symphony, under the direction of Mr. Theophil Wendt, played an all-Wagner program yesterday afternoon at the Hotel Statler ball room.

Much can be said in appreciation of Mr. Wendt's conducting. He is an intelligent musician and he achieves a brilliancy in his interpretation which has not often been heard in the People's Symphony concerts. It is true, of course, that he does not always get the response he wants. Though the attacks were neat the completion of phrases was ragged especially when pianissimo, the violins lost tonal quality and very often continued to the next phrase leaving the previous one in mid air. Seemingly difficult too were the abrupt changes in tempo. So prominent in the overture from "The Flying Dutchman" and the Bacchanale and Venusberg scene from "Tannhauser," and in these two numbers also the brass over balanced the strings by far. For the passionate, sad beauty of the Prelude and Love and Death from "Tristan and Isolde" we waited in vain, no heights were reached and the depths were lost in the twilight of anti-climax. Only in the selections from the "Master Singers of Nuremberg" did we hear the real music of Wagner, the Dance of the Apprentices was played with infinite delicacy and precision and the Procession had the intensity so inherent to Wagner's music. The concert was well attended and the audience was very appreciative of Mr. Wendt's conducting. O. A.

#### Fritz Kreisler

Fritz Kreisler gave his second recital here this season before an enormous crowd at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. All seats were filled, the stage was crowded, and there were many who stood.

A program remarkably free of violinistic fireworks, but demanding the most solid musicianship, was offered. There is no doubt that Kreisler, despite his occasional slight lapse in accuracy of intonation, and his more frequent deviations from the best of musical taste in his arrangements of sugary trifles for popular consumption, is one of the best musicians among violinists today. This was proved again yesterday by his perfect performance of the Bach Suite in E minor, and the Schubert Duo, Opus 162 (both for violin and piano).

In the Bach Suite, his delicate and sensitive perfection of phrasing, his fine-spun, shining tone, his flowing and gracious rhythms, made this a gem not soon to be forgotten. In the Schubert duo, one Viennese brought to the music of another, all the tender sentiment, the naive coquetry, and the charming vivacity which it demands.

Spoth's eighth concerto. In A minor, was made eloquent and impressive by Kreisler's playing. Here his remarkable technical equipment was brought into prominence, and the audience marvelled anew at those glittering strings of harmonics, those sonorous double-tops, those delicate groups of staccato notes, light as foam.

Kreisler closed his concert with a group of four short pieces; three of which were arrangements of his own. Impromptu of Schubert's was played with warmth of feeling, and a song, singing tone; ballet music from

"Rosamund" (arranged by Kreisler), was played in a manner unmistakably Viennese in its grace and rhythm. "Norturnal Tangler" (Godowsky-Kreisler), a bit of oriental atmosphere, so pleased the audience that it demanded a repetition. The program closed with a decorative arrangement of Remsky-Korsakoff Russian themes.

The audience compelled the addition of encores to the announced programs. These Mr. Kreisler supplied with his characteristic generosity. Carl Lamson was his able accompanist.

#### CORINNE MAR

Corinne Mar, soprano, accompanied by George Bolek, sang this program last night in Symphony Hall:

Vedrai Carino, Mozart; Gcheimes, Schubert; Voi Che Sapete, Mozart; Sweet Vale of Avoca, Irish; Love Has Eyes, Bishop; The Last Rose of Summer; The Dashing White Sergeant, Bishop; Addio Puccini; Air de l'Enfant, La Plute Enchantee, Ravel; Sopra L'Aqua Indormenzada, Pagello; Flor de Te, Abades; Coralillo, Barrio; Princessita, Padilla.

Miss Mar, so much may be guessed, has made her vocal studies in a very good school of the earlier Italian fashion, not the school in vogue today. Consequently she does not yell. She does not force her upper notes. She does not catch her breath at inopportune moments under the camouflage of a sob.

Her excellent voice, on the contrary, of marked beauty and fullness in the upper medium register, she produces gently; to its extreme high notes, indeed, she might, to their advantage, add an amplifying roundness. And she shapes her phrases intelligently, with a definite comprehension of both their musical line and their emotional force. For the good, however, of that musical line and of dramatic force Miss Mar might safely venture to mark her effects more heavily.

She seemed most at home last night in the excerpt from "Boheme," where her warm-toned voice flowed smoothly through well-rounded phrases. Excellently, too, she sang "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Sweet Vale of Avoca," with a quality of voice that snugly fitted their types of melody and their sentiments. To the gay Mozart airs and the livelier songs in English Miss Mar seemed not so well suited, either by voice or by temperament. R. R. G.

#### MODERN AND BEACON

##### "The Tollers"

A screen drama by L. G. Rigby, photographed by Ernest Miller directed by Reginald Barker, and presented by Tiffany-Stahl with the following cast:

Steve ..... Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.  
Mary ..... Johanna Ralston  
Joe ..... Harvey Clark  
Toby ..... Wade Boteler  
Butch ..... Robert Ryan

A compact, human melodrama of the better or old-fashioned sort is "The Tollers." With four chief characters, Steve and Mary for the love interest, and grouchy Joe and jovial Toby to exemplify loyalty, Mr. Rigby has written an interesting story about the coal mines and those who work in them. Mr. Barker has given the theme treatment of homely realism for the earlier, quieter scenes, and an elaborate though a trifle unduly prolonged setting and action for the big scene, the imprisonment of a half score of miners in a burning mine, penned in the end of the last fire menaced drift, and rescued by husky drillers at the last moment and only after they have gone through the torment which dwells with entombed men, "Submarine" over again, in a different setting, apparently doomed to slow death. Sound effects, like the screeching of the mines' whistle, the cracking of gaseous flames, the grinding of the drills, add graphic illusion. If anything, one might wish that at this point the musical accompaniment might cease. By so much would the picture gain in effectiveness.

Steve, Joe and Toby are miners dwelling under one roof in masculine contentment, free to carouse or to fight, until Mary of the wistful eyes falls exhausted in front of their door on Christmas eve. She has run and run, to put distance between her and the brothel to which she had been lured by a procuress. The men, Steve of course is the youngster, have three beds, all in one room. So Steve, who has carried her into the house and revived her, gives her the whole three, and the men, Toby and Joe drunk with Christmas eve cheer, sleep as they may, on sofa, chair and floor. Mary prepares breakfast and remains for a week. After Steve has been delegated to tell her she must go, Butch, a market man's helper, kisses her despite her impassioned protests, for let it be known at once that Mary is as pure as she is pretty. When she tells Steve, he rushes from the house, and not only gives Butch the beating of his life but drags him before Mary and forces him to apologize. Of course Steve and Mary understand each other after that, and they plan to wed on the morrow. It is on the morrow that the mine catches fire, and the heart-rending hours follow.

All ends happily, however, and Mary showers kisses on her grimy Steve, and gets never a smooch on her fair features to show for it.

Young Fairbanks is tall and muscular. When he smiles he resembles his father but in profile he reminds one of the Lionel Barrymore of a number of years back. He is a straightforward actor, scorning the stock artifices of a Gilbert or a Dix. And he can fight, as witness his slaughter of Butch. Messrs. Clarke and Boteler were splendid as Steve's friends in fair days or foul. Miss Ralston gave a sympathetic delineation of a homeless girl placed by fate in trying bewildering aerobatics. W. E. G.

#### NETOCO-CASINO

##### "Sisters of Eve"

A screen drama adapted from E. Phillips Oppenheim's story, Leonard Tavernake's Mistake, produced by Trem Carr and presented by Ravart, with Anita Stewart, Leighton Hale and Betty Blythe in the principal roles.

Miss Stewart and Miss Blythe assume the roles of two sisters, Beatrice and Elizabeth Franklin, daughter of an itinerant charlatan who calls himself "professor" and dabbles in hypnotism. The daughters, musicians, assist him in his stage entertainment. While they are playing in New York two young Englishmen, twin brothers named Wenham and Jerry Gardner, court Elizabeth. Wenham wins her, and the whole

entourage departs for England. Wenham disappears on his honeymoon and Elizabeth returns to London penniless. Soon she has plenty of money. She is a schemer, an adventuress at heart, and she has had Wenham sequestered, forcing him to sign large checks with the alternative of being beaten by his keeper.

Tavernake, played by Mr. Hale, enters the picture when he makes Beatrice his housekeeper after she has attempted suicide. Beatrice has been in hiding. She knows what her sister has done, and loathes her. Tavernake, cold, practical, incapable of sentiment, proposes marriage when he decides to start in the realty business on his own. Drawn into Elizabeth's clutches, he is in her room when Wenham, escaped from his keeper, tries to kill her. Ultimately Tavernake and Beatrice are re-united, and the ending indicates his mistake, as referred to in the original story.

It is a typical Oppenheim tale, with mystery, detectives, misunderstandings and all the Oppenheim trimmings. It is pictured with the same stilted forms and endless subtleties; in fact it is caption, scene-caption scene, ad nauseam. Nothing is left to the imagination. The acting is common-place, with here and there a flash of stirring emotional import.

The companion picture, "The Cavalier," with Richard Talmadge and Barbara Bedford in the leading roles, has been shown previously in this city. It is a "stunt" picture, with Talmadge in positions. W. E. G.

#### SACRILEGE

(For As the World Wags)

Again, we are among the places of long ago.

Dead places filled with memories, Revivified, repainted and made new again.

Not of the old, yet floating shadows of the past.

The sun shines down upon a spot. A memorable place so dear to Boston's heart.

They call it Beacon Hill, and yet What are those raucous clankings down below.

Mingled with cheeping of carefree birds, The cooling of red-eyed sleepy doves And hammerings and poundings and whangings?

A cellar being dug and dredgings going on.

Sweating faces of laboring men whose Language I do not understand. Clank! A building's going up!

A building's going up!

GERTRUDE WALKER.

It is reported that Mrs. Florence E. S. Knapp who served a sentence in the Albany county jail for the larceny of state census funds will open a tea room in Syracuse. English pugilists and some of the Americans have in times past opened a "pub," "saloon," "drunkery," where their admirers would gather and chatter about famous "mills" of the past.

#### "OLD NOAH, HE DID BUILD AN ARK"

As Signor Mussolini is endeavoring to raise the pleasure ships of Tiberius from Lake Neri; as an English woman is supplying money for the finding of the Grand Armada's treasure ship which went down like McGinty, to the bottom of the sea, so there is talk of taking Noah's ark from the top of Mount Ararat to Chicago for the World's Fair to be held in that city in 1933. Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews should join the explorers in the hope of finding a bone or two of the elephants and the kangaroo which Noah drove into the ark two by two when storm signals were displayed.

Some of the animals must have come there from confinement and possibly lack of sustenance.

It is to be regretted that there are conflicting reports about the number of men and women in the ark. We were taught in Sunday school that there were only eight, but learned biblical commentators among the old Hebrews and Arabians, as Al Zamakhshari, Jallaluddin, Ebn Shohnah, give the numbers as six, 10, 12; one of them counts 78, another 80, half of them men, half of them women. It was thought by these learned men that Noah was a carpenter by trade; that the Lord gave him an instrument of wood to strike three times a day, to call together the workmen who had been engaged by him, and admonish daily the scoffers who hung about criticizing the structure and mocking Noah. There is no intimation that these workmen struck for higher wages.

#### FAMILY BRIDGE

##### As the World Wags:

A lady told the judge in a Chicago court the other day that friend husband gave her a punch in the snoot because she trumped her partner's ace in a bridge game. Said partner also happened to be her husband. But one should not trump one's partner's ace even if said partner is her husband. But also, and furthermore, the husband should not have punched said partner on the snoot even if she was his wife. At all the bridge parties we attend where the players are among our very best people husbands do not do that. They usually kick friend wife on the shins. This is done under the kindly protection of the table and does not create idle gossip and end in the divorce court. And it is much more cultured and refined. R. H. L.

Great is slang, ever changing, ever fresh, ever obsolete. "You're the cat's whiskers" is no longer a term of endearment; it's been driven out by "You're the cream in my coffee"; while a version is expressed by our flappers of the "upper circles" by "You're the fly in my soup."

These musicians are a restless lot. The Apollo Club, Thompson Stone, conductor, with Mme. Olga Averino, soprano, will sing in Jordan hall tonight. The Apollo Club concerts are no longer for subscribers only. Mr. Havens will play the piano at the Women's City Club tonight, and Weldon Carver, a pianist from Washington, D. C., will play this afternoon in Steinert hall. He is at the head of the conservatory in the city where men and women are not allowed to vote.

We are asked "what has become of Luisa Villani, the opera singer who was heard at the Boston Opera House early in 1914, as Flora in "The Love of Three Kings," and as Desdemona. She created the part of Flora at La Scala. A dramatic singer who acted and sang in the grand manner. A friend who saw her at Milan, her home, last summer, tells us that she left the stage some six years ago and is the wife of Dr. Baldereschi, one of Italy's most prominent physicians.

#### "MUSIC HATH CHARMS," ETC.

##### As the World Wags:

All my life, and for me the shadows are falling toward the east, I have been an admirer of good music. How well do I remember the evening on which I first saw (and heard) "Faust." It left an impression which lasted for weeks. I was, at that time, in my early twenties. "Tannhauser" produced a like effect. The "Blue Danube" still holds me entranced. The ukulele and guitar, in the hands of native Hawaiians, bring before me swaying palms and surf breaking on coral reefs. A colored quartet singing the songs of the Southland, and I behold soft moonlight and magnolias in bloom. Ah yes, music affects me strangely. The other night—it seems long ago but it can only have been a few evenings past—the Missus inveigled me into attending a theatrical performance, in the vernacular, "a show." It was, in some respects, although almost any Florida bathing beach could give it cards and spades and then win. And jazz. Nothing but jazz. Just as I was visualizing certain portions of Dante's description of the inferno where the winds were blowing their helpless victims about like autumn leaves in a tempest, the Missus says, "Come on let's go."

I dimly realized that I was being led away to a region of comparative quiet. "We'll have to drop in on the Boogies," Mrs. Boogie is giving a dance tonight, and I told her I'd be around. We did more of that hellish cacophony. My brain reeled. Gin and more gin. "Pre-war stuff." If some one had only invented this concoction previous to the war and sent over a couple of shells loaded with it during the first week of the struggle the historians would have been out of copy right then and there. My poor brain staggered some more. I crept out on the back veranda. Ha. What do I see? The savior's picture



noking a coffin spike. One of the up-  
hind him I grasped his scrawny neck  
ith both hands and clamped down on  
is windpipe. He wiggled and writhed  
nd tried to tear my hand away from  
neir terrible hold. Soon his lifeless  
ody lay at my feet. I laughed noise-  
sly. Seizing the corpse by the feet  
dragg'd it down to the foot of the  
arden where the river runs swift and  
leep. Splash. And the evidence of my  
rime was wafted away on the bosom  
f the turgid tide. O blessed relief.  
What a sense of well being came over  
my tired frame. At last I had accom-  
plished something for the good of hu-  
manity. I had slain a saxophone play-  
er. Soon, ah, very soon, I am going to  
get the fiend who plays that thing that  
ounds like a pig caught under a gate.  
One by one, one by one, A-h-h-h.

N. C. MENTIS.

By PHILIP HALE

**HOLLIS STREET THEATRE**—First performance in Boston of "The Guardsman," by Franz Molnar, a comedy in three acts. Produced by the Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theatre, New York, on Oct. 13, 1924, with Lynn Fontanne, Helen Westley, Alfred Lunt, Dudley Digges and Philip Loeb. The play was written in 1911. A translation in English was performed in New York with the title "Where Ignorance Is Bliss," about four years afterwards.

The cast last night was as follows:

The Actor	Alfred Lunt
The Actress, his wife	Lynn Fontanne
The Critic	Ernest Cossart
"Mama"	Jane Wheeler
Liezel	Hortense Alden
A Creditor	Hannam Clark
An Usher	Kitty Wilson

We are told that the Theatre Guild found it necessary to adapt Molnar's comedy "considerably" to "recreate the original spirit and flavor in a new idiom." Whatever changes may have been made in dialogue or in minor stage "business" the idea that inspired the play is the same: a jealous husband impersonates a man with whom his wife is in love or may be in love as the word love is defined in Hungarian and French comedies and by the younger generation of English dramatists, who are inclined to twist the familiar triangle into a polygon.

In "The Guardsman" the husband is an actor, the wife is an actress. Not married long, they squabble. There are mutual recriminations. He loves her; does she love him? Molnar does not let the audience know, for there is the suspicion that she really did not detect her husband's masquerade as a Russian prince; that she was more of an actress than he was actor.

She plays Chopin's music; also looks out of the window, is distraite when her husband speaks to her. Wildly jealous, she would like to be the man who would fascinate her. She had spoken of dashing officers. He confides to his friend the critic, that he will court her as a Russian guardsman and find out whether she will abandon herself to him. He buys the uniform and tries the experiment, writes to her, calls on her, for she has consented to see him. He has feigned an engagement in another city.

Admitted to her box at the opera, he makes violent, almost brutal love. Coquettish, saying she loves her husband but is not in love with him, she alternately makes the pseudo-guardsman the happiest of mortals and plunges him into the depths of despair. He promises to call the next day. He calls, but as her husband. To test her, he secretly dons the uniform. She laughs immoderately. Yes, she knew him in his disguise from the moment he came to her as a Russian prince. She had been acting all the time, and thinks herself the more accomplished artist. Now the husband has an exalted idea of his histrionic ability. Is he deceived in his art as in his marriage? Was she acting in her drawing room and in the opera house? Who knows? Not the many spectators as they applauded vociferously at the end. Does Molnar know?

The comedy itself is a trifle, but how well it was acted! As Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne played last night, who shall say whether Molnar's actor or actress in the comedy showed the greater skill, finesse; spoke with the greater force in stormy recriminations, or more subtly in verbal fencing? And with them were Miss Wheatley as the stage "Mama," and Mr. Cossart, as the house friend, the celebrated critic, both excellent. Mr. Lunt's disguise, his Russian face and broken speech were so convincing that one was inclined to believe that the wife lied at the end as she had lied before. Remember that she had a post. Her husband and the critic differed about the number of lovers. Discontented with the present, she had hopes for her future.

In one of the waits a young lady before the curtain told of the Theatre Guild's work the plays it purposes to give here, and invited additional subscriptions.

#### BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

##### "Redemption"

Max Reinhardt's production of Tolstoy's play, with Alexander Moissi.

Presented by Morris Gest in association with Edgar Selwyn. The cast:

Nurse	Margaret Arrow
Anna Pavlovna	Emilie Unda
Kasha, her younger daughter	Irma Richter
Karenin	Karl Ludwig Diehl
Lisa, Anna's elder daughter	Charlotte Schult
Afremoff, a man about town	Rudolf Amendt
Fedya (Fyodor Prokashoff) Lisa's husband	Alexander Moissi
Ivan Makarovitch, a gypsy	Willy Schmieder
Nastasya Ivanovna, his wife	Emilie Unda
Masha, their daughter	Lidia Li
Officer	Othmar Biebler
Musician	G. H. Schell
Physician	Friedrich Kuhne
Servant to Afremoff	Othmar Biebler
Servant to Karenin	Anton Daneborg
Anna Dimitrievna, Karenin's mother	Johanna Terwin
Prince Abrezkoff, her friend	G. H. Schnell
Waiter	Josef Zeislmeyer
Alexandroff, a drunkard	Wilhelm Diegemann
Vosnessenskiy, secretary to Karenin	Dietrich Jenke
Pretushkoff, a painter	Rudolf Amendt
Attyorney, an informer	Friedrich Kuhne
Examining Magistrate	Friedrich Kuhne
Magistrate's secretary	Anton Daneborg
Bailiff	Othmar Biebler
Petrushin, a lawyer	Willy Schmieder
A Lady	Margaret Arrow

Such persons as do not hold with an opera house for plays may cast their fears aside for this week. The famous Reinhardt has chosen to set forth Tolstoy's plays so largely in the form of a spectacle that an opera house answers very well.

The scenes, some 10 of them, emerge from the dark, some to the sound of gypsy music, some to a piano, others in a grateful silence. Almost all are alike, in that they represent vast rooms, lighted, every one of them from overhead. In nearly every picture a table with food or drink laid out forms the "cloud," a table brilliant perhaps with white cloth and shining silver, the better to accentuate the gloom of the rest of the room.

The pictures, far off at the end of the opera house, are strangely striking. The one brilliant patch of light, be it at the stage's centre or quite at one side, the mysterious shadows everywhere else—they form a sensational setting for men and women with their heads tilted high to let their faces be seen; for men and women, not vouchsafed the lime-light, with odd patches of shadow on their faces. Striking it was, every minute, in the strained, artificial way of the Caracel and their kind. And there was also much singing, to please the ear, from gypsies, not to forget a bit of gypsy dancing. The spectacle is well worth seeing.

The acting would be better worth the seeing if one could see it. But what with the remoteness of the stage and its darkness except for unnatural lighting, a normal view of any man's face could seldom be come at. Facial expression, therefore, told for little.

Good acting, nevertheless, made itself felt. Of Mr. Moissi himself it is not easy, at new acquaintance, to form an intelligent opinion. So markedly exotic in look, bearing and voice that, among Germans, he bore the air of a foreigner, he has as well a way of his own so individual that any attempt to suggest it in few words could only prove vain. Is he a man of rare repression or a man not richly endowed with dramatic force? Let those answer quick at judgment. Able he is at characterization, beyond a doubt, a man of personality, an actor of excellent technique.

He was surrounded with excellent actors, the best of them perhaps. Miss Unda, a master hand at a character sketch, Mr. Schnell, with distinction in his favor, and Mr. Kuhne, a second skilful hand at a sketch. Miss Schult rose to power when given opportunity, and Mr. Diehl did well with an ungrateful role. The acting, indeed, was all very good.

R. R. G.

#### PLYMOUTH THEATRE

Ruth Draper's manager has an easy time. He need only provide a curtain of a good serviceable crimson and two chairs of a costly antiquity. Miss Draper herself does the rest. By her flexible voice, her articulate hands, her mobile face she surrounds herself with 20 children, their mothers, a Christmas tree and a magician in "A Children's Party in Philadelphia," or with Paris, a Mr. Bumley-Shepard bearing red roses, a Polish manager and a French lover in "An Actress."

Miss Draper knows the value of restraint. Her exaggeration of our little

human frailties never reaches burlesque. She provokes a smile more often than a laugh. At the children's party, the mother's conversation, interrupted periodically by Junior, Emily, or Baby, makes a refrain on the pace of modern life, where civilization has got to, and how we shall all end in insane asylums. Its humor lies not in anything ridiculous she says, for she is not an unintelligent woman, but in the faint, well-worn sound of the words—heard as through a thousand dinner parties.

In "Three Breakfasts" the thread of pathos that is woven through all Miss Draper's sketches, becomes more apparent. First, the bride, bubbling and bouncing, unused to husbands, hardly at home with kitchen Marys. Youth, enthusiasm, tenderness, gaiety. Next,

the mature woman 15 years later, madden behind a newspaper or the staleness of custom, her Harry making himself ridiculous with that little Simpson years, ennui, dangerous waters. The last breakfast, after 40 years, is eaten on the farm, with all the grandchildren gathered about, talk of coasting and snow men, her Harry deaf, her own eyes "not what they used to be." Tenderness returned, and peace of the spirit. There is something lovely in this sketch.

Miss Draper's dressmaking problems are simple. One brown lace gown does for the evening, no wigs, no make-up, the wave in her hair must be her own. With a woolen shawl she becomes an old State of Maine woman "settin' a spell" on the front porch, with a raincoat and umbrella a naive and painstaking tourist pursuing culture with a Baedeker down the arches of a great cathedral, with a square of black stuff an Italian girl kneeling in passionate prayer before the Madonna de la Misericordia above the altar of the chapel.

Ruth Draper, by her single and simple entertainment, drew a large audience. Her ironic etching of the more homely incidents of life as we all know it, drew much spontaneous laughter from the men—startled laughter as of one suddenly hearing a joke on a tabooed subject. Domestic tragedies, impossible to safely treat with a light touch in the home, reproduced by Miss Draper seemed to remove the inhibitions of the pater-familias.

R. E. N. A.

#### ST. JAMES THEATRE

##### "The Kreutzer Sonata"

A drama in four acts by Jacob Gordon, adapted by Langdon Mitchell and staged by Jack Kingsberry. The cast is as follows:

Raphael Friedlander	John Warner
Rebecca Friedlander	Sadie Galloupe
Miriam Friedlander	Bertha Kalich
Celia Friedlander	Elen Mahar
Samuel Friedlander	Don Beddor
(the children)	Adrienne Earle
David	Jack Kingsberry
Evelyn	Perika Boros
Gregoire Randar, their son	Herbert Delmore
Natasha, family nurse	Jessamine Newcombe
Katia	Audrey Freeman
Maria pupil	Alber Fried
John	Thomas McKnight

"The Kreutzer Sonata" is no vehicle for amateur performers. In less skilful hands than those which disclosed its human passions to a large audience last evening it would have been but a tawdry rag. As it was enacted, its stirring nuances, its delicate variations of emotion, were caught by the listeners as are the tones of a soul-revealing symphony. The background for this Gordon-Mitchell drama is Beethoven's melodious "Kreutzer Sonata," the music that provoked Pozdnisheff's murder of his wife in Tolstoy's classic of many years ago.

The audience first glimpses the home in Kremensschog, Russia, where Raphael and Rebecca Friedlander and their children have lived in happiness until Miriam's unfortunate love affair with an army man not of the Jewish faith. It was in the late 90's that Bertha Kalich first appeared in this remarkable play, then done in the Yiddish. And now, three decades later, she still unfolds to her audience with irreproachable technique the marvel of the woman who can be tender and heart-torn and a moment later rage with the fury of elemental hatred.

The wealthy Friedlander and the peasant Randar households become united through the marriage of Miriam Friedlander and Gregoire Randar that is the instigation of Raphael, who thinks thus to hide the family shame. There is much that is amusing in the mannerisms of the uncultured Ephroym and Bella Randar when they are received by the aristocrats, little crudities that they display with entertaining skill.

The coming of both families to America and the ease with which part of the Friedlander family adopts customs of the new world while the remainder holds to its old Russian traditions, provides an appropriate foil for the more sombre aspects of the play. Infatuation exists between Miriam's younger sister Celia and Gregoire from their first meeting. Acquaintance progresses beyond platonic bounds. Miriam discovers their perfidy and kills both.

It would be difficult to single out members of the cast for special praise. Madame Kalich was well supported by her company and Jack Kingsberry and Perika Boros left nothing to be desired in their impersonations of the Randars. Jessamine Newcombe might easily have been the real Natasha, the Friedlanders' affectionate nurse, and John Warner's own personality was completely lost in that of Raphael Friedlander. There was a large audience, which applauded generously.

F. A. B.

#### REPERTORY THEATRE

##### "Charley's Aunt"

A farce comedy in three acts, by Brandon Thomas. The cast: Thomas, the master; Milton Owen; and Vincent Rabberly. Arthur Strom.

Charles Wykeham	Thayer Roberts
Col. Sir Francis Chesney	Robert Noble
Stephen Spettigue	Thomas Shearer
Brassel	William Mason
Gilbert	Benjamin Ormerod
Donna Lucia D'Alvadorez	Ola Bigback
Kitty Verdun	Katherine Warren
Amy Spettigue	Edith Barrett
Ella Delahay	Margaret Dickerman

For 30 years the antics of "Charley's Aunt," "from Brazil, where the nuts come from," has made the whole world laugh, unrestrainedly, tumultuously, hysterically. Its seventh revival, by the Repertory Theatre players, showed that it had lost none of its mirth provoking power. In the language of the day it is still "a perfect howl."

Played with dash, enthusiasm and a rare spirit of appreciation, the familiar lines and scenes provided the audience with a thoroughly delightful evening. Costumes, stage settings and an occasional interpolated line smacked of modern adaptation, but the old fashioned "asides" and "soliloquies" marked a contrast between the play construction of three decades ago and that of the present, not always to the disadvantage of the former, by the way.

Mr. Owen's work as the pseudo "aunt" was flawless and mention must be made of Mr. Shearer's amusing portrayal of Spettigue, the lovelorn old solicitor. Mr. Mason, as the rotund college "scout," does an awfully good bit of character setting.

J. E. P.

#### THIS WEEK'S STAGE OFFERINGS

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE**—Redemption with Alexander Moissi and the Reinhardt players.

**COLONIAL**—American Opera Company. Tonight, "Carmen."

**COLEY**—"Marigold," comedy, with E. E. Clive and company.

**HOLLIS STREET**—"The Guardsman," by Theatre Guild Players.

**PLYMOUTH**—Ruth Draper, in character sketches.

**REPERTORY**—"Charley's Aunt," comedy revival.

**ST. JAMES**—"The Kreutzer Sonata," with Mrs. Bertha Kalich.

**SHUBERT**—"The Red Robe," musical comedy.

**TREMONT**—"Blackbirds," all-colored revue.

**WILDER**—"The Kingdom of God," with Ethel Barrmore.

#### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

##### "Romance of the Underworld"

A screen drama, adapted by Sidney Lanfield and Douglas Doty from the stage play of the same title by Paul Armstrong, directed by Irving Cummings and presented by William Fox with the following cast:

Judith Andrews	Mary Astor
"Derby Dan" Manning	Ben Bard
Edwin Burke	Robert Elliott
Stephen Ransome	John Bole
"Champagne Joe"	Oscar Apfel
"Blondy Nell"	Helen Lynch

Just one shot is fired in "Romance of the Underworld," and off stage, at that. You hear it, and you know what has happened; you knew it must happen. Just one shot, and that comes close to a record for any picture which has the underworld for title or topic. Here is a story which centres about four characters, splendidly played; a film version adhering closely to the finely knit structure of its original, one of the best of the late Mr. Armstrong's many crook plays, and with direction marked by a fine sense of proportion. In its entirety the production reflects highest credit on all who helped to make it.

Miss Astor is one of the screen's finer personalities. In profile she is beautiful; caught full face, eyes are as eloquent as lips. She expresses emotional stress by mere shadowy play of features. Her Judith Andrews is a portrayal of which she well may be proud. Judith, buffeted by fate, becomes an entertainer in a cheap "whisper" joint run by "Champagne Joe," "Derby Dan," a ratty petty larcenist, panderer, black-maller and double-crossing stool pigeon, fastens his rapacious claws on her. She escapes from him and her sordid surroundings, with the kindly connivance of Burke, a detective lieutenant, laconic, shrewdly human. Burke had just raided the place. "Champagne Joe" is imprisoned for larceny of a wallet planted on him by "Derby Dan," who enters into companionate relations with Joe's girl, "Blondy Nell," in Joe's own apartment. Judith becomes a laundress, a waitress, a stenographer, thanks to night schools. She first encounters Ransome, a successful young business man, in the restaurant, when she spills water on his coat sleeve, and he is nice about it. In time she becomes his secretary, his wife, a mother. Ransome has never asked about her past, she never has told him. Then "Derby Dan," back from a two-year stretch for larceny, reappears, strips her of wedding ring and bracelet, the latter Ransome's wedding anniversary gift, and demands \$5000 for their return. Judith does the sensible thing and goes to Burke, the detective. "Champagne Joe" is out on parole, so Burke sets him on "Derby Dan," and then visits the county coroner to tell him that he thinks business will pick up. Word comes that "Derby Dan" has been killed. Burke retrieves Judith's jewelry, delivers it, and climbs into his little touring car, wherein his wife and three freckle-



faced youngsters greet him. "Another day's job finished," he remarks, contentedly.

Aside from Miss Astor's performance, from Mr. Bard's oily crook, from Mr. Apfel's phlegmatic dive-keeper, Mr. Elliott stands out as the sleuth with a heart and a sense of humor and of dramatic values. Here is one of those finished characterizations which now and then cast a bright glow over a screen overloaded with slovenly or preposterous performance. When he restored Judith's treasures, she should have kissed him, even if both were married. He richly merited such reward.

W. E. G.

# LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

## "The Masks of the Devil"

A screen drama, adapted by Frances Marion and Conrad A. Nervig from "The Masks of the Devil" by Jakob Wassermann; photographed by Oliver Marsh; directed by Victor Seastrom and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Baron Reiner..... John Gilbert  
Countess Zeller..... Alma Rubens  
Count Zeller..... Theodore Roberts  
Virginia..... Eva von Berne  
Manfred..... Ralph Forbes  
Virginia's mother..... Ethel Walesa  
Dancer..... Polly Ann Young

Here is a picture which baffles criticism. It has an unusual idea behind it but the fulfillment is far from satisfying. Using somewhat the same method as that of Oscar Wilde in "The Picture of Dorian Gray," namely that the results of the hero's evil life shall not show in his features but merely in his reflection in a mirror, the director has achieved some very striking effects. If John Gilbert did not over-act so assiduously the dramatic moments would come off better. Far too frequently there was strangely little difference between the actor's expression and his satanic image in the glass. At one really impressive moment, however, when he shattered the terrible glass with a great candlestick, Mr. Gilbert effected a fine though melodramatic emotional climax.

The story is that of an irresistible young nobleman, Baron Reiner, who fascinates every young and beautiful lady within a wide radius. Some need judicious pursuit, others fairly fling themselves upon his neck and refuse to be removed. In the course of time he is enamored by the fiancée of his best friend, Manfred, and endeavors to take her for himself. His first and not successful method is to frighten the girl, Virginia, out of her wits by fixing upon her a hard and prolonged stare. This unusual ruse having failed, he sends Manfred to Borneo on a scientific expedition, and then intercepts his letters to Virginia. She, left without support save that of an unspeakable mother, finds herself succumbing to the blandishments of the baron, when news comes of Manfred's return. In the usual course of things Manfred would take Virginia and annihilate Baron Reiner, despite past friendship; but since John Gilbert plays the baron, there are unexpected developments.

The acting was as uneven as the picture. Theodore Roberts, returned to the screen after long absence, as a gruff and observant artist, was by far the best. His naturalness made the others seem unfortunately stagey. It seemed good, too, to see that comforting clear again. Ralph Forbes as the idiotically trusting Manfred was very agreeable, and Alma Rubens, who played one of the baron's discarded loves, was attractive and fairly plausible. Eva von Berne was heavy and uninteresting as the much fought over Virginia.

E. L. H.

# FILMS NEW AND FAMILIAR

METROPOLITAN—"Three Week Ends."  
B. F. KEITH MEMORIAL—"His Private Life."  
LOEW'S STATE—"The Masks of the Devil."  
KEITH ALBEE—"A Romance of the Underworld."  
SCOLLAY SQUARE OLYMPIA—"The Singing Fool," with Al Jolson (a Vitaphone picture).  
LOEW'S ORPHEUM—"Show People."  
OLYMPIA-FENWAY—"The Terror," (an all-talking picture).  
MODERN-BEACON—"The Toilers."  
NETOCO-CASINO—"Sisters of Eve" and "The Cavalier."  
BOWDOIN SQUARE—"Submarine" and "Brotherly Love."  
LANCASTER—"The Noose" and "Speedy," first half, "Oh Kay" and "The Hit of the Show," balance of week.  
EXETER—"The Battle of the Sexes" and "Moran of the Marines," first half, "The Night Watch" and "Varsity," balance of week.

# JORDAN HALL

Miss Isabelle Burnada, contralto, and Mr. Oliver Stewart, tenor, were heard in a joint recital last night at Jordan hall.

Miss Burnada has a voice of true contralto quality, but sad to say, she does not always appreciate its real beauty and infuses the tone with breath which wears away the rich resonance. This

does not tend to improve diction and in most of her selections, though the interpretation was excellent, the enunciation was nearly unintelligible. However, in O Mio Fernando from "La Favorita" by Donizetti, and Gounod's Les Papillons" her voice was fluent and had a beautiful clarity of tone. Mr. Stewart was not wise in his selection of a program. For a voice more lyric than dramatic the aria O Paradiso from "L'Africana," was something of a strain especially in his high voice, not altogether sure of himself the tonal quality was uneven. He is at his best in songs where fluency of tone and lightness predominate. Especially beautiful was his voice in The Sleigh, by Richard Kountz.

Mr. Frank Chatterton showed himself to be an expert accompanist, giving unobtrusive but firm support throughout the entire recital.

O. A.

# THE NIGHT CLUB

(For As the World Was)

Saxophones, baby-stares, trap-drums and legs.

Sportive purveyors of butter and eggs.

Rouged lips exhaling their gin-flavored breath.

Tridely flitting with blindness and death.

Gunmen's assistants and bootleggers.

Brood of the clan in which nobody works.

Parking charge, cover charge, charges for checking.

Charges for booths, so convenient for necking.

"Charge 'em for everything, grab all their jack.

Whadda we care if they never come back."

How they do love it, sober and drunk.

The age's best sellers are bootleg and bunk.

J. W. G. nominates for our Hall of Fame, the two gentlemen mentioned in a paragraph of the Gazette, Hanover, N. H.:

"The Rev. Swapp of Bradford occupied the pulpit last Sunday in exchange with the Rev. Deale."

# "STATE DEER HUNTING SEASON OPENS"

This reminds us of a contribution sent to The Boston Herald by R. H. L.: "So far this season eight hunters in the Michigan Peninsula have been mistaken for deer and killed by other hunters. We still think that Michigan should make a law out of that bright idea a certain rich man had years ago when he took his new wife Mabel up in the woods on a deer hunt. He required all his guides and fellow hunters before shooting to shout at the deer three times in a loud, clear voice, 'Is that you, Mabel?' That certainly ought to be a law. We knew a hunter who says he tried that once, but the deer made a rush at him and biffed him in the beezer and said very angrily, 'Who you a-callin' Mabel? Try to kid me, will yuh?' And then came some more pokes in the beezer. Still the idea is good."

# "BY APPOINTMENT"

"The privilege of serving royalty is much valued by English tradesmen. . . . Altogether the royal family has 1400 tradesmen who 'by appointment' display the coveted royal warrant over their shop windows."—N. Y. Times.

Artemus Ward went into a shoe shop in Leamington, England. Over the door were "those dear familiar words: By Appointment, H. R. H." Artemus said to the man: "Squire, excuse me, but this is too much. I have seen in London 400 boot and shoe shops by Appointment, H. R. H.; and now you're at it. It is simply impossible that the Prince can wear 400 pairs of boots. 'Don't tell me,' I said in a voice choked with emotion, 'oh do not tell me, that you also make boots for him. Say slip-pers—say that you mend a boot now and then for him; but do not tell me that you make 'em reg'lar for him.' The man tried to explain. A sudden thought flashed over me. 'I have it!' I said. 'When the Prince walks through a street, he no doubt looks at the shop windows. And the enterprising tradesman the moment the Prince gets out of sight, rushes frantically and has a tin sign painted, By Appointment: H. R. H.' It's a beautiful, a great idea!"

La Argentina dances tonight at Symphony hall; Clara Rabinowitch will play the piano tonight in Jordan hall; the MacDowell Club will give a concert in Brown hall (New England Conservatory) this afternoon.

Sophie Braslau will sing in the ballroom of the Hotel Statler this morning at 11 o'clock. Bassani, cantata "L'Amorosa Lontananza"; Handel, Furibondo; Brahms, Gypsy songs; Ravel, Vocalise; Sadere, Amuri-Amuri, In Mezzo al Mar;

# MRS. MAYBRICK AGAIN

A dispatch from Paris to the Evening Star of London states that Walter Thomas Burrell, a British subject who lived in France, has left by his last will and testament about \$750,000 to Mrs. Florence Maybrick, now at home in Florida; that she intends to use some of the money in the investigation of supposedly new facts which will prove her innocence, though she was sentenced to death for the murder of her husband—so the jury found—and served sixteen years in prison after the sentence was commuted.

It may be asked, was Burrell's bequest due simply to a sympathetic belief in her innocence, or had she been dear to him before the trial? A few weeks ago, Mr. T. P. O'Connor happened to write about this famous case. He knew the famous lawyer that defended her. This lawyer complained to him of the insufficient evidence and the outrageous behavior of the presiding judge, who was mentally afflicted soon after the trial; but when Mr. O'Connor asked the able defender whether he believed that she was innocent, he made no answer.

The case was certainly an extraordinary one. Mrs. Maybrick had staunch friends, devoted friends, during and after the trial. She had bitter, relentless enemies, as was her husband's brother, Michael Maybrick, better known as Stephen Adams, the composer of "Nancy Lee," "The Blue Alsatian Mountains," "The Holy City" and other songs once popular. (Is any one of them sung in concert halls today?) In the United States there were efforts to free her from prison. Some wished our government to "interfere." She endured her imprisonment patiently, asserting her innocence. Was Burrell her lover, for whom she was accused of dosing Maybrick with arsenic? Mr. O'Connor writes that the man whose name was associated with her went to the United States.

The trial took place thirty-nine years ago. Is it possible for Mrs. Maybrick at this late day to unearth "new facts"? How many who took part in the trial, lawyers, judge, witnesses, are now alive?

Rimsky-Korsakov, Song of the Bride, Rachmaninoff, Pate; Kreisler, London-derry Air; Strickland, Ma l'il Bateau; Ilgenfritz, As We Part. Giovanni Battista Bassani, a voluminous composer, was born at Padua about 1657.

# IT ALL DEPENDS

(For As the World Was)

Some women's laughter is a crime,  
They babble so and gabble so,  
With such a spent and spongy look;  
But when Drusilla's moved to mirth  
One cannot think of aught on earth  
Except the rhyme, the silver chime,  
Of water broken in a brook.

Some women's weeping's hard to bear  
They whiffle so and sniffle so  
And wax so wan and red of nose;  
But when, in course of destiny,  
It comes Drusilla's time to cry—  
Each crystal tear (the pretty dear!)  
Is like a raindrop on a rose.

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

As the World Wags:

Most of us regard with a smug complacency the present high state of our civilization. However, there are two classes among us we fail to handle properly—the lawmaker and the "wise-cracker."

Gibbon says: "A Lorian who proposed any new law stood forth in the assembly of the people with a cord round his neck, and if the law was rejected the innovator was instantly strangled." Can you imagine what a restraining influence such a custom would have on our lawmakers? With a like custom in vogue a few years ago we would not have had the noble experiment.

Many of us have often wondered how Michelangelo acquired that disfigured nose. Benvenuto Cellini tells us that he, Michelangelo and Pietro Torrigiano were working one day in the Carmine chapel. Michel, it seems, despite his many virtues, was a "wise-cracker." This particular day he pulled a "wise-crack" on Pete, who, in the words of Mr. McGeehan, "hailed off and bounced Mike on the nose." The souvenir of this affair Michel carries to this day. If we could only take a like course with our present-day "wise-crackers!"

These two cases show in part how our civilization has retrogressed. Hurrah for the good old days! God speed their return!

VILLIERS ST. BENOIT.

As the World Wags:

Selfridge's toy department here in dear old Lunnun announces the arrival of Father Christmas from northern Scotland. Imagine a Scotch Santa Claus! Hadn't I better just hang up my glove?

DOTTY DIG.

One of the most important things in life is the illusion of the things that are not important.—Robert Lynd.

As the World Wags:

I wonder if I might intrude into the august studies of Mr. Herkimer Johnson to ask his opinion of the recent statement that spoken English in St. Louis is the acme of perfection (according to savants' judgment at Columbia University) and the happy medium between Vermont twang and southern drawl.

ELAH.

We doubt if Mr. Johnson would express an opinion. You speak of "Vermont twang." You probably do not know that Mr. Johnson is a Vermonter by birth and is proud of it.—Ed.

# "HORRORS OF PROHIBITION"

(Augusta, Ga. Chronicle)

The body was discovered by A. B. Foster, lying beneath a barbed wire fence about 200 yards from a still with a broken neck.

# WELDON CARTER

Weldon Carter gave his first Boston piano recital this afternoon in Steiner Hall. His program was as follows:

Theme and variations in B-flat major by Haydn, Gigire by Scarlatti, Intermezzo in C major by Brahms, Fantaisie in F minor op. 49 by Chopin, Au Convent by Borodin, Polichinelle by Rachmaninoff, Reflets dans l'Eau by Debussy, Lieberstraume No. 2 b Liszt, Rhapsody No. 12 by Liszt.

Mr. Carter is a real artist who can speak to us through his music. His first group of pieces was played with precision and grace. What a pity the beautiful variations of Haydn are so infrequently played by other artists.

The Chopin Fantaisie was weakly played. Mr. Carter is not a pianist who could fill a large concert hall. His playing lacks power, and he should try to be a little more technically accurate. It is curious that he should have fallen down on the extremes of volume. His pianissimo—that most difficult of all arts to master, was so soft on could hardly hear all the notes, while his fortissimo was not nearly loud enough.

In the next group, Mr. Carter made a great deal of that very "played out" number, "Au Convent," by Borodin. The Polichinelle of Rachmaninoff was well rendered with keen rhythmic feeling. The Reflets dans l'Eau of Debussy was in my opinion, the finest piece of pianism during the afternoon. It is in this type of piece that Mr. Carter excels.

This beautiful little bit of impressionism built on Debussy's favorite idiom, the whole tone scale, was given all the imagination and grace it certainly deserves. The pianist brought out most charmingly those delicate web of dissolving harmonies. He might have made more of the fortissimo passages where the key changes to E flat, but this is an insignificant matter, as the piece was beautifully played.

The Liszt numbers were well rendered. Mr. Carter is a most charming and intelligent pianist, and I hope we shall have the pleasure of hearing some more from him in the near future.

O. R. B.

# APOLLO CLUB

The Apollo Club, under the direction of Mr. Thompson Stone, was heard last evening in Jordan Hall, with Mme. Olga Alverino as soloist.

Mr. Stone has placed the Apollo Club in the highest rank of choral societies. Last night's concert was distinctive not only because of the musical intelligence with which it was presented, but also because of grace, finesse and artistry. In "Lo, how a rose," by Praetorius, "Lo a voice," by Boriniansky, and "Bless the Lord," by Ivanoff, the tonal quality was full and even as though there were but one voice. The gradual crescendos and diminuendos were accomplished with an evenness of tone and beauty of shading irreproachable. In the coronation scene from "Boris," by Moussorgsky, however, the voices were not well controlled and individual voices made their appearance frequently breaking the even tonality. Nevertheless Mr. Stone has done good work with this chorus of voices and much credit is due his own personal musicianship.

Mme. Alverino, in her solos with the Apollo Club, was not at her best. Her sustained notes were a trifle shrill. However, in the course of the program she sang a group of songs and in these she showed her true voice. With a technique which lacks nothing she sings with a surety and beauty of tone delightful to the hearer. Endowed with a charming personality her selections were not merely songs but works of art. We should like to hear her again. Her assisting soloists were capable of better such. Their solos were sung admirably.

O. A.



## B. F. KEITH MEMORIAL "His Private Life"

A green comedy by Ernest Vasey and Gene Thompson, adapted by Ethel Doherty, photographed by Henry Gerrard, directed by Frank Tuttle and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Georges St. Germain . . . Adolphe Menjou  
Eleanor Trent . . . Kathryn Carver  
Henri Bergere . . . Margaret Livingston  
Henri Bergere . . . Eugene Pallette  
Laurence . . . Andre Cheron

A typical Parisian farce. The inevitable Menjou, supported by his charming wife, Kathryn Carver, makes of "His Private Life" entertainment worth seeing. Situation after situation arises in which the roue, Menjou, escapes just in time to prevent his life from being taken by a jealous husband. An old flame makes Menjou's conquest of a beautiful blonde somewhat difficult, but in the end, Menjou adds to his conquests.

Menjou, as Georges, flirts with Eleanor, the blonde, and is rebuffed, though she seems quite interested. Later she finds that she is a friend of his old flame, Yvette, who is now married to the intensely jealous Henri Bergere. To be near Eleanor, Georges takes a room in a hotel, where both Eleanor and Yvette live, and he meets Eleanor formally in Yvette's apartment. He is there when Henri arrives, and Yvette, to save herself, introduces Georges as Eleanor's fiancé. Eleanor assists in the deception, but is angered when Georges sees her before the Bergeres.

To avoid Georges's persistent attentions, Eleanor leaves the hotel and stops at a country inn. She is followed by Georges, who arranges a romantic setting with entertainment, which mellowed her into a forgiving state of mind until she learns that it was arranged for her benefit. She returns to Paris and consents to visit Georges's apartment the next night for proof of the sincerity of his love for her and of his declaration that he is through forever with Yvette. He plans to hide Eleanor in a room where she can hear him reject Yvette's love. The plan fails when Eleanor steps from the room just as Yvette embraces Georges. As she leaves, disillusioned and hurt, the complications reach a climax in the raging arrival of Yvette's husband. Eleanor arrives back to warn Yvette and Georges, and by clever manoeuvring they manage to get Yvette out of the apartment right under her husband's eyes. Eleanor's assistance in the excitement of the moment proves she loves Georges, and he forces from her the inevitable admission.

As usual, Menjou wears his clothes like a modern Beau Brummell. He has equal in portraying a certain type of screen lover. His facial expressions, continental manners indicated by careless shrugs and uplifted eyebrows, as much to speed the course of a picture as the same number of subtitles.

## MISS BARRYMORE WILL NOT RESUME THIS WEEK

Barrymore's Condition Is Declared Satisfactory

Miss Ethel Barrymore, starring in "The Kingdom of God" at the Wilbur Theatre, whose illness caused suspension of the play Monday night, will not be able to return to the stage this week, was said last night at the Phillips House of the Massachusetts General Hospital, where she is under treatment for an abscess of the ear.

The condition of her ear was diagnosed as "satisfactory" last night and no operation appeared necessary. Dr. Frederick E. Garland was called in consultation yesterday. General Manager W. Fuller of the Shubert Theatre interests, said last night that Miss Barrymore was feeling considerably better, was very courageous and making every effort to get well so as to resume her Boston engagement.

By PHILIP HALE

To W. G. C.: The author of "The Night Club" verses published in The Herald of Dec. 4 is Mr. Daniel M. Lyons. His name was accidentally omitted.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Olevitzky, conductor, will, with the assistance of Mme. Cahier, contralto, and R. Maeder, tenor, perform Gustav Mahler's "Song of the Earth" this week. It will be heard here for the first time. There was a performance in Philadelphia in 1916. The verses to be sung are from German translation or paraphrase of ancient Chinese poems. The first and only other composition to be played at the concert this week is good old Handel's Concerto Grosso in B minor, No. 12. There will not be an intermission Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, but there will be a short pause

after the performance of Handel's concerto to admit late comers.

Mme. Cahier was first known in Boston as Mrs. Morris Black. For several years she has been applauded in opera houses and concert halls of Europe. Since her return to the United States she has sung in opera (at Philadelphia) and in many concerts.

## OUR FRIEND MURATORE

We all remember Mr. Muratore, an operatic tenor who sang at the Boston Opera House; on one occasion with his divorced wife, the charming Mme. Beritza. It is also known that he married afterwards the beautiful Lina Cavallieri. As they were both of an "artistic temperament" a divorce came in due time. It was stated recently that he now suffers from stage fright; some said that he could not control his voice after singing for half an hour. However that may be, it was announced recently that he would sing at the Theatre des Champs Elysees in Paris. He did not sing because his name on the billboard was in "too small type." Now there is a law suit. "The tenors of the bar will lend their voices to Mr. Muratore" according to Nouvelles Littéraires.

The Harvard Glee Club, assisted by Mme. Matzenauer, will give a concert in Symphony hall tonight. Susan Casals, soprano, the wife of Pablo Casals, will sing in Jordan hall next Saturday afternoon, and Angka Enters will mime and dance in the ballroom of the Hotel Statler.

Next Sunday afternoon Paul Whiteman and his band will be at Symphony hall; the Radcliffe Choral Society will sing at the Repertory Theatre; the People's Symphony orchestra will play at the Hotel Statler; Rosamund Lewick, soprano, assisted by Carolyn Lowenstein Lewis, pianist, will sing at the Hotel Vendome.

Other concerts next week: Monday, 8:15 P. M., the Boston Symphony orchestra, Wednesday, 8:15 P. M., in Jordan hall, the Flonzaley quartet. Thursday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Grace Cronin, pianist. Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, the Boston Symphony orchestra. Saturday afternoon, the Mt. Holyoke choir (Christmas music).

The subject of Mr. Newman's illustrated Traveltalk in Symphony hall tomorrow night and Saturday afternoon is "London."

## THE BLANK PAGE

(A Play in Blank Verse)  
Palmer—A reporter.  
Schultz—A reporter.  
Walsh—A reporter.  
Carlson—A reporter.  
Katie—Oh Gosh!  
Sheriff—Look at the big stuff.  
Scene: Reporter's room in the Criminal Courts building.

Palmer enters and picks up his phone—Hello, Eddy Tor. Some blankety-blank dope on the blankety-blank Blank case. The blankety-blank prisoner ate a blankety-blank square meal the only blankety-blank square thing about the blankety-blank jail. The blankety-blank prisoner is now suffering all kinds of blankety-blank pain; the blankety-blank meal being square and his blankety-blank stomach round. That's all, you blankety-blank blank (Hangs up.)

Schultz enters and picks up his phone—No blankety-blank news on the blankety-blank Blank case. (Hangs up.)

Walsh enters and picks up his phone—Hello, you blankety-blank blank. I got a blankety-blank idea for a blankety-blank headline when they hang this blankety-blank Blank. Here goes: "Blank Blankety Blank." (Disgustedly.) Knew you wouldn't see it, you blankety-blank blank. (Hangs up.)

Carlson enters and picks up his phone—No blankety-blank news on the blankety-blank necktie party. (Hangs up.)

(They all sit at a table and play cards.)  
(Katie enters and leans against the door while game goes on.)

Palmer—Deal, you blankety-blank blank.

Schultz—Shut up, you blankety-blank blank.

Walsh—Come on with the blankety-blank cards!

Carlson—Yes, come on! What the blankety-blank blank you think this is?

Katie—What the blankety-blank is this, a cussin' contest?

Palmer—Shut your blankety-blank trap.

Schultz—Beat it, you blankety-blank blank.

Walsh—You got your blankety-blank nerve.

Carlson—Scat, you blankety-blank blank!

Katie—Why you blankety-blank blank blank blanks!

Sheriff (enters excitedly)—That blankety-blank Blank has escaped and hanged his blankety-blank self!

Reporters (in unison)—Well, the dirty double-crossing blankety-blank blank.

(The End)

WILL H. HENDERSON.

Mme. Louise Llewellyn Jalecka recently sang in New York a song by Theodore Appia with the obligato of a "singing saw—an ordinary saw manipulated with a violin bow and producing a beautiful bird-like tone." Did not the singer as Miss Llewellyn sing folk songs in costume some years ago in Boston? We believe the composer with a saw is a Belgian.

The concert in dedication of George W. Brown hall (New England Conservatory), which was postponed from Nov. 14, will take place next Monday evening at 8:15.

A contributor writes that Carmela Ponselle, who gave a concert not long ago at Westbury, R. I., going into the dining room of the hotel, summoned a waitress and exclaimed in a clear, bell-like voice: "I am Carmela Ponselle. Please tell the chef."

"After the encores, she sang to a familiar air:

"Good night, ladies;  
Good night, gentlemen;  
Good night, everybody.  
I hope we'll meet next year."

"The audience was much pleased with this encore number; so if audiences like such stuff, perhaps we cannot blame singers for using it."

Cambridge concerts—Dec. 13, Boston Symphony orchestra; Dec. 19, the Pierian Sodality.

Louis N. Parker, playwright and pageant designer, has published "Several of My Lives." He tells us that his names Louis Napoleon were an accident; his father was away; his mother "occupied"; himself supposed to be dying. In the hasty christening he was named by the first names which in 1852 would occur to natives of Luc-sur-Mer, in Calvados.

Margaret Anglin will play in "The Great Lady Dedlock" ("Bleak House") this season. Press agents say it's a "new" drama. It was produced with her as Lady Dedlock and Hortense at Chicago in March, 1924.

## MISS SOPHIE BRASLAW

Miss Sophie Braslaw gave a musicale at the Hotel Statler ballroom yesterday morning, under the auspices of the Boston School of Occupational Therapy.

A large audience greeted Miss Braslaw yesterday and they were well compensated for their attendance. True to form she sang with a voice amazing not only for its beautiful tonality but for its remarkable flexibility. A true contralto voice, strong and heavy, but she sang Handel's "Furibondo" with a technique which lacked nothing. The Gypsy Songs by Brahms were charmingly fanciful, whether she sang with delicacy or with a sonorous tone her interpretation was realistic and intelligent. It may be said that Miss Braslaw delights in spectacular action. This was evident in many of her selections, but that could not overbalance the beautiful quality of her voice or the musical intelligence with which she sang. Keenly appreciative of the music and composers, she responded to it wholeheartedly. Only an artist can sing a Vocalise Etude and make it interesting, and Miss Braslaw did just that. Her entire program gave distinct delight, and the enthusiasm of the audience was well warranted.

## CLARA RABINOVITCH

Miss Clara Rabinovitch played the following at a recital last night in Jordan hall:

Prelude and Fugue in E minor, Mendelssohn; Three Sonatas, Scarlatti; Symphonic Etudes, Schumann; Ce Qu' a Vu le Vent D'ouest, Debussy; La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin, Debussy; Jardins sous la Pluie, Debussy; Evocation, Albeniz; Scenes D'Enfants, Mompou; El Vito, Infante.

Miss Rabinovitch played a brilliant recital last night even though her program was slightly monotonous. It is a pity that a pianist with as many accomplishments as she has should find it necessary to play a program in which technical proficiency is the predominating feature. Few and far between were the phrases where she played out of the depth of her own soul, but what a revelation they were and how we longed for more of it. She did not play Chopin, Liszt or Bach. It may be unfashionable and perhaps too many play them, but are they not distinctly enjoyable because they demand more than brilliant execution. The Debussy numbers lacked poetry and in the legato passages the tone had a limp quality. However, in the "Symphonic Etudes" she played with distinction, the tone was round and firm, and her technique was clean, she was at her best.

The recital was well attended, and the audience was warm in its appreciation.

O. A.

## COLONIAL THEATRE "The Legend of the Piper"

"The Legend of the Piper" opera by Eleanor Everest Freer, libretto by Josephine Preston Peabody. Produced by the American Opera Company. The cast:

The Piper . . . . . Edison Rice  
Michael the Sword-Eater . . . . . Harold Hansen  
Cheat the Devil . . . . . Rene Bellinger  
Jacobina . . . . . Neil Ensler  
Kurt . . . . . Frederic Roberts  
Peter . . . . . Charles Marcolini  
Hans . . . . . Mark Daniels  
Axel . . . . . Patrick Kelly  
Peter . . . . . Walter Burke  
Anselm . . . . . John Upman  
Old Claus . . . . . Raymond O'Brien  
Town Crier . . . . . Clifford Needell  
Jan . . . . . Cecile Sherman  
Hansel . . . . . Winifred Goldborough  
Lisa . . . . . Mary Stephen  
Trude . . . . . Maria Jacobino  
Rudi . . . . . Mary Salveus  
Veronika . . . . . Louise Bernhardt  
Barbara . . . . . Margaret Everett  
Wife of Hans . . . . . Helen Golden  
Wife of Axel . . . . . Genevieve Schroeder  
Old Ursula . . . . . Edith Piper  
Wife of Martin . . . . . Frank St. Leger  
Conductor . . . . . Frank St. Leger

Presumably Mr. Rosing feels it a pious duty to produce one American-made opera a year. No doubt he feels aright. Since, therefore, he is a man to follow where duty leads him, a pity it is that he should exercise amazingly poor judgment when he is faced with the choice of what American work to produce.

Perhaps "The Piper" reads better than it plays. It can scarcely be said, indeed, to "play" at all. Either because Mrs. Freer managed her declamation bunglingly and devised unhelpful accompaniments, or because Mr. St. Leger allowed the orchestra to play too loud, very few words were to be understood—by no means enough to make the action clear even to persons reasonably familiar with the old legend. And yet the singers enunciated distinctly. Pantomime had to do its best to show what was going on; its best was not sufficient.

Perhaps Mr. Rosing likes the music? If so, he must fit it out with a finer performance than yesterday's, if he wishes many people to share his enthusiasm. Yesterday it sounded melodically weak, in characterizing aptness weaker still, dull in orchestration.

Mr. Rice did what he could to lend interest to the piper's part. The others, with even less to work with, did their best. To say it again, it is a pity that Mr. Rosing is not endowed with better judgment.

## "Pagliacci"

"Pagliacci" follows "The Piper," with this cast:

Nedda . . . . . Dorothy Raynor  
Canio . . . . . Charles Hedley  
Silvio . . . . . Allan Burt  
Tonio . . . . . Mark Daniels  
Beppe . . . . . Raymond O'Brien  
Conductor . . . . . Frank St. Leger

If American opera composers would

condescend to a thorough study of "Pagliacci" they would learn something to their benefit. They would learn that a story of absorbing interest but not too complicated in plot, a story of strong emotions, is a very good thing to start with. They ought further to gather, if they use their wits, that forthright melody is highly desirable, particularly if it is melody of some fervor, fit to italicize emotion. Also, by means of scrutiny, they might infer that such the art exists of writing skilfully for the voice, and another art, too, that of writing adroitly for an orchestra when it has to accompany the voice.

Once they have acquired these fundamentals of opera-writing, let the composers by all means set themselves to writing music as much fines-fibred as Leoncavallo's as they can achieve; the finer the better. Without the fundamentals, though, all the finesse in America won't make an opera "go."

Mr. Rosing's forces, from Mr. St. Leger, down, bothered little yesterday about finesse. Effectively, however, they made their way through "Pagliacci." They voiced the passions of southern folk stirring, they characterized sharply their personages. They sang very well indeed. Mr. Hedley especially is to be congratulated on his great gain as singer and actor. They made "Pagliacci" "go." That, after all, is the main thing.

R. R. G.

## SYMPHONY HALL La Argentina

Whether one has fondness for the dance or not, there is something supremely eye-compelling in the swirl of La Argentina's dazzling bejeweled skirts to the clicking arpeggios of her castanets and the staccato music of her pretty heels. Last night she might have been performing before kings and queens, so tantalizing was her swift change of mien and so brilliant her glamorous witchery. This marvelous Castilian danseuse, whose real name is Antonia Merce and who at the age of 9 made her debut in the opera ballet in Madrid, glides smoothly out from the draperies of the stage with the softness of a bit of down from the milkweed.

Suddenly she bursts into an indescribable revelry of motion. Whirling, bending, gliding, now forward, now back, white arms lifted, castanets making rapid music, fountains flying far and wide, heels stamping—and she is gone. Again the castanets, now in the distance, coming nearer, and she reappears.



pears, all black velvet and gold fringes, and gleaming gold slippers, with a dash and daring that bid you follow if you can. Once more she comes, her draperies a harmony of soft tones of the fire. With a writhing magic that inflames even her finger tips, she drives away the evil spirits. Well might they flee, when those finger tips can wield the rapid note of the castanet of their own free will, unaided by material instrument.

Best of all is her humorous peasant dance, her sleek black hair hidden beneath a figured handkerchief of silk, the broad bands of gold about her dark gown glittering and gleaming, and her merry feet treading the cumbersome steps of the country belle. Over and over she must do this amusing comedy, lifting her overskirts saucily to display their scarlet facing the while she glances across her shoulder to entertain herself with the effect she is producing, for an audience that simply will not be satisfied.

And for her finale, the merest suggestion of Sappho's most far-famed entertainment in La Corrida, her ruffles of tanned red setting off so well the archness of her smile.

The managers of the South Boston Neighborhood House guessed well in choosing this magnificent performer to attract the ducats to their tills. The large and brilliant audience that attended must have contained many who had delighted in La Argentina a week ago and were ready once more to give unstinted acclaim.

F. A. B.

Dec 7 '928

#### FUTILITY

(For As the World Wags)

We sit and chat  
Of this and that;  
Of Swift and Shaw,  
... Books galore.  
The subject shifts to Greece and Rome,  
Chaos in the modern home;  
Of Socrates who thought so much,  
They handed him the poison cup.  
Problems of civilization . . .  
Progress or demoralization.  
We improvise . . . philosophize;  
One pulls a quip—  
The Quaker on a battleship.  
Peace parades . . . poison gas,  
Radio, television, the modern lass  
and socialism.  
We think and think—  
Well, Has the world gone hinky-dink?  
Einstein, Russell, Darrow, Freud  
Prove it's but a starry void;  
Or worse—  
That sex and money motivate the universe.  
We gabble on till early morn . . .  
A stream of philosophic stuff  
I'll tell the world it's pretty tough.  
Well, What do we get for all these labors?  
Do I have to tell you? . . .  
Just ask the neighbors.  
In great duress  
I must confess  
'Tis the merry . . .  
Razzberry.

ANTHONY SKELDING.

Advertisements in English newspapers call for an "Aerial Chauffeur," a "Tennis Stick Render," a "Pearl Stringer" and a "Jam Boiler."

#### MODERN ORCHESTRATION

(Colorado Springs Gazette)

Musical Instruments

REGISTERED 4-year-old Jersey Cow.  
C. R. Wade, Adams Crossing.

#### ADD "SOCIETY NOTES"

(Clarion Pa., Republican)

W. C. Larimer took his wife to Rlmberg last Monday to get her teeth pulled.

#### THE LAST LEAF

As the World Wags:

I have made a singular discovery—at least for my own soul. It is this: On every tree there is a leaf that, in autumn winds, does not fall to the ground, but soars like a swallow just before the flight to the Southland, and lifts finally to mystic space. For 30 autumns I had observed this phenomenon, but I never understood it until yesterday. Hitherto, I had always seen this lone leaf from basswood, willow or elm, after it began its far flight. But yesterday, while watching the top of the lovely poplar weave in the wind like a camelhair brush working in bronze, I beheld a leaf of unwonted beauty, half-gold, half-silver, and equally divided by a crimson line, suddenly liberate itself and rise heavenward. Astonished, I watched it, thinking that when it descended I would go forth and secure it as men make captive brilliant butterflies; but it never returned to the earth to join the sodden mass of dead leaves choking the gutters. No, this leaf, with one wing of silver

and the other of gold, and with a crimson cord between, rose higher into the dull November sky and vanished—"the flight," as the gifted Plotinus would say, "of the alone to the alone." And now I know that spring, and verdure for trees, is but the return from heaven of this leaf from the tree of life to take away the penury of winter and to heal the hurt upon the old world's heart.

ABORIGINE.

If a little boy wants to hide behind his mother's skirts today, he has to stand on a chair to do it.—Lord Dewar.

#### THE NORTH AND SOUTH OF IT

As the World Wags:

A New Englander gets so in the habit of thinking of life in terms of intensity—so in the habit of taking everything seriously as a matter of life and death, that to be with a southerner for only an hour is a blissful, leisurely experience. The New Englander suddenly discovers that life is a pleasure and not an agony. She finds that life is not necessarily a difficult problem, when translated into the southerner's point of view. While the New Englander is intensely thinking and worrying about life and its huge problems, the southerner is leisurely enjoying every moment of the day and night.

The southerner gets a huge deal of fun, for instance, out of shopping and trying on an expensive hat, which the New Englander had found only a source of worry for fear that the hat might not look well or that in case it did, she could not afford to buy it. The southerner gets so enthusiastic over the trying-on process of buying clothes—peering at herself in the mirrors, turning this way and that. Not fussing about it at all! Perfect enjoyment to her.

From the southerner the New Englander discovers that eating is a process of pleasure—not a necessity to be gotten over with as soon as possible. The southerner begins her meal slowly, sips her beverage leisurely, eats her dessert with a slow-motion method that is astonishing to the New Englander.

Concerts are food for thought—they are portions of delectable entertainment to the southerner, something to be looked forward to, something to enjoy, something to talk about afterward. The southerner does not take a concert as an educational duty, as the New Englander so often does.

And when it comes to the movies and theatres there is no happier person to have with you than a southerner—especially if you yourself happen to be a New Englander! The southerner's point of view lifts you way up above the agony of taking your entertainment too seriously. The southerner's seriousness is an optimistic one, just as the New Englander begins to think of the author's "purpose" in writing his play, the southerner discovers something whimsical in it; and while the New Englander is pondering over the mechanics of the dramatic moment of the play, the southerner is taking it all in a most philosophical and impersonal way.

Truly, a southerner is happily serious. To be happily, leisurely serious is an art. It must be a process of centuries of southern sunshine and warm weather mingled with glimpses of sandy beaches. A southerner's point of view! It's the warmest, sweetest, most optimistic point of view to be found, and who knows better than a New Englander who has had the advantage of warming under the southerner's happy point of view?

GERTRUDE WHITNEY.

#### OH, THOSE HEADLINES ON SATURDAY MORNING, MY DEARS!

(The surprising thing is, we've been bone dry for years.)

Detective in Boozie Joint Shot and Killed by Bartender.  
4 School Boys Are Seized for Being Beer Runners.

14 Dry Inspectors Put in Jail for Taking Bribes.  
Chicago Heights Alky Chieftain Slain by Machine Gunners.

R. H. L.

#### FIRST OF ALL

A hotel proprietor whose hostelry was popular with travelling men sent this telegram:

"Applebaum and Greenbaum, New York City: Your Salesman, Sam Goldstein, died here today. What shall we do?"

The following reply was received: "Search his pocket for orders."—Exchange.

#### HARVARD GLEE CLUB

The Harvard Glee Club, Dr. Archibald T. Davison, conductor, gave its first concert of the season last night in Symphony hall. Mme. Margaret Matzenauer, contralto, accompanied by Edward Hart, as the soloist. Dean F. Terrill, Edson Page and E. Bradford Nichols sang. H. A. Jewett served as organist.

H. W. Lamb and J. B. Woodworth were the accompanists. This was the program:

"Let Us Now Praise Famous Men," Vaughan-Williams; How Sweet, How Fresh, Paxton; Three Italian folk songs: Von Ewig Liebe. Saphische Ode. Brahms; Zwei Brautlieder, Schumann; Erikonig, Schubert; Jubilate Deo, Gabrieli; Clorote Filii Israel, Carissimi; "Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silent," French folk (ar. by Holst); Over the Steppe, Gretchaninoff; On Wings of Dreams, Arensky; In the Silent Night, Rachmaninoff; Thy Warning Is Good, Grigg; Shoot False Love, Morley; O Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear, German folk song (ar. by Brahms); Credo, from the Mass in A flat, Schubert.

On the whole it would prove a weary world, though perhaps very comfortable in some respects, if matters always took the turn we have a right to expect of them. Here, not a month ago, stood the Harvard Glee Club singing through Beethoven's choral symphony with tone to free, with fervor so upswelling that Mr. Koussevitzky himself, that day on his highest of high horses, must surely have felt content with their response to his urge. The exhilarating experience, almost anybody might have predicted, would leave its mark on the glee club's work for a twelve month at the least.

It did nothing of the kind. Last night, indeed, the glee club sang with a precision approaching primness, rhythmically as neat as you please, with nuances very fine. But they sang without one iota of the vital tone—though overblown—the ardor that Mr. Koussevitzky whipped up. Hard though it be to believe, the experience had no lasting effect on the glee club.

Or, perhaps, it did? May the thrill of a rousing performance of Beethoven's overwhelming finale have left the glee club in no mood to transform themselves into the musical likeness of a guitar to accompany a gentle folk song? The experience of great, genuine music, stirring, at all events, sung, may perhaps have weaned young singers away from the placidities of the early Italians, the ponderousness of Vaughan-Williams' song, dainty Elizabethan fancies. Who can tell? Time must find the answer.

Mme. Matzenauer, in her Russian songs particularly, furnished the warmth the glee club lacked. Not at her operatic ease in the German songs, in those of Russia she found more elbow room for her magnificent voice, her expansive emotions. Very effectively, she sang them, with a flexibility of splendid tone truly amazing.

Her phrasing was not always elegant; her rhythm was not always of the best; truer intonation has been heard on some occasions. But Mme. Matzenauer sang with life, ardently. The audience, recognizing her vitality, applauded her with real heartiness.

R. R. G.

#### PLYMOUTH THEATRE

For the second half of the week Miss Ruth Draper last evening presented practically a complete change of program of character sketches, retaining only the concluding number, "In a Church in Italy." Again against a draped background, with a chair or two, a foot-rest, a table, for props, this woman of marvelous voice, of speaking hands, of changeable eyes and mouth, talked and talked, and every utterance was as completely in character as if it had sprung from the lips for the first time.

In her first series Miss Draper nearly always kept her people at home, or on this side of the water. Last evening she was a Dalmatian peasant in the hall of a New York hospital, only five months in this country with a brood of little ones and 50 cents to her name, looking for her man, hurt in a street construction accident. Or she was four of a chattering group at an English house party, each of the four revealing an individual form of speech and manner; or she was a cheery little Irish widow in County Kerry, with one eye out the window for the errant pig the while she told her bicycling visitors from America of the death of her boy Jim in the Dardanelles, and how she saw his wounds through miles and miles separated the two; or a Scotch girl immigrant at Ellis Island, answering stupid questions, mothering the little ones of her fellow voyagers, crying out at sight of MacGregor, her lover who had sent for her.

Here were opportunities for sharp etchings of varied racial types, of varied temperaments and languages. For most, a shawl thrown over shoulders or head sufficed. The rest was in Miss Draper's voice, now muffled, now strident, always speaking truthfully, as only genuine artistry must. Perhaps the most exacting sketch of all was "The Italian Lesson." Here a young matron undertakes to read her Dante with a teacher who comes prepared for a half-hour's lesson and hears only a few halting lines of floundering translation. The rest is a breathless round of telephone calls and interruptions, instructions to

this and that servant, cajoleries or shrieks of exasperation for the pervasive children, including little Billie, who

detested mathematics—everything in short save progress in the lesson. And what a sly bit at its end, as she cooed into the telephone, to whom? W. E. G.

Dec 8 1928

Mr. Virgil Thompson, an American composer, gave a concert in Park a few weeks ago. One of the pieces was entitled "Portrait of M. Georges Hugnet, Poet and Man of Letters." Les Nouvelles Littéraires made this comment: "It was a striking resemblance." Not knowing M. Hugnet by sight, was this comment a knock or a boost for either the musician or the poet, or for both of them?

#### HALLELUJAH—REVIVE US AGAIN

(St. Mary's, W. Va., Oracle)

#### REVIVAL AT WHISKEY RUN

Revival services begin at the new tabernacle at the head of Whiskey Run on Sunday, November 18, at 7:30 p. m., conducted by Rev. Clark D. Johnson. All are cordially invited to attend.

It seems that the family of Morris Plapinger urged him to change his name to Plaut, but he remained unwilling till his death. And with good reason, for Plapinger is the more sonorous, compelling name.

A pamphlet with a list of men who for this or that reason changed their surname would be agreeable reading. In comparatively recent times we find Lee, the Shakespearian scholar, and Ernest Newman, the musical critic; Witowski, a composer whose symphony has been performed here—his name was Martin; Roland Manuel, whose music has been introduced here by Mr. Koussevitzky, was known until he cultivated the Muse as Levy—just Levy, a highly respectable name borne by many worthy and influential men, but not so romantic as Roland Manuel. If certain cities were asked which of their various names they preferred, what would the answer be? Does Oslo rejoice in its original name rather than Christiania? Does Helsingfors regret the change? Does Leningrad look back with regret on St. Petersburg or Petrograd? Towns in the United States have suffered in this respect through the foolishness of genteel citizens. City streets in like manner.

Is Cascadeville in the Adirondacks better than Edmund's Park? Why did Albanians change the name of Patroon street? Oyster Bay on the Cape had a meaning; but Osterville! Let us rejoice that some of the good old Indian and French names have been kept, Mashpee, Des Moines, Detroit, Hyannis; nor should one object to Manlius, Pompey, Cicero for they are amusing.

#### FOR ONE WHO IS UNDESERVING

Edward owns a limousine  
And sends me orchids, too;  
Herbert's intellectual,  
But I'm in love with you.

Richard wears the swellest clothes  
And Paul knows how to woo.  
He phones daily, sometimes twice,  
Still I'm in love with you.

Philip writes the nicest notes;  
Jack cheers me when I'm blue.  
Jerry's kisses! Damn it, why  
Am I in love with you?

DAVIDA.

The London Observer remarks: "We have lost the Bible-reading habit, or it would not have been left to Sir Lawrence Weaver to dig out the verse from the First Book of Kings as a comment on Grosvenor House: "And at this house, which is high, everyone that passeth by shall be astonished, and shall hiss; and they shall say: Why hath the Lord done thus unto this land, and to this house?" Might not this question be asked of more than one apartment house, private house and public building in Boston?

#### TO A CERTAIN NURSE

(For As the World Wags)

Say not a year is lost, though pain and stress  
Weakened one helpless soul;  
If merry jest and laughing tenderness  
Helped make it whole.  
To one who loveth beauty, brighter far  
Glow comfort given.  
Than magic moon or shining star  
In a far distant heaven.

LALAGE.

#### APOLOGIA PRO SUA VITA

(For As the World Wags)

Lives of great men do not blind us,  
We may live a life of slime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Smooches on the page of Time.

CLEOPATRUS.

As the World Wags:

I wish you would say something about the last two keys "9 0" and "P O" and "p o" of a typewriter. They should be changed in every machine made so that big "O" and little "o"



and zero should all be on the same key. Now with zero and "p" on the same key there is confusion. Ten millions of typists lose a quarter of a millionth of a second of thought in deciding between the "p" key and the "o" key, when if painted as I want them, that time would be saved to humanity to say nothing of brain fag. L. R. G.

The Boston News Bureau, looking forward to "new forces of expansion," supplementary to "a well-rounded prosperity," mentions "growth of the infant industry and other romantic developments." P. N. E. writes to us: "We have always looked upon the growth of the infant industry as essential to good times and are glad to see that big business has taken cognizance of this fact, which they have very properly classed as a 'romantic development.'"

#### As the World Wags:

Since the spring of 1883 I have worked within a stone's throw, for a major league outfielder, of the post-office, and until now I have never seen the French statuary which is occupying so much newspaper space. This is a sad confession, but perhaps you can assure me that I am not singular, and there are others who do not see the things they ought to see.

X. Y. Z.

#### AN EPISODE

(For as the World Wags)

I had a friend—or I thought him so,  
And I had an enemy; that was sure.  
I fought the second, loved the first,  
For both my battlements held secure.

But the friend proved false, and the  
other true,  
For he fought me clean, he fought me  
fair,

While the friend proved weak when I  
thought him strong;  
I sought his hand, but I clutched the  
air.

The thrust of the spear to the willow's  
bend;  
I'll take the foe; you can have the  
friend.

CLEOPATRUS,

#### AGAIN, THE MAKEUP MAN

(Mobile Register)

#### FUNERAL DIRECTORS

WANTED—At once, oyster opener.  
Apply 102 Dauphin.

#### As the World Wags:

We have been very much interested in these parts in the influx of large black flies—it seems to be something quite unusual. In some closed rooms they have been swept up by the quart. What do they portend? They are quite lethargic with none of the friskiness of the ordinary house fly—we have heard of them as near Boston as Milton and are curious to know how far this pest has extended. Perhaps some of your correspondents have had the same experience.

J. W. MORGAN.

This reminds us of the old wheeze: "Where do flies go to in winter? They ought to go there in summer."—Ed.

#### By PHILIP HALE of the Earth"

Mr. Koussevitzky conducted the 17th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program comprised Mendel's Concerto Grosso for strings and Gustav Mahler's "Song of the Earth," which was performed for the first time, with Madame Charles Cahier, contralto, and George Maeder, tenor. Mahler's "Lied von der Erde," composed in 1908, was produced at Munich in November, 1911. He had died in May of that year. Madame Cahier, who first came to Boston as Mrs. Morris Black, sang the contralto music at Munich. The first performance in the United States was at Philadelphia in 1916.

The work is a symphony in six parts, for tenor and contralto (alternating), and orchestra. The text is taken from Hans Bethge's "The Chinese Flute," a collection of verses said to be written by Chinese poets of the 8th and 9th centuries. Whether Bethge's translations into German are not really paraphrases; whether he dealt with these poets as Fitzgerald treated Omar Khayyam is not known to us. It is said that Mahler changed the Chinese poems somewhat "to express one predominating idea, withdrawal from the world." As a young man he studied diligently German philosophical works, and in his later years of trials and disappointments, his philosophy was that of the pessimist. The sixth poem of the symphony is considered as the farewell to his artistic career, although he wrote two symphonic works after "The Song of the Earth." He is alone, he awaits death, yet the earth will still bloom, the sky will still be blue, when he has at last found rest.

Those who without undue prejudice judge Mahler, the composer, admitting his faults, discussing them at length, dwelling on undeniably fine qualities,

regard "The Song of the Earth" as the most complete, his highest achievement, though they assert that his artistic life was greater than his own musical works, which greatly planned, did not attain fulfillment and were often imitative. The sincerity of the composer was never doubted; the failure to secure that for which he strove, is therefore the more pathetic.

He was of an intensely nervous nature. His life as a conductor—and he was a great conductor—the feverish atmosphere of the opera house—his going from city to city until his ability was recognized in Vienna and later at the Metropolitan, the death of a dearly loved child, the fact that he was a Jew who had turned Catholic—these with musical intrigues and controversies from which he suffered, gave him no mental or aesthetic poise. It was his ambition to continue the work of men he revered, Beethoven and Wagner. In spite of his indisputable talent he was not the man to do this. In the nearer approaches to the ideal that was in his mind he was simply an imitator, not a convincing, not even a plausible one.

Boston has heard Mahler's second and fifth symphonies—huge "machines." What was found in them was found yesterday in "The Song of the Earth." Restlessness that at times became hysterical; reminders of Wagner, Berlioz, Strauss; melodies in folk-song vein, often naive, at times beautiful, but introduced as at random and quickly thrown aside; an over-employment of the wood-wind, used too often as solo instruments; passages for the brass which recall the fact that as a child Mahler delighted in military bands. Sudden changes from screaming outbursts to thin and inconsequential instrumentation; trivial moments when the hearer anticipated the movement of a country dance; diffuseness, prolixity that became boring; an unwillingness to bring speech to an end; seldom genuine power or eloquence; yet here and there measures that linger in the memory. There is appropriate lightness and fantastic instrumentation in the sections "Of Youth" and "The Drunkard in Spring-time." The mood of the final section, gray and sad, would be impressive if it were not sustained beyond endurance. It was of this finale that Adolf Weissman, who puts a high value on "The Song of the Earth," wrote: "It is an unforgettable experience to hear that 'Ewig' rendered by such a singer as Mme. Cahier in that mysterious, almost supernatural landscape... the farewell of a lonely spirit to a world in which it has dwelt as an alien."

What Weissman wrote of Mme. Cahier in Germany, may be said of her singing yesterday in Symphony Hall. It is seldom one hears in Boston a true contralto of so rich a voice, of so musical a nature, so alive to the spirit and significance of text and music. Mahler was more gracious in this work to the contralto than to the tenor; respecting more her voice in the orchestral accompaniment. Mr. Maeder, when Mahler allowed him, sang intelligently. Too often the part was not a grateful one. Mr. Koussevitzky spared no pains in the performance; gave the music its due importance, when it was important; the individual solos and the various orchestral ensembles great or only in sections of the orchestra would have pleased Mahler himself, who as a conductor was not easily satisfied.

After it is all over what is now in the memory: the concerto of Handel with that nobly serene and beautiful slow movement that only the superb Handel could have written; the singing of Mme. Cahier, with or without one's thought of Mahler; and the orchestra led by Mr. Koussevitzky.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will comprise: Martin's "La Symphonie"; Copland's Two Pieces for orchestra; Prokofiev's Violin concerto (Lea Luboshutz, violinist) and Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony.

#### METROPOLITAN

##### "The Home Towners"

A screen comedy, adapted by Addison Burkhardt and Murray Roth from George M. Cohan's stage play of the same name; photographed by Barney McGill, directed by Bryan Foy, and presented by Warner Brothers, as an all-talking Vitaphone production with the following cast:

Vic Arnold	Richard Bennett
Beth Calhoun	Doris Kenyon
P. H. Bancroft	Robert McWade
Mr. Calhoun	Robert Edeson
Mrs. Bancroft	Gladys Brockwell
Joe Roberts	John Mullan
Mrs. Calhoun	Vera Lewis
Wally Calhoun	Stanley Taylor
Casey, the butler	James T. Mack
Maid	Patricia Carson

Mr. Cohan, comedian, "hooper," playwright and producer, always a showman, evidently permitted few if any changes or cuts in the film-sound version of his stage piece. Here and there are signs of a too abrupt transition from scene to scene, as if a bit of footage had been clipped; but all in all the picture runs smoothly. It is 100 per cent.

## CATS AND GREAT MEN

The Springfield chapter of the Blue Cross Society, an organization for the relief of animals, now recommends, after deliberation for two years, that all kittens born in that city, save one in each litter, be destroyed. The society finds it difficult to place stray cats in the homes of Springfield. But who is to decide which kitten is to be saved? Who will judge unerringly? There is a musty proverb that in the dark all cats are gray. In the daytime, one kitten differeth from another in glory. One will be gay, sportive; another morose, repelling friendly advances, caring only for food. Yet this sullen kitten may grow up to be genial, handsome, an accomplished mouser, while the joyful kitten may develop selfishness and indifference toward its natural prey.

Why destroy the whole litter save one? It is not probable that the older cats could be taught lessons of birth control, but is that any reason for taking innocent lives? Think of the famous men who have cherished cats and sung their praise in verse and prose, or found comfort in their companionship: Montaigne, Cardinal Richelieu, Mohammed, Cowper, Gautier, Baudelaire, Anatole France, Champfleury—these are only a few. Think of the admirable ancient Egyptians. If a cat died a natural death in a private house all the inmates shaved their eyebrows; the bodies of the cats were embalmed and buried in sacred repositories; not only at Bubastis, for their mummies are to be found at Thebes, and other towns in Egypt. Think of the women who, dying, still cherished their cats by leaving money for their support, as Mrs. Harriet J. Ginty of Charlestown, who in 1913 left her estate, with a few exceptions, to Gen. William H. Oakes on the condition that he care for Dick and Patsy. There was Mrs. Liller Small Foudray of Rockland, Me., who provided

for her pet Bean: "He is to have the best of care, allowed to sleep on the table or window sill, and not left out of doors at all, and \$5 a month is for salmon, milk and meat. When he dies he is to have a white casket made and be buried in my lot, and a small stone put up for him costing \$20." We could cite earlier instances: Mme. Jeanne Felix of Paris, who in 1671 left 30 sous a month for her two cats; the woman mentioned by Drexellus, who bequeathed 500 ecus to her pet; the learned lawyer, P. J. Groshey, who, dying in 1785, left 24 livres for each year of his two surviving cats; the Englishwoman who, in 1828, bequeathed an annuity of five pounds to her Tib; let us not forget the Blackie of Benjamin F. Dille of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., who in 1908 came into a fortune of \$40,000.

Ladies of Springfield, have a heart; or at least establish a closed season for poor Puss.

"talking," assuredly. Even the Pullman porter opens his mouth to acknowledge Bancroft's orders about making up the berths on the train which is bringing him and Mrs. Bancroft from South Bend, Ind., to New York. These early scenes obviously are alien to the play, which naturally would open with the actual arrival of the Bancrofts in anticipation of Arnold's coming marriage to Beth. Here picturization saves dialogue, of which there is plenty to come.

"The Home Towners" is neither unduly lethargic nor exceptionally exciting. It is just a typical Cohan farce-comedy, with characteristic Cohan wit in its lines and ingenuity in extending complications already thick and apparently hopeless. There seems to be an anti-climax until one reflects that Bancroft had to find some way in which to make his apologies all-embracing. So, instead of ringing down the curtain a moment or two after he has broken down and admitted his errors, the action renews itself with his deliberate concealment of the pearls which Beth has returned to Arnold. Deliberate because by that ruse only could he toll every one concerned into one room, there to humble himself and to set aright a situation gone out of hand.

While the producers of this picture have stressed the presence of Richard Bennett in this cast, they must realize by now that Robert McWade stole the picture. As P. H. Bancroft, three times sheriff when he 'got his,' a man with a stubborn chin, a petulant, exasperating voice, rightly nick-named from youth "Pig-Head," Mr. McWade in the picture is Mr. McWade of the stage, simply repeating something he created. Invited by his life-long friend Arnold to come on to be best man at his wedding, he catechises, browbeats and insults that friend until he earns a slap in the face. Once in the wrong, he is too pig-headed to retreat. He digs his pit deeper with each utterance until he involves the entire Calhoun family, even his own wife, who knows him only too well.

When Arnold scolds him in order to draw a return slap, both feel better. But it takes a straight-from-the-shoulder broadside from Wally to bring him to his senses. A pin-head with a Main street mind, Wally calls him, and worse. A meddlesome, selfish old duffer he undoubtedly was, but he came through like a man, and the wedding was saved. Throughout, the acting per se was excellent. The vocalization was less even, yet satisfying in the main. The picture demonstrates that it can be done, better and better as experience teaches. The next great need will be greater care in casting.

One significant innovation in the week's program should be noted. When Giovanni Martinelli, operatic tenor, sang "Vesta la giubba" from "Pagliacci" in superb voice, Mr. Geissler and his orchestra picked up the accompaniment cleverly, discarding the canned musical synchronization. The effect was perfect.

W. E. G.

## 'LONDON' IS NEWMAN

Mr. Newman's Traveltalk in Symphony hall last night had for its subject "London." Even those in the very large audience who had been in that city and thought they knew it well—although the great town would take weeks to explore it thoroughly—learned much with Mr. Newman as a guide showing from the top of a motor bus hired by him for the occasion, streets, squares, churches, public buildings and life in the East end which they had never seen.

The audience was amazed at the crowds on the sidewalks, the enormous traffic, bus after bus, van after van. Mr. Newman had tried for many years to photograph the House of Peers but only succeeded in gaining permission last summer. Other photographs were shown for the first time. Had Petticoat Lane with its marketing crowd ever been put on the screen before? We doubt it.

There was respect for the old traditions, legends, anecdotal history. Thus the showing of the Cheshire Cheese was accompanied by the story that Dr. Johnson frequented it; but of late years it has been said that Johnson never ate, drank and argued there in his bow-wow manner. His tavern was the Mitre. Nor is the house called the Old Curiosity Shop, the one that Dickens immortalized; that one disappeared long ago.

One was again reminded that many of the statues and monuments in London are among the most hideous in the world; more hideous even than some in Boston. One was impressed by the unpretentious banks in the financial centre of the world; by the absence of skyscrapers and disturbers of sky-lines. The present Regent street made one mourn the old buildings for which the new ones are a poor substitute so far as individuality and distinction are concerned.

There were beautiful views of parks and buildings taken from spots found by Mr. Newman only last summer: views of the huge city taken from an airship; charming views of the Thames. If some shuddered at the sight of the axe and the block still kept in the Tower, they were more moved by the sight of homeless wretches sleeping on the Thames embankment, a striking contrast to the pomp and ceremony of colors presented, with marching evolutions of troops in the presence of King George. There was a heartily sympathetic response of the audience to Mr. Newman's wish for the King's speedy recovery.

Again was Mr. Newman fortunate in his descriptions, his information about historical incidents, given not as a schoolmaster, not as one who had hastily crammed on these subjects, but as one talking pleasantly with his friends about him. Pictures and talk were highly appreciated.

The Traveltalk will be repeated this afternoon. The subject next week, the last of the series, will be "England and Scotland."

P. H.

## Miss Angna Enters Pleases in Dance Program at Hotel Statler

#### By PHILIP HALE

Miss Angna Enters's compositions in dance form gave pleasure to an audience of good size in the ballroom of the Hotel Statler yesterday afternoon. The entertainment was in aid of the Talitha Cumi Home and Hospital. The program comprised "Geschichten aus dem Wiener Wald" (Johann Strauss), Feline (Debussy), Promenade (Waldteufel), Moyen Age (Frescobaldi), Antique a la Francaise (Gretzy), "Piano Music," Cake Walk (Mills), Bourree (Bach), Field Day (Souza), Queen of



Dec 8 1928

Some think that Molnar should have let the audience know at the end of "The Guardsman" whether the wife saw through the disguise of the husband from the moment he entered her sitting-room; or penetrated it later. It has been suggested that the critic, the house friend, had acquainted her with the jealous husband's plan to test her fidelity. According to the amusing conversation of her husband and the critic about her past, the husband had good reason to be suspicious. What was the precise nature of the critic's friendship for the actress? He told the husband he had never been one of her lovers in the past; he said nothing about the present; in other words he acted and spoke like a "perfect gentleman." Mr. Cossart, playing this part admirably bore a curious resemblance in features, body and speech to Georges Longy, for many years the first oboist of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Perhaps neither one would be pleased at this statement. Years ago before Edward the Seventh was King, it was reported by some newspaper that Henry James and the Prince of Wales were often mistaken the one for the other. This led the late George F. Babbitt, the brilliant paragrapher of The Boston Herald, to add this remark: "It's seldom that two men have such hard luck."

Is it not better for the spectators that they are left in doubt; that they are interested after the play as well as in the theatre? Last Monday night we heard the question forcibly discussed by some as they were leaving, and as we were near The Herald office, two men passed. They were talking excitedly: "I tell you she lied. She thought he was the Russian Prince." To whom the other shouted: "Bunk! She saw right through him. Don't you remember"—the rest was lost to us as they hurried on.

It matters not whether she lied, or proved herself a better actress than her husband, the comedy is amusing from the beginning to the end. That is, as it was acted by the excellent company. The jealousy of the husband concerning his histrionic art is as pronounced as his jealousy of his wife. Witness the scene in which she declares that she has seen a better Romeo in the stock company of some small town, while he tells her he has seen Camille far better portrayed. No, the husband does not think small beer of himself. How he rejoices in the fact that when he is not in a cast, even a creditor does not wish free tickets.

The scene in the box at the opera house with unseen singers in "Madama Butterfly" is effective; and not only by reason of the comedy in the back of the box. Does "Mama," the typical stage mother of an actress, Mme. Cardinal over again, exaggerate in her performance? Miss Alden as the slavey resists the temptation of playing as if in farce. We hear that the Theatre Guild has great hopes of her, even now, as an understudy for leading roles.

The appearance of Miss Henrietta Crosman as a guest at the St. James Theatre next Monday night should draw her many admirers to that playhouse. "Crashing Through," by Saxon King, was produced at the Republic Theatre, New York, on Oct. 29 of this year. Consuelo Poole, played there by Rose Hobart, a beautiful and serious young woman of the "upper circles," and Christopher Manson (Gavin Gordon) believe that true love and the function and duties of parents are weighty matters not to be entered into flippantly or rashly, but the Dowager Mrs. Poole (Miss Crosman) pooh-poohs their idea that the only way to avoid a divorce is not to marry.

The last time we saw Miss Crosman was with Mrs. Fiske, when the two appeared as the Merry Wives pursued by Mr. Skinner—Falstaff. How clear and significant was Miss Crosman's speech! How gracefully she bore herself even when she was most animated! Her performance was the high note of that production.

To some the most striking feature of La Arca's art is her use of the castanets. The ancients were acquainted with little brass cymbals, each pair so small that they could be played with the finger and thumb of each hand. (These cymbals are now used occasionally by modern composers.) The Moors brought them into Spain, but the cymbals were made of chestnut (castana). The peasants delighted in them and called them castanuelas. Mr. Forsyth in his book on Orchestration describes these castanets. "The left hand usually plays a simplified rhythm on a larger pair—known as 'macho,' the male, while the right hand plays the full dance rhythm on a smaller pair—known as 'hembra,' the female. . . . As a rule the dancers or their companions keep the castanet-rhythms going throughout the whole dance."

There are instances of castanets made of bone. Lepers have in old times been required to use castanets so that those passing in the street might shun the unfortunates. The sound of castanets has given signals in certain monasteries. The word has gone into French slang. It is said of a man with pipe-stem legs: "He shakes his castanets," when he would dance. The Spaniards had the same slang. "Castanetazo" expressed the cracking of a bone as the sound of a chestnut when it bursts in a fire. "To be like a castanet" is to be as "gay as a lark."

Mr. Koussevitzky will bring out on Dec. 21 Ernest Bloch's rhapsody "America" which won the \$3000 prize sponsored by Musical America. The rhapsody will be performed simultaneously by Boston Symphony orchestra, the N. Y. Philharmonic Society of New York, and the Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco Symphony orchestras (Mascagni's opera "Le Maschere" was performed simultaneously in seven Italian theatres on the evening of Jan. 7, 1901).

The title page of the rhapsody bears as a motto Walt Whitman's "O America, because you build for mankind, I build for you" and there is this dedication: "This symphony has been written in love for this country. In reverence to its past, in faith in its future, it is dedicated to the memory of Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman, whose vision upheld its inspiration."

The rhapsody is in three movements. I. 1620—the soil, the Indians, England, the Mayflower, the landing of the Pilgrims. II. An old southern song opens the movement. There are old reels, hornpipes, Stephen Foster's melodies—a tragic end; Whitman's "Captain." III. "Jazz, materialism, rush and nervous desperation are the keynotes of the beginning of the finale. There follow more idealistic and prophetic strains, and at last the anthem proclaiming with all the power of the orchestra: 'America! America!'"

Mr. Bloch hopes that "this anthem will become known and beloved, that the audience will rise to sing it, becoming thus an active and enthusiastic part of the work and its message of faith and hope."

The huge orchestra will include besides various drums, a gong, wood box, two anvils (one higher than the other, struck with a hammer), one steel plate (deep, struck with a heavy hammer), and one automobile horn (ad lib). "Ad lib"! Let us surely have this hq

Apropos of the efforts to re-establish the right of hissing and booing in our theatres when the play or the performance does not please the audience. One hundred years ago a comedy by Sheridan Knowles, "The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal-green," was produced at Drury Lane Theatre. After the spectators found that the play was growing worse and worse, there were hisses mingled with cries of "Off." Mr. Cooper stepped forward and said, when he was permitted to speak:

"Ladies and gentlemen, let me entreat your patient attention to this play. Do not, I beg of you, decide hastily or inconsiderately. Recollect that a production of this kind is not the work of a day. Suffer the play to proceed; and, at its conclusion, if your judgment be fairly against it, I pledge my honor that it shall be withdrawn." The temperate address produced partial order, but the opposition was renewed from time to time, and the curtain fell amidst a stunning contest. The view of old London bridge, painted by Stanfield, is the best thing in the piece, according to a contemporary judgment.

"Alice in Wonderland" will be the Christmas bill at the Repertory Theatre. The children's play by F. Saville Clarke, music by Walter Slaughter, was brought out as far back as 1886, revived several times in London, and not only in Christmastide. Apropos of the revival to come in Boston, the following paragraph from the Chicago Tribune should be of interest:

"You won't have many more months in which to add to your Coolidge stories, so we might give you this one which we plucked screaming from the New Yorker yesterday. It seems that Dr. Rosenbach, who recently bought the original 'Alice of Wonderland' manuscript, was invited to luncheon at the White House, and afterward he showed the treasure to the President and also exhibited a copy of the rare 1865 edition, which was recalled by Lewis Carroll after it was printed because he was dissatisfied with the illustrations. 'This,' said Dr. Rosenbach, holding it up proudly, 'is the famous suppressed issue of the book!' And our President, who had been looking on silently, was moved to comment. 'I did not know,' he said, 'there was anything off color about 'Alice in Wonderland.'"

Another entertaining play for children should be "The Rose and the Ring" taken by Christabel Marillier from Thackeray's story. Children in Boston have already seen Tony Sarg's version for puppets. We doubt if players of flesh and blood could be more amusing. It has been suggested that W. S. Gilbert might have taken hints from Thackeray's story, "even down to the elderly lady of faded charms in search of a husband."

A London critic said that Miss Marillier's play was the first "Rose and the Ring." He erred; there was S. Clarke's dramatization (1890) and Mary Haynis' (1878). The latter was brought out at Dublin, as a comic opera.

Mr. Sydney W. Carroll saw the film play "The Infamous Lady." "There was a blackmail bribe of ten thousand pounds, but what became of the money I could not make out. Possibly it went to the publicity agent."

P. H.

Heaven (Gautier de Comail, Le Petit Berger (Debussy), The Yellow Peril (Beethoven), Contra Danse (Beethoven).

The art of Miss Enters is chiefly pantomimic. When she dances, she dances gracefully, though the peasant girls of Auvergne would have footed the Bourree heavily and been less refined in movements. As her art is chiefly pantomimic, it demands for enjoyment and appreciation a small hall or theatre where the expression of her eyes and the play of her face are brought close to the spectator. She has composed carefully the little sketches, widely different in character. She can be a young girl, loathing piano practice and dreaming uneasily of a sweetheart; she can imitate the walk and physical exercises of a girl scout on field day. If she can give the impression of sanctity, she can also show, as in the "Cake Walk," the leering, lubricious girl of the cheap dance hall in search of prey; or the more refined Parisian waiting impatiently for a man.

It was a pleasure to note that the "Cake Walk" was the sketch that appealed the most intimately to the audience yesterday, for it was repeated in answer to the enthusiastic applause. "Field Day" would also have been repeated if Miss Enters had been willing. Her "Feline"—an imitation of a cat—has provoked extraordinary praise, fine writing in other cities; but as Agesilaus said of the man who imitated a nightingale: "We have heard the nightingale," so one might say of Miss Enters crouching and leaping: "I have seen a cat." Her Viennese dancer was more to our mind than her "Feline" or her stained glass "Moyen Age."

Miss Enters as a mime has expressive eyes that can be provocative or saintly, a mobile face, a trim figure. She is first of all a pantomimist. Ranked purely as a dancer, her "art" is negligible.

#### SUSAN METCALFE CASALS

Susan Metcalfe Casals, soprano, accompanied by Lester Hodges, sang this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall: O del mio dolce ardor, Gluck; Le Violette, A. Scarlatti; In questa tomba oscura, Beethoven; Non so più cosa son, Mozart; An die Musik, Die Junge Nonne, Abschied, Gott im Frühling, Nacht und Traume, Gretchen am Spinnrad, Schubert; El Mirar de la Maja, Mananica, La Maja dolorosa, El Majo discreto, Granados; Soir, Clare de Lune, Nell, Faure; Einerung, Botschaft, Brahms.

When she sang frequently in public, not so many years ago, Mme. Casals stirred the admiration of the most exacting by means of her sound musicianship. By the mere sound of her voice she pleased not so many people.

Yesterday, however, Mme. Casals sang often with very beautiful tone

To her highest notes, indeed, she has not yet brought roundness, or body to the lowest. But a medium register of remarkable richness Mme. Casals has developed. So much for the power of musicianliness working arm in arm with intelligence!

It is curious, nevertheless, that a singer so notably intelligent as Mme. Casals should not recognize that the system of technique on which she founds her faith is no sound system. In the way of technique she likes, Mme. Casals of course has acquired mastery; a woman so able would not do less. But still it does not enable her to meet certain demands which her fine musician-ship must make on her.

Though she feels with rare sensitivity the line of a melody, too often, because of faulty breath management, she is forced to cut the line short. Rhythm, as in the dotted notes of Schubert's "Young Nun," she cannot always lend full value; inept technique hampers her. She cannot in every case, her acute ear notwithstanding, attain the brilliancy that comes from a fineness of intonation that goes almost beyond accuracy. Pianissimo effects planned with exquisite taste Mme. Casals cannot feel sure of putting into perfect execution.

Were she not a singer richly endowed, these unhappy defects, shared by the rank and file of singers, would not matter. But Mme. Casals sings great music in a great manner. Musicianliness, taste, imagination, power—all these rare virtues she possesses. If only she would acquire the technique that would enable her to add that final touch of musicianship which of course she knows should be there, then behold a singer of songs second to none.

Mme. Casals was warmly applauded yesterday.

R. R. G.

#### AUDUBON OFFERINGS

(For As the World Was)

Hast ever had a Dovekie in thy home?  
Greeted the Kittiwake at blushing dawn.  
Or sighed at evening for the Roseate Tern?

Hast ever dallied with the Pied-billed Grebe,  
Played with the Puffin or the Gull-mot,  
Or hunted Brunnich's Murre-Herring Gull?

There are who sing the Razor-billed Auk,  
The gulls of Sabine or of Bonaparte,  
And some who celebrate the Common Tern.

Dec 8 1928



For me the Great Blue Heron of the marsh  
("Fly-up-the-Crick, the Southron name he bears).  
The Snowy Egret or the Glaucous Gull.  
But thou mayst purchase, whatso'er thy taste,  
All these, two dollars down, from Audubon.  
They're in His Calendar for '29.  
JOSELYN.

#### LA ARGENTINA

As the World Wags:  
To raise an art to its highest dignity is what every great artist should try to accomplish. La Argentina in her dances at Symphony hall portrayed the beauty and picturesqueness of Spanish dancing as only a great dancer can portray.  
The Spanish dance, as a rule, can be monotonous to the outsider, inasmuch as it is so intensely national in flavor and so completely unknown at its best outside of its own environment; also because of its subtle nature and the lack of obvious appeal that it found in our modern jazz or tum-tum dances.  
La Argentina is a great example to all dancers who are striving for real beauty. She has raised her art to the height of art that conceals art. She has created in our minds an impression of perfect harmony of thought and sense. May she continue to inspire us; and may those of us who are groping along the road of art be again privileged to enjoy her example.  
We owe a debt of gratitude to her native Spain.  
MARIA DE A. SARGENT.

Speaking last Saturday of changes in the names of persons and places, we mentioned Cascadeville in the Adirondacks formerly known, and for many years, as "Edmund's Pond." The lino-type corrected us and changed "Pond" to "Park."

This "pond" was near the house where Edmund—or was it "Edmond"—lived, hunted and fished. In his old age he found pleasure in the pranks and the speech of his grandson. The boy's mother asked him one day to bring in some chips for the fire. "Go to hell, old woman, and get your own chips." The grandfather chuckled and said, "Good boy, Ascl; you're a chip of the old block."

That the people of the stage have changed their names as La Argentina, is not surprising. (We are not speaking of their marital transfers and promotions.) But why should Sadie Schwartz, who figured prominently last week at a concert of the Schubert Memorial, Inc., be known professionally as "Sadah Strucari"? There have been excellent musicians named Schwartz—Joseph in Germany; Alexander in Russia. Or he might have succeeded as Sarah Black. Black is a good name. Did not Mme. Charles C. who sang so finely at the Symphony concert last Friday, first come to Boston as Mrs. Morris Black, the name of her first husband? The novels by William Black were once popular. Adam Black was a power in the world of publishers. Jeremiah Black cut a figure in American politics and at the bar, a controversialist so violent that his writings were said to belong to "the spittoon order of literature."

Even press agents and less paid lonate writers for the newspapers sometimes make surprising statements. We read the other day that Jane Cowl was born "Bailey"; but was not her father Charles A. Cowles? That Fairbanks was born "Levitzi," but theatrical records say his father was John Fairbanks. It is well known that some opera singers have taken their stage names from towns, as Mme. Albani, Mme. Melba, Ancona.

Edward MacDowell once said to us that an American composer would fare better with orchestral conductors if he would change his name to something ending in "sky" or "ski."

Marriage is like eating mushrooms—you never know if you are safe until it is too late.—M. A. B. King, Hamilton.

No newspaper can give young people a true view of life.—The Rev. R. L. Hussey.

#### A GOOD HATER

(Ad in Huntsville, Mo., Herald)  
I forbid any Republican or Hoover Democrat from hunting on my farm and will prosecute them to the full extent of the law. Signed—Jim Baker.

#### ADD "PREMATURE DEATHS"

(Dexter, Me., Gazette)  
The neighbors and friends of ——— were grieved to learn of ——— death which occurred Friday night at ——— hospital, where she went the following

#### Tuesday for an operation

(Nocturnal Litteraria)

Death of "Willy" (Gauthier-Villars)  
The author of a thousand celebrated puns vegetables ungratefully forgotten. He was only drawn from oblivion by a broadcaster who recently announced his death. The speaker received a telegram some days afterwards, signed Willy; "Willy dead premature news; my compliments." Mark Twain made a still better answer to the report of his death.

#### As the World Wags:

Don't tout Ireland to me any more. Ireland may be heaven, but a country where you can shoot an Englishman for five bucks is heaven enough for me.  
JOE DOKES.

#### FOR ONE WITH A GUARDED HEART

Out to meet love I went.

The river lay quiet waiting to bear the moon on her breast.  
The willow trees trailed their fingers idly in the water's coolness.  
And the peach blossoms gave their fragrance to the night wind who was kind enough not to ruffle the river.

And you can say, with cold eyes, that I should not have met love as I did.

It might be well if you walked out some evening to watch the river awaiting the moon.

JEANNE DE LAMARTER.

R. H. L., moved by a paragraph in the London Express, writes: "A man came into a tobacco shop and bought a package of cigarettes. The clerk gave him the change, but the Scotsman (for such was his nationality) counted it and recounted it, hesitating so long and dubiously over it that the clerk said: 'That's the right change, isn't it?' 'Only just,' said the Scotsman, walking sadly away."

#### By PHILIP HALE

Paul Whiteman and his concert orchestra were at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows:

Introduction—Yes, Jazz is a Savage  
Sugar—Nicholas Asci and Yellin  
Gypsy—Gilbert, Malneck and Sinnerelli  
Tiger Rag—La Rocco  
(Scored by George Gershwin)  
Ror Barry, soloist  
Just Like a Melody Out of the Sky—Donaldson  
Valse Inspiration (saxophone solo)—Hazlett  
Chester Hazlett, soloist  
Melancholy Baby—Norton  
Metropolis (first performance)—Fergie Grofe  
Band Divertissement—Fergie Grofe  
Free Air—Variations based on noises from a garage—Fergie Grofe  
Wilbur Hall and Woodwind Choir  
Request Numbers.  
Chiquita—Gilbert and Wayne  
American Tune—Henderson

The program was enlarged in acknowledgment of the enthusiasm of the very large audience.

It might be thought impertinent at this late day to dwell upon Mr. Whiteman's control of his admirable musicians, "virtuosi," one should say, or to praise again the remarkable precision, rhythm and quick response to every indication of a nuance indicated by the conductor. There are few conductors who have both this authority and this magnetism; few conductors who are so fortunate in their players.

Does any one say, "Yes, but these men play only jazz." How many of our symphony orchestras could play jazz so well? There is good jazz as well as bad jazz, as there are good symphonies and poor ones. There's no use in denying the influence of jazz on many contemporaneous composers of symphonic works, who have thus learned rhythmic and instrumental effects that were before unknown to them. Nor is the "frenzy" of jazz to be despised; it cheers the spirit, provokes joy, lets loose the primitive instincts that are in us all, strips off the masks from smug, orthodox citizens, and reveals them as human beings after all.

The pity of it is that one hears too much jazz of a poor quality; impertinent jazzing of classic works; or tunes of a mawkish sentimentalism jazzed none too dexterously. One cannot, unfortunately, hear Mr. Whiteman's band every day. There are not many Loeflers, Krenekis, Stravinskys, Debussys, Ravels, Gershwins, Grofes, Hills who have recognized successfully the possibilities of being truly musical in this form.

And composers in the so-called classic forms might borrow instruments for their works from a jazz band. The percussion section for symphonic employment has been increased in number and variety within the last dozen years. Who would not like to hear a saxophone played in a symphony or symphonic poem with the beautiful haunting tone and brilliant technic displayed by Mr. Hazlett yesterday? Why should there not be a set of saxophones in symphonic orchestras? It is seldom one

hears in our concerts the impressive though subdued effects from the trombones that were heard yesterday. William Wallace wrote a book some years ago entitled "The Threshold of Music," arguing that the world of music had not yet been thoroughly explored; that the art was only in its childhood. May not this be said of instrumental effects that at present are heard only from "jazz" bands? The skill of the individual players was yesterday fully appreciated; among them were Messrs. Barge, the pianist, in the concerto and Mr. Hazlett, saxophonist.

The Radcliffe Choral Society, G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor, gave a concert yesterday afternoon at the Repertory Theatre, its first public concert in Boston. It had the assistance of a very good string orchestra, Hildegard Livingston, concertmaster, and of Amelia E. Tataronis, accompanist.

In the chorale from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," with which the concert began, the Radcliffe singers showed at once many excellent qualities. They sing with unusual purity of intonation. They maintain good, if never very powerful tone; nobody is to blame because there are none of those alto singers available with voices of baritone quality who are worth their weight in gold in a women's chorus. They have developed, at the hands of their conductor, a commendable neatness of attack and release, and a highly desirable legato style. Technically, indeed, they have learned to sing well.

On the small scale, furthermore, which their small volume of tone entails, they have learned to sing with spirit, with differentiation of mood. Two carols by Peter Warlock in the ancient style, "Balulalow," and "Tyrley Tyrlo"—both mighty sophisticated, the other no more than insipid—the chorus sang excellently. Better still they sang "A Carole for Christmas Day," better music, for its composer Byrd, a man of rare melodic gift, was leading his voices in a fashion natural to him, not sought. In this graceful carol Mrs. Henry T. Dunbar and Miss Nina Wallace sang solos.

Mr. Woodworth completed the first part of the program with rounds and madrigals, two from "Pammelia"; "The Nightingale" and "Oken Leaves," Wilbye's "Weep, O Mine Eyes," and "Come, Sirrah Jack Ho," by Weelkes, in which last ditty the ladies gaily extolled the charms of tobacco. The world will never agree; some people dote on these trifles of Elizabeth's time, others cannot abide them. From women's voices, at all events, they sounded not so empty as from men's.

For his main offering Mr. Woodworth set forward Hecuba's Lament, from Euripides's "Trojan Women," music by Holst. To the orchestra of strings and piano Holst gave measures that, by color and turn of melody, suggested a sombre atmosphere, a mild air of tragedy. To convey the poignancy of Hecuba's lamentations he must have put his trust in the grave timber of a contralto voice, for he furnished that voice with but oddly feeble music, melodically mean and by no means expressive of the emotions raging.

His chorus he treated no more considerably. Losing in noise and violence all suggestion of strength of desperation, Holst contrived music neither dramatic nor classically Greek. Miss Nancy Loring, by means of intelligence and a smooth voice of quality, did well with music in need of art like Mme. Cahier's to make it effective.

The chorus ended their concert with three excerpts from Bach secular cantatas. Though very well sung they served chiefly to prove the fact already known, that even Bach could write dull music.

But what could Mr. Woodworth provide that would be better? Why do not he and Mr. Davison, recognizing the truth of the scripture statement to the effect that God made them male and female, join the forces and thus have at their command a fine mixed chorus for which good music has been written without end?

R. R. G.

#### THE PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

Yesterday afternoon, in the ballroom of the Hotel Statler, the People's Symphony orchestra gave its seventh concert of the season before a large and appreciative audience, Theophil Wendt conducted.

To honor the memory of Emil Mollenhauer, the first conductor of the orchestra, who died Dec. 10, 1927, the program opened with Grieg's Elegiac melody for strings, "Last Spring." This was very well played; to Mr. Wendt's sensitive reading, the strings brought remarkable sweetness of tone, delicate nuance and precision. This was indeed a fitting tribute.

In Mendelssohn's "Hobdies" overture more frequently known as "Fingal's Cave," it became apparent that the orchestra and the new conductor, with better understanding of each other, are making great progress. The response of the orchestra to the conductor's wish was sensitive and sympathetic; attacks were better; the wood wind sections seemed less tremulous than previously

(especially in entries). The strings are being welded into an excellent unity. Mr. Wendt, too, seems more at ease. His rhythms are more elastic, and there is both more vigor and more delicacy in his interpretations.

Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, naturally, fared less well; its very lightness demands more polished playing than the orchestra is yet capable of.

Gerald Warburg, cellist, was heard as soloist in Saint-Saens's concerto in A minor. His sonorous, sweet tone, and musically phrasing won him much applause.

The program closed with Holst's North African suite, "Beni Mora." This made such a success when it was first played at a previous concert of the People's Symphony this season, that it was repeated today, by popular request.

Next week's program is announced as follows: Wagner's "Faust" overture; Liszt's symphonic poem, "Orpheus"; Paderewski's piano concerto in A; Dvorak's symphony in G. Constance McGlinchic will be the soloist. E. B.

#### WASHINGTON ST. OLYMPIA AND FENWAY THEATRES

##### "Mother Knows Best"

A screen drama based on Edna Ferber's story, adapted by Marion Orth, directed by John G. Blystone, and presented by William Fox with the following cast:  
Sally Quail ..... Madge Bellamy  
Mrs. Quail ..... Louise Dresser  
Bert Willis ..... Barry Norton  
Max Kingston ..... Albert Gran  
Bessie ..... Joy Auburn  
Ben ..... Stuart Edwin  
"Pa" Quail ..... Lucien Littlefield

This is almost a great picture. Almost, because unfortunately and without any legitimate reason, it is marked by several weaknesses which might have been met and overcome. Running for one hour and 40 minutes, it follows, until near the end, Miss Ferber's terse and biting exposition of a selfish, ambitious mother's dominance over the plastic, yielding mind and will of a talented daughter; of that mother's determination that the daughter shall achieve in the theatre those things which she herself might have achieved had she not been cheated by a loveless marriage to a spineless shop-keeper; of her ceaseless vigilance, her cunning subterfuges, to prevent thoughts of romance, love, marriage, children, from interfering with and perhaps terminating the daughter's glittering stage career.

Miss Ferber's story began and ended with Sally Quail's funeral, tragic yet pathetic, thanks to the mother, triumphant to the end. In the picture Sally, though very ill, does not die. The boy-lover, crippled in the war, returns to her bedside, the mother makes a quick mental turnabout, fawns on the youth she had made every honest and dishonest effort to crush, and in unconvincing words admits that she was wrong, that Sally is entitled to her chance to love and be loved. It is in these sequences, too, that dialogue, written by that meteoric playwright, Eugene Walter, is interpolated, and spoken by the physician, unnamed, and by Miss Dresser, Miss Bellamy and Mr. Norton. Though thus voiced, it is no more effective than "The d—d little fool," which any alert observer may catch from Miss Dresser's pursed lips in an earlier silent scene.

Though handicapped by dull and blurred photography save in the close-up, Miss Dresser, a character actress of intelligence and individuality, is able to present a strong, sustained portrayal of the militant mother, superbly defiant though little Sally has just "flopped" in her amateur try-out; guiding her through the hardships of cheap vaudeville circuits and stranded road shows; fighting for every inch of advantage with hard-boiled New York managers; pleading, ranting, feigning illness, anything to hold her dominance over the girl. Miss Bellamy made Sally a pathetic figure, loyal to her mother, soft and yielding when in the presence of the boy, Bert, hungering for motherhood as she fondles Bessie's chubby baby, dramatic in her hysteria when she revolts at that too oft-repeated phrase, "Mother knows best." Her imitations of Sir Harry Lauder and of the late Anna Held wear far from inspired. She did give, throughout her performance, a remarkable impersonation of that world-famous imitatrice in whose peculiar stage career Miss Ferber is said to have found inspiration for her story. Mr. Norton, with his dimpled smile, was admirable in his devotion to Sally. The role is so marked by its spirit of abnegation and by lack of assertiveness that it is difficult to play. W. E. G.

#### NETOCO-CASINO

Two feature pictures are shown at the new Netoco-Casino this week. One, "Show Girl," with Alice White as Dixie Dugan, heroine of J. P. McEvoy's humorous narrative of the rapid rise of a pert and plucky little stenographer to a music hall eminence on Broadway, has had been presented previously in this city. The other, "South of Panama," is new here. It has Carmelita Geraghty as Philo McCullough as featured play-hesta, I give a



tells of two small South American republics, a gun-runner who stirs up for profits, a young traitor who comes an honest citizen, a fascinating girl who aids his reformation. There is much relieving comedy in the film. Four vaudeville acts also are on the week's program.

John Erskine, having acquainted with the private life of Helen of Troy, explained how Galahad gained reputation, now gives us the true story of Ulysses and his wanderings to the topless towers of Ithaca were told. His story is entitled "Penelope's Story." The publishers are the Bobbs-Lippincott Company.

Dr. Erskine is irreverent in his treatment of the hero, his comrades, the fair women of the islands, Nausicaa and Penelope herself, he is only one of a long line, beginning with Lucian who compared not the gods of Greece, and including the parodists of the "Aeneid" and Melville and Halevy, the joyous brethertists of "La Belle Helene." Do not come insist that Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida" was written in mockery of Chapman's translation of "Homer." And so that tragi-comedy has been acted in France as well as England in burlesque vein. Yet there was a French gentleman who, passing a statue of Jupiter in Rome, doffed his hat, saying: "Who knows but he will come back some day?"

Penelope's man. There were commentators, writing in Greek and in French, who laughed at Penelope "the chaste" and said that all her suitors during the absence of Ulysses were her men. These grave writers made bold to call Pan the son of the unwelcome guests who wasted the substance of Ulysses. The curious about important matters should read Meville's notes on the Epistles of Ovid, or the analysis of Penelope's character by the celebrated Mr. Bayle. Dr. Erskine does not refer to these blackeners of the patient Penelope. She hardly appears in his story, though the women with whom Ulysses sojourned were curious about her. At the end our author shows her of a nagging disposition, uncomfortably adroit in her questions about the adventures of Ulysses, who failed to account satisfactorily for his long absence. No wonder Euryclea told him he ought never to have come home. "You should have seen the beautiful world, all the splendid men and women, the nymphs and the goddesses who live, they say, in the wide ocean. We grow old fast, and there are so many things. But nothing away in his boat; sneaked away, with the glorious words that Tennyson put into his mouth.

There is this to be said about Ulysses. He frankly told the bold and importunate maidens of the Lotus folk, Calypso, Circe "the pig woman," Nausicaa, that he was a married man. It was natural that they should question him about his wife. When Lucian carried a letter from Ulysses—he met him in the Elysian Fields—to Calypso, she talked much concerning that hero and put several questions about Penelope: how she looked; whether she was actually such a picture of virtue as Ulysses had boasted of her. To which we gave such answers as we supposed would be most agreeable to her. In the letter, Ulysses said that he regretted leaving her, and hoped, if he could escape, to see her again.

Dr. Erskine calls Homer the best friend of Ulysses, for he made a hero out of him. Eumaeus is quoted as saying that Ulysses never carried a thing through; like his mother, he lacked the courage of his convictions. Euryclea told him on his return that he should go back to those women of his or find some others, or follow a new war; anything so long as he wasn't afraid. "I'll stay at home. That takes courage, too," said the much-enduring Ulysses.

We first meet Dr. Erskine's Ulysses, as, planning the wooden horse, disguised, he enters Troy to learn how to open the gates. Agamemnon told him not to hurry. "I know the ship's carpenter, the horse won't be ready." In Troy he is about to be arrested as a spy, but Helen, though she recognizes him, disarms suspicion. They talk in a free and delightful manner. When he told that the Trojans were humdrum characters but Paris was an exception, part in replied: "I don't know—when you tell to know him, he wasn't so different. When Ulysses was back in the box, he said to Menelaus: 'By the steel plow, met your wife. She's looking well,' and told Agamemnon 'I was up to her old tricks: she was buying one of her rugs. If I see it, she made love to me.'"

Then began his surprising adventures. The older lotus eaters seemed proud of their rotundity. Penelope, he recalled, had "severe things to say of middle-aged husbands, who permitted themselves to get out of training." Daphne, a charming creature, loved him and told him so and acted so in a manner that almost shocked Ulysses who said he was married and essentially a man's man. He might have stayed there and been a king, but when he learned that as soon as she knew there was a child, he was to die, and showed a grave ready for him, he rowed away though he admitted to her: "That's a finer grave than I ever hoped for. You've omitted nothing for my comfort."

Circe was inclined to turn him away. "You're the first tramp that's gone through here in several months, and I'll say you're no credit to the profession," but she let him remain and gave him the pigs to feed. When, washed up, he spoke of his infant son and lonely wife she asked him if he would have more soup or should she bring on the meat. They talked of social convention between men and women. She asked him why he didn't go back to his wife. "Every day I keep you here, supplying you with food and mild distraction, I think how grateful she'll be," for he was of the good-for-nothing kind who had persuaded Penelope that he was going to be somebody. Circe talked of the higher life, loved him in her way and put up a lunch for him when he departed.

Parthenope was the only one of the Sirens that sang. Leucosia was a teller of stories. Ligeia had no special talent. They discussed the Trojan war. Ulysses said that the high command of the Greeks might be criticized, but the war was for a principle—"that's why it attracts attention among the thoughtful and well-informed." The sisters were lovers of ideal beauty. "It's the family temperament," said Parthenope, who had a marvelous voice, but Ulysses was hungry and the bean jar held bones.

Calypso, of the handsome face and superb body, welcomed him. He told her that women were too preoccupied with sex. She agreed with him that little reticence is left in the world. They argued about marriage and children. He wanted one by him. Two sons were born, but Ulysses thought he ought to be getting back; he would like to stay longer but Calypso wasn't enthusiastic about the idea. Penelope might need him. "I'd be troubled to think I was selfishly keeping you."

Nausicaa would have married him. Her mother comforted her; he was too old for her and there was talk about him before the war. When Nausicaa was 32 a son of Circe was washed ashore in a shipwreck. Nausicaa had expected Calypso as the mother. "She didn't place Circe." There were many questions about the boy's parents. A boat was ready for the youth. When Nausicaa was about 38 she could understand Circe; but when a son of Calypso was thrown on the beach in a squall, and he spoke of his next younger brother, she ordered the guard to cut his throat though he was a pale copy of Ulysses.

#### COLONIAL THEATRE

##### "The Houseboat on the Styx"

A new musical comedy in two acts, with 11 scenes, the book, based on characters and incidents in John Kendrick Bangs's "The Houseboat on the Styx," written by Kenneth Webb and John E. Hazzard; music and lyrics by Monte Carlo and Alma E. Sanders; staged by Oscar Eagle, and produced by Ned Jakobs with the following cast:

Charon	Peacock	Sam Act
Ponce de Leon	Blanche Ring	
Queen Elizabeth	Virginia Watts	
Salome	Jessie Graff	
Mrs. Noah	Marjorie O'Brien	
Sapho	Pauline Dee	
Lucetta Rector	Helen Arden	
Queen of Sheba	Georgia Gwynne	
Delilah	Marion Stuart	
Helen of Troy	Hal Fosse	
Josephine	William Danforth	
Sir Walter Raleigh	John E. Hazzard	
Capt. William Kidd	Albee MacKenzie	
Cleopatra	Cliff Heckinger	
George Washington	Johnny Fields	
Napoleon	Harry Bates	
P. T. Barnum	Barry Herman	
Neptune	John Osborne	
Shakespeare	Richard MacAfee	
Morgan	Johnny Fields	
Columbus	Cliff Heckinger	
Noah	Charles Gibby	
Sherlock Holmes		

For a craft which had weathered only four trial trips, "The Houseboat on the Styx," freighted with nearly a score of principals and at least three score souls of more than ordinary cargo value, covered herself with glory last night in her maiden trip to Boston. In other words, this new musical comedy, produced by a man hitherto known chiefly as one competent to stage shows for other folks, prepared by artisans already experienced in the ways of stage story, verse and melody, and performed by a cast including more than

a half-dozen singers and comedians well known and well liked these several years, scored as certain a hit as its sponsors had hoped it might. Given a fortnight of mild pruning, slight polishing, "The Houseboat on the Styx" should proceed to New York under its own power and stirring up a lively wake.

John Kendrick Bangs's whimsical book of historic personages dwelling by the "misty Stygian river" languished full many a year before two restless minds, in search of a new story for a musical comedy, realized that in that same book lay a rich treasure house of humor, ready to be turned to the uses of the stage. These two men, Kenneth Webb and John E. Hazzard, labored earnestly and well. Monte Carlo and Alma E. Sanders, who several years ago fitted "Tangerine" to Julia Sanderson, Frank Crumit and Frank Lalor, now aided with lyrics and score. It must have been a happy task to which they set themselves, for the sum total spells an evening of hilarity, crisply comic dialogue, and more tunes embodying lively rhythm and actual melodies than may be culled from three average pieces of similar character.

How restful to have the first curtain rise on a tableau, Charon guiding his little ferry, singing his ode to the Styx as Bertram Peacock could sing it, vibrantly, sincerely. From then on, to greet Miss Ring as Queen Elizabeth, smiling gaily despite her cumbersome square-sailed gowns, resourceful comedienne of old; Hal Fosse as Sir Walter Raleigh, cloak and all; William Danforth, finding his first substantial opportunity since his last appearance in Gilbert and Sullivan operetta; Jessie Graham, a robust and reminiscent Mrs. Noah; Sam Ashe as Ponce de Leon, preferring hades to heaven because of a woman, and Mr. Hazzard himself, as Capt. William Kidd, now less a pirate than a respectable bootlegger. These have been favorites for many seasons; as such they were welcomed and as fully did they satisfy. Less easily identified was Miss MacKenzie, singing the prima donna role as a rather youthful and harmless Cleopatra. Of the many others, all were animated by one motive, to please and to "put the show over."

The various settings were picturesque, befitting. The costumes, those of the ladies and gentlemen who made history centuries ago, those of the ensemble, engaged as dancing girls or terrible pirates, were invariably attractive, frequently noteworthy for novel coloring. The first act is the more animated of the two. Here the lines abound in racy wit, sometimes overstressed. "When ever Queen Bess likes a man she knights him," explained Sir Walter to De Leon. "And, oh, what nights!" exclaims Bess aside. The more tuneful numbers include "The Fountain of Youth," "My Heaven," the club song, "Red River," "The Rollcall in the Morning." The singing was splendid throughout. It was a delight to be able to hear a cleverly composed lyric, word for word. The male choruses were exceptionally spirited and sonorous. Mauriane and Norva in an adagio number and Mr. Jordan, Miss Clark, Miss Olsen and Miss Humphreys as specialty dancers were agile. Mr. Hilding Anderson directed the orchestra in a score refreshingly free from jazz; written rather to fit the picture and the moment, sanely, imaginatively. "The Houseboat on the Styx" deserves long life, and a merry one.

W. E. G.

#### ST. JAMES THEATRE

##### "Crashing Through"

A comedy in three acts by Saxon Kling with Henrietta Crosman. The cast: Phillis ... George R. Taylor Jones ... George L. Taylor Canale ... Adrienne Earle The Dowager, Mrs. Peter ... Henrietta Crosman Martha Jefferson ... Louise Black Richard Jefferson ... Don Reddie Christopher ... John W. H. Another work ... La Harp Peter Pool ... Thomas McKim H. Teresa ... Jessamine Newcomb Adeline ... John H. Bishop ... Richard Smith

Pray let all lovers of good acting betake themselves this week to the St. James Theatre, there to see Henrietta Crosman play a role that might have been written for her; perhaps it was.

A delightful portrait, in any case, and one at quite full length, she presented last night of an old lady of quality, a leader of society in New York. A richly human old lady it was she set forth, a woman who made no bones of raising her voice when impatience stirred her. She bullied her servants; they adored her. She rated her smartly disreputable kin in language mightily plain; they dated on her, one and all. Small wonder.

A woman warm of heart and of very good head, Miss Crosman found no difficulty in portraying her with the utmost vividness. She is endowed with imagination to show her how a woman of the type would behave, with a highly skilled technique to enable her to do triumphantly as her imagination directs her.

Not every actress nevertheless though blessed with imagination and with technique as well, could achieve Miss Crosman's rare feat of last night. For Miss Crosman, if you please, impersonating a great lady, avoided every one of the tiresome airs and graces beloved by the usual "grande dame" of the stage. Distinction she suggested without this aid, in every inflection of her delicious voice, in every shade that passed over her charming face. In all her graceful motions. A rare old lady she made indeed, handsome as a picture, distinguished from sole to crown.

Let lovers of acting, flock to see her. She is on the stage nearly all the time.

They will see as well a serious, reasonably successful attempt at an idealistic play of modern social conditions, couched in language very colloquial. Four "grass" widow men and women amusingly depicted they will also see, and a pair of lovers set forth with sincerity. A large audience showed great pleasure last night.

R. R. G.

#### BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The second program of the Monday evening series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitsky, conductor, was given last night at Symphony hall. It included Prokofiev's "Classical" Symphony, Debussy's "Prelude a L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," "The Dance of Salome," from Strauss's opera and Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony.

This was a program admirably designed to exhibit the peculiar gifts of the conductor, and the remarkable skill of the excellent body of musicians under him. One might complain that the arrangement of the program could have been improved. "Salome's Dance," with its furiously excited ending, seemed a little out of place just before the Beethoven Symphony, even though an intermission separated them. And disregarded was Beethoven's plaintive note about the "Eroica": "If it be performed too late, there is danger that it will not produce on the audience, whose attention will be already wearied by preceding pieces, the effect which the composer purposed in his own mind to attain."

Mr. Koussevitsky risked the weariness of the audience, but it must be admitted that the effects he strives for, while not always according to tradition, seldom allow the audience to lose interest in what is happening. His reading of the "Eroica," is not free from exaggeration, but it is stirring and majestic.

The polished ensemble which Symphony audiences have been taught to expect from the strings, was again apparent in Prokofiev's charming "Classical" Symphony (which suggests a kinship to Stravinsky's excursion into classic ballet in "Apollon Musagete"), though momentary lack of precision marred the first movement.

Koussevitsky's interpretation of "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," despite its finely wrought detail, was lacking in rhythmic life and impulse, and hence missed some of the fantastic spirit of Mallarmé's poem.

"The Dance of Salome," with its hypnotic rhythm, was excellently worked up to its frenzied climax.

There was long applause for the conductor and the players.

E. B.

#### COOLIDGE RECEIVES

##### GANNA WALSKA

(Special Dispatch to The Herald)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10—Mme. Ganna Walska, the singer, called at the White House and was received by President Coolidge at noon today. She said she had called only to pay her respects to the chief executive and expressed regret that Mr. McCormick was, on account of illness, unable to be present.

#### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

##### "Show Folks"

A screen romance of theatrical life by Philip Dunning, adapted by Jack Ljungmeyer and George Drumgold, directed by Paul L. Stein, produced by Ralph Flock and presented by Pathe Exchange, Inc., with the following cast:

Edna	Edna O'Brien
John	John H. Bishop
John	John H. Bishop
John	John H. Bishop
John	John H. Bishop
John	John H. Bishop

When a custom shoemaker turns out a new and attractive piece of footwear there follows a wave of imitation in the popular market. Too often the imitation fall to wear well. When "Broadway" and "Burlesque" stirred up new ideas on back-stage and cabaret life, a veritable flood of like pieces was unleashed. Some few survived, many more quickly succumbed. As on the stage, so on the screen. Adaptations or so-called originals which, scrutinized, proved just one more variation on a stock theme, were rushed to market. Each had a "hoof" or a low comedian for the hero. There was a girl either too clever or too dumb. There was a villain, either of the stage or hovering about as an angel. Stock story, stock situation, stock rehearsal, stock romances in theatrical life.



It comes. Snow falls on the familiar ingredients. The "Burlesque" wrote it, probably in a dinner and breakfast. It brings no fresh characterization, no untold situation, no "punch," no lesson. It offers a youthful vaudeville dancer, comical, and none too talented. He, known as Eddie, takes Rita out of a theatrical supply shop, teaches her his routine dance steps, and admits her to partnership. She has a dusky beauty of features, alluring lips, ample figure and such aptitude for her new vocation that she quickly carries the act, though the bumptious Eddie fails to realize it. Bob Owens, who plays lead in his own revues, steals her, signs her to a lucrative contract. At a dress rehearsal Rita, who had quit Eddie in a huff, walks out on Owens, when an old trouper, Kitty, drops in to tell her that Eddie's act on the big time is a "flop," and that Cleo, his new partner, has deserted him. Rita, clad only in tights, a fur neck piece and a light wrap, rushes to Eddie's dressing room, insists on going on with him, and saves the act. Owens, in a jockey's costume, has followed her. He scolds, woos. With wooden, almost funereal expression, he says: "Well, Rita, I've never said this before to any woman. I'll marry you." Spoken dialogue this, as dramatic apex. It sounded mawkish. Rita sticks to Eddie, and the curtain falls, with a ludicrous interval of many minutes between the close of the act and Kitty's excited admonition that the audience is still clamoring for an encore.

As dancers in the vaudeville stage and cabaret scenes Mr. Quillan and Miss Basquette are better than the average. Apparently they seem to utilize doubles. When will some progressive director realize that the appearance of a couple of professional dancers, impressed for a finished, sensational act, might in great measure justify all the unexciting episodes that have gone before! W. E. G.

#### R. F. KEITH MEMORIAL THEATRE "The Butler and Egg Man"

A screen comedy, adapted from George S. Kaufman's stage comedy of the same name, directed by Richard Wallace and presented by First National Pictures with the following cast:

Peter Jones	Jack Mulhall
Mary Martin	Greta Nissen
Joe Lehman	Sam Hall
Jack McLure	William Demarest
Fanny Lehman	Gertrude Astor

Peter, an innocent youth from the interlands, is persuaded by two shady theatrical producers, Lehman and McLure, to back a certain play of theirs. Peter, completely enamoured of the leading lady, Mary Martin, is an early victim, even going so far as to buy the play outright after its disastrous first night. In order that she may remain in the cast. In the stage version Mary is merely a stenographer in the office of Lehman and McLure. She has business brains and vision, and it is she who saves Peter's investment and who convinces him that she is the only girl in the world.

To return to the picture, the play, taken to New York, because of its very absurdities, believed to be a burlesque on the current drama, becomes an instantaneous hit, much to the disgust of its former owners, who had thought themselves fortunate when they sold it. Peter, meantime, has been threatened with a lawsuit in behalf of an author who claimed that the plot was stolen. Lehman and McLure, ignorant of his predicament, offer to buy back the play. The results are most entertaining. It is here, in fact, that the picture is at its best. The humor with which this situation is handled makes the dullness of the earlier part of the film the more to be regretted.

Greta Nissen makes a pretty if not a very animated heroine. The two shady theatrical producers are fairly amusing, even if painfully obvious at times.

E. L. H.

#### PAVLOV FILM AGAIN

"Mechanics of the Brain," a motion picture dealing with conditioning reflexes, made in the Russian laboratory of Prof. Pavlov, will be given a return showing tonight in the Fine Arts Theatre, located in Loew's State Theatre building, corner of Massachusetts avenue and Norway street. It will be shown at 5:30, 7 and 8:30 P. M. Harvard, Tufts, Simmons, Boston University and Northeastern College students specializing in psychology, biology and zoology will be among tonight's patrons. The entire membership of the Academy of Physio-Therapy will adjourn its regular sessions to attend.

Dec 12 1928

Time is always relative to the person who has the notion of time; there is no absolute past or future, but everywhere and always an eternal present. In reality it is not the events that approach or recede; it is we who pass them by. An incident does not approach us; it does not move; it has never moved; it lies hidden in the today which has neither beginning nor

end; it is we who go toward it. It is thus that we cast a furtive glance into a world of four dimensions, in which before, after and now are superimposed, piled upon one another like photographic films and co-existing from all eternity.—Maeterlinck.

#### LATIN AMERICA'S WEALTH

As the World Wags:

The wealth of the countries past which Mr. Hoover is now sailing has been celebrated by a distinguished Peruvian poet, Jose Santos Chocano. In a sonnet entitled "Horn of Plenty." Observe that to him America means only Latin America, as to most of our people it means only the United States.

Within America's deep chests there lies Wealth to outshine the sun in heaven's height.

Peru's rich gold roused longing's fiercest might

In ancient nations; silver's precious prize

Mexico yields, in streams no summer dries;

Chile her copper, burning ruddy bright;

Pearls, Panama, like fine teeth, dainty white;

Diamonds, Brazil, that flash like brilliant eyes.

And if Bolivia rears, with epic pride,

Volcanos like deep coffers filled with snow,

Of her steep mountain chain the diadem,

Colombia spreads her Delphic garlands wide,

And sees them green the whole year long, as though

Through her own emeralds she gazed on them!

These lines were written many years ago, or it is probable that oil would have held a prominent place in reckoning up the riches of Latin America.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

#### BOSTON PRINTS

(For As the World Wags)

A Philadelphian, when asked where he was staying in Boston, said, "The hotel across the street from a vacant lot." He was stopping at the Touraine. The Common is ugly. Many of the fine trees are gone, and the grass always shows bare patches from being trodden on. The Common is so much used; there lies its charm. It has a potent atmosphere of leisure. A few foolish persons hurry across its paths, but magnificent idlers occupy the benches. With the gesture of monarchs, they hurl or drop their newspapers from them, carpeting the ground. There is never a day so cold or wind so bitter but some enthusiast is coaxing the moth-eaten squirrels with a peanut, or standing amid a cloud of pigeons, corn in hand.

In summer, its pond contains endless combinations of beauty, made by children and water, while for yards around there are intimate genre scenes of dressing and undressing, eating and resting. Every December with the aid of a derrick, a ponderous pole, topped by an electric star, is raised near the bandstand. Stacks of small trees are bound to it. Passers-by watch the progress. Gradually the clumsy construction has become a gigantic tree, an odorless and mystical forerunner of Christmas.

The Common holds out its arms!

JOAN DICK.

We now quote from the Complete Works of Artemus Ward; from his letter written in Boston "The Common. It is here, as usual; and the low cuss who called it a Vacant Lot, and wanted to know why they didn't ornament it with sum Bildins, is an unhappy Out-cast in Naponst."—Ed.

Prof. Jerry Thomas would not concoct his Blue Blazer for any man "until the thermometer registered 10 degrees or less above zero." The professor first made it for a gigantic miner who insisted on being "shaken right down to the gizzard." Will some one tell us the ingredients of this drink for heroes?

As the World Wags:

Now that all the automobiles have been inspected, why not inspect the pedestrians?

Why not examine their eyes to find whether they can see the autos, examine their feet to find whether they can get out of the way, and institute a simple intelligence test to find whether they know an automobile when they see one?

No pedestrian worthy of the name should object to wearing an attractive little tag in his buttonhole indicating that he can see, think and walk, and no pedestrian should be allowed on the streets unless he can do these things, especially the last. W.

One of the real causes of war is an exaggerated and perverted patriotism.—Dean Inge.

The journalist is always working against time, and I sometimes think there is no more wonderful achievement

of our modern civilization than the production of a daily newspaper.—Neville Chamberlain, M. P.

As the World Wags:

Some nice person sent us a Christmas present yesterday that is quite lovely. It's a sterling silver affair, made in the form of an old-fashioned pump such as we used to have down on the farm. There are five little silver buckets hanging around the thing, and you put one bucket under the spout and work the handle and out flows whatever you put into the little well down in the middle of the thing. We said we'd take it home and put milk, or coffee, or tea in it, but old Bill McKay, who knows about such things, says the idea is to put Scotch, or Bourbon, or rye down the well. Gosh! it's a hootch pump! Bet today somebody sends us a white elephant and a steam shovel.

R. H. L.

#### "GO WEST, YOUNG MAN"

As the World Wags:

She had on two plmts of hat, three whiffs of black silk, and two yards of almost imaginary hosiery terminating in a pair of shoes made from the skin of a small beetle. She was saying to her friend, "It's disgusting . . . the quantity of clothes one must wear here . . . Why, in California we never . . . Whoa! Brakes! I'm leaving for California tonight."

MAIL STUDENT.

English history is a masterpiece of absent-mindedness.—Prof. de Madariaga.

Expectations and disappointments are the luxury of idlers.—Bernard Shaw.

#### VEX NOT "THE POET"

As the World Wags:

Won't some one please bring my husband down to earth? The man writes verses, thinks verses, dreams verses—provided he has his meals regular. He does a sonnet and then plants the wistaria upside down; he writes an ode to the garbage can and forgets to mend it; he dedicates a poem to his 5-year-old daughter, and then leaves her new shoes behind at the grocer's.

It may be romantic to be a poet's wife, but kind sir, let me tell you, it's an awful life. I may not be much at verse, but I can cook a bit; "aesthetic," "poetic," "pathetic," don't rhyme with Please remit."

MRS. CLEOPATRA.

#### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

"Revenge"

A screen play, adapted by Felix Fox from Romain Rolland's story, "The Bear Tamer's Daughter," photographed by Robert Kurland and Al M. Greene, directed by Edwin Carewe and presented by United Artists with a production in color and the following cast:

Rascha	Dolores Del Rio
Isabel	James Marquès
Jorga	Sophia Orlean
Leah	Leroy Mason
Tom	Rita Carewe
Stefan	Jose Crespo
Jan	Sam Appel
Leah's mother	Maria Golden
La De Jorga	Jessie Gavin

Such biting and clawing, such untamed passion and barbaric hair-pulling have seldom been crammed into the space of one picture. If the leading characters were not brandishing large whips in each other's faces they were snarling about revenge or making themselves generally obnoxious. Perhaps all these histrionics would have been more credible if there had not been quite so many enthusiastic subtitles to remind us continually how very untamed was Rascha, and how she longed for a man who would tame her, or who at least would not be polite and obey her every wish. One unhappy youth who behaved like a gentleman toward her paid for it heavily.

The story of "Revenge" begins with Rascha's general dissatisfaction with life. She and her father are bear-tamers, but as soon as the bears are made obedient she finds them dull. Presently upon the scene of action appears Jorga, a bandit liberally endowed with a sense of humor. At first he plans to kill Rascha's father, but he compromises by cutting off Rascha's hair. This gives her an interest in life, namely, a lust for revenge, since it was held to be a terrible disgrace for a girl to have her hair cut off. She hunts abroad all night for the offending brigand, only to find that he has spent the night in her bed. Shortly after, he returns, makes violent love to her, and ends by carrying her off to his cave in the hills. Here she is forced to work for him and his followers in order that she may become properly meek. Jorga prefers taming wild cats to taming bears. At last her chance to kill him comes, but it would never do to end such a story in tragedy, so she succumbs, not unexpectedly, to love.

Dolores Del Rio made a handsome and fiery Rascha, even though she was inclined to overemphasize her untameableness. The acting honors of the

picture, however, were carried off by Leroy Mason as the thoroughly delightful Jorga. He brought lightness and humor to the part and made the bandit the only credible character in the story. E. L. H.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's program this week comprises Martinu's "La Symphonie"; Copland's Two Pieces for string orchestra; Prokofiev's Violin Concerto (Lea Luboschutz, violinist), and Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony. The pieces by Martinu and Copland will be performed for the first time on Friday afternoon.

Martinu is known here by his orchestral piece, "Tumult," performed last season. "La Symphonie" was inspired by the presentation of the first Czechoslovakian flag to the first Czechoslovakian regiment in France on June 30, 1921. Like "Tumult," this "symphony" expresses an onward rush, music of the strenuous endeavor, and violent commotion of a crowd. Mr. Copland's Two Pieces were written originally for string quartet. The orchestral version was made last summer at the MacDowell Colony in Peterboro, N. H.

It was said at the time of the Schubert concerts given by the Boston Symphony orchestra that Elena Gerhardt was first proposed as the singer, but Miss Gerhardt was on the other side of the Atlantic. She sang recently in London. While a reviewer wrote warmly of her interpretations, he was obliged to add: "What that still wonderful voice must have been in the days of her highest perfection, the eager young listener of today can only guess at, or take the singer's reminiscence of opinion upon. That the singer astonishes now, by the way difficulties are surmounted, so that these difficulties have begun exist for her." There is a gentle letting a veteran of the concert down easily.

Grace Cronin will play the piano in Jordan hall tonight. Her program includes Bach's Prelude and Fugue in C sharp major; Schumann's Sonata in G minor; five pieces by Chopin, and pieces by Brahms, Juon, Porter, Palmgren, G. Faure and Rubinstein.

Miss Cronin played here as a "child wonder" some seasons ago.

"Out of the Sea," by Don Marquis, was performed in London a few days ago. Mr. James Agate reviewed the play in an amusing manner, so am that his article is worth reprinting. Mr. Marquis has a lively sense of humor, it is possible that he appreciates the critic's expression of opinion.

"The proper thing to do with this picture is to turn it into an opera. With suitable noises, peewit wallings and the general atmosphere of wet blankets flapping in the wind it would probably do very well. The title, of course, would have to be appropriate and I suggest: 'Migraine, Princess of Brittany.'

"Isobel was one of those Celtic gumphs who imagine that they are the reincarnations of Isult, Francesca, Melisande, and others of that frail and melancholy kidney. Her husband, Mark—note the artfulness of this name—was a bearded ruffian in age half-way between the two Peggottys and in appearance smacking of both. Mark boasted bravely to Isobel of having 'peopled Cornwall with his bastards'—a boast which one thinks that neither the Peggottys nor King Mark would have made. Anyhow Isobel didn't propose to stand for it, and asked an American minor poet what he proposed to do about it. He said he proposed to play her bits of 'Tristan' on the piano, and perhaps take her back to Coney Island in his motorboat. Then the husband said he was going to shut Isobel up in a cage until she bore him a child. So she stabbed him with a hatpin. And the minor poet, asked what he proposed to do about that, shrugged his shoulders. Whereupon Isobel, telling the poet that he was a skunk and the waves that she was their sister, very properly jumped into the sea from the remotest point of Land's End. I forgot to say that the scene of this tragedietta was Cornwall."

"The piece had a piano, as recorded. What was wanted was a full orchestra and the whole Wagnerian apparatus whereby nonsense ceases to be nonsense. The cast, including Messieurs Allan Jaycs, John Gielgud, Henry Oscar, Eliot Makeham, and Mesdames Clare Greet and Maud Risdon, took its job with extreme solemnity. Candor compels me to say that I missed the beginning of this play. But I am afraid that if I had seen any more than I did I should have liked it still less."

The N. E. Conservatory orchestra, Wallace Goodrich conductor, will give a



concert in Jordan hall tomorrow night: Dvorak, Overture, "In der Natur"; Berlioz, A Ball from the "Fantastic" symphony; Bach, aria, "Sleep, Beloved," from the Christmas Oratorio (Gladys Miller); Chadwick, Scherzo from the Symphony in B flat major; MacDowell, Suite, op. 42, Saint-Saens, Allegro Appassionato, op. 70, for piano (William Doell) and orchestra; Thomas, Overture to "Mignon."

When American plays are produced in London, a glossary of our slang terms is sometimes printed on the program. "Sign of the Leopard," brought over here for performance in New York this week, contains words and phrases that mystified the London audience the first night, so a glossary was made for the benefit of those unacquainted with the lower world.

Bashing—Beating. But "bashing" is a good old orthodox dictionary word.

A busy—A policeman.

To be busy—To be inquisitive. Not unknown in this country.

A cosh—A piece of lead pipe, usually filled, used as a billy. To cosh—to strike.

A lag—An ex-convict.

Life preserver—A lead-filled leather bag used as a weapon. Not a new term.

Slush—Counterfeit money. Snide—Counterfeit money.

To squeak—To betray.

A toff—A swell, one who puts on the "ritz." A type—A cur, a rascal.

A bill (newspaper term) is a printed paper about the size of our window card which is pasted on the newspaper delivery wagons to advertise the latest news event. Yes, and squash is a kind of gourd that often is served as squash pie.

In the thieves' slang of New York in the late fifties, a life preserver was a slung-shot; to squeak was to inform; snide-stuff was bad money; a lag was a convicted felon.

The Mt. Holyoke College Carol Choir, Dr. W. C. Hammond, conductor, will give a concert in Jordan Hall next Saturday afternoon. The program comprises an interesting variety of Christmas carols from the 14th century to the present time; carols of England, France, Holland, Bohemia, Russia, Poland and Austria. Seven of them are new to this country; four others were not on last year's program. Dr. Hammond will play pieces by Bach, Gaul, Ravel.

"Carol singing has been for many years the dominant expression of the Christmas season at Mt. Holyoke College. The choir has given a service of carols at Sunday vesper time and groups of girls have awakened the sleeping households with carols on the morning of the beginning of the holiday vacation. Several years ago the Mt. Holyoke girls under the direction of Dr. Hammond joined with the choirs of two churches in Holyoke and Springfield and gave one concert in each place. This proved to be so successful that the alumnae petitioned Dr. Hammond to bring his glee club to other cities."

#### BRATTLE HALL

"Fiesta" A play in three acts and five scenes by Michael Gaid. The cast:

Pedro	.....	M. de J. Manduley	'31
Panchito	.....	J. L. Cordova	'30
Pablo	.....	Gerald Harrington	'30
Rafaela	.....	Gretchen Blair	'30
Citafio	.....	Charles Leatherber	'29
Tommas	.....	Harold Meyer	'32
Enacio	.....	M. P. Smith	'32
Aurelia	.....	M. F. Lowenstein	'32
Miguel	.....	Clark Winter	'31
Isidro	.....	F. A. Pickard	'29
Juanita	.....	Sally Sberburne	'30
Lucia	.....	Dorothy Goodrich	'30
Don Felipe	.....	Robert Wallstein	'32
Dona Luisa	.....	Patricia Stevenson	'30
Don Jesus	.....	R. Hayden Jones	'30
Don Romero	.....	F. Kent Smith	'30
Santiago	.....	J. M. Sargent	'31
Guadalupe	.....	Alice Cobb	'30
Uncle Pepe	.....	Harold Adamson	'30
Juan	.....	J. W. Erick	'30
Maria	.....	Mary Gandon	'30
Amador	.....	Paul Davis	'30
Garcia	.....	H. C. Friend	'31
Carmenita	.....	Gloria Braccioti	'31
Gertrudis	.....	Helen Latchaw	'31
Rosita	.....	Frances Meyn	'31

Once again the Harvard Dramatic Club, scorning well-trodden ways, has rushed into the unknown with results that are greatly to its credit. Michael Gaid's "Fiesta," never before produced on any stage, though it barely missed being presented last year in New York by the new playwrights, is an attempt to show us conditions in Mexico as they really are, not as we are shown them in romantic plays and moving pictures. The peons, an easy-going, pleasure-loving, childish and generally shiftless lot, work happily for the land owners, to whom they always owe money, provided they drives them to it or tries to keep them or keep them away from everything that happens is an some kind of celebration and naturally, results in less

If, however, the mas-ious and tries to and introduce

lankee methods of hustling, the peons are puzzled, then unhappy, and finally rebellious. Mr. Gaid has shown in his play what happens when the old happy-go-lucky regime is interrupted. The good intentions prove utterly futile, worse than that nearly cause tragedy, and at last prove apparently that the upright man is a fool and his libertine brother the wiser of the two.

The play begins with the return of Don Romero to his home after one of Murico's numerous revolutions is finished. He has been wounded but worse than that he is full of new and revolutionary ideas. He wants to make the peons work instead of drink and educate them to become owners of the land on which they are new merely laborers. De Felipe, his younger brother, an attractive and popular gentleman, is not in favor of introducing Tolstoi and his principles to a race that could not understand and certainly would not want them, but not being in authority he assents mockingly to his elder's suggestions. With Romero comes a young peon girl, Guadalupe, daughter of one of his soldiers, whom he wishes to teach and to make a leader of her people, a Mexican Joan of Arc. She is kept in

the house, forbidden to work and made to study. Restless and dissatisfied with this strange life she finally breaks away and with the connivance of Ramero's mother, Dona Luisa, goes to the fiesta, which she and all the ranch workers had been forbidden to attend on pain of dismissal. There meets Chato, a pleasant rather simple minded peon with whom she is in love also Don Felipe. The latter carries her up to the mountain top and when Don Ramero finds out what has happened his rage is terrible. Finding her with Chato who had come upon her quite by accident, he orders them both taken home in disgrace, and then goes off to get drunk. Returning to the ranch mad with drink and broken illusions he orders the pair flogged, calling them unmentionable names. Don Felipe arriving in time tells the truth and Ramero tries to shoot him but misses. Sobered by the realization that he had tried to kill his brother, he sees that all his hopes and plans are for nothing, that the peons do not want to be helped, and that he is a failure. Tragic and utter futility.

The acting last night grew better as the play progressed. Miss Alice Cobb was to the very life the ignorant, affectionate and pathetic Guadalupe; Mr. Wallstein made Don Felipe most likable and shamelessly amusing. Mr. Smith in the difficult part of Ramero began stiffly but developed his part into a moving and powerful characterization. Miss Stevenson was a lovely Dona Luisa. The settings were beautiful, the dancing of Miss Gloria Braggiotti a rare treat, the crowds excellent and spirited. In short, a most enjoyable and stimulating play.

E. L. H.

#### PLYMOUTH THEATRE

Ruth Draper entertained last evening with original monologues at the Plymouth Theatre. Several numbers were included which have not previously been presented this season in Boston. Her program was as follows: "An Italian Lesson"; "Three Generations in a Court of Domestic Relations"; a group of three sketches entitled, "Doctors," "Debutantes," and "In a Railroad Station"; and "In a Church in Italy." From the moment when she comfortably arranged herself in her boudoir with her imaginary Italian tutor by her side until she knelt at her devotions before a visionary statue in the old Italian church, Miss Draper held her listeners enthralled.

What an art is that which can transform a slender, dark-eyed figure into an over-busy society matron, a toothless old Hebrew grandmother, a self-conscious debutante, an uncouth but kind-hearted waitress at a railroad station or an artist sketching in a church with only the aid of a shawl or a sweater or some other bit of inconsequential attire! Miss Draper's picture of the hostess in a restaurant, with her three guests, all of whom were "dieting," and their irresponsible gossip about the ailments of their acquaintances was supremely delicious.

So likewise was her imitation of the girl just out in society, revealing her inmost and very disconnected philosophizing to the man who "simply understands." Her greatest dramatic heights were reached last evening in her picturing of the draughty railroad station on a western plain, with the hungry engineers and brakemen dashing in for a cup of coffee or a "sinker" or a word with the breezy waitress. Around that station was the glitter of crisp snow. All the tense tragedy of sudden wreck enveloped it. A process of weak and fainting victims staggered across its hastily swept floor. And when the onlookers breathlessly awaited news of her "Jerry," No one more delightful than Miss Draper has been heard in Boston for a long time.

F. A. B.

#### THE FLONZALEY QUARTET

Last night the Flonzaley quartet played this program in Jordan Hall: Quartet in A major, Op. 18, Beethoven; Quartet in D major, Op. 1, Glazounov; Quartet in G major, Op. 161, Schubert.

The audience, of excellent size, rose to their feet at the prayers entrance. For last night's concert marks the beginning of the Flonzaley quartet's farewell season. Twenty-five years this organization has served the public. By their noble service they have richly earned the right to rest. Much to be wished, none the less, is that they did not feel yet the need of rest. They fill an honored place.

To Beethoven, last night, Mr. Betti chose to apply the emphasis that proceeds from understatement.

From his fragile, crystalline tone, a blind listener might have guessed he had in his hand a violin blown in Venetian glass, cold, pallidly pure, and exquisite. His companions, of course, very properly followed their leader.

A performance resulted of the rarest delicacy. Part balanced, part to the point of perfection; like intricate machinery in fine running order measure slipped into measure, with never a creak or jolt; accents fell justly, with accuracy. The choice, too, of pace was faultless.

Of those oddly placed staccatos, to be sure, that add piquancy to a melody's beauty, Mr. Betti preferred to make little. He took faint pleasure, furthermore, in those generous wide intervals of Beethoven's which give some musicians a feeling of solid satisfaction equal to that when, after tossing in a giddy boat, one sets foot on firm, dry land. He rejoiced not in the flourish of a long arpeggio lends, when dashing played. No matter for that; Mr. Betti and his companions gave what they set out to give—purity of style and fineness.

Still finely disposed, they showed scant sympathy with the Slavic traits of Glazounov in the period before he, like many of his composing compatriots, wearied of nationalism. "The Russian peasant with his vodka-inflamed face," of whom our most famous critic wrote many years ago, was not permitted to show his face last night. More conventional Russians of verse and story appeared instead, figures more genteel. To the slow movement, delightfully played, they did no harm.

But the Flonzaley quartet did not set it so. Let us be grateful for what, last night, they cared to give. The audience applauded enthusiastically. R. R. G.

#### Symphony Concert

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the ninth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, given in Symphony hall, yesterday afternoon, was as follows: Martinu, "La Symphonie"; Copland, Two pieces for string orchestra; Prokofeff, Concerto for violin and orchestra; Beethoven, "Pastoral" symphony. Lea Luboshutz was the solo violinist. The pieces by Martinu and Copland were performed for the first time.

Even if the hearer had not been informed that Martinu's "Symphonie" was composed in remembrance of the presentation of the first Czechoslovakian flag to the first regiment of that country at Darney, France, in June, 1918—"the first grand solemn act in the independence of Czechoslovakia"—he would have been aware at the beginning of the performance that there was military, patriotic jubilation. Here is no "symphony" in the present meaning of the word. In years gone by an overture, a prelude or postlude to a song or chorus, a bit of incidental music to a play, was called a symphony. One may, if one pleases, speak of Martinu's composition as a symphony in three movements without pause, but the composer prefers to speak of it as "a grand march with a melodic contrast." This section of contrast—is it based on some folk song, or written in folk song spirit? Is it a reminder of past oppression and suffering? It is in an elegaic mood, beautiful, and treated with an impressive simplicity. As in Martinu's "La Begarre" ("Tumult") there is in the first and the closing sections the rhythmic urge and frenzy peculiar to this man of talent. The whole impression made by "La Symphonie" is, with the needed contrasting measures excepted, the expression of a jubilant crowd, delirious in their joy, discordant at times in the shouting to the heavens. It is true that Beethoven portrayed the same popular and tumultuous emotion in the last section of his "Egmont" overture, and took less time in doing it, but Martinu succeeds in maintaining the excitement, the hysteria of rejoicing. Unlike the music of certain contemporary composers who rely chiefly on rhythm, there is in "La Symphonie," the carrying out of a set purpose; if rhythmic patterns are repeated and repeated, it is as if the exulting people only grew more and more exalted at the thought of triumph and freedom. There is a refreshing solidity to this music, not frittered away

by experiments in orchestral variations and digressions. The fugued pages towards the end are those that one might the most easily spare.

Mr. Copland's Two Pieces were first written for a string quartet; the second, a Rondino, in 1923, the first, a slow movement was completed last April. Of the two, the Rondino is the more effective, the more interesting in its new form. The slow movement begins in a promising manner, but it is not so firmly knit, so expressive in sentiment. As the music is playing one is tempted to say that Mr. Copland's joy is that of The Miller in the song: "To Wonder." The pieces, however, are more musical than his piano concerto and organ symphony, which have been performed here. It is a fair question to ask whether this composer is not more fortunate in the smaller forms. No one, hearing the Two Pieces, could again consider him as anti-Christ in music, or a musical bolshevik of dark and sinister deeds.

Prokofeff's violin concerto was first played in this country by Mr. Burgin three and a half years ago. The concerto well bears closer acquaintance by the brilliance of the taxing solo part and by the charmingly original instrumentation of many pages. Yesterday Miss Luboshutz, who is at the head of the Curtis music school in Philadelphia and the leader of the Curtis string quartet, was the soloist. Her performance was spirited, intelligent, excellent. Prokofeff does not favor the soloist with sweet romanzas or the opportunity to display emotional feeling to any noticeable extent. He seems to have entrusted his sensuous measures to the orchestra. And so the concerto is far from the traditional idea of a commanding violin and an obsequious accompaniment. It might be interesting to hear the concerto without the solo violin, but as it stands the work is highly original, pleasingly fantastic. Miss Luboshutz was heartily applauded—and deservedly.

Mr. Koussevitzky's sane and at the same time poetic reading of the "Pastoral" symphony is known. No doubt some of the ultra-conservatives allow the entrance of the cuckoo—though the name of the bird is unpleasant to the married ear—because the great Beethoven introduced it.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Bach, Brandenburg Concerto, No. 4. Satie-Debussy, "Gymnopedies." Ravel, Rapsodie Espagnole, Block, "America" (first performance).

#### Mr. Newman Takes England And Scotland as Subject

Mr. E. M. Newman gave the last Traveltalk of his 20th season last evening in Symphony Hall. His subject was "England and Scotland." Of course, it was impossible, as he said, to cover the whole of this ground, to visit every city, beautiful natural scene and place of historical interest. The audience, which was a very large one, was taken to familiar and unfamiliar spots, from the southeastern and southwestern corners of England to Skibo, far north in the rugged Highlands. Ramsgate and Margate with their crowds were in contrast with the Cornish coast. A few cathedrals were shown, as Canterbury and Gloucester. Then there were the places which every good American feels it his duty to see, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick castle, Stoke Poges with its famous church, graveyard and ancient yew; Chester with the double arcade. Less familiar views were those of William Penn's home and the Quakers' meeting-house; Sulgrave manor, the ancestral home of George Washington.

More interesting to some were the pictures of the fox hunt, the chase after the otter, the hunt of the stag. This last picture recalled the fact that only recently some large land-owners in England have forbidden the hunting of the stag over their land, protesting against the cruelty in allowing the stag to stand at bay before he is disposed of. There were charming views of the English lakes rich in association with poets. In Scotland, Mr. Newman paid due attention to Robert Burns, showing, with other views, the bridge where Tam O'Shanter crossed just in time. The great golf links were of interest to many in the audience, while others wondered at the cattle that fitted the bleak landscape.

The Traveltalk brought to an end, to the regret of all, the series which has been one of great and abiding interest. The choice of subjects, the photography, and the illuminating comment of the lecturer, the result of the unusual advantages and opportunities he has enjoyed, has been for the pleasure and the instruction of his many friends and admirers in this city.

The Traveltalk will be repeated tonight. P. H.

Dec 14 1928



## TWO LIGHTS

(For As the World Wags)

Two lights that speed the out-bound ship  
As she turns toward the unknown sea;  
One light of the earth, in the light-house tower,  
Flashes! Flashes! danger cries—  
For treacherous rocks of the reef below  
Lie hidden from human eyes.  
Oh, fitful forboding light of earth,  
So needs must thy message be,  
For life is a perilous voyage, sailed  
From a rock-rimmed coast to a storm-swept sea—

Where is the harbor,  
Where the calm,  
For the traveller like to me?

One light of the heavens, the evening star,  
Serenely glows:  
"I am; you are;  
Endure; believe—  
Nothing is lost in the mighty plan,  
Nor light of the star, nor effort of man.  
What need of the harbor but for the sea,  
But for the storm, what joy in the calm?"  
Thou ardent star, I will sail by thee,  
When faith leads on, the course lies free—

The Pilot knows  
Where the voyage ends  
For the traveller, like to me!

AGNES WELCH.

When the screen play, "With the Aid of a Rogue," was produced by unemployed miners in London at the end of last month, a quartet of miners sang before each presentation of the film "Down in a Coal Mine," arranged for male voices. We still hear Tony Pastor singing that good old tune, swinging his glossy stovepipe hat and urging the gallery to be a chorus.

Young Englishwomen are going to Africa in search of King Solomon's mines. Deep-thinking commentators have thought that these mines were in Peru, where the bark comes from.

## BLUE-BLAZER

We asked if some member of the Anti-Saloon League would tell us how a "blue-blazer" is concocted. We are glad to know that "A. B. D." and Mr. B. F. White, Jr., each possesses a copy of Prof. Jerry Thomas's "Bar-Room Guide" or "Bar-Tender's Guide, or, The Bon Vivant's Companion, or How to Mix Drinks." The first edition was published in 1862. A new edition appeared recently with illustrations taken from newspapers issued between 1860 and 1880. One of the pictures shows "Scoundrels Plying an Innocent Maiden with Liqueur in 1870."

No gentleman's library should be without this work, an invaluable one in these sad, cruel prohibition days.

Mr. B. F. White, Jr., and "A. B. D." both quote from Prof. Jerry Thomas:

"(Use two silver-plated mugs.)  
"Take one small teaspoonful of powdered white sugar dissolved in one wine glass of boiling water.

"One wine glass of Scotch whiskey.  
"Put the whiskey and the boiling water in one mug, ignite the liquid with fire, and while blazing mix both ingredients by pouring them four or five times from one mug to the other. If well done this will have the appearance of a continued stream of liquid fire.

"Serve in a small bar glass with a piece of twisted lemon peel.  
"The novice in mixing this beverage should be careful not to scald himself. To become proficient in throwing the liquid from one mug to the other it will be necessary to practise for some time with cold water."

"A. B. D." adds: "The directions omit to state whether this very 'Hot Scotch' is thrown into the cold hero before or after the flames are extinguished. Some of your readers may find the directions of academic interest, e. g.: the technique and the professor's kindly advice to the 'novice.'"

## As the World Wags:

A lady got a divorce in Chicago because Friend Husband dropped ashes on the rugs. I'll bet before they were married she used to coo at him, "Oh, never mind about dropping ashes on the rugs. Why, it's good for them." R. H. L.

## PEP'S DIARY

(For As the World Wags)

Sept. 1, 1861—Up beimes and brewed the winter's beer. Mixed a pot of goose-grease for rheum.

Sept. 3—Sewed horn buttons on great coat—an irksome task, punctured thumb. Gadzoos what are wives for? Helpmeets? 'Tis hokum. Mine away to the playhouse.

Sept. 5—Arose before sun-up. Brushed my purple coat and flowered waistcoat. Carried a toothsome pullet to Widow Cresswell. Drank a dish of tea with her at 2. Stayed till 10. Forgot to tell my wife.

Sept. 9—Sunday. To church in the

chaise. Sermon on "Babes Due for Eternal Torment." Rev. Titcomb Potts. Several old dames had hysterics—children shrieked. These forceful admonitions verily are buttresses of righteousness. The choir sang sweetly "Smite with the Reeking Sword."

Sept. 14—Rode with the Twickenham Hounds. Came a cropper in a ditch. Widow Cresswell laughed boisterously. Drat all women.

Sept. 17—Burned a pan of feathers against the plague. Played at skittles in the back yard of the Cat and Mouse, then drank many tankards of ale till midnight. Head throbbing and crackling upon waking at dawn. Oh, death, where is thy sting?

Sept. 24—Danced the minuet at Squire Haughton's ball. Wife looked on. Stepped heavily on Widow Cresswell's toe several times. She upbraided me bitterly. Thereafter she flirted openly with Ensign Farrer of the frigate Bluebottle. A forward beardless boy. To bed with strained knees. Wife scolded till 3 A. M. by the night-watch's bell.

Sept. 29—Am forbid to notice the widow. Truly life is short and full of trouble. Bought flounced cap for better half. Am forgiven. We are to attend the Grenadiers' ball. Sing blithely, ye little feathered birds, the widow will be there.

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

NOV. 11, 1928

(For As the World Wags)

Ten years ago,  
A solemn stillness lay  
Upon the fields of France—  
Fields that four red years had brought  
no stillness.

Ten years later,  
Cannon crash, whistles shriek,  
Earth reverberates, tombstones tremble,  
And a bonging bass-drum booms a  
parade past Beacon Hill.

W. LANG SCHRAMM.

## OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES

As the World Wags:

A friend of mine introduced his son, aged 8, to one of his bachelor friends the other day; the small boy shook hands, and then withdrew a few feet, to study his new acquaintance. After eyeing him from top to toe, he inquired seriously, "Are you married?" And upon receiving "No" for a reply, he asked, still more seriously, "Why, who tells you what to do?" F. C. F.

## CASTE DISTINCTIONS

(London Observer)

Sir Laming Worthington-Evans is confined to his house with a severe cold. The Duchess of Atholl was unable to fulfill an engagement at Uddingston because she has contracted a chill.

## Spirited Chase Is Feature of

"Someone to Love," with

Mary Brian

## METROPOLITAN

"Someone to Love."

A screen comedy, adapted by Ray Harris from the novel by Alice Duer Miller; photographed by Allen Siegler, directed by F. Richard Jones, and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

William Shelby.....Charles (Buddy) Rogers  
Joan Kendrick.....Mary Brian  
Aubrey Woods.....William Austin  
Michael Casey.....Jack Oakie  
Mr. Kendrick.....James Kirkwood  
Harriet Newton.....Mary Alden  
Simmons.....Frank Reicher

Several miles of footage have passed before our eyes since we saw a good chase picture. In the old days they were the best parts of the pictures. Audiences expected and waited for them. The longer, the wilder the chase the better. If there was a crash and a wreck at the end, all the better. That gave the supreme thrill. Mr. Siegler, recorded cameraman for "Someone to Love," caught such a chase over the well groomed highways and hills outside of Los Angeles. The girl and the boy were in one car, the irate father of the girl was the pursuer. It was a spirited chase while it lasted, and it had a splendid crash at the end, when the two cars approached each other from two converging roads, locked wheels, and rolled over and over down a steep embankment. Reminiscent realism that.

A few more nose-gays for Mr. Siegler for his beautiful hill-top scene. The boy and girl, off on a Sunday ride and picnic, are seen toiling up the hill. Exhausted for the moment, they seat themselves on the little plateau at the top, and view the panorama below. Beautifully slender trees sway in a light breeze. Daisies, photographed so distinctly that one can see each white petal, make an inviting setting for the youthful lovers' amours. Camera work of rare appreciation of nature's beauties.

The story? Really, it doesn't weigh over much. Ineptly titled to start, it

Dec 16 1928 27

Having given a delightful performance of Molnar's "The Guardsman," the Theatre Guild will bring out tomorrow night at the Hollis Street Theatre for the first time in this country "Caprice," a comedy dealing with "sophisticated" women. The adaptation from the Hungarian was made by Philip Moeller. The former title of the piece was "Playing at Love."

The author Sil-Vara insists that the world should respect this fact: he writes his name with a hyphen. (So does Roland-Manuel, the composer whose real name is Levy.) A Viennese by birth, he was supposed to follow in his father's footsteps and become a physician; but he left Vienna at an early age to see London, drawn there by the novels of Dickens and the plays of Oscar Wilde. He became fascinated by the British Museum and its remarkable reading room. His parents had given him 100 pounds to support him while he should study banking; he read till that sum was exhausted. Then he worked in the cellars of the Hotel Cecil, and toured England as the secretary of a concert manager. His parents thought it was high time for him to come home. In the mean time he had sold a short story to the Neus Freie Press of Vienna; it was published and he knew, as he himself said, "the immortality of a day," but the publication marked the beginning of a connection with that journal which was to last for 20 or more years.

Sil-Vara went back to London, where, as the literary correspondent of the Neue Freie Presse of Vienna and the Ullstein newspapers of Berlin, he stayed till the world war broke out. During the war he was a soldier with a rifle on the Russian front. "In a little hospital on the Carpathian front he wrote his book, 'Letters of a Private Soldier,' which can be said to be the first unadulterated, truthful account of life and death in the war. In this book, which appeared in 1915, Sil-Vara, who had seen the silent heroism of the common soldier, had, as the first objective observer, propagated the idea that the first monument of the war should be erected, not for the generals and the field marshals, but for the 'nameless warrior' who had left the hearth and home to fight for his country." Sil-Vara in 1917 was attached to the Austrian legation at Stockholm, where he remained until the fall of the empire.

It was after the war that in Switzerland he worked on a plan "to cleanse the world of its poisonous atmosphere, to mitigate antagonisms. He still claims his plan to be the only way to peace, but he knows his plan is too good to turn out true." When it was thought he had died—a Viennese author with a similar name killed himself—he had the pleasure of seeing the amount of space given to his obituary and knowing the regret expressed at his death. He has been busy in Vienna as journalist and dramatist. He has translated "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and "The Green Goddess" for the Austrian stage. His own play, "The Genius and His Brother," will be produced in due time by the Theatre Guild.

One of his most popular plays in Europe is "The Woman of Forty." It has been performed in many European cities. "For a long time it seemed that, due to woman's vanity about her age, that the play would never be staged. For three years various managers attempted to sign an actress to play the leading role, but none of them would accept and allow themselves to be advertised as 'the woman over forty.' Finally, Helene Fehdmer, a beautiful blonde, broke the ban and accepted the role, although at the time she was still under thirty-five. Since then the play has been a favorite among continental actresses between the ages of thirty and sixty."

The Handel and Haydn Society will not be the first to perform within comparatively recent years Handel's "Messiah" with the composer's orchestration; not with the additions to the score made by Mozart and by others later. The experiment has been made in New York and, we believe, in San Francisco. Stress is laid on the additional number of oboes that will be used; but the oboe in Handel's time was a different instrument from that of the present day: its tone was coarse and raucous, nor was the instrument so well constructed for playing as it is today. Nor will the audience of today know the oratorio as it was performed in Handel's time. There is no Handel now to sit at harpsichord or organ for the accompaniment of recitative or chorus. Then there is the question of tempi. Sir Thomas Beecham, who not long ago told his chorus that he wished the "Messiah" to be "jolly," was censured for the too lively pace he took for certain numbers.

Mr. Slonimsky is never so happy as when, conductor or pianist, he introduces his audiences to new or unfamiliar compositions. The program of the Pierian Sodality, of which he is the conductor, for its concert in Cambridge next Wednesday is a good example of his enterprise. The first movement from Paul Allen's symphony in D ("Pilgrim") is an example. This movement is signed "August 22-28, 1908; Bagnidi Porretto, Italy." Mr. Allen, having served in the world war, is now living in Brooklyn.

Mr. Allen's symphony was awarded the first prize at the Paderewsky contest in 1909. Rubin Goldmark was awarded the second. Mr. Slonimsky writes to us about this symphony: "Incredible as it may seem, the symphony has never been given in America, although it was performed in France and Italy. It is the more amazing, because its idiom is distinctly American and its author is an American of the purest stock. Its musical worth exceeds by far the dull stuff that is presented by our major orchestras when a 'pleasurable' kind of music is wanted. Atterberg's 'joke' symphony was introduced with all due ceremonies and would have been put over . . . were it not for the public, who finally revolted against the imposition. Paul Allen's symphony never had a chance. Deems Taylor's Anglo-Saxon opera set to music rented from 'Die Meistersinger' has been proclaimed a genuine American work, while Paul Allen's 'The Last of the Mohicans' was produced only in Italy and never got anywhere near the Metropolitan.

"Musical Wall Street is doing very well indeed, and its dictates are still the law. It takes an affair like the Atterberg scandal to realize that something must be rotten in the united kingdom of business people, ad men and officious musicians obeying their master's voice.

"Please understand that I do not intend in any way to add to my own credit the fact that I am producing a movement of Paul Allen's symphony. The Pierian Sodality is but a semi-professional orchestra, but I do hope that its performance will call the attention of music lovers in America to an American symphony of masterly design, which lies in abeyance for years only because its composer possesses a sense of dignity in a measure detrimental to practical ends.

"NICOLAS SLONIMSKY."

Let us add a few notes to the Pierian Sodality program. Richard Strauss's piece is "Auf stillem Waldespfad," the first of a series of piano pieces called "Stimmungsbilder." Buelow thought little of them, and called



them unpolished. "Is it so very difficult to learn the right way from the works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Raff?" This was in 1881 and he added: "Lachner is a Chopin in comparison." Other critics were not so severe.

Alexander Tcherepnin, the son of Nicolas, was born at Leningrad in 1899. He first studied with his father and Sokolov; the piano with Mme. Essipov. In 1921 he made Paris his home, where he continued his studies (Gedalgé, composition; Phillipe, piano). He has written a ballet, "Ajanta," performed in London in 1923; a piano concerto, a violin sonata: orchestral works and piano pieces. Bartok is known in Boston. Krenek's opera, which has made a sensation in Europe, is to be heard at the Metropolitan this season. Krenek, born at Vienna in 1900, studied with Schreker in that city and in Berlin. He has written symphonics, string quartets, sonatas, a dramatic cantata, etc.

Christine Arnoldson, dramatic soprano, who will give a recital next Wednesday night, won the Thursday morning scholarship last June and lately the first scholarship ever given by the MacDowell Club of this city. On Nov. 6 she gave a recital at the Women's City Club.

Miss Elizabeth Robins, a famous Hedda Gabler and Hilda, has published her "Ibsen and the Actress." In it she declares that no dramatist has ever meant so much to the women of the stage as Henrik Ibsen. "If we had been thinking politically, concerning ourselves about the emancipation of women, we would not have given the Ibsen plays the particular kind of whole-hearted, enchanted devotion we did give. We were actresses—actresses who wouldn't for a kingdom be anything else. . . Ibsen had taught us something we were never to unlearn. The lesson had nothing to do with the New Woman; it had everything to do with our particular business—with the art of acting."

P. H.

narrates more in the pace of farce than of comedy the ages-old story of the poor little rich girl who in this instance meets the very likable boy in a music shop, lunches and picnics with him, and receives from him her first proposal, proffered "in the cutest way." Just as Father Kendrick is about to accept the situation, the lad, William Shelby, is accused of scheming with the crafty Casey and the obtuse Weems, his shopmates, to split any profits accruing from the marriage of Weems or Shelby with some rich woman or millionaire's daughter. The scene then shifts to a California school for girls, conducted by Weems's ascetic aunt. The three youths take hold of the school, pep it up and rejuvenate a decrepit scholastic list. Joan, the girl, decides to return to the school instead of going off to Europe with father. By eavesdropping she learns that Bill is the innocent victim of the Casey-Weems conspiracy. She and Bill make up and start in a car to tell father just as father is starting in another car to tell both of them something. Then follows the chase, the crash, the closing scene in a hospital, with father, Joan and Bill in various stages of bandaged injuries, but in common accord as to their future relationship. An ingenue role for Mr. Rogers, simple parts for the others; but a good chase while it lasted.

W. E. G.

## "NEXT GENT!"

The Children's welfare commission of Omsk in Siberia, being short of funds, is collecting a fine from every unshaven citizen. Thus there is a return to Peter the Great, who anxious for what he considered progress, also for his revenue, taxed the wearing of the traditional Russian beard in which the fowls of the air might safely nest.

Beards, like books, have their fate. During our civil war beards were in fashion among the military and the citizens. On a Sunday morning, the father of the family, preparing for service in the meeting-house, slushed his beard with odoriferous ointment. There was scriptural warrant for this; did not Aaron allow precious oil to drench his whiskerage? It was in the fifties of American history that Walt Whitman yawned: "Washes and razors for fofoos—for me freckles and a bristling beard." A noble line; it's a pity it was dropped from "Leaves of Grass" in 1881.

Beards in years gone by were majestic, sacred, pontifical. To tweak a man's beard was an act deserving death. Beards were painted, ornamented with threads of gold. The length was a man's pride. There was Freemasonry among the bearded. The man meeting a stranger, would ask admiringly: "How long is your beard?" There would be comparison leading to a beautiful friendship. Doctors grew beards in order to impress possible patients with their experience and skill. There were beards, full and flowing; beards cut fantastically, as the topiarist shaped shrubs and trees. The beard concealed weak mouths, chins that resembled a poached egg. An exuberant beard took away the necessity of a cravat.

Leigh Hunt, in his essay "Getting Up on Cold Mornings," inveighed against the chill, edgy, hard razor—"totally opposed to every sensation of bed," and pronounced shaving an

## MOUNT HOLYOKE CHOIR

The Mount Holyoke College Carol Choir was heard yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall, under the direction of Dr. William Churchill Hammond.

Here truly is something unusual in a ladies' chorus. So often they are insipid and lack depth, but not so with the Mount Holyoke Glee Club. Their concert was distinctly a treat and greatly enjoyed by a large audience, indeed some of the selections had to be repeated. Furthermore they enjoyed singing and not only was the music there but also the spirit. Especially beautiful were the planissimos and the gradual crescendos; the tonality was always full and even. The glee club, under Dr. Hammond's direction, has achieved a precision of rhythm and diction which embodies a faultless technique; he is an able conductor, musically intelligent. Not only did his conducting incite admiration but also his organ selections. Miss Ruth Dyer as accompanist gave firm yet unobtrusive support to the glee club and as a soloist she is a pianist of no little ability.

O. A.

unnecessary and villainous custom. He cited the beards of famous men: the Emperor Julian, Cardinal Berubio, Michelangelo, Plato, Shakespeare, Chaucer, Spenser, Haroun-al-Rashid; all the Turks, "a grave and otiose people."

But it is not given to every one to raise a George Holden Tinkhamist beard that gives out the air of wisdom, philanthropy, sanctity. There is the spinach variety. There are straggling hairs, that give the face an unclean, unwholesome appearance. For these unfortunate men, a razor, safety or the old-fashioned ivory-handled razor, also useful as a weapon of attack, is a necessity. This is an age of standardization; it has been decreed by the mysterious arbiters of fashion that men should shave, as they should wear a certain hat. How is it in modern Constantinople, since the attempt at Westernization? Has the oath "By the beard of the Prophet!" its old-time force? And, by the way, did Mohammed have an awe-inspiring beard?

Do children of today welcome books as Christmas presents? Boys fared better than girls in our little village of the sixties. The boys treasured the stories—not the novels—of Mayne Reid. They devoured Ballantyne's "Coral Island," the adventures of the sandal-wood trader, "Masterman Ready." Even more prized was the book by "Vieux Moustache," who took this name with a noble disregard of French grammar. There were the Rollo books and the Franconia stories, the lives of kings and queens, by the brothers Jacob and John Abbott. The Rev. Mr. W. M. Thayer should not be forgotten with his "Poor Boy and Merchant Prince" (A. Lawrence), "The Bobbin Boy" (Gen. N. P. Banks), "The Printer Boy" (Franklin), "The Pioneer Boy" (Lincoln), "Tales from Genesis for the Young," and so on. Oliver Optic and Horatio Alger came later; a subscription to Our Young Folks or the Riverside was welcome.

The girls were not so fortunate. The young of 1928 would turn up their noses at the Dottie Dimple series and call Maria Edgeworth boresome.

We have been looking at some Christmas books for the young published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Handsome illustrations have taken the place of the wood cuts, often rudely executed, that were supposed to enliven the literature for boys and girls of the sixties. To mothers who can sing a little, to the little ones of childish treble: "Sing It Yourself," a collection of folk songs from Dorothy Gordon's "The Young People's Concert Hour," with pictures by Alida Conover, is to be recommended. There are songs of our Indians, colonial and plantation songs of the British Isles, France, Germany, Norway and Russia. The songs are connected by explanatory introductions, unaffectionately simple and interesting. Thus those about to sing "Short'nin Bread" are told that it's a kind of bread made with cornmeal and bits of bacon mixed into it.

"Three lil' niggers lyin' in a bed. Two were sick and t'other most dead, Ah sent fo' de doctor and de doctor said, 'Give dem niggers some short'nin bread.'"

There are entertaining little stories. The child is told that the Indians were peaceful; they fought only when the white man wanted to take their lands. Yet we read in the abridgements of Cooper's tales, which we devoured, that one Indian tribe would war against another. The tunes are within an easy compass.

Speaking of abridgements, there is a little edition of "Gulliver's Travels," edited by William Hadley with maps and a few illustrations by Arthur Rackham. It's a pretty little book. The children are not introduced to the Yahoos, but will meet them in later years.

We regret to say that the young ones no longer believe in Santa Claus. In spite of their scepticism they should enjoy Clement Moore's "Night Before Christmas" if only for Elizabeth MacKinstry's droll decorations in color. We thought of giving this quarto to Mrs. Gollightly's little Mary Jane, but are tempted to keep it for the two pages showing what Santa Claus brought, and those picturing the arrival of the reindeer are delightful.

Then there is A. A. Milne's "The House at Pooh Corner" with many decorations by Ernest H. Shepard; a sequel to "Winnie the Pooh," relating further adventures of Pooh Bear, Piglet, Eeyore, Rabbit and other characters discovered by Mr. Milne. A newcomer is Tigger, who could not easily find a suitable diet; neither honey, hay-corns, nor thistles would do; what he needed was Roo's Extract of Malt. Poor Tigger up in a tree was taken for a Jaguar and rescued only with great difficulty. Note the beginning of the tale: "One day when Pooh Bear had nothing else to do, he thought he would do something, so he went round to Piglet's house to see what Piglet was doing." Piglet wasn't in, so Pooh Bear said to himself: "I shall have to go a fast Thinking Walk by myself." At the end of the story Christopher Robin and Pooh went off together. "But wherever they go, and whatever happens to them on the way, in that enchanted place on the top of the Forest, a little boy and his Bear will always be playing." The names of Messrs. Milne and Shepard should be enough for parents in despair just before Christmas. Ten to one they will read the story and look at the illustrations before they put it in John's or Emma's stocking.

Is "Saints in Sussex," a volume of poems and plays by Sheila Kaye-Smith, published some time ago, as well known as it should be? We speak of it here because the volume contains "The Child Born at the Plough," a nativity play. The stable is at the Plough, the lambing hut is on the Marshes where shepherds, who talk like Thomas Hardy's peasants, sing and are visited by the angel of the Lord, "dressed like Parson." "You're surprised to see me, eh? You thought I never came out of the Bible, did you?" The Three Wise Men are a mathematician, a biologist and an astronomer from Oxford and Cambridge. Herod is the squire—"we all fear for the Reverend John Baptist now Squire Herod's got him." Mrs. Herod is "frankly American," while Salome is "a tall flapper, pretty, and stylishly dressed, but looking both precocious and silly." Let no one think that the transference of the Divine Birth to an English village of today is irreverent in its realism. The play is written in a spirit of deep devotion.

Any boy, fond of adventure, should be pleased with either "The Boy Who Was" stories told by Grace Taber Hall-ock, with Harris Wood's pictures, or "Ohond, the Hunter," by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. The stories in the former tell of what happened in the old town of Ravello, beginning with the shren singing to a boy about the Phoenicians and

Odysseus. The boy sees and talks with Poseidon about the building of his temple. Vesuvius was angry and Romans, supping at Pompeii, talked for the last time, but the boy and Miriam escaped. And there is the tale of the Goths, of the Normans and Saracens, of the Children's Crusade, of the students of Salerno, of Red Beard and Saint Andrew, down to the bandits of 1821. The boy who lives in all these scenes stands for the spirit of youth throughout the ages.

If "The Boy Who Was" teaches history in an unusual manner, "Ohond the Hunter" is for those who wish, through an old Hindu priest, to learn the habits of wild animals and to know what may be seen and heard in the jungle; but the stories are not confined to the jungle: life in a Hindu village is described; the terror of drought; Agra, Delhi and Kashmir are visited; the weaving of Tosa shawls is described; the tiger-tamer of the circus tells how he gave up drinking grog because the smell of it made his cats angry; there is a "spooky" chapter about the pursuit of the were-tiger, a transformed man who at night walks on all fours, kills animals and eats them raw. Only a very good boy, one curious about animals and men, strange customs and religious rites of India, deserves this fascinating book. We think we shall keep our copy. It is good reading.

Marriage is like eating mushrooms—you never know if you are safe until it is too late.—M. A. B. King, Hamilton.

No newspaper can give young people a true view of life.—The Rev. R. L. Hussey.

Dec 17 '92



## THE MESSIAH

The Handel and Haydn Society sang "The Messiah" yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Since they were singing it for the 157th time, the occasion could not have aroused such keen interest as it did were it not for the circumstance that they were singing it for the first time under the leadership of their present conductor, Thompson Stone.

Mr. Stone had 50 players to help him, from the Boston Symphony orchestra. By way of soloists he had on hand Phradie Wells, soprano; Jeanne Laval, alto; Dan Gridley, tenor and Edwin Swain, bass. At the organ he had William Burbank placed, and at the harpsichord Raymond Havens.

The harpsichord, no less! Conductors, when it comes to the "Messiah," must have their way. Some of them, all for bulk and solidity, in the manner of years ago, drag every bar till it scarcely stirs; they swell the choruses till they almost burst under the weight of sound they are driven to muster. In sharp reaction to conductors so disposed, others rush the pace till they make Handel's stately measures skip and leap like calves and colts let out to pasture in spring. There is yet a third type, the leader who, as Gilbert's Lady Jane used to say, "sings and plays and sings and plays." The harpsichord, and the absence of such instruments as Handel did not call for.

To the ways of all these worthies Mr. Stone took exception. More reasonably than they he chose, as Mr. Courteney Guild, the society's president, explained to the audience, to perform the "Messiah" with such orchestration as Handel himself set down. Hence the presence of the harpsichord, and the absence of such instruments as Handel did not call for. Confidently let us take Mr. Guild's word that Mr. Stone followed Handel's score with accuracy. At the same time, however, let us make bold to doubt if Mr. Stone made his performance sound yesterday like one of George Frederick Handel's. Conditions were massed too heavily against him.

Often, rather than yesterday, the orchestra, for all one could hear to the contrary, might have consisted of first violins alone. The oboes could seldom be heard; there were not enough on hand to meet Handel's scheme, and modern oboes, furthermore, are not like those of Handel's day. The harpsichord, too, under Handel's vigorous hands, surely made its presence felt more markedly than it did yesterday—not, to be sure, that more harpsichord tone would necessarily have been to the

good; the normal instrument to use in the early 18th century, it brings with it, now, a suggestion of the quaintly archaic that does not conduce to strength.

Handel's orchestration, let us venture the guess, was not monotonous. A glance at his scores would prove a much. And certain opera performances in Germany, where rehearsals may be held in plenty, have proved as much already. To attain, however, satisfactory results with a medium now unusual, experiment is requisite, the nicest adjustment of means. How, under our present conditions, are time and money to be found for the same? The charm of the pastoral symphony, the bright color of the accompaniment to "O Thou that tellest" show what Mr. Stone can accomplish when all goes well.

His chorus he made sing with admirable tone, with pure intonation, neatly. So far as he could, with choirs unevenly balanced, he made each voice rise to Handel's demands. In "Behold the Lamb" he achieved his finest sonority, the warmest sentiment. The "Hallelujah" and "Amen" choruses, curiously but effectively placed together, he performed stirring. On his justness of pace the afternoon long Mr. Stone is to be congratulated, his lack of sensationalism; what innovations he made proved rational and useful.

The four soloists were applauded with unusual cordiality. Good voices some of them had, some a certain skill in song. Can one of the four be termed a singer apt at the Handel style?

R. R. G.

## PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The People's Symphony orchestra, Theophil Wendt, conductor, gave its eighth program of the season in the Hotel Statler ballroom yesterday afternoon. The program was: Wagner, overture "Faust"; Paderewski, concerto in A for piano, and Tchaikowsky, symphony No. 5.

Miss Constance McGlinch, a young pianist, presented a charming appearance at the keyboard and displayed an excellent technical equipment in the rendition of the Paderewski concerto. She played confidently and capably. At times she was inclined to blur the hurried passages of the first movement, but the second movement, a Romanza, she played with delicate precision and intelligent expression. The orchestra gave her good support, and the applause

of the large audience was warmly appreciative.

The concert opened with the Wagner overture. This melodramatic composition, a work of the composer's younger days, proved a good vehicle for the orchestra's increasing prowess under Mr. Wendt. It was performed with enthusiasm and the appropriate sentiment.

The piece de resistance of the afternoon was, of course, the well-known Tchaikowsky symphony. The andante of the first movement seemed to drag a bit. But the familiar themes of the second were played with a graceful serenity which was enhanced by a richness in the strings, a quality which the orchestra still obtains only on occasions. The waltz movement and the finale were carried forward successfully, by the momentum gained in the second, to a sonorous climax. While there were a few moments of uncertain attack among the woodwinds and strings, Mr. Wendt's spirited and intelligent direction, ably assisted by the brass choir, made the performance of the symphony a most satisfactory conclusion to an enjoyable program.

L. W. JR.

## Harvard Play, Banned Here, Unlikely to Appear in N. Y.

Apparently "Fiesta" the play of the Harvard Dramatic Club, which was banned in Boston Saturday night, will not be given another performance. Although some members of the club suggested putting on the production in New York during the holiday period, Manager John Morris said last night that no such move was being considered.

In addition to the impracticability of transporting the production to another state, the fact that the club does not face a financial crisis through the banning of the play is a strong argument against a protracted fight with the authorities. The play was only scheduled for a one night stand in Boston, and it is believed that no attempt will be made to enter into a battle with the police and censoring authorities.

As the book has never been published, there will be no action taken by the local Watch and Ward Society. Secretary Charles S. Bodwell of that organization said that no complaints had been received and nothing would be done about it. There are only four or five copies of the book in existence.

Reports that several Broadway producers, noted for their inclinations toward plays that have attained notoriety as select members of the "dirt" circle, were anxious to make a production were laughed at by the members of the Harvard Club, who pointed out that "Fiesta" would seem mild and tame to the hardy Broadway playgoers.

Those who purchased tickets for the Boston performance of "Fiesta" will be entitled to a free ticket for the annual miracle play of the dramatic club, which will be presented on Wednesday and Thursday at the Harvard German museum. The play is "Dublin Cycle," translated from the Gaelic by Katherine Tyson Hinkson.

## MODERN AND BEACON

### "The Good-By Kiss"

A screen comedy directed and produced by Mack Sennett and presented by First National Pictures, Inc., with the following cast:

Johnnie Burke	Johnnie Burke
Sally Phipps	Sally Phipps
Bill Williams	Bill Williams
Seal Hoffman	Seal Hoffman
Col. Von Stern	Col. Von Stern
The General	The General
Mr. Nannette	Mr. Nannette
The Captain	The Captain
Miss Jeanne	Miss Jeanne

Mack Sennett, waggish sultan of the famous bathing beauties, originator of the old two-reel custard pie comedies, has made a war picture, with front line trenches, bombs, night raids and everything. This may well be contemplated with amazement, as much as if George M. Cohan had been announced as author of "Little Eyolf" or "The Bluebird." Yet Mr. Sennett has done it, and let it be added in all honesty, he has done it well, with a new setting for the old refrain. He has produced a nine-reel film with a hero who is yellow and stays yellow until his sweetheart shakes and pounds and grits courage into his quivering mind and body, and who then goes back to the lines and performs one great heroic act. About this highly dramatic climax Mr. Sennett has spun, always legitimately and with typical resourcefulness, a mixture of comedy, sentiment and militancy which hold one's interest to the end. He has been aided by some splendid photography by John W. Boyle, the same man who directed the camera for D. W. Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation," years ago.

The youthful Mr. Kemp plays the part of Bill Williams, who never knew he could be such a coward until he heard the hideous night noises of enemy bombs from the trenches, or was

called on to raid a machine gun nest. Miss Eilers, the Sally of the picture, who hid herself in an automobile hoisted into the hold of the transport which bore Bill and his pal, Johnny, overseas, is the plucky little girl who becomes a Salvation Army lassie so as to be near Bill; who follows him to Paris when he tries to forget himself through wine and women in a cheap cafe, and makes him hold his ground during an air raid until he has mastered his hysteria. It is then that the boy discovers a fiendish plot between his own company sergeant—a spy—and a German officer to blow up a goodly portion of the American forces with 20 tons of dynamite planted in a secret tunnel. Bill's desperate hand-to-hand struggle with the sergeant, his successful efforts to prevent the latter from

bringing the points of two wires together to set off the charge, is the big scene, realistic in the extreme. Never again can it be said that Mr. Sennett lacks dramatic sense or perspective.

Mr. Burke, who has the comedy lines and situations, is a welcome figure on the screen. He has original methods, he never overplays. His is a genuine clowning. Miss Eilers is an earnest little player who prefers acting to posing. Mr. Kemp made Bill a human lad. Doubtless there were many other Bills in that grim adventure who suffered as he did but who arose to heights of heroism when the big moments came.

W. E. G.

Dec 18 1926

## By PHILIP HALE

### "Caprice"

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in the United States of an adaptation by Philip Moeller of "Caprice," a comedy in three acts by Sil-Vara. Performed by the Theatre Guild Acting Company. The cast was as follows:

Counselor Albert Von Ehardt	Alfred Lunt
A Delicate Lady	Geneva Harrison
Amalia	Caroline Newcomb
The Doctor	Ernest Cossart
Clark	Leonard Logan
Amalia	Lily Cahill
Isa Von Ehardt	Lynn Fontanne
Robert	Douglas Montgomery

"Caprice," formerly entitled "Playing at Love," is a light comedy of mental action and rather frothy dialogue. The talk is of love, sacred and profane; talk that is on the part of Isa sophomoric, cynical; lofty and soulful on the part of Amalia, who, seduced 17 or 18 years before, begs the Counselor, who had not inquired into the nature or welfare of their son, to recognize him, and care for his future. The Counselor is also a voluble conversationalist, worried about his "heartburn"—physical, not spiritual; a weak character, a confirmed philanthropist, able in his profession, tormented by Isa whom he wishes to wed, having lived with her for a couple of years.

Robert comes to his father's house. He is naive, shy, poetic, fondly thinking that his father will marry his mother. It was not her purpose to lure the father through the son. Robert is fascinated by Isa. He tells her of a princess whom he adores in his dreams. Isa, either to enlarge her experience, though the Lord knows it has been a generous one, or, amused by the boy's innocence, plays the Princess for his delight, but his mother surprising them in close contact and finding her boy with flushed cheeks resents the intrusion and the impudence of the woman. Isa naturally suspects Amalia of wishing to reinstate herself in the Counselor's affection.

There are scenes of jealousy, there is recrimination. The Counselor cannot live with Isa; cannot live without her. She finally triumphs. Robert, learning that his father will not marry Amalia, packs up his belongings and with his mother leaves, not to return.

The study of character, if there is a study, is superficial. No one of the men—except the doctor whose first scene with the Counselor is perhaps the most amusing and natural in the play—and neither of the two women excites interest or aversion. No one in the audience pities or condemns these mouthpieces for the dramatist's lines. The interest lies in the performance of what does not call for the exertions of the excellent players. One might ask if the comedy has more substance in the original German. One might also ask if a Viennese audience would find the play true to the parlor-boudoir life of that city. Isa at heart is a refined light-skirt. Her "Credo" may well shock Amalia, the patient soul, who, anxious only for her son, bears the Counselor, no malice and wishes to be on friendly terms with Isa.

Miss Fontanne is sparkling as the light-woman with her emancipated ideas about love, marriage, and the home vs. freedom. Mr. Lunt, as was jealous as the Guardsman in Molnar's comedy, delightfully aware of his own power to fascinate—but at his best in the long scene between himself and the son, whose poetic flights were beyond his comprehension, whose story of his love for the "Princess" aroused an interest

not wholly paternal. Mr. Cossart again showed himself a well-graced actor, and Mr. Montgomery made the character of Robert plausible. One would have gladly seen more of Miss Harrison, who as "a delicate lady" disappeared as early in the play as the boy Xury in the story of "Robinson Crusoe." An audience that filled the theatre was apparently pleased with the comedy of the performance.

## THIS WEEK'S STAGE OFFERINGS

COLONIAL—"The Houseboat on the Sixx," musical comedy (last week).

COLEY—"Marisold," comedy with E. E. Clive and company.

HOLLIS STREET—"Caprice," a new comedy, with Theatre Guild Players.

ST. JAMES—"The Eternal Magdalene," drama.

TREMONT—"Blackbirds," all-colored revue.

(Boston Opera House, Majestic, Plymouth, Shubert Wilbur and Repertory theatres dark this week, ending Dec. 22.)

## ST. JAMES THEATRE

### "The Eternal Magdalene"

A drama in three acts by Robert McLaughlin. The cast was as follows:

Elijah Bradshaw	John Warner
Martha Bradshaw	Sadie Galloway
Elizabeth Bradshaw	Don Beddoe
John Bellamy	Adrienne Earle
Rev. Birmingham Smollett	John Warner
Judge Amos Bascom	George R. Taylor
Arnold Macy	Thomas McKnight
Blanche Dimond	Jessamine Newcomb
Rev. James Gleason	Russell Cook
Dan Burke	Hugh Fox
Clive	George L. Taylor
A Woman of the Town	Ellen Mahar

This is the most soporific little melodrama ever seen on a Boston stage. All those suffering from insomnia should step around to the St. James for the early evening—it's better than hot milk. "The Eternal Magdalene" creaks along, laborious, carrying its burden of antiquated structure and superannuated ideas. It even goes so far as to assume that there are still such things as Magdalenes in our midst. Instead of marrying the son of the rubber shoe king or a young man with a nice little grocery business of his own, according to their varying degrees of beauty, the Women Who Did In The Eternal Magdalene pay and pay and pay.

The play is a dream, a fancy bred in the head of a self-righteous reformer who, providing he ever could exist, certainly ought to have bad dreams. Mr. Bradshaw has been cursed by one of the poor fancy ladies whom he has been engaged in eliminating from the home town of Edenburg, Illinois. This situation is made clear in act 1 by the aid of some of the longest and dullest speeches ever heard on any stage, with a more subtle undercurrent of hints that human hearts may beat beneath the scarlet A's on the breasts of Those Women.

In act 2 Mr. Bradshaw dreams the curse come true. His daughter loses more than honour, his son robs a bank and seduces as many women as possible, his wife dies, the dog has rabies, and all the servants leave. He also dreams a daughter, product of a little desertion in one of the hazy autumns of his buried youth, now a "girl of the segregated district." Ruth is the eternal Magdalene, and as a parlormaid in Mr. Bradshaw's grand house, she goes about understanding everyone in a Maeterlinckish fashion quite bewildering to the audience. "How could she have known him in Paris? She couldn't have been more than 14 years old." "Well, perhaps she heard about him from some other girl in the district." A running commentary in whispers follows each manifestation of the eternal in the Magdalene.

In addition to the entire lack of charm and intelligence in the play itself, the acting has a pervading flavor of ham. There is no relief until the calming professional presence of Miss Ellen Mahar, a visiting lady who plays the Magdalene. In a part requiring her to say, alone on the stage, "The pity of it! Oh, the pity of it," she manages to produce a certain quality of illusion. In act 2, Miss Jessamine Newcomb, one of the capable members of the Coley Theatre, struggles with a speech about The Position of the Courtesan from Rome to 1928.

All in all, "The Eternal Magdalene" is not a play to sit through, unless you have fallen asleep.

R. E. N. A.

## WASHINGTON ST. OLYMPIA AND FENWAY

### "On Trial"

A screen drama adapted by Robert Lord from the stage play by Elmer Rice, directed by Archie L. Mayo and presented by Warner Bros. as an all-talking Vitaphone special with the following cast:

Joan Trask	Pauline Frederick
Robert Strickland	Bert Lavelle
May Strickland	Lois Wilson
Gerald Trask	Holmes Herbert
Mr. Gray, prosecutor	Richard Tucker
Mr. Arbutnot, defence	Jason Roberts
Stanley Glover	Johnny Arthur
Doris Strickland	Vondell Davis
Turnbull	Franklin Pangborn
Clerk	Fred Kelsey
Judge	Edmund Breese
Dr. Moran	Edward Martindel

In 1914, a year and more after Bayard Veiller had written his sensational success of that time, "Within the Law," Elmer Rice was able to persuade the theatrical firm of Cohan and Harris to



his play. On these volumes incorporated a highly dramatic scene, rigidly faithful to court-military and procedure. Rice went further, placing practically all of the action in a courtroom with this novel divergence: He introduced the familiar "cut back" of the motion picture. A character started to describe something, and the next instant the incident was being enacted before the eyes of the audience. The changes were accomplished by means of a revolving set, operated while the house was in complete darkness and with a quick lowering and raising of the curtain.

Robert Lord, when called on to write the motion picture version of "On Trial," found that in its essential points no alteration in the manner of telling the story was necessary. The play already had been founded on the accepted motion picture method. So it is that this latest of Warner Brothers all-talking pictures has for its established setting the interior of a courtroom, yet frequently cuts back for a detailed picturization of important sequences, such as the last time that Joan and Gerald Trask converse in their home; the robbery of the house safe and the murder of Gerald Trask; the home of Robert Strickland and scenes in which he, his wife and pretty little daughter figure, and so on. These changes are made without the slightest break in continuity. They are helpful in affording a vivid picture of incidents vital to the narrative, yet with all their evident frankness they skillfully avoid disclosures which might tend to weaken the structure of the plot or to shed carelessly some light on the outcome of the trial of Robert Strickland, confessed murderer of his friend and benefactor, Gerald Trask.

The picture has been staged and acted authentically and admirably. On each of several mornings an officer opens court, the clerk swears in the witnesses, they testify. The widow of the slain man, his private secretary, the prisoner's little daughter, the physician who made the post-mortem examination, finally the defendant's wife, missing since the night of the crime. There was an accomplice, declares the prosecuting attorney, who stole \$20,000 from Trask's safe. Unfortunately he cannot be produced. Who was he? Why did Strickland pay his \$20,000 debt to Trask in cash? Why did Mrs. Strickland carry Trask's Long Branch address in her handbag, lost and restored in her husband's presence? Why was Strickland hysterically insistent that Doris, his daughter, be barred as a witness? Why, when it was all over, did Trask's widow shake hands with Strickland, kiss his wife, and wish them both happiness? It was good to see Lois Wilson again in a role worthy of her fine talents. Hers is the first feminine voice to emerge triumphant from battle with the studio microphone. In this Miss Frederick was less fortunate, yet in miming she was a tragic, grief-stricken, vengeful figure. Little Miss Darr, for her years, was a revelation, natural, unaffected. The men uniformly were letter perfect. In all, a better cast it would be difficult to name.

W. E. G.

#### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

##### "The Wind"

A screen drama, adapted by Frances Marion from the novel by Dorothy Scarborough; photographed by John Arnold, titled by John Colton, directed by Victor Seastrom and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Letty.....Lillian Gish  
Lige.....Lara Hanson  
Roddy.....Montague Love  
Beverly.....William Cummings  
Cora.....Dorothy Cumming  
Sourdough.....Edward Earle  
Cora's children.....Carmenita Johnson,  
Leon Ramon, Billy Kent Schaefer

A sad saga of simple, starved souls, immured in a bleak land of sullen skies, of destructive winds, of barren soil. A saga heroically sung by a little company of six persons, aided by an inspired director and every resource which nature itself or mechanical substitutes could provide. That is "The Wind," the picture which brings Lillian Gish again to the screen in a role worthy of her stellar position. It is presented with synchronized musical accompaniment, made more realistic by certain sound effects, and nearly spoiled at the last moment by a stupid interpolation of a tenor voice offstage, singing a silly sentimental verse. Coming after so much beauty of picturization and such human characterizations, it seemed nothing less than criminal.

Letty, victim of misfortune, homeless, travels from Virginia to southern Texas to seek shelter with a consumptive cousin, Beverly. He and his three children welcome her; his wife, Cora, soon finds it easy, through unfounded jealousy, to hate her soft ways, her distaste for abhorrent foods, for ugly labors, for slovenly neighbors. Roddy, a big, coarse-natured traveling man, has talked interestingly to Letty on the train. Lige and Sourdough, two cowboys, admire her, propose and are

laughed out of the room. Then Cora, furious, orders Letty to leave and Roddy is there to take her. Not as a wife, however. He already has one. So Letty, desperate, marries Lige, a man for all his uncouthness and disdain for outward courtesies.

From the time Letty arrives in the desolate prairie town to the closing scene, the wind has howled and shrieked and menaced. In whatever form it comes, as cyclone or dreaded norther or just plain ornery wind, it swirls sand through everything, food, drinking water, clothings. Its persistent attacks unnerve Letty. Terror beats her down. Then, one day, Roddy returns. In Lige's absence he overcomes Letty while a wicked norther rocks the little house. The next morning he prepares to depart and when he tries to force Letty to accompany him she shoots him with his own gun, and buries the body in the wind swept sands outside. Lige returns, the skies clear as if in penitence, and Letty after reciting what has happened becomes a transfigured woman. Lige has found justification for her act, she has found love at last.

Miss Gish gives a finished characterization of a frail, frightened girl thrust into an alien, inhospitable land. Her loneliness is pathetic, believable. Mr. Hanson is a rugged hero, at his best in his sombre moments, a bit heavy in those of humor. Mr. Love reminded one of the late Holbrook Blinn, deliberate, almost likeable in his villainies. Miss Cummings made Cora a wife hardened by privations so that she became something less womanly. Mr. Orlamonds's Sourdough was the solitary comic figure in this melancholy tale. To Mr. Seastrom, the director, should go substantial praise for skillful mixture of realism and symbolism.

W. E. G.

#### B. F. KEITH MEMORIAL THEATRE

##### "What a Night!"

A screen comedy, adapted by Louise Long from a story written by Grover Jones and Lloyd Corrigan; directed by Edward Sutherland and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Dorothy Winston.....Bebe Daniels  
Joe Madison.....Neil Hamilton  
Percy Penfield.....William Austin  
Mike Corney.....Wheeler Oakman  
Editor Madison.....Charles Sellon  
Patterson.....Charles Hill Mailes  
Snarky.....Ernie Adams

Half-way through "What a Night!" a sub-title gives out that a newspaper reporter's job is often dangerous. Quite so, but not many newspaper reporters would live to tell or write their stories if they showed as little intelligence as does the hero of this amusing and exciting picture. Sent to purloin a check from the house of a notoriously shady character, he stops to telephone his editor that he has got the prize, in the very living room of the man he has come to rob. The results are what might have been expected; he loses the incriminating check and nearly forces his paper into a disastrous retraction. Of course, the heroine must come to the rescue, and the way she does it is a caution.

Dorothy Winston, played by Bebe Daniels, is taken onto the Chronicle at her father's request. She proves to be beautiful and extremely dumb, pursues Joe Madison, who has been told off to chaperone her, but ends by stumbling on a really important clue. For years Editor Madison, Joe's father, has been trying to convict Mike Corney, a wealthy grafter, of robbing the city. Joe tries in vain to make one of Mike's gang, in jail for the moment, tell the whereabouts of a certain check which, if published, would prove Corney's finish. Dorothy, trying to get a story of life in the underworld, is told the secret by the disgruntled gangster, and Joe rushes off to get the evidence. The

presses are set in motion and everything seems to be satisfactory, but Joe loses the check, and Corney comes to the office, burns the bone of contention and demands a public apology from the editor-in-chief. Leaving the building, he is overheard by Percy Penfield, the society editor, giving instructions for the bailing and then the suppression of the crooks who squealed, one presser by name. Seizing Dorothy with Snarky's hand and carrying a flash-light camera in the other, Percy heads for Corney's rendezvous. Then everything happens at once. The two adventurers hide in a packing case with a convenient knot-hole, and then find that they have lost the flash-light powder. This is retrieved, and the flash set by the valiant Dorothy, standing in full view of Corney and his crew. The results are hilariously funny and must be seen to be appreciated.

Bebe Daniels was a delightfully helpless and resourceful reporter. Neil Hamilton made an agreeable Joe, though he had much too little to do. William Austin was very amusing as the society editor, and the rest were excellent. The atmosphere of the newspaper office was sufficiently true to life to lend conviction to the story.

E. L. H.

The Columbia University Press has published the third and fourth volumes of Prof. George C. D. Odell's "Annals of the New York Stage." These handsome quartos, richly illustrated with portraits and other pictures and carefully indexed, cover the years 1821-1843. Let no one think these annals are of interest only to historians of the New York theatres. Players from Boston are often mentioned. There are sidelights on manners and customs, social life, that should entertain the reader in Des Moines or Galveston. How many in Boston or its neighborhood are familiar with the details of a tragedy in Fall River years ago? Yet in 1834 "Sarah Maria Cornell, or the Fall River Murder," drew crowds to the Richmond Hill Theatre in New York. The Mirror of that city protested vigorously against the play, calling it a gross "violation of propriety and public decency," an offence for which "the author, his aiders and abettors, may be presented and indicted." Prof. Odell adds: "I bring in that ancient appeal to an invisible censorship, as the first of its kind with which I am familiar. Like similar modern outcries, it but increased the rush to the box office."

There were New Yorkers who were easily shocked. When Mme. Hutin of the Paris Opera House danced in 1827 in New York, the Bowery Theatre was crowded, for there were rumors about the "indelicacy of the costume in which she was wont to disport herself." When she came on the stage "the cheeks of the greater portion of the audience were crimsoned with shame, and every lady in the lower tier of boxes immediately left the house." Poor Mme. Hutin was obliged for a time to dance in Turkish trousers, but sentiment gradually changed and her drapery was again light and airy.

Prof. Odell did not confine his researches to the legitimate drama. There is full information about the variety shows of that time: Negro minstrels, then first appearing; negro companies playing Shakespeare and giving comic operas; museum freaks of all kinds; menageries, circuses, and there are invaluable notes about early operas, in Italian, French and English, and about givers of concerts. A favorite opera would be performed for five or six successive nights. The Mirror described the gorgeous appearance of an opera audience in 1833: Boxes filled with "the fashionable classes, splendidly arrayed with feathers and jewels"; in the balcony and pit, "compact rows of attentive, orderly, and well-dressed gentlemen (the last word in italics) in their dark habitments, and white linen... the carpeted floor and mahogany-backed seats affect the spectator in a singular manner, when he thinks of the contrast of soiled benches, worn and begrimed by the Goths and the Vandals who remorselessly stand upon them at the theatres."

It is not easy to give one an idea of these volumes, which show not only painstaking, one might say incredible, research—the examining of newspaper files and programs, contemporary diaries, memoirs of actors and writers about the theatre—but also the author's interest in all that pertains to the stage: from the sword-swallower to the actor of Hamlet or Othello. Prof. Odell is never priggish, never pedantic. He treats with ease material that must have cost him patient and dusty gathering together. His obituary dicta, his asides, enliven many pages. Speaking of Edmund Kean and the "wretched" Mrs. Cox, "a silly woman," he describes Kean as having fallen "a victim of one of those sporadic attempts of the British public to insist on moral conduct in one of its members." He admits that the moral of the once popular "The Golden Farmer" is confused: "It seems to be that if one commits a heinous crime, he will be punished for a few days and reprieved to slow music."

It was to be expected that in a work of this extent there should be a few slips. Surely Prof. Odell knows that "The Tower of Nesle" was written by Alexander Dumas the elder and Frederic Gaillardet, not by Victor Hugo. On page 259 of vol. IV there is an allusion to "Rossini's 'Tasso'." Rossini never wrote a "Tasso." The opera mentioned was probably Donizetti's. We are sorry to see Prof. Odell writing "Clarinet" and "Clarinetist" invariably with an "o."

Open either one of the two volumes where you will and there is something well worth noting, or something amusing. Mr. Belasco was not the first to

set a heroine swinging from the clapper of a bell. Mrs. Henry Hunt thus swung in "Blanche Heriot, or the Chertsey Curfew" back in 1842. There were unusual stage curtains that excited admiration before Mr. Ziegfeld was born: as the curtain at the Park in 1823 that reflected in one lucid sea of glass the entire audience and every object in front of the stage. Theatre patrons were sometimes called "customers." When "Tam O' Shanter" was produced in 1823 the part of Cutty Sark was taken by a man. Prof. Odell frankly admits he does not accurately know what "Androides" were. (They were exhibited in 1823.) They were automata in the shape of human figures. Albertus Magnus was skilful in making them; Von Kempelen's Chess Player was an android. He does not forget the Hatch Sisters, Hannah, Rebecca and Abigail, born at Falmouth, exhibited in 1823. They were from 25 to 40 years old; from 36 to 42 inches in height. When "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was performed in 1824, the Mirror said the manager should be ashamed of himself. "Where is the being possessed of the least refinement who can sit patiently and hear expressions from the stage that would disgrace a brothel?" Mr. Hilson, who played Falstaff, was pitted. His fine talents were lost "when employed for so vile a purpose."

Patrick Magee was "not more remarkable for his extraordinary height than for the elegant symmetry of his form, his surprising activity and matchless strength." Prof. Odell makes this comment: "Evidently the kind of genius that scholars 100 years later would have tempted to their colleges, for the glorification of learning and of intellectual pursuits." We wish we could have seen "The Gnome Fly," a man whose legs were no larger than a child's of 2 years. His real name was Hatch, but as "the wonderful Signor Hervio Nano" he successfully embodied a gnome, a baboon and a fly.

If Joseph Wood, the singer, who by personal conduct raised rows "had not quite mastered the art of being a gentleman, on the other hand," says Prof. Odell, "Americans in general were not quite sure in 1840 of their own manners. And benefits were a nuisance, not only to the public, but to stars expected to shine, frequently at benefits of nonentities, with little or no remuneration."

In 1928 there are loud protests in London against the eating of chocolates in theatres. In 1834 in New York, the Mirror wished the music of cracking peanuts could be less audible during the performance of "The Six Degrees of Crime, or Wine, Women, Gambling, Theft and the Scaffold."

#### HEINRICH GEBHARD

It was a program both ingenious and judicious. Mr. Gebhard laid out for last night's recital in Jordan hall. He began it gaily, classically too, with Bach's Italian concerto. Before, however, he had left classicism behind him he touched on modernity—for which pray, of the modernists, toying with rhythmic conceits, has tackled a problem in rhythm like that Bach set himself when he wrote the concerto's andante?

The similarly difficult problem of performance Mr. Gebhard solved with consummate skill—and not, be it noted, through begging the question. Mr. Gebhard, giving full value to rhythms that by choice would never match together, made them sound natural in company. Just right. A feat!

From Bach Mr. Gebhard made a wide step to Beethoven in his most romantic vein, Beethoven of the "Moonlight" sonata. To be honest, though, it seemed as though Mr. Gebhard rode romanticism too hard when he rushed the fast movement so breathlessly fast. The music's quality of desperation intensified by dark and storm got lost in the race with time.

Musically different romantic Mr. Gebhard played next, two new pieces of his own, "Voices of the Valley" and "Moon Children." In them both he makes use of the modern composer's tools of his trade, chords and progressions that would have made the ancients stare. Because, however, he fully understands the use of the old tools, Mr. Gebhard employs the new when they serve a purpose, a purpose other than that of concealing poverty of thought. With ideas in his head of melodic charm and poetic suggestion, with musicianly skill at hand for the expression thereof Mr. Gebhard indeed wrote two pieces, both individual and attractive.

He played them delightfully, also the study "Cascades," music more conventionally melodious and brilliant; the latter he played with the sweep sustained, the unbroken flow that is the despair of all who deal with pupis.

To his own pupil, Miss Elizabeth Perkins, Mr. Gebhard has taught it. She showed as much in Mr. Gebhard's of waltzes for two pianos, and the



too, and rhythm. The waltz, markedly varied in mood, proved a treat to hear. With no affectation about them, no striving after the light touch of Vienna, according to the wont of the most of those who toy today with the waltz, nevertheless in every bar they escape the commonplace.

The reverse of commonplace, furthermore, he showed himself when he ventured Liszt's "Sonetto di Petrarca" in public. Very beautiful, however, he made it of a melodic line almost noble. And Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 11, he made stirringly expressive of a people and a period, even as Kodaly may write expressively of a later day. Because Mr. Gebhard knows how to add the brilliancy of virtuosity to imagination is no matter for blame.

A delightful concert! A large audience applauded it enthusiastically.

R. R. G.

Dec 19 1928

Here are some books published by Little, Brown and Company that should interest those hoping to please their friends by a Christmas or any other day remembrance. Will the admirers of Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim still be faithful to him after reading "Matorni's Vineyard"? Undoubtedly, yet we wish he would give over his political, international forecasts to foreign correspondents of our newspapers. Mr. Oppenheim insists that the characters in this his 104th or 105th book—we have lost count—were not suggested by those now living, yet every one will spell Matorni, Mussolini. This Matorni was planning to make Italy the one great European nation, but he did not reckon on the adroitness of the English tennis-player and the far-seeing French general. The story opens well, with a neat murder on the Blue Train to the Riviera, and the Englishman's mission to give Uguello's papers to the right person. If Matorni has an assistant in the amorous Princess di Panini, who plots with him by way of a digression, there is the beautiful Rosetta di Maureatti; there is the brilliant tool of Matorni's, the chief of police, who is up to all kinds of atrocious games; more murders; hair-breadth escapes. At the end Matorni's plans are as dust; American battleships threaten; Matorni issues a peace-breathing proclamation; Germany has no chance; Uguello's papers finally have reached their destination.

"The Man Who Laughed" by Gerard Fairlie is a thriller, though one would like to know more about this desperate villain, who after some atrocious deed would, like the old man in "Hernani," laugh horribly in the shadows. He had an unpleasant habit of leaving his visiting card with an artistically-drawn figure of an octopus as his name. Burglary was his passion; he murdered as a pastime. His methods were original; his minions adoring him and at the same time afraid of him. Ah, but he did not reckon with Victor Caryll, formerly of the Secret Service. What would have happened to the narrator of the terrible story and his sweetheart Jean, who was as foolish in running into danger as Pearl White in those early, delightful, preposterous film plays, had it not been for Victor? Jean and her young man were always in danger, even from that pet of the Octopus's, the small African gorilla; that hated man and had "a quite distinctive smell." The Octopus would draw a pint of blood daily and alternately from the bodies of Jean and the narrator. If Caryll did not stop meddling with the nefarious activities. What a relief when the Octopus, frothing slightly at the mouth, his eyes shining with a brilliant light, and his nostrils slightly dilated, rolled down his diabolical platform, and plunged out of sight. "A dull shattering thud reached our ears." No, this is not Victor Hugo's man who laughed. He was a gentle soul if he did grin horribly. By the way, the purist would insist that both Hugo's and Mr. Fairlie's title should be "The Man that Laughed"; but the French title of Hugo's romance is: "By the King's Command."

To lovers of the drama, who would enjoy memories of the past, we recommend the handsomely printed "Six Plays," by David Belasco, with an introduction by him, notes by Montrose J. Moses and illustrations. Again one will see Blanche Bates in "Madame Butterfly," in "The Darling of the Gods" (with Mr. Arliss, sinister as Zerkuri), and "The Girl of the Golden West." David Warfield returns as Peter Grim. Mrs. Leslie Carter again loves and dies as Du Barry; kneels at the feet of enthroned Vasha as the Princess Adrea. Mr. Belasco says in his preface that from his boyhood he has tried to develop genius as Carlyle defined the word: the capacity for taking pains. He might have added that in 1928 he is still expending thought, labor, care and pains on

every one of his productions. If in these plays many of his "brightest memories and dearest associations" are bound up, many play-goers reading these plays, seeing again in their minds the actors and actresses, will share with Mr. Belasco pleasant associations and memories, and ask if those days were not better than the present ones.

"Harness," by A. Hamilton Gibbs, has already, we believe, been reviewed at length in The Herald. Michael Gordon, having served in the war, is thoroughly disillusionized, asks what was the use of it all, and swears profusely: "We've shown ourselves nothing but a flock of crooks and brigands, internationally speaking, just laying for each other." Sylvia talks with appalling frankness. When Michael's wife, Pat, went on the stage, he was so jealous that he split the lip, closed an eye and flattened the nose of Mr. Oberly, whom he found in her dressing room. Then Pat really loved her Michael. But Sylvia is the girl for our money.

Those who rejoice when idols are rudely jostled, if not thrown from their pedestals, should read "Reputations Ten Years After," by Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart. English military critics have charged him with partisanship, particularly in the case of Joffre and Gallieni, where he is seen "tilting at windmills, beating air, flogging dead horses, ploughing sands." They have found misstatements of facts; they wondered why there is no sketch of an Italian general. The reader will more than once be startled. "But nothing more startling than Captain Liddell Hart's expressed dislike of 'pontifical infallibility.'" He has the grace to say of Gen. Pershing: "There was perhaps no other man who would or could have built the structure of the American army on the scale he planned. And without that army the war could hardly have been saved and could not have been won."

There is a new and revised edition of H. Addington Bruce's "Woman in the Making of America," from the time of the founding and the heroines of the Indian raids to the winning of suffrage and after. We regret to see the militancy of Alice Paul and the picketers of the White House in 1917-18 extolled. There are illustrations and an index.

The adventures of James L. Clark in Africa and Asia, "Trails of the Hunted," is a capital book for boys and for men who, comfortable at home, like to read of wild life, dangers encountered with animals and still more savage men. As a sculptor, modelling for the mounting of animals in museums, a taxidermist, he finds that museums will give a sympathetic account of "those appealing creatures whose past is more ancient than that of man and whose future is darkened by the tragic shadow of extinction." He, too, knew suffering when he was tortured by nomad Mongols. He has written a valuable and entertaining book.

#### THAT CHRISTMAS LIST

As the World Wags:

For elderly ladies the thing in vogue is a wrist pin. A piston ring for the high school girl. A connecting rod for that fisherman friend of yours, a transmission for the in-law who's losing her hatch, and a set of overhead valves for talkative wife.

As for the young man, advice for sure success can be seen on signs in our best cities: Drive yourself.

VICE-VERSA.

By PHILIP HALE

The first of The Young People's Concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Haydn, Andante and Finale from the "Surprise" Symphony. Mendelssohn, Andante from the violin concerto (Mr. Burgin, violinist). Stravinsky, Orchestral Suite from "Petrouchka." Mozart, Larghetto from the horn concerto No. 3 (Mr. Boettcher, soloist). Berlioz, Ballet of the Sylphs and Rakoczy March from "The Damnation of Faust." Mr. Koussevitzky conducted the first three numbers. Mr. Burgin the last two. Alfred H. Meyer made short explanatory remarks in a pleasant manner and evidently interested the children as they were told something about the composers, the works that were played; different musical forms and instruments. Pictures were thrown on a screen; those illustrative of "Petrouchka" were helpful in enabling the children to enjoy Stravinsky's music. The experiment of putting the orchestra on a flat stage was made.

Might it not be well to have some "Skyscrapers" and "Adventures of a Perambulator" pictorially illustrated for the audiences of Friday afternoon and Saturday evening? Mr. Block's "Amer-

ica" to be played this week might thus be elucidated.

The program of yesterday does not call for comment except, perhaps, a note about Mozart's concerto for horn. He hurriedly wrote four of them for Leitgeb, a virtuoso on this instrument, but not at all a good musician; so that Mozart on the score of the first concerto wrote ironical remarks with reference to the player's lack of musicianly qualities.

The question might come up: What are the best compositions for a concert of this nature? This question admits of academic discussion. Children are the most easily pleased first of all by lively rhythms and great bursts of sound. (A noisy ending appeals to all audiences, old or young.) Yesterday, for example, there was much more applause after the gay Finale of Mozart's symphony than after the preceding Andante. They were pleased by Mr. Burgin's suave performance of Mendelssohn's genteel music. Did they fully appreciate Mr. Boettcher's beautiful tone? In their appreciation of Stravinsky's ballet they were greatly aided by the droll pictures on the screen. Would the young ones care for Bizet's little Suite with playthings and games, the titles of the movements? In these days "Alice in Wonderland" is relished more by parents than by their children.

The concert will be repeated this afternoon.

#### RULON ROBISON

Rulon Robison, tenor, delightfully accompanied by Stuart Mason, sang this program last night in Jordan hall:

Posate Dormite, Bassini; Danza Fanciulla, Durante; Nevicata, Respighi; I Pastori, Pizzetti; serenades by Shaw, Schumann, Stuart Mason, Poldowski, Chausson, Hahn, Faure; Bab-Lock-Hythe, Shaw; Penillion, Williams; In a Poppy Field, Clark; Listening, O Lily, Lady of Loveliness, Besly; Old Christmas, Shaw; The Knight of Bethlehem, Thompson; 15th Century Christmas Carol, Bax.

Mr. Robison last night, like the maid in the song, "sang light, sang low," for three-fourths, at least, of his program. He sang of gently falling snow.

Respighi's pretty melody, in terms of the old Italians he sang of a girl footing it on the shore. Seven serenades he sang in a row, all seven in calm or airy vein, though surely he could have got on the track of a passionate lover or two who has voiced his ardor in song beneath a lady's window. And later he sang about wild roses and daisies, about a girl with footfall light stealing across the lawn, about Mad Patsy who held whimsical views in regard to the devil's activities with flower seeds.

These songs are very well, some of them, indeed, like that by Chausson, very lovely. Monotony, though, they needs must lead to, when sung one after another. As the Scottish poet exclaimed: "Oh, for a breath of the Moorlands!" A page or two of music stout-hearted, music of depth, would have done the program good.

For the program he fancied Mr. Robison had all the requisites at hand. His voice, of quality notably pure, he has brought to a high state of development along the line of technique he elects to follow. "Flute tones," to use a distinguished Boston pedagogue's term, he depends on for his mainstay, tones lightly delicate like gossamer, with something of gossamer's unsubstantiality. They produce, no doubt of it, sweet sound, and, when not pared down too thin, unusual distinctness of enunciation. Stouter tones of fine quality Mr. Robison also delivered, when they lay just right in his voice. At other times he appeared to abandon the help of his light voice when he had need of notes really strong.

Through three groups of songs Mr. Robison let his voice flow, as old New Englanders might say, like Taunton water. He has achieved a remarkably smooth legato, he shapes his phrases according to the words, with rhetorical intelligence, with musical fine taste as well, though with slight air of musical unction.

Mr. Robison pleased a large audience to an unusual degree. Several of his songs the company wished to hear repeated.

R. R. G.

#### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

"The Michigan Kid"

A screen drama, adapted by J. Grubb Alexander from a story by Rex Beach, photographed by Charles Stumar, directed by Irvin Willat, and presented by Universal as a Carl Laemmle special with the following cast:

"The Michigan Kid" (Jimmy Rowan) (Conrad Nagel) Rose Morris (Keneo Adore) Frank Hayward (Lloyd Whitlock) Jimmy Rowan, as child (Maurice Murphy) Rose Morris, as child (Virginia Giff) Frank Hayward, as child (Dick Paul)

Conrad Nagel, debonnaire lover, gunman, good actor always, gets all musse up as "The Michigan Kid," the Alaska gambler who hasn't a crooked dealer in his house. At the outset he is his usual immaculate self, this time attractive in soft black hat and the cutaway coat affected by pioneers of the North 30 years ago. Instead of a gun he totes a

lucky gold piece as a watch charm. Perhaps that is why the "Kid" is alive at the end of the picture. He certainly had a tough time for a while.

The film opens with some boyhood stuff—young Jimmy and Frank back in a Michigan village, pelting each other with snowballs and Jimmy hitting Rose's grandfather on the ear as the two pass in a sleigh. Even then Frank shows sneaky tendencies, while Jimmy owns up like a man. This prologue passed, we have "The Michigan Kid" loaning Hayward, now in charge of a lumber camp, money to replace sums of his own and the company, lost at the gambling tables. When Hayward offers his watch as security, the "Kid" discovers Rose's picture in the back. Hayward says she is engaged to him and is due the next day on the boat. The "Kid" makes Hayward go on ahead and promises to deliver Rose and the money to cover the shortage at the company's camp. Hayward obeys, but becomes restless, puts a gun in his pocket and paddles back to a half-way house where he finds Rose and the "Kid" comfortably housed, identified to each other, and at the moment in close embrace. When a forest fire menaces, Hayward knocks the sleeping Jimmy unconscious, ties him hand and foot, steals his gold, thrusts him in a closet and flees to the canoe, with Rose. Suspecting Hayward of lying, and worse, Rose returns to the hut, finds and releases Jimmy. Then follows the first of the two big scenes of the picture, Jimmy and Hayward fight all over the room, on the table, the floor, in the doorway. It is plainly evident that Messrs. Nagel and Whitlock pulled few punches in this scene. Uppercuts, rabbit punches, kidney tattoos, all were there and many of them. Finally Jimmy pounded Hayward to sleep, then dragged him to the canoe, in which all three embarked. Both men revived with amazing rapidity and, while blazing trees and embers are falling from either side of the flaming banks, they guided their frail craft over treacherous rocks, even over a roaring waterfall, to safety. Here the continuity is broken without apparent reason. One second, the three exhausted. One second, the three exhausted figures are seen on the river bank, the fire burned out; the next the "Kid" and Rose are in a stateroom of the steamer, homeward bound. No one knows how they got there, or what became of Hayward.

The forest fire sequence is decidedly realistic, in colors and with natural crackling sounds. Here the camera was handled with remarkable skill. In fact, with Mr. Nagel, Mr. Whitlock and Miss Adore in earnest, convincing performance against a background of gambling halls and picturesque outdoor scenery, "The Michigan Kid" is one of the best screen melodramas of the season.

W. E. G.

Dec 20 1928

It may seem to some strange that the most complete, the most accurate, the most interesting biography of Henry Purcell, the greatest of English composers, has been written by a Frenchman, Henri Dupre. In recent years the French have led easily in this branch of musical literature. As biographers they are indefatigable in the search for material, discriminative in the use of it, shrewd and sane in critical observations; not indulging in what Schumann called "honey-daubing" and Artemus Ward described as "pretty shop-keeping talk."

Dupre's "Purcell," translated into English by Catherine Allison Phillips and Agnes Bedford, is published by Alfred A. Knopf of New York. Little is known of Purcell's life or music in Boston. Some of his airs have been sung—the noble lament of Dido is familiar—there have been a few, very few, performances of chamber music by him; a short "Trumpet Voluntary" has been played at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; but on the whole Purcell has been slighted and ignored.

As for his life, there is the tradition known to our students of musical history that his death was occasioned by a cold contracted late one night when coming home heated with wine, from the tavern, he could not enter the house, for his wife had ordered the servants not to let him in after midnight. Dupre regards the story as idle gossip. He calls attention to the fact that Purcell in his will twice refers to his "loving wife"; that he left her all his property; that in publishing his works she spoke of him in the tenderest terms, referring to him as her "dear" and "lamented" husband. Purcell was undoubtedly a jovial blade, a man of his period, which was not strait-laced. There is no evidence that his morals were loose. Dupre



ingenuously adds: "He was frequently obliged to return home late as a result of his profession." Jeffrey Pulver in his "Biographical Dictionary of Old English Music" also rejects the story which the grossly inaccurate Sir John Hawkins published in his "History of Music." Many members of Purcell's family, having a consumptive tendency, died, as did Henry, at an early age.

The opening chapters in Dupre's book give an account of English music before Purcell, and tell of the Chapel Royal and Captain Cooke. These chapters, valuable and interesting, show the author's patience in his investigations in London, his acquaintance with the music and musical life of those years, and his ability to strip the story of non-essential details. The golden age of English music, beginning with the accession of Charles II and lasting till the end of the 17th century, was "the culminating point of a long process of evolution, the successive stages of which are marked by names that are famous, or deserve to be so, even outside England." For the "intensity" of musical life in the time of Charles I, Dupre refers to the abundant details in the once popular novel, "John Inglesant"—but does not mention Shorthouse's plagiarisms. There was a widespread taste for music among all classes. No one could claim to be a man of intelligence and polish if he had not studied music; if he could not at sight read his part in a chorus. "Cobblers, tinsmiths, tinkers and coal-heavers amused themselves by singing catches. Cromwell himself loved music; he saved the organ of Magdalen College, Oxford, when his troops went about as fanatical iconoclasts." The aristocracy treated musicians with a familiarity that was not condescension. Charles II led in viewing the musical profession with respect. It was the Chapel Royal that fostered and encouraged Purcell's genius. Captain Cooke was the master of this Chapel. Evelyn described him as "the best singer after the Italian manner of any in England," and Pepys agreed to this.

Some say that the Purcells were of French origin; Dr. Grattan claims them as Irish; but Dupre thinks that Henry's ancestors were natives of Shropshire. There are still obscure points in Henry's life; even the exact date of his birth is not known. The story of his life is told in an entertaining manner, but not after the present fashion of biographers as a novel. Eighty pages are devoted to a discussion of Purcell's glorious works; his debt to Lully in making the music a faithful mirror of the literary text, as Schuetz had done before Lully; the original and personal element in Purcell's work; the variety, the fantastic note, the humor, the grace and elegance, the pathos, dignity, serenity; the profound melancholy when a text required that mood; his daring in harmonic treatment, and use of dissonances; his striking originality. Dupre then speaks of Purcell's affinity with Handel, Bach, Wagner, Caccini, Franck. Mangest has shown the great resemblance between the writing of Purcell's Fantasias and Gabriel Faure's string quartet.

This biography contains many musical illustrations in notation, a list of Purcell's dramatic works with approximate dates of composition, a list of the music for the church, a bibliography and a full index. Any biography of Purcell in the future would now seem superfluous.

Mr. Knopf is also the publisher of "Richard Wagner," by Ernest Newman, an attractive volume in a series to be written by him under the general title, "Stories of the Great Operas." "Rienzi" and its predecessors are not here considered. Mr. Newman—and no one is better qualified to write about Wagner's music dramas—thinks that every great opera has a twofold character: "the two component parts are supreme music and supreme romance." He tells the story of "Lohengrin" and so on, accompanied by a descriptive analysis of the music, for the narrative and the full descriptive analysis with illustrative musical quotations here go hand in hand. The book is for the ordinary music-lover who has no time, no opportunity, no aptitude to study musical scores, history or biography for himself. Mr. Newman's aim is to give this lover of opera a thorough understanding of what is going on in front of him on the stage and "to help him to grasp many an intention on the composer's part that for

one reason or another may not always come out clearly in the performance." It is needless to say that Mr. Newman as musician, critic and writer carries out his aim in an admirable manner, whether he speaks of the circumstances attending the origin of each opera or describes the text and the music. Even the layman to whom music is an unmeaning noise will find pleasure in the book considered only as literature; it should interest him, for example, to know that Wagner thought the legend of the Flying Dutchman to be a blend of that of Ulysses and the Wandering Jew. As for "Tristan," was Wagner in love with Mathilde because he was writing that opera? It is pleasant to note that Mr. Newman in his short biographical sketch says that Richard was "ostensibly" the son of K. F. Wagner, but that Geyer more likely had that honor.

## SYMPHONY PROGRAM

By PHILIP HALE

Ernest Bloch's "America: an Epic Rhapsody in three parts" will be performed this week by five leading orchestras of the country. The Philharmonic Society of New York will play it this afternoon. Boston will hear it tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening. The Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe choir will be the chorus for the end of the Rhapsody. The composer hopes that the audience will also lift up their voices in patriotic strains. Will Mr. Koussevitzky give the word by saying: "The congregation will now rise and sing 'America'?"

The score contains several quotations from Walt Whitman, which reminds us that Mr. Marc Blitzstein of Philadelphia has composed "Four Coon-Shouts" with texts taken from Whitman's "Children of Adam." Then are to be performed in New York on Dec. 30.

Bach's concerto for violin, two flutes and strings, which had been announced for performance is put over till next week; Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony is substituted for it, Ravel's "The Waltz" will be played instead of the "Spanish Rhapsody."

The program for next week will comprise Bach's concerto just mentioned, a concerto for piano and orchestra by Ernest Toch and Carpenter's "Sky-scrapers." The pianist will be Mr. Sanroma, who has returned from a year's study in Europe. He played the piano part when Mr. Koussevitzky introduced the concerto in Paris at his concert on the 24th of last May. The Parisian critics then praised Mr. Sanroma's playing, praised it warmly.

Vladimir Horowitz will play the piano in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon: music by Bach-Busoni, Chopin, Debussy, Ravel and five pieces by Liszt, among them "Funeral March" and the "Mephisto" waltz. The English singers that night and in the same hall have for their program a list of Christmas carols. By the way, "The Oxford Book of Carols" compiled by Percy Dearmer, Vaughan Williams and Martin Shaw, published by the Oxford University Press, is remarkable for text and music, also for excellent preface and the many historical notes.

The People's Symphony orchestra, Mr. Wendt, conductor—he has put life by his careful and encouraging rehearsing into the players—will give a concert next Sunday afternoon at the Hotel Statler. Rosabelle Temple has for her subject at the Boston Public Library at 8 P. M., "Famous Hymns and How to Sing Them." At Ford Hall (7:30 P. M.) the Paderson concert ensemble (violins, cello, flute, clarinet, trumpet, piano), will play. Next week beginning Christmas night, an Italian opera company from New York will perform operas by Verdi, Gounod, Leoncavallo and Mascagni at the Boston Opera House.

## CHRISTINE ARNOLDSON

Christine Arnoldson, soprano, sang this program last night in Jordan hall: Voi che Sapete, Mozart; Little Damsel, Novello; Crying of Waters, Campbell-Tipton; Leaves and Wind, Leoni; Life, Curran; Midsummer, Worth; La Wally, Catalani; Minnelled, Brahms; Frulingsglauben, Schubert; Standchen, Brahms; Caro, Caro, Mio Bambin, Guarneri; Alleluia, Mozart; "Elizabeth's Aria" from Tannhauser, Wagner.

Though announced as a "Swedish dramatic soprano," Miss Arnoldson seems rather still to belong to the student class. She has a glorious voice, one of those genuine dramatic sopranos seldom heard, of quality, that is to say, clear and pure as the lightest of light sopranos, but capable of assuming any color called for; a voice of flexibility, a voice of long range, a voice of great volume, sonorous throughout its length.

Sonority, to venture an honest opinion, Miss Arnoldson maintains when she uses discretion and judgment. She must discover a method of hunting the nasal defect, too often present, out of her lower medium register. If she learns the comfortable management of all the vowels she will find her singing the better for the knowledge. Very high tones she will presently be able to deliver with strength, in the way she now risks im-

prudently, when she comes to appreciate the distinction between opening her throat and opening her mouth.

Many a phrase last night Miss Arnoldson sang freely, with an opulence of splendid tone. When she can make her fine best her standard, she will have at her command an organ second to very few.

Although in last night's program she proved herself no consummate musician, Miss Arnoldson made clear the possession of temperament. The air from "La Wally" she sang with ardor. Pray let her devote herself, heart and soul, to preparing herself for Italian opera. There lies her field, if she can master the difficult approaches to it, a field worth cultivating.

She had valuable help from Reginald Boardman. Always a musical accompanist and discreet, last night he showed himself a pianist of brilliancy as well, and charm.

Miss Arnoldson pleased her audience mightily. R. R. G.

## SYNTHETIC MAN

(For As the World Wags)

And now we have Synthetic Man, Built on a scientific plan. He speaks from platforms and with ease Discourses loud in tones that please. He sits and stands and gestures wide— His smiles and nods seem bona fide.

Synthetic man has come to stay, So scientists are wont to say. In industries he'll take his stand Where natural man will soon be banned. He'll be a newsie—motor cop— And be a help to those who shop.

Synthetic man should be the rage With maidens of uncertain age. For when they wish for a caress A little button they can press. There ought to be ec-static bliss In robot man's electric kiss. IVA H. DREW.

The Secretary of our Hall of Fame has received these nominations from "El": Mr. Lipkind, dentist; Mr. Wardrobe, "Notions"; Mr. Coldfish, the undertaker; Mr. Ah See, the laundryman.

## NOTHING COULD BE FAIRER

(Adv. in the Los Angeles Times)

Rupture cure in exchange for plumbing. Phone to M. 1250.

## EDITORIAL IN WEEKLY CLARION

As the World Wags:

All the folks around here are pleased to know that our esteemed citizen, Charlie Gow, has got the postmaster job. Charlie was always half-fellow-well-met, pays his subscription to the Clarion promptly, unlike some of our subscribers, and is good to his help. At the same time, we are sorry to see Rol Baker leave. He was always bright and cheerful, had a smile for everybody, and got the mail sorted on time. But that's the way of the world—changes. As Second Selectman Sawyer put it last year when he retired from the board and opened a drug store, "Le roi est mort—l'état c'est mort."

Now, Charlie, just a few words from the Clarion (weekly circulation 892, and growing) to help you with your new job. You'll find us always ready to help you, especially if you get the papers in the right boxes and don't make any mistakes—Rol was good about that. We've noticed that the old box of sawdust near the stove got busted and Rol had the boy put it in the woodshed. That ought to be fixed, Charlie. When the fellers hitch their teams and come in to thaw out while the mail is getting ready, they feel sort of lost without it. Maybe you've noticed that Chan Cox and Louis Liggett don't come down to the postoffice as much as they used to. And I hope you'll sort of exert your peaceful influence to keep the boys from forgetting themselves when they talk politics. You remember the time Fred Enright kicked Jim Curley's dog, and the scuffle near the postoffice that came of it. There were some that said Fred had it coming to him, but such alterations ought to be settled peacefully, and I hope you'll exert your influence.

You can do a lot to help the town, Charlie, a man like you, centrally located, who handles all the mail, and has, you might say, so much information about everybody. Any time you think the postoffice needs a new stove, the Clarion will give 25 cents toward it for each and every new subscription for a year.

Good luck to you, Charlie, with your new job! (See our ad rates on page 1. Advertising pays.) H. F. M.

## As the World Wags:

It isn't the original cost of a dress that worries us girls—it's the up-creep. JEDDIE.

## As the World Wags:

The reference to "The Young Visitors" in The Herald editorial on "Literary Hoaxes" prompts me to ask if any one now recalls the name of the young female whom Barrie foisted on

the public as the author of that delicious piece of nonsense. Is it not significant that a writer so gifted had never attracted attention before and has never been heard of since? Barrie's denial means nothing. For how long did Sir Walter Scott deny the authorship of the Waverley novels? In Barrie's case his disclaimer was part of the delightful hoax. It was a good piece of fun, in the inimitable Barrie vein. They may prove to me that the paper on which "The Young Visitors" was written was different from any that Barrie ever wrote on; they may prove that the ink did not come out of his inkpot; they may prove that the very handwriting was Miss What's-her-name's, but until some one proves that Barrie's unique mind occupies two separate brain baskets I shall still insist that Barrie wrote "The Young Visitors." W. E. K.

Why be a doubting Thomas? Do you think that Barrie would lie about a little book like "The Young Visitors"? Would he not be glad to acknowledge the authorship? We are firm in the faith that Daisy Ashford wrote the delightful account of the trip to London.—Ed.

## LITTLE "P": BIG "P"

As the World Wags:

Let us be thankful to L. P. M. for stirring up this brain-storming trouble again. The amount of bad language caused by the arrangement of the last two keys of typing machines of today is incalculable. The first manufacturer who breaks away from the standardized keyboard will reap a rich harvest. Put the key for little p, big P and 9, next to the last; then put last of all the key for little o, big O, and zero. Cheers will then be heard by radio, all around the enlightened world. J. A. S.

In The Sunday Herald I saw a picture of two Wellesley College students and their paper dolls.

Is it possible that your reporter got mixed up with a "Kindergarten"? If not, it certainly shows that the educational requirements at Wellesley College are laid on broad lines, and no wonder girls sigh for a college vacation. GEO. L. MINOTT.

Gardner, Mass., Dec. 9, 1928.

As the World Wags:

Some lady anti-cigarette who probably can't smoke on account of asthma or cracked lips or something, says three drops of liquefied smoke will kill a snake. Suppose it does. What good are snakes, anyhow? Go ahead and kill 'em and see if I care.

CHARLEY THE PORTER.

## BEDTIME STORY

As the World Wags:

"No," said Willie Muskrat, stroking his whiskers. "I ain't sort I never married. If I swam home five minutes late, the firing squad would growl and say, 'Where were you?' No for mine. I ain't lonesome and any way I rather be lonesome than overworked. The little old home is none too big for me, and a wife would be a crush and a noisy one at that. I can sit on the roof all night if I want and nobody'll holler 'Willie, you come right down here and go to bed.' And I can swim over to the Bach-elors' Club without a lumps when I get back, and if I happen to rub up against a bunch of swee grass, nobody will glare and say, 'My, but you do smell sweet, where were you?' No, sirree, no wedding bells for me. No goodness, how bright the moon is! The Bessie Muskrat who lives near the old bridge sure has lovely eyes. Guess will swim up and chat awhile. But don't get me wrong, this ain't no catchup and I'm not going to marry her. Just friends, that all; but I dread the long dark winter and the mud is a awful quiet. I'm going to travel a bit, but Bessie's smile is bewitching. I shall see." JAMES EDWARDS.

## GRACE CRONIN

Grace Cronin, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan hall.

Bach, Prelude and Fugue C sharp major; Schumann, Sonata G minor, Chopin, Prelude, D minor, Etude G flat major, Etude, A minor (Winterwind), Nocturne, E major, Polonaise, A major; Brahms, Intermezzo, opus 118, Juon, Etude, Nymphs at the Fountain, Porter, Meditation; Palmgren, Whimsy opus 75, No. 7; Faure, Impromptu, C major; Rubinstein, Etude C major.

Her program, to one examining it in advance, gave pause. Could Miss Cronin, so young a pianist, successfully cope with ambitious pieces usually attacked in virtuoso vein? The A minor polonaise, The minor study of Chopin, a prospective listener could only hope at the untidy uproar he might expect encounter.

But Miss Cronin raised no such questions. Gauging her performance on the contrary, which she played those two



fective) and the other some as ell, with never one hint of haste. Because, indeed, she made a struggle for a virtuously not yet ten to she gave that prelude also that study performance nearer to Chopin's than they are, once in a dog's age. Free of bombast, once, instead of ugly thounded agreeable.

Miss Cronin, thanks to her dynamism, escaped the suggestion of future exhaustion which besets the great run of pianists essaying the polonaise. Her musical performance, therefore, free of strain, she gave real pleasure.

She is indeed a musical girl. To the lovely drop in the melody of Bach's prelude—like a swallow's flight at sunset—she showed herself more sensitive than many a pianist of renown. Schumann's slow melody she fashioned tastefully, accompanying it with art. She played it, furthermore, with beautiful tone.

All of the first two groups, for that matter, she played with beautiful tone, with technique refreshingly neat. For so much is clear, she has been submitted to discipline; she has formed the wholesome habit of doing things, both musical and technical, aright. Presently no doubt, she will come to recognize the wisdom of carrying her admirable musical designs through to the very end, sometimes, last night, she fell into the needless pit of an anti-climax.

No matter. Musical and precise, neither prim nor sleepy, she gave recital last night that gave great pleasure. Sincere congratulations. R. R. G.

"Gift Books" in the present as in the past, are often only a picture book with a negligible text. In the old days the pictures were usually "steel-plate engravings" of women famous, as those in the Bible, or imaginary, all supposed to be beautiful. Sometimes for books of this nature—"the Keepsake" or "the Token"—authors of high reputation, as Hawthorne, wrote short stories or essays. The public is more exacting in the matter of illustrations today. We have seen three books published by E. P. Dutton & Co. which appeal alike to the eye and to a fastidious reader's taste.

One of the three is Helne's "Florentine Nights" with 12 illustrations in color by Felix De Gray. The translation of the text is Charles Godfrey Leland's. "Florentine Nights" was published, translated, long ago in the handy "Lecture Hour Series." Even without illustrations the fantastic stories told by Maximilian to the suffering and mysterious Maria by the doctor's orders were fascinating. Paganini and Bellini as they are here described recalled E. T. A. Hoffmann's Chevalier Gluck and the Donna Anna of "Don Giovanni."

Who was this adorable Maria? Maximilian wished a cast to be taken of her. "She will be very beautiful even in death." The doctor told him such masks led astray memories of the loved ones. Regular and beautiful features then become hard, frozen, satirical or repulsive. There is an enigmatic expression, which "the more we study, the more it runs shivering like frost through the soul; they all look like people who intend to take a long journey."

"And whither?" asked Maximilian, as the doctor took his arm and led him forth.

Why does the doctor, with his black gloves, smile as he leaves the sick chamber in the picture? What a contrast to Bellini at the feet of a fair lady; of Paganini in the avenue with his strange companion; of the curious dwarf, M. Turlutui; of Mlle. Laurence in the opera box, the girl, who once with the dwarf, wedded later an old Bonapartist and was beloved by Maximilian, for whom she danced in her bedroom, sumptuously furnished after an age whose splendor had become dusty. The artist in these charming illustrations is as fantastic as Helne, the narrator.

The illustrations, "Conceptions" by John Vassos for Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol," dedicated "to all prisoners," are symbolical. An "explanation" is printed separately, from the frontispiece: "The last hours of a condemned prisoner are like a nocturne. The scale descends down to eternity, and when the last key is reached, there is the scaffold and the prisoner plunges into the eager waiting hands of Death while the hungry vultures hover above"—to the 16th illustration for "the holy hands that took the thief to Paradise": "Looking at his mortal body in its final purple struggle, with a pitiful and despairing glance, he accepts the hand of deliverance and is engulfed in the eternal shadows."

But call this book a nightmare, but illustrations, without regard to symbolism, are extraordinary in their conception. For example, take the pictures for the line, "But each man does not die," or for the prisoners and the sky; the man who looked "so wistfully at the day," while down below the rope is about a neck; the picture of the awfulness of silence, of terror creeping behind; of the dance on air. This edition of Wilde's "Ballad" is not for midnight, solitary reading, but it should attract every lover of wild imagination in the pictorial art.

Marie Luise Gothein's "History of Garden Art," edited by Walter P. Wright, translated from the German by Mrs. Archer-Hind, with additional chapters on Modern English Gardening by Mr. Wright and Landscape Architecture in North America by Frank A. Waugh, is published in two large quarto volumes, with over 600 illustrations. There is a full index.

This is an amazing book; amazing for the ease with which Mme. Gothein disposes of an enormous amount of material; amazing as showing her acquaintance with literature, classical and modern, pertaining to the subject. It would be a delightful book if only for its wealth of illustrations. It may be regretted that there is no picture of the garden belonging to Alcibiades described in the "Odyssey," but it was impossible to find one. Mme. Gothein reminds us that a palace garden in Homer's time was probably not an exceptional thing; that Penelope's garden was close to her father's palace and probably under her personal supervision. Mme. Gothein begins with the gardens of the ancient Egyptians and those in western Asia of old times. Then follow chapters on the cultivation of gardening in Greece and Rome; Byzantine gardens and the countries of Islam. The chapter on Italian gardens in the time of the renaissance and the baroque style is naturally a very long one, as are those devoted to the time of Louis XIV and the French garden in European countries. Of course, Germany, the Netherlands, China and Japan are not neglected.

Only a landscape gardener, or a landscape architect as he is now called in the profession, is competent to review this book as it should be reviewed; his article should be for a magazine, not for the limited space that a newspaper can give. We may here make a note or two. In the Homeric gardens there were no flowers; only trees and vines. For a knowledge of Roman gardening one must go to Columella, Varro and the Plinys, yet architectural features were more and more in fashion as one learns from Pompeii. Books on gardening began to appear about the ninth century. The Italians planned their gardens on a huge scale as is shown here by the birdseye views and plans. Great artists made the designs; there was often more attention to marble and bronze than to flowers and shrubs.

There came the rigid formalism of the French. It has been said that "almost alone among nations the Englishman wanted to walk in the garden," and it was the spirit of the English garden that vanquished the spirit of Versailles. Yet there were still freakish gardens in various countries; the topiarist was at work; there was much that was simply grotesque. "At Potsdam there was a kitchen in a classical ruin, an icehouse in a pyramid, and a bath in a hermit's cell." Even now there is too much of unintelligent routine. "In southern Europe the first requirements were shade and water; trees and fountains had priority of attention, amid which room was presently found for statues of the sylvan deities to whom, whether in earnest or in half jest, the fortunate owner ascribed his outdoor pleasures. China and Japan have not been without influence in laying out the grounds and gardens of the Occident. Is not the old-fashioned New England garden preferable to the costly and geometrical precision in which so many now find pleasure? No doubt a landscape gardener of today would find fault with the hanging gardens of Babylon, without going into the question whether Semiramis invented them.

## BLOCH'S "AMERICA"

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, gave its 10th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program comprised Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony; Ravel's "The Waltz"; and Bloch's "America: an Epic Rhapsody in Three Parts." Members of the Radcliffe Choral Society and the Harvard Glee Club sang the hymn at the end of "America." The rhapsody was performed in Boston for the first time.

It can be a "100 per cent American" without being excited over Mr. Bloch's panoramic, dioramic musical history and glorification of the United States. He attempted to portray in tones the North American Indians, the Mayflower leaving England, the landing of the Pilgrims and their trials and tribulations, the years of the civil war, the materialism and the mechanization (with anvils in the score) of the present age, the return of spiritual progress and hopes, and the United States handing out the hand of friendship to all the nations of the earth. A formidable task, indeed. And all this in one rhapsody.

The score is annotated with quotations from Walt Whitman. It is dedicated to his memory and to the memory of Lincoln. The titles of the tunes introduced from those of the Indians and "Old Hundred" to "I went to the hop joint" and the "Coon-can Game," are given; a thoughtful precaution on the part of Mr. Bloch, for a few of them are hardly recognizable in the performance on account of the thick instrumentation.

The first section "1620" is the most musical and the most interesting of the three. The Indian tunes have character and are not too sophisticatedly treated. The contrast between the exultation of the arriving Pilgrims and their hours of depression and danger is well brought forward. The remaining portions of the rhapsody are too often bombastic after the manner of Mr. Babbitt addressing a meeting of Rotarians. What Hazlitt said of Marquis Wellesley speaking on affairs in India might often be applied to Mr. Bloch in his many enthusiastic moments: "Writhing with agony under a truss, and launching a commonplace with all the fury of a thunderbolt."

It was expected of Mr. Bloch that he would weave his selected tunes into the cloth of his orchestral loom with technical skill; not using them in the construction of a pot-pourri; for certain works of his that have been performed here—especially his concerto and those fixed and growing with his racial spirit—have shown his ability as a musical architect and decorator. But this ability is not so clearly displayed in "America" and the prevailing color, in his quiet and most boisterous moments, is drab.

There is little in this rhapsody to quicken the pulse or charm the spirit. His hymn at the end is of the Sunday school order, perhaps designedly so, for he wishes the congregation to rise and sing the hymn whenever the rhapsody is performed. He might as well have asked the congregation of yesterday to wave pocket American flags as they rose for no music was provided for the worshippers—at least we saw none—and no one ventured to pipe up the patriotic strains.

Is it not probable that Mr. Bloch in his fervent appreciation of this country, in his love of its past history and his commendable hope for its future, undertook a task that no one could accomplish and remain a musician?

It is true that this rhapsody won the prize when 92 manuscripts were submitted in Musical America's "symphony contest." In 1861 Joachim Raff was awarded a prize by a Vienna society for his symphony "To the Fatherland." Raff attempted in this symphony to portray in tones the "deep thought, the civilized gentleness, the conquering perseverance of the German people," the love of the Germans for the chase and for song; the domestic hearth with wives and children all made happy through the cultivation of the Muses. The sorrow caused by the dismemberment of the united fatherland; but "Hope, the consoiler, takes the composer by the hand, and filled with longing and presagful, he sees the new victory-crowned flight of his people to a glorious unity." This symphony, when performed, had no success. Mr. Nikisch brought it out in Boston early in 1890. The audience—musicians and laymen—would not have it; yet Raff was a musician of parts and a flaming patriot. Absit omen!

Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra did all that was possible for the success of the rhapsody. The stentorian ending naturally aroused applause.

There was a beautiful performance of the "Unfinished" symphony; that of Ravel's "Waltz" was greatly enjoyed by the audience.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week, as announced, is as follows: Bach, Brandenburg concerto, No. 4, G major; Toch, concerto for piano and orchestra (Mr. Sanroma, pianist); Carpenter, "Sky-scrapers." It is probable that the program will include another piece.

To "M. S.": No, the turkey is not so named because it came from Turkey. The word was first applied to the guinea-fowl, a native of Africa. This bird, known to Aristotle and Pliny, also called in the 16th century "turkey-cock," was at first identified with the American bird, our turkey, found domesticated in Mexico, when that country was discovered in 1518; soon after it was introduced into Europe. The guinea-fowl was brought from Numidia into Turkey, hence its name; then into Europe, where it was considered as first at home in Turkey. The name "guinea-fowl" was given to the bird because the Portuguese found it in Guinea. The Northern wild turkey was succeeded by the Mexican. It is hard to say from which of these types our domesticated turkey came; probably from the Mexican, which was called there "huexolotl" on account of its gobbling noise.

Many are fond of turkey, hot or cold; hence the slang "to talk turkey," i. e., to say pleasant things, but for a holiday dish beef steak and kidney pie made from the recipe given to Mrs. Fitzhugh of Fairfax county, Va., by the courteous Lord Cornwallis after his surrender at Yorktown is not to be despised:

"Beef steak and kidney pie is made from veal kidney and sirloin steak, diced and spiced and placed in an earthen poekin, together with wafer potatoes, pearl onions, carrots, and flavored with sage, thyme, rosemary and wine, covered with a pie crust and baked."

The great misfortune to mankind is that only those politicians out of office know how to solve great problems.—Lord Dewar.

## As the World Wags:

OH, WHAT IS THE WORLD coming to, I ask you! Here the Boston police had to step in and stop a play that was going to be given by the Havahd Dramatic Club. The censors who looked at a dress performance of the play before they faintly said that it was simply too shocking for words. And at Havahd! Oh, horrors! Bet the play contained both the word d—n and that equally terrible word h—l. "Don't send my boy to Havahd, the dying mother said; don't send my boy to Havahd, I'd rather he were dead; I've"—oh, it is too sad to continue. R. H. L.

## MERRY CHRISTMAS!

### As the World Wags:

Yes, sir, we shopped early this year. Margaret said she was tired of rushing around stores at the zero hour, getting hot and bothered. So one night about the first of November our family gathered in front of the gas log, the radio was shut off, and we laid out a campaign of early buying.

Well, we did. Any time last month you might have seen us in the shops, smiling superciliously. Each night we came triumphantly home laden with bundles. By the first of December the task was done. We had bought gifts for every one, including a brass cuspidor for Half-Great Uncle Eph in Poquonock, Ct., and a rattle for Cousin Judie's baby, which was extraordinary forethought because the baby won't be born until late in January.

We sat back proudly; chuckling as we watched our neighbors racing with the flying leaves of the calendar, warmed by the virtuous sense of having done our shopping early and well.

About a week ago Margaret said it was time to wrap up Uncle Eph's cuspidor because there was no telling about rural free deliveries. She went to the hall closet where it had been cached. After a few minutes she came out with a dust smudge on her nose and said: "John, didn't we put the old fool's cuspidor in the closet?"

"Yes."

"Well, it isn't there now."

"It must be. Did you look under the overshoes?"

"Yes, everywhere. Even in the vacuum cleaner bag."

"Oh, well, it must be there."

Oh, well, it wasn't. After giving little Willie a stiff cross-examination over my lap, I found that the cuspidor was down cellar in his biology laboratory. He was using it to hold some sardines which he intended to gold plate.

This mystery had hardly been solved when Margaret, slightly exasperated, called from upstairs: "John, where is that book for Alice?"

"What book for Alice? How should I know?"

"I left it in your bureau."

"Oh. What was the name of it?"

"John Brown's Body."

"Oh. Was that a present?"

"John! Don't tell me you—you—"

"Yes. Er—er—I have been reading it."

But I guess it will be all right if you can sort of fix the cover where my cigarette burned it."

Margaret's further annoyance was thankfully cut short by daughter Dorothy, who rushed violently from her room and tremulously asked if any one had seen a box that she had left on her chiffonier. She refused to be explicit about the contents, and we did not press her, as we guessed it was going to a certain youth who had been palming her young heart for some time. While we puzzled over this baffling



latter son Arnold, age 18, breezed in puffing a pipe.

"Arnold, you rotten beast," said Dorothy cordially.

"Dear, darling sister," said Arnold, pulling her hair, "What is the matter now?"

"Th-that pipe. Where did you get it?"

"Oh yea, this pipe. Oh yea. Well, the maid gave it to me. She said she found it in your room."

Dorothy departed weeping.

So it went. We found the explanation for the simultaneous illness of the baby and Jojo the dog. On one of their four-footed explanations they had discovered and sacked the grocer's gift box which was for my nephew. (My nephew goes to Yale, but otherwise he has always been normal.) Grandpa's eyes are supposed to be weak, but somehow he ran across the cocktail-shaker we were going to give him and used it to make a golf hole for his new putting green in the backyard. The last straw was the electric train I bought for Willie. After spending six nights testing it to be sure it was all right, I will be darned if I didn't burn out the engine.

Next year we will shop on Christmas eve.

ROGER REMINGTON.

As the World Wags:

I see that the Great and General Court has abolished the words "poor" and "pauper." "Overseers of the poor" must now be "Board of public welfare." I hope the Massachusetts Bible Society will take notice and change its editions to read: "The public welfare people have the gospel preached." "Ye have the public welfare people always." "The public welfare widow," and so on. "The commonwealth of Massachusetts hath said it. And it's greatly to its credit."

H. S. M.

#### "IN THE MIDST OF LIFE"

As the World Wags:

The risks to which we are exposed in our daily lives are always increasing. So it would seem, at any rate, from the solemn warnings which are given us at very frequent intervals. The other day the water-bottle was the culprit. If it was allowed to stand in the sun, the rays concentrated on it, and set the table or the washstand on fire. Now it is the electric arrangements in our bathrooms. We are liable, it appears, to be electrocuted at any moment unless we take the very greatest care. Does anybody pay heed to the Gloomy Guses who are so eager to alarm us? What a life one would have if one did!

LOOKER-ON.

#### METROPOLITAN

##### "The Air Circus"

A screen comedy-drama, by Graham Baker and Andrew Benmison; photographed by Daniel Clark and Elmer Dyer, directed by Howard Hawkes and Lew Siller, and presented as a part-talking picture with sound sequences by William Fox with the following cast:

"Buddy" Blake ..... David Rollins  
"Speed" Doolittle ..... Arthur Lake  
Charles Manning ..... Sue Carol  
Charles Manning ..... Charles Delaney  
Jerry Meswiger ..... Helene Conklin  
Mrs. Blake ..... Louise Dresser

Some boys take to water like ducks. They are born swimmers and do not know what fear is as far as water is concerned. Other boys, however eager and anxious, cannot master that fear that when they plunge in they never will come up. So it seems to be in the flying game. "The Air Circus," a wholesome and spirited picture of youthful adventures in the clouds, exemplifies this. "Speed" Doolittle, a tall gangling, clowning boy who just can't keep still, is a natural flier. One of a class of boys at a commercial air training school in southern California, he typifies American youth at its cleanest. So, for that matter, does David Rollins as "Buddy" Blake. "Buddy" got away to a bad start, however, for he had air fear. That was strange, for his brother, Lt. Blake, died a hero in the world war, crashing his own plane into that of an enemy ace to save a compatriot. At the training school conducted by Charles Manning, who happened to be the compatriot, and Sue, his sister, all the boys hovered round Sue. She treated them all alike, though being a bit partial to "Buddy" and "Speed," the one for his earnestness, the other for his drollery. It is about these three that the story revolves.

"Buddy" tries to conquer his air fear, but two smashes defeat him. He is a coward, he tells his mother, who has hurried to him through premonition of disaster. She consoles him, repeats the old doggerel, "Be good, be good, me ther said, and some day you'll be a hero in the army." On the day of "air circus" at another field, "Buddy" and Sue take off carelessly, unknowingly lose their landing gear, who had promised his mother to go up again, stands with her them off. He begs her to

consent to an effort to warn them, wing it, and rags off. He catches them, and "Speedy" and Sue make parachute drops safely as their plane crashes. "Buddy," fear at last conquered, keeps on, "I can fly," he cries out again and again, and the film fades.

The air photography is graphic and exciting, showing nose-dives, narrow escapes and crashes aplenty. The comic scenes are very amusing as when "Speedy" in the act of punching a fellow-flier for calling "Buddy" yellow, pretends to be tracing a technical problem in the sand as a superior passes, and then resumes his pummeling; or at the students' boarding house during an impromptu dance when "Speedy," missing Sue, drops his partner carelessly on the floor. Both boys give spontaneity and sincerity to their characterizations. Miss Dresser again scores as the adoring mother. The few speech sequences were clear and audible, though none of the voices was unduly raised. An enjoyable holiday picture.

W. E. G.

Mc 24 1228

Mr. Winthrop Ames may say that he cannot afford to stage operettas by Gilbert and Sullivan any longer; Mr. Ernest Newman may insist that Gilbert is an absurdly overrated wit and writer of lyrics, the fact remains that popular interest in these operettas leads men to write books about the librettist and the composer, and publishers to add these books to their lists. Not long ago Messrs. Dark and Grey wrote at length about Gilbert, but neglected to mention his "Princess Toto," for which Frederic Clay provided the music—we still see Mr. Wren, as Prince Caramel, knitting as he entered the Court, saying, "And I have not finished my wedding present"; Mr. Dunhill dealt critically with Gilbert and Sullivan's operettas and Mr. Godwin discussed them as solemnly as any German professor editing the tragedies of Aeschylus. Then there is the biography by Sullivan and Flower.

Now comes forward Mr. Isaac Goldberg with "The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan, or the 'Complot' Savoyard," a large octavo volume of nearly 600 pages, with many illustrations, musical questions, a "Gilbert miscellany" containing verses from Fun, etc., a bibliography, and an unusually full index. Simon and Schuster of New York are the publishers.

The book is indeed "complot." The title might be: "Inquire Within For All You Want To Know About Gilbert and Sullivan." There are even two pages about "Princess Toto" which Mr. Goldberg thinks it unjustly forgotten. (The index maker of this volume also forgot it.)

Mr. Goldberg must have spent a great amount of time and patience in collecting the material for this most readable book, which is historical, anecdotal, and critical. Is there due attention to the pirated versions of the operettas in this country? One finds the judicial opinion of Judge Lowell and a reference to the late Alexander ("Sandy") P. Browne's article in the North American Review. One learns that the oboe and bassoon were the only wind instruments that Sullivan could not play with ease.

Sullivan never married. He had a sweetheart, but she wrote him that she could not wed him. "You have others to work for, and your beautiful genius to live for, and neither I nor any other woman on God's earth is worth wasting one's life for. With all my heart, I thank you for the past which has given a color to my life." Fine words, but was she not unwilling to marry a musician? Mr. Goldberg hints this and adds: "Only in the United States, on the occasion of his first visit to New York, does a gentleman of wealth refuse an invitation to a dinner because he does not care to be seated at the same table with a composer." Who was this snobbish nabob?

It was later that Sullivan met Mrs. Pierre Lorillard Ronalds (Mary Frances Carter of Boston), who became, according to Mr. Goldberg, the greatest influence in Sullivan's life. She and her husband separated, although four children had been born to them: "It was her fondness for the British capital, indeed, that had been one of the real causes of the break with her husband." Had she aroused the jealousy in Paris of the Empress Eugenie? Queen Victoria granted the American a "private presence." King Edward and Alexandra would visit her informally and "thus transform her modest drawing room into the momentary pivot of the kingdom." Ronalds did not divorce his wife until they had been separated for more than

What a ridiculous fuss was made over "Fiesta"! A virtuous young woman of Cambridge, who saw the first performance by the Harvard Dramatic Club assured us that she enjoyed the show and did not hear a single line that would have brought blushes to the cheeks of her parents if they had been present. Some malicious person, we are informed, suspects the Harvard Dramatic Club of having concocted the letter of indignant protest that was published; the outraged citizen was merely an advertising medium. Perish the thought that young gentleman "enjoying the advantages of a collegiate education" should so deceive the public and sound the tocsin for defence of endangered morality.

Dec 23 1928

"Caprice," now playing at the Hollis Street Theatre, may be a comedy that depends chiefly on the admirable performance for popular success, but when the spectator leaves the theatre he wonders about the future of the characters. How long will the Counselor and Ilsa live happily together? Will he provide handsomely for his son? Will Robert continue to spout in his poetic way, or will he buckle down to the study of law? What becomes of Amalia, portrayed with fine restraint and womanly charm by Miss Lily Cahill? The Counselor should have married her, not to discharge a moral obligation, but he would have been happier with her than with Ilsa for she would not have minded his little strays from his own fireside. Her love for him had been undying through the years in spite of her remarks to the contrary. If she had not continued to love him she would not have sent her son to him in the hope he would steady his father. A pretty and coquettish client, portrayed by Miss Harrison, called on the Counselor in the opening scene. He was evidently impressed by her. Ten to one, there was a meeting after Ilsa became his wife. One cannot easily forgive Robert for packing his suit case, leaving the Counselor's house, and dragging his mother with him. She was not eager to go.

Perhaps some day Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne will be seen here in a play in which they are not alternately reviling each other and canoodling together. The fact that Miss Fontanne is Mr. Lunt's wife strips in a measure for the audience the romance from their fond embracing on the stage. But whatever the comedy in which they play, their visits will be welcomed.

Last Wednesday night at the Little Theatre, Hanover, N. H., a 13th century Polish play, "The Krakow Stable," adapted from a puppet show, was performed for the first time (in English at least) in this country. The parts were all taken by members of the Dartmouth College faculty. The chorus was the Polish choir of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Manchester, N. H., sent for the performance by the Rt. Rev. R. W. Slocinski, Bishop. Mr. Eric P. Kelly, assistant professor in the department of English at Dartmouth, writes to The Herald that a few years ago the traditional words of the play were compiled by the Historical Society of Krakow. "When I was teaching in the University there I translated this little show."

To The Editor of The Herald:

I note that Mr. Nicolas Slonimsky wrote to you as follows regarding the Symphony in D minor by Paul Allen: "Incredible as it may seem, the symphony has never been given in America, although it was performed in France and Italy." This is not wholly the case, as Mr. Chadwick performed the first movement of this symphony at a concert of the New England Conservatory orchestra in Jordan hall on April 22, 1914. I heard the Conservatory orchestra rehearse the entire symphony and I remember some of its themes, but only the first two movements were performed at the concert. . . . I remember that I was much impressed with the American spirit and idiom found in Mr. Allen's symphony. HERBERT R. BOARDMAN.

Little or no attention was paid by newspapers in this country to the death of "Harry" Higgins, yet this man, who was the "soul" for many years of the Covent Garden Opera Company, was for a time a member of the foreign advisory committee of the Boston Opera Company and was a striking figure in the Opera House, "striking" on account of his height and majestic bearing.

At Covent Garden he was an autocrat. Successful as a business man, interested in many schemes, he once was mistaken. The day before Mme. Tetrazzini made her first appearance he thought of offering her two or three hundred pounds to get rid of a contract he had signed with her. He did not foresee her enormous popularity which made the season a great success.

He was careful in the selection of singers, not relying on the word of others. In Boston he was particularly interested in Mme. Edvina who is even now gratefully remembered for her personal attractiveness and artistic ability. We met him in the lobby one night when she was singing, and expressed our admiration for her performance. His eyes glistened, he grasped our hand and said in a husky voice, "for he had some disease of the throat which finally made it impossible for him to speak above a whisper: 'My dear fellow, thank you, thank you. When you come to London I'll give you a box at Covent Garden.' His fervor was amusing, also pathetic. We believe his wife was an American. She was not with him on this occasion. Mr. Higgins was the son of a famous writer for the London press, who signed himself 'Jacob Omnium.' He was the hero of Thackeray's ballad 'Jacob Omnium's Hoss.' Policeman X, telling this story of the Pallace Court," exclaims:

"Who was this master good  
Of whom I make these rhymes?  
His name is Jacob Omnium, Esquire;  
And if I'd committed crimes,  
Good Lord! I wouldn't ave that mann  
Attack me in the Times!"

This "Jacob" of an "Iron pen" and Thackeray were close friends and went to sh—ther. "Jacob" was a man of a prodigious height; Thack-



eray as far from being undersized. A story was told of their being at a fair. They came to a tent where a giant was exhibited, not so much of a giant as "Jacob." Thackeray suggested that they might ask for free admission, belonging, as they did, to the profession of giants.

John Barrymore is quoted as saying of "The Royal Family" which will be seen here Christmas night—the Cavendishes in the play are popularly supposed to be the Barrymores—that there are moments in the comedy that brought back to him memories of the past. "There is only one thing I might remark and that is since these incidents approximate what happened in certain portions of my life—and since these happenings have apparently been the inspiration for the play—and also since I am the one who had to go through them and managed to keep out of jail, some consideration might have been given me by the authors in the matter of royalties."

#### The Editor of The Herald:

A friend told me the surprising news that in French theatres a hiss from the audience means applause and not condemnation, as such sibilancy means in this country. Will you please let me know if this is an actual fact? I am inclined to doubt it.

You may well doubt it. Your friend was "spoofing," or he mistook the enthusiastic cry of "Bis! Bis!" for hissing.

ED.

It was asked in The Herald whether the quartet of vocal miners in the screen play "With the Aid of a Rogue," shown in London, sang Tony Pastor's "Down in a Coal Mine," made famous by Tony Pastor. There was mention of the hat he always sported on the stage. L. R. R. writes:

"In the late 90's Tony did a daily turn in comic songs at his Fourteenth street theatre. He wore evening clothes and carried a crush opera hat. He used this hat to illustrate the features of his songs. I have never seen any comedian since, quite like him. His technique with the hat was amazing. Presumably he was an Italian, and they generally are adept at talking with their hands. Do you remember 'Tiddley Wink the Barber'?"

"Tiddley Wink, Tiddley Wink, Tiddley Wink the Barber,

Tiddley Wink, Tiddley Wink went to shave his father,

But the razor slipped, cut his lip,

How his father swore,

His father sent poor Tiddley Wink

Bang upon the floor."

A series of "full length opera sound films in which the music is to be more important than the language," is to be produced by a British film company. The operas already selected are "La Boheme," "Faust," "The Bohemian Girl" and "Martha." "The Rose Cavalier" by Richard Strauss was produced as a film some time ago in Germany, but not with great success, though Strauss conducted the orchestra.

P. H.

30 years. "It is conceivable—but is it likely?—that the attachment was platonic?"

There is also pleasant gossip about the "Barnett sisters, later to achieve would renown as the Dorlas," at whose home in Leipzig the student Sullivan was often seen. "Sullivan was a hearty eater," and won the favor of "Mamma Barnett" by his appreciation of her cooking. "Clara Dorla," Mrs. Henry M. Rogers, has told in an amusing manner of Sullivan's flirtatious behavior in her "Memories of a Musical Career."

Mr. Goldberg's book is mighty interesting reading, as Horace Greely used to say. Where another would mention the fact that Gilbert was a contributor to Fun, Mr. Goldberg gives several pages to that comic weekly; names the contributors, among them Ambrose Bierce. One might have merely mentioned the date of the arrival of Gilbert and Sullivan in New York; Mr. Goldberg quotes for two pages a reporter's interview with them published in the New York Herald. Apropos of the "Pinafore" rage in that city, Mr. Goldberg tells of Frederic Clay being in church when the minister ended his sermon with the phrase, "For he himself hath said it," whereupon Sam Barlow added in a whisper, "And it's greatly to his credit" and handed over the half-dollar that was in their confraternally the fine for such quotations.

It was in this year, 1879, that Sullivan's "Prodigal Son" was performed in Boston by the Handel and Haydn Society under his direction. He also conducted his "In Memoriam" overture. We find no allusion to this visit in Mr. Goldberg's book, but we are told that as a church organist in London Sullivan drafted tenors and basses for his choir from the police department.

The praise of Sullivan's music is by no means indiscriminate. As a song writer in his younger days he was "a facile writer of steaming potboilers," ready to set music to any words; "to match the fatuity of the words with an unconscionable commonness of musical phrase." Think of his setting music to such words as these in "The Sailor's Grave":

"He sleeps a calm and pleasant sleep,  
With the salt waves washing o'er him."

Nor was he, in a deep sense, a "religious composer"; he slid easily into the conventional groove. It was in his operettas that he shone, yet he was anxious to win fame by serious opera. These operettas are discussed at length, from their genesis to their production, but there is no "honey daubing" in

criticism. There are many happy phrases, as Gilbert "had thrown off the incubus of inversion" in his "Yeomen of the Guard." It is a pleasure to find that, glorifying Sullivan as a "musical Aristophanes," he does not find it necessary to disparage Offenbach. Mr. Goldberg finds that Gilbert's librettos have, on the whole, aged more rapidly than Sullivan's music, and joins Mr. Newman in finding Gilbert's "capers with language" often elephantine and his humor labored. Sullivan's music, especially in the sentimental passages, wears thinner and thinner with the years. The two men should not be considered separately; they present "a problem not so much in separate entities as in reciprocal. Neither alone was—or could have been—what he became with the other." What separated them in the much-discussed quarrel was "the strife—the ancient schism that splits all opera with internal dissension—between Words and Music." The combined influence of the men was salutary. "Their laughter burst through convention; their merriment, not always innocent, was polite, but a real victory over the stuffier aspects of Victorianism."

#### PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The People's Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Theophil Wendt, was heard at the Hotel Statler ball room yesterday afternoon.

The orchestra has improved considerably since the first of the season, and undoubtedly it will continue to do so under Mr. Wendt's capable leadership. Although they have gained confidence in him, still they do not give all that is in them and as a result do not always keep up to tempo or get the shadings they should get.

In the Overture to Fledermaus, by Strauss, they played with a precision of rhythm and vital tonality delightful to the hearer, and the audience was ardent in its applause. Tschalkovsky's "Nut Cracker Suite" lacked vitality; dainty though it may be it is also full of life, and not only was it lackadaisical but the first and second violins did not always agree, the second violins showing a tendency to lag behind. However, on the whole, the tonal quality was better than it has been of late and the phrasing a little more graceful. Mr. Wendt deserves credit and may he continue his good work.

O. A.

#### ENGLISH SINGERS

The English singers were heard last evening in Symphony hall in a program of carols and folk songs which the audience enjoyed immensely.

Of course their concert was unusual and maybe that made the audience more appreciative, because one likes the exceptional, but also their singing was intelligent; diction thoroughly under-

standable and rhythm which was a distinct pleasure. But, alas, the tonal quality was not all it might have been. In full voice it was rich and full, but the pianissimo passages lacked body and too often an otherwise beautiful selection was spoiled by a hollow, toneless ending. However, their voices blended very well indeed and if their pianissimos were not interesting their technique was and in a manner compensated the deficiency. In the course of the program they gave several encores.

O. A.

#### SCOLLAY SQUARE OLYMPIA

##### "The Land of the Silver Fox"

A screen melodrama, adapted by Howard Smith from the story by Charles Condon; directed by Ray Enright and presented by Warner Bros. as a part-talking picture with sound sequences, with the following cast:

Rinty	.....	Rin-Tin-Tin
Marie du France	.....	Lella Hyams
James Crawford	.....	John Miljan
Carroll Blackton	.....	Carroll Nye
"Butch" Nelson	.....	Tom Santel
The Squaw	.....	Princess Neola
The Pappoose	.....	Oscanonta

Listen, children. You've all seen Rin-Tin-Tin, the wonder dog of the motion pictures, most all of you, anyway. You've seen him do all of his big bag-full of tricks, seen him roll over, sit up and beg, shake hands like a gentleman. Seen him race and plunge through deep snow, miles and miles of it, to rescue his wounded master. Seen him stand guard over him and lick his face ever so gently. Seen him tackle a band of gaunt and ravenous wolves, thrash them and send them scuttling off for easier prey. Seen him play hide and seek with a little orphaned pappoose one minute and the next seen him spring for the throat of the man who once owned him and beat him, until a kinder master stepped in and rescued him. Seen him suspected of doing away with the baby because of canine jealousy, and seen the avenging gun pointed at his innocent breast while his almost human eyes pleaded eloquently for justice and mercy!

All these things and more you have seen Rinty do, but you never heard him speak, never heard him bark! That was one stunt the silent screen could not record for you, the one thing you wished for most of all. Well, it has come. Science has worked its miracle. Sound devices have done for Rin-Tin-Tin what speech recording has accomplished for the human voice. In "The Land of the Silver Fox," the youthful hero and the blonde and equally youthful heroine talk a little; but their speech is stilted, their voices are harsh, their manner is constrained. Not so with Rin-Tin-Tin. In his moods of wrath or of joyousness he speaks up sharply, clearly. You know just what he is saying. He needs no sub-titles.

The story, of course, is built around this wonderful dog-actor. It tells of the plot of a trading post manager, with the aid of a trapper who has a grudge against the hero, Carroll, first to waylay and shoot him and then to steal his valuable load of silver fox furs, with a 50-50 split on their sale. When that plot goes uncompleted, thanks to Rin-Tin-Tin, Crawford tries to pin a fur theft on Carroll and nearly succeeds. Meanwhile, the loyal Rinty has had a terrible fight with "Butch" Nelson in the little cabin and, though badly cut up by "Butch's" knife, drives him out into the open, where ultimately he dies, after a confession that Crawford planned the various villainies, and that he was an accomplice. Rin-Tin-Tin, considering himself badly treated because of unjust implication that he had done away with the Indian boy, runs away, but happily returns in time for the final fadeout of contented lovers seated on the store steps and talking about their honeymoon.

There are several good scenes of expanses of snow. The acting is as good as the material provided. But there'll be no holding Rin-Tin-Tin, now that he has created the "barkles"! W. E. G.

#### SANTA CLAUS

(For As the World Wags)

Don't tell them that there is no Santa Claus

And drive away the pretty children's smiles.

Let them be happy in their sweet belief  
In Santa's midnight journey from the pole.

With silvery bells and antlered deer  
And bulging pack on back

And laughter shaken paunch.  
In childhood's mystic fairy land  
It is the happiest time of all—

Be happy merry little folks,  
There is in truth a Santa Claus—  
He lives in all the children's hearts.

JAMES L. EDWARDS

#### WHAT MARY WANTED

As the World Wags:

My girl is very lovely and beautiful. The firm takes her in. Her first name

Mary and her father sold apples in Newark. Now Mary, as I said, is a pippin—she's got 'em all faded to a standstill. Mary is quite intellectual, too. When I call on Mary we discuss things intelligently until old Apples yells down from upstairs to please bite Mary on the neck and go home. Well, the other night I said: "Mary—supposing you were thrown upon a desert island and had your choice between an early Maine potato and a diamond necklace—which would you take?" "Why," says Mary, "under the circumstances I would take the diamond necklace—but what I really want is a wrist watch."

ORACLE.

"Anti-Cacophonists yell for silence."

It was Cabaner, a Parisian musician, who said, "To portray silence in music, I should need three brass bands."

#### THE MORE THE MERRIER, SAID HARRY

As the World Wags:

One Christmas Harry said he wasn't going to hang around for a charity dinner because he was sick of them and they made him have cramps. He was on a liquid diet and found the charity dinners very dry, especially the bread stuffing which plugged up his craw when he ate too fast, which was the way he always ate. So we went down to Pop's saloon, it's gone now, and thought awhile and after the fifth White Horse Harry began to wiggle his scalp so I knew he had an idea. He fetched me by the coat collar and we went out so fast we didn't think to pay for the drinks. Next I knew we were in a costume place getting Santa Claus outfits, only I wanted a tin suit like King Arthur wore but Harry said no, it wouldn't do, so I had to be a Santa Claus which is scratchy around the head and not girthy enough around the middle.

We got out in the street and Harry said that Santa Claus always was giving things to people and it was time people gave Santa Claus some things and that was what our tambourines were for. We walked down the street and put the tambourines in people's faces but they only said "Merry Christmas" which was kind but not filling. Then Harry figured that the trouble was because there were two of us which was wrong because there was only supposed to be one Santa Claus. So he left me and went down a side street.

Harry had no better luck on his own and he was about to quit when a man who ran a toy shop ran out and told Harry he would give him \$10 if he would come into his store and make the kids happy so the mommas would buy. Isadore was the man's name and he talked that way.

Harry was glad to get the money so he set about to make the brats happy. Only he found it hard because all the brats cried after Harry kissed them and nobody knew why until one kid told his mother that Harry smelled just like pop when he kissed him. So the women got mad and called Harry a drunken bum, which wasn't fair because Harry is never both at once. Anyway, after that Harry just shook hands with the kids and put his fingers in their pockets to see if they had any pennies and everything went along all right.

Late in the afternoon Isadore said he was hungry and told Harry to run the store while he went out. "Make the boys and girls happy, Meester Senty Claus," said Isadore as he left. "The more the merrier Christmas," said Harry, reaching into his hip pocket. "The more the merrier," he said taking a pull.

The store being empty, Harry thought he would try out the toys to see if they worked. He wound the ones that would wind and started the ones that would start so all the toys were jiggling up and down and around so the store looked like a pop corn machine at Revere Beach to say nothing of the noise Harry made beating the drums and blowing horns between drinks.

Well, the racket and the sight of the shop looking like a St. Vitus dancing school brought all the brats in town. They flocked in like a bunch of wild hornets.

When Isadore got back he was surprised. He looked in the window and saw Harry passing out toys to all the kids and saying the more the merrier. The brats were under the counters and whinnying up the shelves. There was an Indian fight, two wars and a couple of



fire drills in the back of the shop and a tiger hunt with popguns in the front and a sort of mardc grass all over. Isadore tried to get in but the shop was wedged tight with kids so he spanked a couple on the outside and ran for the bulls.

Harry might have been all right if he hadn't swallowed his cud. The tobacco mixed with the liquor and got him all agog. He decided to be a real Santa Claus by coming down the paste-board chimney that Isadore had for a decoration, so a couple of kids boosted him to the top only he slipped when he got to the edge and went down the chimney head first. Half-way down he stuck tight against a strut and there he was. Some of the brats cried but they all beat it because the bull chariot drove up just then with a load of bulls.

Isadore showed the bulls what had gone on but they couldn't find Harry. The chimney bulged because of Harry like an ostrich with a meal sack in his gullet but the bulls didn't notice and probably Harry would have been all right only the chimney sneezed and went over bang. It split wide open leaving Harry in plain view like a new chicken.

So Harry had a charity dinner after all. BEN BOOZLESNOOT.

### THASH MUSH TOO MUSH!

As the World Wags:  
Shay! It wash this way—me and my friend just had a couple of drinks and he comsh over to me and shcs, "Weesh always been fightin' ain't we?" sheyz he, "les be friensh." "Sure," sheyz I, "les be friensh." "French to the end?" sheyz he, "Frenge," sheyz I, "to the end." "Buy me a drink," sheyz he, "Thash the end," sheyz I. BENE.

By PHILIP HALE

### "Jim the Penman"

COLONIAL THEATRE—George C. Tyler's revival of "Jim the Penman," a play in four acts by Sir Charles Young.

James Ralston	William Faversham
Louis Percival	Charles Richman
Baron Hartfield	Jacob Ben-Ami
Capt. Redwood	Reginald Mason
Lord Dreincourt	Vernon Steele
George Ralston	Frank Hearn
Mr. Chapstone	Q. C. Lawrence D'Orsay
Mr. Netherby	M. P. Fuller Melish
Dr. Pettyside	Brinsley Shaw
Man Servant	Harry Joyner
Agnes Ralston	Cecile Dixon
Lady Dunscombe	Marquerite St. John
Mrs. Chapstone	Helen Lowell
Mrs. Ralston	Cecilia Loftus

This play was first acted at the Haymarket, London, 42 years ago. Some in the audience last night no doubt remember brilliant performances when Agnes Booth played Mrs. Ralston. Did they find pleasure only in the comparison of former companies with that put on the stage by Mr. Tyler? Has the play grown old, with those who once applauded it?

Let many things be granted: That the spectator at once suspects Ralston as being the forger; that the sleepy Capt. Redwood is a gentlemanly detective; that it was Ralston who contrived for forged letters to break the engagement between the woman he married and Percival; that it was Ralston who robbed Percival and succeeded in gaining the Dreincourt jewels? Sir Charles Young believed in the old theory that a spectator should never be ignorant of what is happening or about to happen on the stage; he should never be mystified.

In spite of the dramatist's frank exposition, in spite of the allusions to Bret Harte which mark the period; in spite of the costumes worn by the ladies which surely were of a year earlier than 1880 and looked as if they had been taken from pictures in old copies of Godey's or Peterson's, the play last night held the attention of an audience that was a large one, especially for Christmas Eve. Why "Jim the Penman" is still interesting, though the action may creak now and then, though the lines given to Mrs. Chapstone and Lady Dunscombe are often rapid, though the lovers are as conventional as those in a steel plate engraving of a gift-book, "Token" or "Keepsake," and other plays popular in the late eighties would not bear revival—this would be hard to say. The scenes between Ralston and the Baron cause one to wonder what the outcome of their rascally dealings will be; Will Ralston, about to gain possession of the diamonds, forbid the engagement of his daughter to their owner? How long will Percival be unsuspecting? When will Mrs. Ralston learn the truth? Here is enough to keep the mind of the spectator from thinking about the state of the market or the high price of provisions. Then there is the "scene faire"—that in which Mrs. Ralston compares the forged check with the real letters that ruined her happiness. Her attention would have been still there last night if the pace had been as slow as the movements of the Many of the lines cannot bear

deliberate speech. Even if rapidity made those given to the catty ladies unintelligible the audience would not suffer thereby.

The ensemble was what was to be expected of a "star cast"; say rather of experienced players. Miss Loftus gave lightness and emotion to her portrayal of Mrs. Ralston. She indicated deftly her growing suspicions; she was neither too explosive nor too sentimental in her scenes with her old lover; and the scene in which she was convinced that Ralston was "Jim the Penman" was played with fine gradations to the climax of belief, with a facial eloquence that did not need the accusing finger pointed at her husband sleeping in a chair. It was a pleasure to see Mr. Richman again on the stage; to hear

his voice, his admirable diction; to mark the grace and effective restraint of his acting. Mr. Ben-Ami was a slimmer villain, a more insinuating one than were his predecessors. The detective was admirably played by Mr. Mason. Mr. Faversham's James Ralston was not a striking impersonation. It was at times "stagey" in the old manner; it was sometimes ineffective when it should have aroused pity or aversion.

### ST. JAMES THEATRE

#### "The Family Upstairs"

Comedy in three acts by Harry Delf. Staged by John McKee. The cast:

Joe Heller	George R. Taylor
Emma	Jessamine Newcombe
Willie	Ellen Mahar
Annabelle	Don Beddoe
Charles Grant	Adrienne Earle
Mrs. Grant	John Warner
Miss Callahan	Sadie Gailoupe
	Louise Black

This is good comedy of a homely kind. The life of plain people in a New York flat—the head of the house a car barn inspector—Mr. Delf has set out with photographic fidelity equal to that of Sinclair Lewis. Thanks, however, to a more genuine insight into human nature than Mr. Lewis is blessed with, Mr. Delf leaves the Lewis level something below him, more nearly approaching the higher plane of Tarkington.

Mr. Delf, to his comedy's great benefit, does not hold the world in all-inclusive dislike and contempt. His car barn inspector, therefore, though by no means an ideal figure of a man, he makes a reasonable human being. His cub of a son, at the awkward, uncomfortable age of 17, he sketches amusingly but still sympathetically. With the daughter's heroics—she breaks her engagement for no valid reason under the sun—he holds the audience from losing patience. For even his fool of a wife he stirs sympathy; greater fools than she have lived in the world, and worse women too.

A man of insight into humanity and an extremely close observer with a pleasant humor of his own, Mr. Delf has written an excellent play. It must be admitted, in the interest of honesty, that the play is not strong of plot. The plot, though, serves. And of atmosphere and characterization there is much. The play is not dull.

The acting was interesting. Miss Mahar did admirable work. Without committing the frequent error of over-refining the type of girl she had in hand, she succeeded in lending her a pretty touch, romance; she made her emotions felt. By her lover, Mr. Warner scarcely did so well. Why, by the way, does he not learn the art of listening when people speak to him?

Miss Newcombe it was, however, and Mr. Taylor, who roused chief interest. Expert comedians both, for half an hour or more they set two portraits on the stage drawn with consummate skill in characterization.

Then presently they began to harden their strokes. They let grotesqueness have its way, till caricature at last drove portraiture off the stage. To some degree Mr. Beddoe, a clever actor, followed their lead.

Or were they, all three, following the stage manager's guidance? Why, if so, could not the stage manager trust more confidently in his excellent actors' skill and comic force, in Mr. Delf's good comedy? The extravagance raised laughter, to be sure. It was not, however, laughter such as one would expect good actors today would care to stir.

The others did very well

### KEITH-ALBEE

#### "Gang War"

A screen melodrama written by James Ashmore Creelman, directed by Bert Glennon and presented by F. B. O. with the following cast:

"Flowers"	Olive Borden
Clyde Baxter	Jack Pickford
"Blackjack" Connell	Eddie Gribbon
Mike Larkan	Walter Long
Wong	Frank Chew

In three prefatory paragraphs thrown on the screen, author and director sound melancholy warning against the menace of gangs and gunmen to every community which should boast of the virtue of its citizenry. The public should take it on itself to eradicate

such monstrous evils, to bring about reformation. "To that end this picture is dedicated." Why should the good citizens of San Francisco or Chicago or New York bother themselves about such civic sores when in the very picture itself one of the toughest of gang leaders, known as "Blackjack" Connell, versed in all the major and minor crimes, goes single-handed against a rival gangster and his crew, takes a fusillade of lead, and dies with a smile on his face and a rose in his hand, all in an exalted mood of chivalry and reparation in behalf of a slip of a girl who happens to prefer a conceited saxophone player to him?

This final act in the slimy career of "Blackjack" Connell makes the climax of the picture. There has been a prologue introducing the spoken word and two reporters assigned to get a big story on the latest in bandit warfare. Sent to interview a girl in a tough dance hall, who is supposed to be on the inside, they employ differing tactics. The first blusters and threatens and is beaten up. The second, more tactful, interests the girl and she tells it all, just as she heard it from the heroine, "Flowers." Then the picture takes up the story. It is not the story used by Willard Mack in his stage play of the same title, "Gang War." It is not precisely the story of "Broadway," the Abbott-Dunning stage product, but it follows that in part. There are two rival gang leaders trespassing on each other's rum-peddling territory, hi-jacking the other's drivers and confiscating their trucks and loads. It is to be war to the death. There is much machine gun shooting from sinister automobiles, with a number of casualties. Into the midst of this carnage are flung Clyde Baxter, a bumptious young saxophone player in a Barbary Coast dance hall (we are now in San Francisco), and "Flowers," a slim brunette dancer who finds more comfort in the wailing notes of the saxophone than in contemplation of her features in the handsome silver backed mirror which her earnest admirer, "Blackjack," has stolen or, possibly, purchased for her. At the height of the gang warfare, staged on a Chinese New Year's celebration night, Clyde falls into the hands of Larkan, and is subjected to brutal man-handling when he refuses to disclose the whereabouts of "Blackjack." "Flowers" marries the latter after he has threatened Clyde with death. Afterward, when Wong, bodyguard to "Blackjack," tells him of the real situation, he addresses "Flowers." "You lied to save him; he throws himself away to save you! I guess I don't know what love is," and goes to his doom gloriously.

Messrs. Gribbon and Long do the only real acting in the play. Mr. Pickford and Miss Borden have two juvenile roles in which neither displays much animation or imaginative sense. Frank Chew's Chinaman is a gem by itself. W. E. G.

### B. F. KEITH MEMORIAL THEATRE

#### "The Haunted House"

A screen melodrama adapted by Wild Gunning from the stage play by Owen Davis, directed by Benjamin Christensen and presented by First National with the following cast:

Billy	Larry Kent
The Nurse	Thelma Todd
James Herbert	Edmund Bruce
Tully	Sidney Bracy
Nancy	Barbara Bedford
Mrs. Rackham	Flora Finch
Mr. Rackham	Chester Conklin
Cartaker	Wm. V. Stone
The Mad Doctor	Montagu Love
Sleep-walking Girl	Eve Southern
Chauffeur	Johnnie Gault

Coming during the Christmas season, "The Haunted House" is highly reminiscent of the ghostly visitations of Old Serooge in Dickens's "Christmas Carol." The ending has a similar happy turn. Without doubt, this melodrama is the spookiest ever filmed. The events depicted in the house on Stormy Point after the death of James Herbert, a millionaire, are flavored with the tinge of every-day reality and are calculated to inspire something approaching good old-fashioned heart disease among spellbound observers.

Photography and sets in the picture are unusually well adapted to the atmosphere they are intended to create.

When Chester Conklin sticks his head into a mess of age-old cobwebs, one instinctively feels the same repulsion he shows. Lighting effects are excellently adapted and add to the unreality of the picture.

The whole thing starts when some one puts arsenic into James Herbert's drink as he is at home at night reading. Just before he is supposed to die, he calls in all his relatives who will benefit from his estate and he hands each a sealed envelope.

But he makes each promise he will never open the missive, adding that some day a veiled woman will call for it. Mrs. Rackham and Nancy, overcome by the same curiosity which made Lot's wife look backwards, cannot resist taking a peep and what they learn sends them out to the house on Stormy Point in quest of a fortune hidden in an old desk. Mr. Rackham is forced to

What follows is enough to make one hold on to the sides of his seat, with chills and fever alternately chasing up and down the spine. Chans and thumps echo backwards; and on the screen a bearded monster appears and goes mad hands reach out of the darkness and send the curiosity seekers, augmented by Billy, a chauffeur, into hidden closets, where they are locked in. A beautiful girl appears, clothed in white and holding a candle aloft, singing sadly. To cap the climax a black-masked man suddenly bobs up and threatens to kill all the Rackhams present. Then comes the denouement and everything is satisfactorily explained, even to the identity of the man who tried to kill Herbert.

Mr. Rackham as played by Chester Conklin is a curiously blended character, but inspires pity because of his virago wife, who broke a deathbed promise, to look for money. Evidently his job was comedy relief, and he was barely successful. Thelma Todd as the nurse was beautiful, and had several dramatic moments. The mad doctor as portrayed by Montagu Love is the outstanding character in the picture, his strange and menacing figure giving the picture impressiveness and a certain verisimilitude. C. L.

### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

#### "White Shadows in the South Seas"

A screen drama adapted by Ray Doyle from a story by Frederick O'Brien; with titles by John Colton and photography by Clyde De Vinna, George Nagle and Bob Roberts; directed by W. S. Van Dyke and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Dr. Matthew Lloyd	Monte Blue
Fayaway	Raquel Torres
Sebastian	Robert Anderson

Stark horror and idyllic beauty form a curious and at times jarring combination on "White Shadows of the South Seas." The eye feasts on exquisite views of tropical islands and carefree natives. Then all at once the scene shifts to the gruesome misadventures of pearl divers with man-eating sharks, octopuses, giant clam-shells that can imprison a man's foot and drown him by holding him under water, and, worst of all, the horror of collapsed lungs through too great under-sea pressure. All of this results, directly or indirectly, from the white man's exploitation of the natives in the South Sea Islands, forcing them to do dangerous work, filling them up with bad whiskey, this seems to be the white man's contribution to the degradation and ruin of his uncivilized brethren. As the picture paints it, it is not a creditable list.

The story of the film is slight, and of pitiful character. Matthew Lloyd, a doctor gone downhill and living in poverty on a South Sea island, incurs the anger of Sebastian, an exploiter of the natives for his own gain, and is sent out to sea lashed to the wheel of a ship filled with the bodies of men dead of the bubonic plague. The vessel is wrecked on an island where no white man has ever set foot before. Welcomed as a god by the natives, Matthew finds himself again, and marries the chief's daughter, Fayaway. Unhappily he becomes dissatisfied with his quiet life. He begins to hunt for pearls and when he has collected a fair number builds a signal fire for passing ships. At the prayer of Fayaway he stamps out the fire but it is too late. Sebastian, cruising off-shore, had seen it. The next day he landed with his choice crew of cut-throats. Matthew, trying to prevent them, is killed, and the white shadow again falls, this time, forever, across his paradise.

Monte Blue, especially toward the end of the picture, made Matthew a profoundly tragic figure in his useless battle against the sinister forces of white corruption. Raquel Torres was a lovely if somewhat stilted Fayaway. The photography was beautiful, the scenes of native life most interesting and picturesque. E. L. H.

A volume of "American Ghost Stories," selected by C. Armitage Harper, is published by Houghton, Mifflin Company. The authors represented are Irving, Poe, Hawthorne, Fitz-James O'Brien, Mark Twain, Stockton, J. C. Harris, Brande Matthews, Bierce, Wharton, Bang, Mrs. Wilkins Freeman, Crawford, E. I. Butler, Steele and Dreiser.

Ghost stories have been told through the centuries. There is a fine one in letter by the younger Pinny, there are ghosts in Homer and Virgil. Down through the years ghosts have been seen, some mischievous, some pointing out hidden treasure for the benefit of those living, some foretelling disaster, but Mr. Armitage is of the opinion that the humorous ghost is a creation of America. The ghosts that amuse themselves in the stories by Irving, Stockton, Bang and others here are



ere are shots that are dear to us;  
ld familiar faces we see in dreams;  
gone before who, though they  
no sign, nor do they speak, sit  
us by the fire, walk with us, re-  
and sorrow with us. They are  
ds, indeed often closer than those  
ed in flesh and visible to the eye.  
e is no need of sorcerer or Incan-  
to raise these spirits; they are  
ys with a. Wretched is the man  
oman unattested by these ghosts.  
ading "M moles of Ninety Years,"  
calls Mr. Henry M. Rogers truly  
y, so great is the number of his  
ds seen by the eye, seen by the  
y. What a store of delightful mem-  
is his! He is a friend and to be  
nded. He has a talent given to  
one. So they grow old be-  
morose. He is tolerant. Even when  
r associa- e gone, Senex recalls  
their fo- e wonders why they  
ered; dei- them ability, ques-  
the r ho- tion worldly matters,  
sho crav- te tations of friend-  
Mr. Rog- inherent ge- tleness  
ture in all the men we

The comedy has been published, but it should be seen not read, for the lines are more effective when spoken than they are in print. The play is acted with amazing spirit and zest when it is considered that nearly all the players have been together for a year. Fanny Cavendish has been peculiarly favored by the dramatists, but Haidee Wright would make dry bones live. It is not often that Bostonians have the privilege of seeing so admirable a portrayal of character. How easy it would have been for an actress to have caricatured this grand old Cavendish to whom acting was meat and drink; who lived for the theatre; who died dreaming of future conquests; but from the time Miss Wright first entered into the family turmoil to her passing, depicted with the simple pathos that is the triumph of art, there was not a moment when she was outside of the frame, when she did not without effort dominate the scene. Excellent, too.

The story of "Cafe de Danse" is anything but novel. It is crude, merging into melodrama even to the extent of Ramon horsewhipping Concha before a roomful of people because she begs him to marry her. But the production has a certain atmosphere all its own. There is the exquisite dancing of Trini as

We see the very house of Samuel Pepys, and hear the household account from the lips of Doll, the blackamoor cook. Pepys flies into a rage over the barrels of oysters, the geese, the 90 pounds of beef that have gone to feed



guests, and ends with an order to cook the hare, together with a roast of beef, a loin of veal, fried lobsters with mushroom sauce, in fact "nothing wanting for a fine supper for six at 9 o'clock." Then Pepps, who besides the ordering of his house has innumerable dill letters to write to the King regarding the Royal Navy, a wife, plays to see, and pretty wenches to follow, still finds nothing odd in settling down in the middle of a morning to gravely practice on the flageolet. He even has time for unlimited and passionate quarrels with his jealous Elizabeth. A golden age, when no pressure of business interfered with seeing a quarrel through to its end.

The slight thread of plot for the comedy is not taken from the diary but imagined by Mr. Fagan, and deals with lovely Mistress Knight, singer, and one-time amie of pleasure-loving Charles II. By a chance most unhappy for poor little Elizabeth Pepps, her husband is enabled to assume the appearance of having saved Mistress Knight from the attack of a pickpocket. Pepps's shouting from the window, urging his servants and the watch on to battle, and prompt and unblushing acceptance of thanks from the swooning lady, show the diarist as he appears in his own words, somehow managing to combine a total lack of nobility with an indefinable ingratiating quality.

With Pepps, beauty once seen and the chase is on. The flageolet player becomes involved in a scene with charming Mistress Knight, green silk stockings, an abrupt reappearance of Charles II, an eruption of the maddened Mistress Pepps, and for Pepps himself an undignified hour immured in an Italian chest. Out of this tangle Pepps emerges with his hand on the Bible, swearing to his Elizabeth never to look at a pretty face again, "and may God help me to keep this oath." A storm has passed, which today might end in the divorce courts, but in Restoration days has become part of the spent comedy of life—and so to bed.

The play is charming and full of the spirit of an age when the world amused itself. A zest for life carried over from the sophomore period, and spread itself through the years. It is pleasant to forget the engagement calendar and spend a few hours with a living Pepps, his jealous, undignified but lovable little wife, beautiful and naughty Mistress Knight, gay Charles II, and all their attendant and surrounding maids in muslin bonnets, servant boys, gentlemen in satin knee breeches and pretty ladies in broad plumed hats and sweeping tassetas.

RE. N. A.

#### SHUBERT THEATRE

##### "Rain or Shine"

A musical play in two acts; book by James Gleason and Maurice Marks; lyrics by Jack Yellen; music by Milton Ager and Owen Murphy. Produced by A. L. Jones and Morris Green at the George M. Cohan Theatre, New York, Feb. 9, 1928. The cast:

Amos K. Shrewsberry.....	Tom Howard
Ratie.....	Ethel Norris
Harry.....	James Gowans
Frankie Schultz.....	Hazel Vergez
Zelda.....	Rita Garcia
Jesse Taylor.....	Joe Lyons
Mary Wheeler.....	Neil Roy
Jack Wayne.....	Warren Hull
Boyd.....	Rosie Moran
"Smiley" Johnson.....	Joe Cook
Smiley's Protege.....	Dave Chasen
Boite (The Lion Tamer).....	Walter Pharr
The Monkey.....	Pat Watshe
Alleged Clown.....	Buddy Goodnow
The Acrobat.....	Paul Brack
Mrs. Patricia Conway.....	Elsa Petersen
Grace Forsythe.....	Pauline Meskin
Lord Gwinnie Llandidredd Wells.....	R. A. P.
	Ernest Lambert

"Rain or Shine" opened with a show-er. Then came a group of tap dancers, another, a third. For fully 10 minutes not a note was sung; just the rhythmic tap of soft shoes on the boards. A song here and there, but ever and always one unit after another, masculine and feminine, in new steps, new evolutions. Each unit graced by beautiful costumes, quaintly or boldly designed and colored.

Thus it went until the parade which heralded the arrival of the Great and Only Wheeler Circus, and with it Joe Cook as "Smiley" Johnson, the dapper little man who was keeping the nearly bankrupt show going solely on his nerve and ingenuity; Mary Wheeler, daughter of the deceased owner; Jack Wayne, her lover, a wealthy youth masquerading as a roustabout with the circus; Jesse Taylor, the ring-master, already recognized as the villain; and Amos K. Shrewsberry, a dumb rural citizen, about to be talked into a partnership in the moribund show by the voluble "Smiley." From this point comicality had full sway. Mr. Cook never has revealed so rich a fund of humor and laughable nonsense as now. His side-show patter was richer than anything in "The Barker." His scenes with Shrewsberry were amusing always.

Passing through various scenes to the Big Top, when the lion-tamer and other performers have quit because they could collect no back wages, Mr. Cook proceeded to make good his boast to Mary that he would give the whole show himself if needs be. He peddled a huge globe up and down inclined planks; he lines ca-

walked a tight-rope, and on it shot out a row of lights with a rifle; spun on his stomach on a high pedestal and twirled hoops on arms and legs, juggled four and five Indian clubs dexterously, did tricks with lighted matches, and, like a Japanese acrobat, tossed three companions about as he reclined on a pad with his feet in air. His stunts made the old cigar box tricks of William C. Fields reminiscent of the civil war. They actually outshone those of that other acrobatic comedian, Fred Stone. This may be heresy, but it must stand.

That first act, with its dancing girls, notably Markert's 16 American Rockets and the 32 Tom Nip Dancers; with its animation, its radiant costumes, its lightning-fast comedy, and at least one rousing chorus, the "Roustabout Song," by Mr. Hull and a male group, may be written down as one of the best presented on any Boston stage for some time past. The second act slowed up in action for the first half, only to take on fresh impetus when the Rockets, clad in gay red bathing suits, with sea green caps and gloves, executed with marvelous speed and unison a complicated series of calisthenics, while seated.

Alexander Leftwich, who staged "Rain or Shine," deserves much praise. The 12 scenes were realistically descriptive. Don Voorhees directed the orchestra as one inspired, keeping the action at high speed. Vocal honors went to Miss Petersen. One and all gave their best, lustily and sincerely. When all is said and written, "Rain or Shine" is Joe Cook, surrounded by expert dancers, pretty girls and gowns, and one very essential foil in the person of Mr. Howard.

W. E. G.

#### SYMPHONY PROGRAM

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts this week has been slightly changed from the one that had been announced. The third symphony of Sibelius will be performed instead of Bach's concerto for two flutes, violin and string orchestra. Toch's concerto for piano and orchestra will be heard for the first time in Boston and Mr. Sanroma will then play in public for the first time since his return from Europe, having studied with Cortot in Paris and Schnabel in Berlin. He played the piano part of this concerto when Mr. Koussevitzky produced it work in Paris last May. (Mr. Sanroma had studied it with the composer.)

This concerto was written at Mannheim in 1926. It was first performed: Berlin when Elly Ney gave a concert. In 1927, playing in the same concert Brahms's B-flat major and Beethoven "Emperor" concerto for good measure. She was the pianist when Mr. Sto-brought out the concerto in Chicago on Feb. 3 of this year—the first performance in the United States.

Toch, born at Vienna, in 1887, at first studied medicine, also philosophy at that city; but he gave up the idea of practising as a physician, and resolved to be a musician. As a composer he wholly self-taught, but he won the Mendelssohn prize, the Mozart prize, and four times in succession the prize conferred by the Austrian government on composers. He studied piano privately at Frankfurt with Willy Rehberg, Swiss pianist and composer. The 1st of Toch's compositions includes an opera "The Bacchantes" (after Euripides), incidental music for a play, "cello concerto, a symphony for 5 voices, chorus, orchestra and organ, string quartets; The Chinese Flute, chamber symphony for 14 solo instruments and a soprano voice; piano pieces and violin pieces. He also has composed music for Andersen's story of the Princess and the Pea turned into an act opera.

The score of the concerto contains a note saying that to the orchestra, long development of a symphony work; it does not take the role of accompaniment to the piano. "The composer begs the conductor to take this fact into consideration in the which concerns the composition of the orchestra, and with regard to rehearsal."

The form of the concerto is free; it music, like much that is contemporary in this art, is written in atonal and polytonal manner.

Carpenter's ballet music has been performed here under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction. The ballet itself was brought out at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1926. It may be remembered that Diaghilev, meeting Carpenter in Paris suggested a ballet with an American subject. Carpenter thought of music which should represent the hurry and

din of American life, and its association with jazz. There was talk of production at Monte Carlo in 1928; it came to naught.

Roland Hayes will sing in the hall next Sunday afternoon, with the People's Symphony orchestra in a concert at the Hotel Statler and

Boston Flute Players will perform music by Leclair, Poulenc, Bax, and four Russians who wrote each a movement of a string quartet on the name B-L-A-P. In the afternoon at the Public Library Claramond Thompson, contralto, will give a comparative study of folk songs; in the evening Nannetta Vanderhoof Madison, "assisted by other Indians" will tell of Gay Head Indian legends and traditions, with Indian songs.

The Symphony orchestra will be out of town next week. Arthur Honegger will conduct the concerts of Jan. 11, 12; E. Fernandez Arbos, those of Jan. 18, 19.

#### BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

##### "Le Traviata"

Opera by Verdi, presented by the National opera company, Messrs. Frank and Davis, directors. The cast:

Violetta Valery.....	Emily Day
Flora Bervoix.....	Margherita Villa
Anna.....	Gina Valenti
Alfredo Germont.....	Ugo Martinelli
Giorgio Germont.....	Ciro de Ritis
Doctor.....	Eusebio Prosperoni
Baron Grenville.....	Saverio Pettito
Gastone.....	Constante Servino
Marquis.....	Juan Lopez
Musical director.....	Gabriele Simeoni

In the way of "Aida" on Christmas night, so moved "La Traviata" yesterday afternoon. The earlier opera, however, can manage better than the later when incompletely set forward, so long as singers are there on the stage who can sing.

Miss Day can sing. More in her place as Violetta than as Aida, yesterday afternoon she led her charming voice through Verdi's brilliant passages and shapely melodies with a technical surety and a sense of musical style not to be found in every young singer on the operatic stage, or every old one either.

The impression is not to be given that Miss Day is the equal of Frida Hempel, or of Galli Curci at her best. Of technical flaws, however, she is free from many a soprano of twice her renown, and, of deeper significance, she is blessed with a musical sense unhappily denied the run and go of singers. Her melodies she sings as though genuinely sensitive to their shape. Her accents she places where they belong. She does not bawl. And she sings with no mean force of expressiveness.

It is much to be hoped that Miss Day will give deeper thought to her acting. She makes, be it told to her credit, few futile gestures, and in the last act yesterday she suggested, through pose and bearing, something of Violetta's mood. A latent power, therefore, of impersonation Miss Day possesses, merely awaiting development.

Also Mr. de Ritis ought to turn his attention to characterization, to raise it to the plane of his noble voice and marked skill in song. Mr. Martinelli has farther to go than his colleagues, but a young man of excellent voice and of evident musical talent, already he has accomplished, vocally, much, despite certain said technical defects. Hints of dramatic intelligence he gave yesterday. And, be it noted, he has to help him a face like a Hapsburg as seen by the painter Velazquez.

Good singing! This main feature of opera the present company provides. Would the intelligent stage management that adds ten-fold to an American audience's enjoyment add too much to the expense of production? A wise manager will bear in mind that an Italian public and an American are not precisely the same. Yesterday's audience, of fair size, showed warm enthusiasm.

R. R. G.

##### "Il Trovatore"

The cast:

Leonora, lady of Aragon Court.....	Emilia Vergeri
Azuena, wandering Biscayan.....	Elizabeth Hoppel
Inez, attendant of Leonora.....	Margherita Villa
Manrico, a young chieftain.....	Luis de Ibarguen
Count of Luna, noble of Aragon.....	Ciro de Ritis
Ferrando, a captain.....	Miguel Santacana
Riniz, a soldier.....	Constante Servino

Last evening Verdi's "Il Trovatore,"

the third performance of the National Opera Company, was certainly commendable and it is regretted that the audience was not more than medium sized. They are giving to the people something thoroughly enjoyable, but alas, is it appreciated? The voices were exceptionally fine and the acting, if at times a little awkward, was nevertheless delightful.

Luis de Ibarguen, as Manrico, showed exceptional ability; a voice of rich, clear quality used intelligently. Emilia Vergeri, as Leonora, was not suited to the role inasmuch as it evoked some effort and her voice was a trifle strained. Nevertheless, at times the quality was beautiful in its clarity and we should like to hear her in something else.

Ciro de Ritis, as Count of Luna, sang nobly. A rich, resonant voice is his and he knows how to use it. Elizabeth Hoppel, as Azuena, stirred the audience to reverberating applause. Here

truly is a rarity. Deep, resonant, traito with a luscious quality, tone loses its edge by being spread much, we lose sight of it when we the beauty of the tone. The voices were very good and the orchestra under Mr. Simeoni's direction gave good support, although it is a weak to give the support necessary.

By PHILIP HALE

Daniel Gregory Mason's "The Drama of American Music and Other Essays" is published by the Macmillan Company of New York. The first essay, which gives the title to the book, has excited discussion; there have been rather heated answers. The essays had for the most part been published in various periodicals. The first eight are concerned with problems of present-day music, especially in the United States.

"They are addressed," says Mr. Mason, "to that large body of intelligent listeners—neither 'high-brows' nor 'low-brows,' but plain men and women, who must contribute their active cooperation to our American musical art if it is really to live." There are four papers on more general topics, and an epilogue of which "perhaps the moral is that music in America is after all just music." Mr. Mason thinks that his essay on our orchestras may be in some ways misleading: "The conservative" are probably less numerous than it suggests. Certainly their menace to our musical health is far less than that of "moronic radicals" with their unintelligent clamor for ceaseless novelty, reverberated by box-office and press. The essay hardly does justice to what it calls the museum function of an orchestra—its prime business of presenting the great music of the world to the general public, not to specialists, professionals or sensation-seekers." Mr. Mason thinks that there may be separate orchestras, one for the "laboratory" function, the other for fulfilling the function of a museum.

Some time ago we referred to Andre Coeury's estimate of American music, in which he catalogued the various influences that have affected our composers, calling these composers by name: The Anglo-Celtic, the German and Russian (probably less than in former years), the French, the India-Negro-Creole, even the Oriental, as seen in Eichheim's compositions. (M. Coeury's "Panorama de la Musique Contemporaine" was published this year; Mr. Mason's "Dilemma" first appeared in the American Mercury.)

Mr. Mason and M. Coeury are in agreement as to the influences and the conclusions following the consideration of them. Mr. Mason begins with the time when German influence dominated. "MacDowell was of the same heredity, his line coming out of Schumann through Joachim Raff. His greater distinction came largely from his narrower assimilateness, and was purchased at a price. . . . Horatio Parker so facile and so voluminous, and on the whole so characterless." Then came the influence of Franck, later the devotion to sensuous charm typically represented by the impressionism of Debussy and the irony of Ravel.

While Mr. Mason finds Loeffler exclusively and inclusively French, there is in his string quartet "The noble seriousness and earnest, though reticent, feeling of d'Indy" in the "Pagan Poem," the "sensuous fascination of Debussy. Such works are as fine as anything that modern France itself has produced." There is the Russian "barbarism," the sunlight of Spain; there are Grieg, Dvorak, Sibelius "with a northern wall, Elgar with a bit of British drawl, and Stanford with a brogue. Quick to take a hint we began to exploit our own 'local color' and blossomed forth in Indian suites and negro rhapsodies." Americans became "vast stomachs to swallow at one gulp the music of the universe, while our legs and arms, just timidly sprouting, gave up the unequal struggle and withered away. In short, American music from 1914 to 1928 is the Music of Indigestion." What follows is amusing in its bitterness. Go says Mr. Mason, to a concert of any one of the "advanced" organizations and listen to "the rumblings and belchings of this indigestion. . . . Notice Charles Wakefield Cadman's Indians, whose only arrows are collars from Troy, and who wear derby hats. . . . We are not only parrots, but polyglot parrots.

Are we necessarily polyglot? Can we have a truly national music? Mr. Mason doubts that it will come from folk-song.



pages on this subject are valuable. They believe that the claims of nationalism is, at least as a universal formula, they are examined closely; we are on back upon eclecticism, but an of power, choice, individuality, not the distinctiveness of American composers better than a national dis- Nationalism is ex- ingredient, but disastrous There must be so many musical person- as there are possible combina- and permutations of vital tradi- And here is the sane conclusion: in America is a thing far more working for than 'American c."

"Our Orchestras and Our Money's," Mr. Mason gives the percentages of several types of music played by the on, the Philharmonic, the New York phony, the Philadelphia and the ago orchestras during the season -25. The highest percentages of ad-bys" were those of the New York estras, 34.11 and 33.33 to the Bos- 23.14. The total of modern works 40.64 in Boston to 30.40, 25.70 in York, 33.86 in Chicago, 25.83 in adelpia. Statistics are often mis- ing, often failing to tell the whole. Mr. Mason accounts for the er percentages of "stand-bys" in York by saying that the other e orchestras serve publics more pro- al, or at least "less hetically an." The New York orchestras are e subject to "the commercial influ- of rivalry between stars; they to shifting audiences of transients pleasure seekers out for sensation; are peculiarly the victims of jour- istic publicity-mongering." Did not B. H. Haggin make the charge that e preferences of the majority are rred to, and those symphonies are t played which will attract most ey to the box-office?" Then there he "moronic conservative" with his al indolence, his distaste for every- that demands effort, hence for ything new. "He swears by the ics, not because he perceives their ity (a highly active process), but use he recognizes their names." To all music was "long ago finished conveniently classified." Mr. Mason no more patience with the "moronic al" who shouts with joy at every- new, whether it be good, mediocre pretentious trash. We have both es in Boston.

his stimulating book, conspicuous for frankness and fearlessness, contains other essays that are well worth ding and pondering, even when one not subscribe wholly to Mr. Mason's ions. We are sorry he quotes Ernest man's comment that if you scratch el's surface you find Chaminade nderneath, for we have a high regard Mr. Newman, and wish that his ment on Ravel's music had perished h the newspaper in which it probably eared; we are also sorry that Mr. son echoes this comment.

leading in bed is no doubt a per- ous habit. Oculists tell you so; nts warn their children when John- wishes to finish a detective story sweet Marie hides the latest dis- ion of a sex-problem by a gushing ster novelist when footsteps are d near the chamber door. The elec- light on a stand, the light that can conveniently extinguished by a y hand, has encouraged the habit murdering sleep or the wooing of it. There must be books that can be pped without regret when eyeids heavy and the attention flags.

Thackeray's bedside books were Mc- ne and Howel's Letters. "I like to e them tell their old stories over over again. I read them in the y hours, and only half remember n." Nor was Thackeray disturbed n he was reminded that the two coarse stories. What a good bed- book could be made out of Thack- 's "Roundabout Papers," Letters to g Brown, London sketches, and ys on gormandizing—all in one dy volume. Speaking of Montaigne, ew edition of the essays has published by E. P. Dutton & Com- y, it's the good old Florio transla- with an introduction by Desmond Carthy, many portraits in photo- ure and nearly 30 drawings in pen ink by G. E. Chambers. There is ndex of proper names to the three es. rhaps some one will have the pa- te to make a topical index. If prop- ed, it would be the fourth vol-

ume. This new edition of the Dutton's is for the library. It contains the whole translation. A sumptuous edi- tion, published sometime ago with a 'new translation' from a sense of modesty (and at the same time im- pudent) left out the essay suggested by a passage in Virgil.

But there are books published by E. P. Dutton & Co. that are for the bed. There is "A Christmas Book," a delight- ful anthology compiled by D. B. Wynd- ham Lewis and G. C. Heseltine, a few tunes in musical notation and pretty decorations by A. C. Harradine. Here are ballads, chronicles, songs, stories, poems, carols, recipes, anecdotes, "of all ages from St. Hilary of Potlers to Mr. Pooter," but there is a deliberate omis- sion of Dickens, Good King Wencelas, "Robins, Property Yule-logs, Synthetic Snow, Ye Old Englysshe Yuletide Cheere, and all manifestations of the colored Christmas supplement." Thack- eray is here, talking of pantomimes, diaries and Christmas trees, but not singling his familiar "Mahogany Tree." Cotton Mather and Rabelais are arm in arm. Villon raises his voice in Jacopone da Todi's "Stabat Mater Speciosa." Mr. Pepys whispers court gossip in the will- ing ear of Lamb, while Mrs. Glasse tells them the best way of roasting a turkey. Martial in a corner scolds Umber for his miserable gifts, and pays no at- tention to Edward Rawson of the Council of Massachusetts shouting "The rod of God's Anger is still upon us; for the Pocanaket Sachem Metacom, alias Philip, still lives." We say again a de- lightful book! For Christmas, for any day—except April 1st; for bed, for day- light.

Another anthology is "The White Wallet" filled by Pamela Grey (Vis- countess Grey of Falldon). This is a new and revised edition of the original published in 1912. There is a portrait of the compiler. Did she not die last November? As Pamela Wyndham, she was first married to Lord Glenconner and as his wife was painted by John Sargent with her two sisters. This little book of unusual selections contains some of her verses and prose. Americans are not excluded. One finds Burroughs, Emily Dickinson, William James, Mark- ham, Father Tabb. The selections range from Heraclitus—"Men hold some things wrong, and some right; God holds all things fair," to Galsworthy. We should put "The White Wallet" and "A Christmas Book" on the night stand as the books the easiest to reach.

Near them: "A Rover I Would Be," Essays and Fantasies, the last book by E. V. Lucas. Last? Perhaps as we write a still later one is publishing. Again Mr. Lucas talks in his entertaining manner of what he sees, hears and thinks. A traveler, he insists that boys should learn foreign languages. The length of rivers, the accession of kings, even multiplication and sub- traction are negligible; "but conversa- tion with foreigners is vital." Read about "The Compleat Chauffeur"—He always asketh the way of the wrong people first. But for your pet- rol, he might not have a motor cycle; listen to the talk "Round the Table;" enjoy "First Aid to the Grateful;" be- come acquainted with "The Early Smok- ers;" wait with Mr. Lucas at a foreign Poste Restante counter; and here, with other essays, all good reading, is one entitled "Thoughts on Sleep."

A little larger in form, but easily handled is a volume of sketches by Ugo Ojetti, translated by Henry Furst, with an introduction by D'Annunzio in the form of a letter to the translator. Ojetti, editor and critic, here tells about famous men he saw; with whom he talked familiarly. These men are brought vividly before the reader. He visits with Ojetti. These "interviews" are not conventional in any way. "As They Seemed to Me" is the title of the book; sparkling pages, not impertinently personal; amusing but not at the ex- pense of the subjects. He met at Gorki's house about 1900 "extremely original people at least for us Italians and our pedestrian habits." There was a Pole; black hair, black nails, black morning coat, without a shirt, with only a starched shirt front which escaped from the opening of his waist-coat at every moment, revealing bare chest. He was a poet, and I deeply regret that I have forgotten his glorious name." In 1921 Ojetti still desired to read this Pole's poetry and wondered if he were alive. Ojetti was fortunate in his sub- jects: Mussolini, D'Annunzio, Duse's mother, Anselmo Franc, Zola, Fortuny, Mommsen, Boileau, Puccini, Louys, Mac- terlinck, Bares, Queen Margherita and others. There are mental photographs in a sentence; appreciation without "fine writing"; descriptions but not verbose, of places, animals and things. An en-

grossing book, by reason of the matter and Ojetti's manner of writing.

Nor is "Japanese All," by Mr. J. Ingram Bryan, who was a professor for 16 years in Japanese colleges, an ordi- nary book of travel and impressions. Mr. Bryan is a shrewd observer, with a delicious sense of humor. He writes about the canal, which at times is a thing of horror; the kiss, the blossoms, the insect and the dog, the guest and the cook. Conductors of train, tram and omnibus, the policeman, poet, wife, priest, judge, assassin, humorist, each has his chapter, through which the reader becomes on intimate terms of acquaintance. From the chapter, "The Kiss," one learns that "throughout India, China and Japan imported films are used to show the rising generation that it has nothing uplifting to learn from the white races, its would-be teachers." Our "morally compromising films" disgrace and libel us before all Asia. No wonder the Japanese think their society superior to the occidental in manners and morals.

#### "Rigoletto"

The cast:  
Gilda..... Hazel Price  
Maddalena..... Berta Garver  
Giovanna..... Margherita Villa  
Countess of Ceprano..... Alice Wagner  
Duke of Mantua..... Ugo Martinelli  
Rigoletto..... Mario Valle  
Sparafucile..... Miguel Santacana  
Count Monterone..... Eusebio Prosperoni  
Marullo..... Giuseppe Villani  
Borsa..... Constante Sorvino  
Count of Ceprano..... Giuseppe Zecca

Verdi's "Rigoletto," as produced by the National Opera Company last even- ing, was surely a treat and Boston music lovers are beginning to ap- preciate that they are being given some- thing out of the ordinary. Maybe the fact that Miss Leginska conducted the orchestra, and true to form she did it ably, excited some interest. In any event the audience was certainly com- mendably large and well it should have been, the performance warranted it.

Miss Price throughout the entire pro- gram sang with perfect tonality and, excepting on rare occasions, absolute freedom. In Care Nome she positively thrilled the audience, stirring the people to uproarious applause. Of course she may not have the perfect technique of those who enjoy more renown but she has a beautiful voice and she uses it intelligently. That alone warrants appreciation.

Mr. Martinelli did his best. Certainly he has something yet to learn inasmuch as his technique can be im- proved upon, but the quality of his voice is rich and clear and he knows just what he can do with it. With such a foundation the flaws are not so noticeable. Mr. Valle was distinctly a success. Not only has he a remarkable voice but he is just as much an actor, the combination is all one could desire. Not often do we hear a baritone voice with such an even tonality, full and rich in mezzo voce as in full voice and never during the entire opera did he resort to spectacular roaring to gain dramatic power. He deserves much credit.

On the whole the performance was greatly appreciated and we may say nothing except in praise of this opera company which is doing its best to make it possible for all music lovers to enjoy the opera. One of the directors, in a speech from the stage last night, very courteously invited the approval of music loving Boston. They deserve it, and may we respond whole-heartedly.  
O. A.

In a letter written by Col. Robert Gould Shaw early in 1861—an extract from this letter was published in The Herald of Dec. 28—is an account of a call on Lincoln. Shaw liked Lincoln's face and manner. "Though, to be sure, we were there only a few minutes. I didn't hear anything like western slang."

The reputation of Lincoln as a teller of stories, some of them Rabelaisian, preceded his arrival at the White House. There were jests and scornful com- ments about his habit of swapping stories with his friends at home, his colleagues at the bar.

Vanity Fair of Feb. 23, 1861, gave an amusing account of his journey to Washington:

"After the train started Mr. Lincoln became more cheerful, and set his Suite in a roar of laughter by telling them they suited him. At Decatur he ap- peared on the platform of the car and after the tremendous cheers of the as- sembled masses had subsided, he said: 'My friends, I haven't time to make a speech, so I will tell a gag.' Why am I like the—' but the train started and his fellow-countrymen at Decatur lost the benefit of the joke." At the next station he "spoke as follows: 'My friends, why am I like the early—' again the remorseless engine cut the joke short, leaving another brilliant as-

semblage in the agony of suspense."

He finally succeeded in cracking his joke: "My friends, can you tell me why I am like the early dews of June? Do you give it up? It's because ever of thee I am fondly dreaming." He com- menced laughing very heartily himself, but suddenly stopped on perceiving that the assembled multitude did not see it. There was a death-like stillness in the vast crowd, and even the Suite only smiled in a feeble manner. Mr. Lincoln retreated to the car with a disappointed air, and occupied his time until the next station was attained in silently masti- cating some gingerbread which he had, with statesmanlike precaution, put in his hat at starting. At the next station a telegram from the last station was brought in and read. It was as fol- lows: "Joke just this moment under- stood. Whole town roaring with laugh- ter, and buttons flying through the air like bullets at Buena Vista. Cannon firing and Fire Companies all squirting. Bully for you. People want you to get off a joke on Rarey, as it hasn't been done yet." (Who remembers now, Rarey, the tamer of horses?) "The telegram effected a happy change in Mr. Lin- coln's spirits, and he again became the gay and giddy creature he was before. He said he could spell the hardest word of any man in the party, and com- menced spellin' stovepipe, but desisted on being informed that E. F. Dixey and Jerry Bryant had both done it once each. . . . Nothing frctrs Mr. Lincoln so much as to have his gags interfered with."

No doubt many stories have been at- tributed to Lincoln that he never told. There is no authentic "Lincolnia." Plutarch did not hesitate, especially in his "Morals," to put jests, many of them stupid, into the mouths of his heroes; while Bacon's collection of "witty sayings" is dreary reading. Did Lincoln say to Lord Lyons when the latter found the President blacking his boots: "In England no gentleman blacks his own boots?" "Whose boots does he black?" Did he say to the same Eng- lishman speaking of coats-of-arms, that an American's was a pair of shirt- sleeves? Did he crack the jokes about the legs of a statue and about homoe- opathy at a cabinet meeting, or make the historic reply to a lady seated next him at dinner? There was no Boswell in the White House, though there were belated Boswells at Springfield, Ill.

If any reader thinks that Vanity Fair was disrespectful toward an elected President in its burlesque of newspaper reporting of that day, he should read the War Letters (1862-1865) of John Chipman Gray, Jr., and John Codman Ropes. He would find Gray writing from Maryland that the state of the country was much like that of France in '93. "In the one case the country was ruled by Robespierre, St. Just, etc., etc.; in the other by A. Lincoln, C. Sumner, etc., etc., men not a whit more honest or incorruptible."

Gray in a later letter asks, "Does Harriet still retain her admiration for Abraham?" (Harriet was Gray's sister.) In 1864 Gray thought McClellan would give Lincoln a close run: "I do not believe he (Lincoln) would be nomi- nated by a republican convention that was to be held. . . . I wish heartily how- ever we had a new man in the place of Lincoln, a man who was not bound per- sonally, as it were, in honor by the emancipation proclamation." In 1865 (April 21) Gray described Andrew Johnson as "a drunkard and a boor, and proud of being a boor"; yet Gray quoted Henry Ward Beecher telling an officer a few hours after the announcement of Lincoln's death that "Johnson's little finger was stronger than Lincoln's loins." In a letter written by Ropes at the Union Club, Boston: "With regard to Mr. Lincoln, with all his integrity and earnestness of purpose, he was cer- tainly not a good practical man. . . . I should not be surprised if Johnson . . . will prove for us now a better Presi- dent." Lincoln's military administration, Ropes thought, "was marked by 'extraor- dinary blunders and much vacilla- tion'; his civil administration, far more successful, was 'mainly because he ap- prehended the changes in public opin- ion.'"

And what is the moral of all this? Don't write letters.

#### THE MARTYR

(By Herman Melville)

Good Friday was the day  
Of the prodigy and crime,  
When they killed him in his pity,  
When they killed him in his prime  
Of clemency and calm—  
When with yearning he was filled  
To redeem the evil-willed,  
And though conqueror, be kind;  
But they killed him in his kindness,  
In their madness and their blindness,  
And they killed him from behind.

There is sobbing of the strong,  
And a pall upon the land;  
But the People in their weeping  
Bare the iron hand;  
Beware the People weeping  
When they bare the iron hand.



## BALLANTYNE AGAIN

Four comments on the boys' books of the past generation brought back a flood of memories. "Coral Island" was a wonderful story, as was the "Floating Light on Goodwin's Sands."

After some trouble, a few years ago, I obtained a copy of Ballantyne's "Dog Crusoe" for a Christmas gift for my nephew. A reprint, not an original, but I am sure it was little read. Later I picked up two others, originals, in a second-hand shop near Pemberton square, for one of my own youngsters, and I do not think the covers have been opened.

One of these, "The Life Boat," bears on the fly-leaf, in thin Spencerian characters, "Bertie, from Grandma, Christmas, 1875." If Bertie is still this side of the Boundary and this meets his eye and brings any recollections, I hope he will write to you and let me forward the book to him. WAGWATER.

Don't forget ever that a whisper inside a newspaper office becomes a roar outside.—H. A. Gwynne.

## ANECDOTE FOR THE DAY

A friend of Courteline asked him: "Are you reading the feuilleton of X? It is a remarkable novel."

"No. I never read a work of fiction in any newspaper—except perhaps, the weather reports."

## BOSTON SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, gave the 11th concert of its 48th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Sibelius, Symphony No. 3; Toch, concerto for piano and orchestra, op. 38 (first time in Boston); Carpenter, "Skyscrapers" (A ballet of modern American life). Mr. Sanroma was the solo pianist. The few measures for soprano and tenor in "Skyscrapers," were sung by Marie Sundelius and Joseph Lauener.

Toch's concerto, composed in the spring of 1926 was performed for the first time in this country at a concert of the Chicago Symphony orchestra on Feb. 3, 1923. Elly Ney was the pianist. She had played the piano part in Berlin on April 23, 1927. This is said to have been the first performance; but it is also said that there was a prior one at Dusseldorf in October of the year before, when Mr. Gieseking was the pianist.

The concerto is intensely modern. Not because the piano is only an instrument in a symphonic ensemble, for the piano has often been treated in this manner; but because the composer is of the "atonal and polytonal" school, shunning every musical expression that is obvious and might be anticipated; not anxious about sensuous measures that would please the ladies; reckless in his employment of dissonances. Changing the pace at will and snapping his fingers at traditional form. For all this the concerto, no doubt, will shock those characterized by Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason as "moronic conservatives" and throw the "moronic radicals" into spasms of delight.

It is an interesting work, not impressive, not beautiful, in the accepted meaning of the word, though the second movement contains pages of wild, irregular, desultory beauty, not emotional in any deep or sentimental way; it is interesting if only for its frenzied recklessness, for its agreeable impudence, for curious tricks in the instrumentation. The first movement is not an easy nut for any audience to crack unless it should be a special one composed exclusively of those who regard even Debussy and Ravel as old fogies; despite all inventors of tunes from Mozart to Bax, and applaud rapturously music that secretly bores them or rasps their nerves. There is poetry in the second movement; humor in the riotously jolly finale, the "allegro disturbato." The composer calls on the conductor to join in his practical joke, by stopping the performance and saying a few words to the players.

Mr. Sanroma played here in public for the first time since his return from Europe, where he studied with Schnabel of Berlin and Cortot of Paris. He was coached for this concerto by Toch and was the pianist when Mr. Koussevitzky produced the concerto in Paris last May. Mr. Sanroma's excellence as a musical pianist was gratefully acknowledged in Boston before he went abroad for further study. Yesterday the composer gave him only the opportunity of displaying brilliant technical proficiency, and a charming touch in the less robust or screaming measures. There was little or no opportunity for emotional display.

The repetition of the symphony already performed this season, was welcome, for the music has an imaginative quality that was not dissipated by a second hearing. The admiration that the symphony excited last November for

the originality of the thought and the expression was yesterday increased not diminished, but the third movement still seemed an inadequate ending of the noble work; a movement not so firmly knit, not planned on so high a plane as those that precede it.

Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" fares better when it is taken from the theatre into the concert hall than many ballets; it is less dependent apparently on action, scenery and costumes. It is an amusing work, amusing in the best sense; exterior music when deprived of the action, adroitly conceived and executed, with the introduction of a few sentimental pages and many of "near-jazz" with the joyous strains for saxophones. Would Mr. Carpenter have written the music that gives the impression of building, riveting and all that, had he not had Stravinsky in mind? If it were so, it would detract from the general effect of the work. The performance was greatly enjoyed by the audience, and with good cause.

This interesting concert, interesting by reason of the compositions and the high quality of interpretation and technical performance, will be repeated to-night.

As the orchestra will give concerts in New York, Brooklyn and Spring-

field next week, the 12th pair in Boston will be on Jan. 11, 12, when Arthur Honegger will conduct, as a guest. The program will comprise these works by him: Chant de Nigumon, Pastorale d'Ete, Horace Victorieux, Concertino for piano (Mme. Andree Vaurabourg Honegger, pianist) and orchestra; Nocturne from the opera "Judith" (Mme. Cobina Wright, soprano) and "Rugby."

## BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

## "La Forza del Destino"

Opera by Verdi; the National Opera company. The cast:

Leonora.....Emilia Versari  
Preziosilla.....Berta Garver  
Don Alvaro.....Fernando Bertini  
Don Carlos.....Ciro de Rita  
Abbot.....Miguel Santacana  
Melitone.....Eugenio Prosperoni  
Marquis Calatrava.....Juan Lopez  
Trabuco.....William Wagner  
Musical director.....Gabriele Simeoni

With the added advantage of certain betterments in chorus, orchestra, and characterization among the less important personages, last night's performance made its way much in the way of this organization's earlier performances—in the way, that is to say, of "grand opera in Italian" such as we used to hear 40 years ago. In those great days we had singers in plenty; they were often to be heard, even in touring companies of no high repute. Stage management, however, chorus and orchestra—not always were they so good. Those performances attracted audiences, nevertheless, of people who, knowing good singing when they heard it, for its sake were willing to put up with other deficiencies.

Those other deficiencies, unless observation has led one astray, people are less willing to tolerate today. But since, on the other hand, people seem quite as intolerant of poor singing—unless the dazzle of a fine name gilds it over with tinsel—what can managers do?

They might use a little common sense. If those who run on, intelligently enough, about music drama, would search out actors who really can sing, they would not irritate lovers of drama by the sound of mediocre, ill-trained voices. Were those managers who are fond of singing wise enough to recognize that the public today must needs have the eye contented as well as the ear, they would make an effort to set their stages properly, however modest their resources. For their good, too, they ought to appreciate the fact that Americans' growing acquaintance with fine orchestral playing in the last 30 years has not been without its effect. A small orchestra—very good, when no more can be afforded. But good of its size it should be.

Since this present opera company has definite aims, to rail because they have not different aims is folly. And, after all, if they do not achieve such productions as one might wish, they do avoid affectation and pitiful straining for effect, not to mention ignorant singing.

For, be it said again, they can sing. Mr. Bertini last night and Mr. de Rita sang very musically, and for the most part with extremely beautiful voice. To her exacting role Miss Vergeri brought a convincing sincerity and warmth of style, with many a phrase sung with fine tone and graceful shape. The others all sang with enthusiastic spirit. An audience of quality and fair quantity showed every sign of pleasure.

R. R. G.

## METROPOLITAN

## "The Shopworn Angel"

A screen romantic drama, adapted by Howard Estabrook and Albert Shelby Levine from a story by Dana Burnett; directed by Richard Wallace and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

William Tyler.....Gary Cooper  
Daisy Heath.....Nancy Carroll  
Hugh Bailey.....Paul Lukas

The old year may be on its last legs but the silent pictures are not

dead yet. Not so long as directors like Mr. Wallace and a little group of three players can turn out such an engaging piece as "The Shopworn Angel." No rasping, guttural, unnatural speeches to mar the rippling flow of action. No sound effects of any consequence, save muffled drum beats as Bill Tyler, about to embark for the other side, kneels by his newly acquired bride, now fainted, and places a precious ring, once his mother's, on Daisy Heath's finger. Beyond that, only skilful direction, sincere acting, carefully staged ensembles.

The story basically is old, the treatment is fresh. Bill Tyler, a tall, sober, clean-minded Texan, with his mates is housed in a cantonment near New York awaiting the call overseas to join the allied forces. Bill, lost near Chinatown, appeals to a sympathetic policeman, who holds up Daisy Heath's car and bids her chauffeur to carry Bill to the ferry. Daisy is a hard-drinking, wilful, wayward girl. Nominally a mere chorus girl, her relations with the influential Hugh Bailey make it possible for her to defy stage managers and for her to defy stage appointments. At first glance she sees in Bill only a big clumsy youth who steps once, twice, on her dainty foot. In her Bill sees a pretty girl without guile or taint. Through his gentle, irresistible persistence their acquaintance grows to love, under the jealous, cynical eyes of Bailey. Daisy tells Bill that Bailey is a sort of guardian. When the call for departure comes Bill becomes A. W. O. L., rushes to Daisy's apartment and takes her to Coney Island for a last day together. He tells of his love, she yields, and they are married in a little chapel near the dock, and Bill, apprehended by two M. P.'s, is led aboard ship.

Here the picture leaps ahead to that point where Daisy, chastened, resolute in devotion to Bill, applies to her old stage manager for a spot in his new show. "Right back where you started from," he replies, "in the back row." And Daisy, rehearsing a dance number to accompany a ballad about love, sees a vision of Bill trudging grimly forward across a battlefield. So the picture ends.

No mock heroics, no inane titles, no overstressed episodes. Pictorially the various scenes are held no longer than is absolutely essential to the tale. Much

is left to the imagination of the spectator, and reasonably so. Each of the three players has succeeded in showing more than a superficial aspect of characterization. Miss Carroll's gradual abandonment of reckless behaviour, day and night drinking, her desire to be to Bill what to him she seemed to be, were indicated deftly, surely. Mr. Cooper probably has never given a more likeable portrayal. Mr. Lukas strengthens a previous impression that he is an actor of intelligence and finish who some day will go higher. As for Mr. Wallace, on his first work under Paramount, hats off.

W. E. G.

Dec 30 1928

## "Faust"

The cast:

Marguerite.....Lionita Lanzoni  
Satan.....Elizabeth Hoepfel  
Mephisto.....Rita Valenti  
Faust.....Luis de Ibarra  
Valentine.....Mario Valle  
Mephisto.....Miguel Santacana  
Wagner.....Eugenio Prosperoni

Gounod's "Faust," as presented by the National Opera Company yesterday afternoon was certainly not up to the standard which they have set for themselves in previous performances. The singing was very good, but the stage deportment was awkward. Too many times the members of the chorus stood around looking at each other not knowing quite what to do and the ballet lacked vitality. Seemingly it is a habit with opera companies to neglect the ballet and why, no one knows. It may be insignificant when contrasted with the singing, but nevertheless it has a definite part and should be given some attention. The chorus also should be able to act as well as sing. That was very evident yesterday afternoon. Although the tonality was above reproach and they sang with excellent rhythm, it did not make up for the less of action, and monotony was the result.

Miss Lanzoni experienced no little difficulty with the intricacies of the Jewel song. It is true she sang it better than nine out of 10 singers do but she would be wise if she could shade her voice, thus making it a little more graceful. The role of Marguerite demands infinite delicacy in the voicing of its naive simplicity and although Miss Lanzoni undoubtedly has a charming voice she finds it necessary to force her tone, making it a little harsh instead of clear and vibrant. Mr. Ibarra did not seem to be in good voice. The quality was not as clear as when he sang in "Il Travatore" and he seemed to have difficulty in reaching his high notes. However, he sang musically and his acting was above the average.

Usually Mephisto is a diabolical, subtle personage and on the whole is most enjoyed when he is just that. Mr. Santacana was inclined to make the role too serious and even though he has an excellent voice, his acting marred his interpretation. Miss

Hoepfel took the part of Satan usually well not only in voice but in action.

The orchestra under the direction of Mr. Simeoni gave very good support to the singers.

Dec 31 1928  
AS THE WORLD WAGS

By PHILIP HALE

## A MODERN INSTANCE

(For As the World Wags)  
She swept into the restaurant.  
Slender, supple and nonchalant;  
A thoroughbred, of gentle mien,  
Simple, distingue, serene.  
She might have worn a coronet  
As she calmly lighted a cigarette.  
Then, after a long inhaling breath,  
(Which must have reached her inmost depth)  
And crossing her legs in easy pose,  
Two streams of smoke poured from her nose.

With suave voice, turning to the maid:  
"Some Russian caviar," she said.  
"Tis not served here," the maid replied.  
"Not Served!" this queen said, open-eyed.

"No Caviar!" and rising, nose a-point,  
"Well—I must say this is a hell of a joint."  
And slender, supple and nonchalant,  
She swept out of the restaurant.

J. L.

We know a man who takes the Congressional Record as a comic paper and finds it much more amusing than Life, Judge, Punch or Le Rire.

To support his opinion he showed us in the last number he had received the following sentence under "Senate":

"A message from the House of Representatives announced the Speaker had affixed his signature—etc., etc."

## HIGH DRAMA

As the World Wags:

Scene: Theatre rush hour on Tremont street at night. Crowd is seen staring up at figure hanging from the coping of a 14-story building. A tragedy impends. In some inexplicable fashion the man is trapped head downward. He is in an inaccessible position; rescue is obviously impossible. The victim is in great distress and shouts from time to time to the mob below.

Man in the air—Help! Help! For God's sake help me! Can't yer do something? I can't hold out much longer!

Policeman (pushing back crowd to make a clearing for the tragedy)—Get back there. Do yer wantt git yer heads cracked? He'll fall any minute now.

Child with mother in front of crowd—Ma, will he? Where will he hit?

Mother—Keep still, child. Don't you see the poor man will get killed?

Fat old lady next to her (sweeping a clearing with both arms)—I was here first, and I don't propose to give up my place. One doesn't get such a thrill every day.

Spectator with bright idea—Let's rush into the hotel and get some mattresses. It might soften the poor man's fall (They rush into a nearby hotel.)

Preacher in crowd, to friend—I wonder if the poor man's saved? Shouting up—I say, my man! . . . Are you saved? What faith?

Man in the air—For God's sake save me. I'm a Unitarian.

Preacher (shakes his head in dismay)—Poor fellow, we can do nothing.

Fat old lady—Well. That just shows what they all come to.

Hot-dog vender—I wish that guy would drop soon. He's puttin' a crimp in my business.

Fat lady—Another wretched business man! Shame on you.

Man in the air—He screeches, but his words are inaudible for the foot of auto horns. Some change drops from his pockets and jingles on the sidewalk. Street urchins make off with it.

Cynic in the crowd—He ain't going to fall. He's pullin' some adverstising stunt. His friend—Ah gowan! This guy is on the level. What would he be doing up there if he wasn't? Don't yer see he can't be saved.

Insurance man in crowd—I wonder if the poor man has any insurance (He shouts up at the victim) Say! U there. Have yer got any insurance? What company . . . How much? Man in the air—The Job Owners Mutual, \$3000.

Second insurance man—He's one



Eugene O'Neill's "Marco Millions" will be performed for the first time tomorrow night by the Theatre Guild Players at the Hollic Street Theatre. When it was produced at the Globe Theatre, New York, on Jan. 9, 1928, it was said that the production was distinguished by "the lavish beauty of its settings and costumes." Alfred Lunt took the part of Marco; Baillol Halloway, that of the Great Kaan; Margalo Gilmore, that of Princess Kuthin. The play was published in book form before it was put on the stage.

The play has had a curious history. When O'Neill was at work on his "Mountain" and reading books of travel in preparation, he said to himself, "I will not write a play with Marco Polo as the hero. His first idea was to write a long piece—one for two evenings; but he re-wrote the original plan, and planned it for one night. David Belasco bought "Marco Millions" and promised—according to O'Neill—to produce it sumptuously; but he relinquished his rights. The play was sent to other managers. Gilbert Miller and Arthur Hopkins did not accept it. O'Neill thought Selwyn would look at it with a "considering eye." How about Gest?

Mr. Belasco had planned to spend \$250,000 on the production; to send Herbert Edmond Jones to China for "research work," but O'Neill insisted on immediate production. He wrote Mr. Nathan in 1926, asking if he could persuade Winthrop Ames to give the play a real reading; Ames had had the manuscript for some time but had made no report. O'Neill wrote that the play was not "Marco's Millions" but "Marco Millions." "What I am trying to do is to try and get an American equivalent for the significance of 'Millions' tacked on mockingly to his name by the scoffing rabble in Venice who thought his stories about the East were such awful lies."

But John Masefield in his introduction to the Dent-Dutton edition of Marco's Travels says that, as he was rich and famous, "the slighting nickname was probably partly a compliment." It may here be noted that Luigi Benedetto's "first complete edition" of Marco's Travels, published a long ago in Florence, is entitled "Marco Polo, Il Millione."

The first mention of the Theatre Guild as a possible producer was in a letter dated Sept. 3, 1926. (Glenn Hunter had been suggested for the role of Marco under the management of Miller). O'Neill wrote: "I have heard of the Guild. Their committee has definitely decided that they want the play, but they could not do it for over a year. The so-and-so group (not the Guild) are still in the throes of trying to raise the money to do 'Lazarus' . . . It will cost round \$60,000. I am getting a bit sick of these people that never have the dough to do right by me. At the old Provincetown Playhouse, naturally one expected it. I am afraid I shall soon have to go in search for an insane and thereafter truly generous millionaire and start my own theatre."

Mr. Mark Barron informs us that Miller would probably have mounted "Marco" at that time if he had been able to cast it properly; that George M. Anderson was suggested for the role of Marco, but he said he could not see himself in the part. Mr. Barron adds, "This story made the rounds of Broadway in short order" and there was much discussion as to whether Mr. Anderson's manner and speech would suit the character of Marco, the blind, wandering traveller. This project fell through and the Theatre Guild secured the play.

It would seem as if O'Neill in this play, making Marco, a salesman returning from Venice, blind to the beauty, deaf to the wisdom of the returning with millions, wished to satirize the materialism of the age turning poor Marco into a sort of George F. Babbitt; but some have said the play a tragedy of today and tomorrow. The following lines spoken by the Great Kaan when he hears of the Princess despairing because Marco failed to appreciate her beauty and her worth, might be quoted in support of this opinion:

My hideous suspicion is that God is only an infinite, insane energy that creates and destroys without other purpose than to pass eternity in being thought. Then the stupid man becomes the Perfect Incarnation of omnipotence and the Poles are the true children of God! Ha! How long we shall be permitted to die, my friend? I begin to resent life as the gift of an ignoble inferior with whom it is a degradation to fight."

As the theatregoer was at a loss on Christmas day to know which of the plays then performed here for the first time he should see, so the conductor will be perplexed next Saturday. Povla Frijsch, the finest interpreter of songs now in this country; Myra Hess, whose host of admirers has any adverse remarks concerning her playing. The singer and the pianist and the qualities of their respective arts are known to all; but the new Teachers' Chorus, which will sing for the first time in this country, is unknown except by the enthusiastic reviews of its performance in European cities.

The conductor of this chorus is Metod Dolezil. As a child he was known in the little Moravian village where he was born for his precocious musical talent. He was only 9 years old when he took the place of his father, during the latter's illness, at a church organ recital. Still a small boy, he was sent to study in Olmütz, then and now the musical centre of Moravia. At 14 he was admitted to the Prague Conservatory of Music, where he finished his prescribed four years' course in two. At the age of 16, having passed his music examinations, he was appointed the first conductor of the new Women Teachers' Chorus, which cherished the same ambitions as the male chorus, then already famous. Following the war, Dolezil received government appointment as professor at the Prague Conservatory, where he teaches the class of choir directors. In 1921, he was elected conductor of the Prague Teachers' Chorus.

Miss Haidee Wright, whose portrayal of the grandmother Cavendish in "The Royal Family" is remarkable, is herself of a theatrical family. She is the daughter of the late Fred Wright, actor and manager; her mother was an actress; her brothers and sister are of the stage folk. Her brother Fred, an excellent comedian, has played in this country. At Paris he played in touch with a French company in "The Prince of Pilsen"; at Berlin he met success, playing in German, especially in "Our Miss Gibbs," and was highly successful at Vienna and Budapest. Huntley Wright has also played in the United States.

Miss Haidee Wright first went on the stage as a small child in "The Boy of Gold," played by her father's company on tour. This was early in her first appearance in London was in 1887. Her Boston first knew her worth when she took the part of Miss Kite in "Passing of the Third Floor Back," in which she toured this country

There will be many interesting concerts this month. Perhaps those which will attract the most attention will be the two of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Arthur Honegger and E. Fernandez Arbos as guests; the former conducting Jan. 11-12; the latter at the concerts a week later. Mr. Honegger's program is published elsewhere in this issue of The Herald.

It was natural that Honegger's program should contain only his own compositions. There was talk of performing, at an extra concert, his "King David," which made a deep impression last season. We hear that no decision has as yet been made.

The list sent by Mr. Arbos includes Halfter's Sinfonietta; Ravel's "Alborada del Grazioso," three of Arbos's transcriptions from the "Iberia" piano-pieces of Albeniz, music by Turina and De Falla, and the Prelude to "The Mastersingers." If all these pieces are to be played the concert will be unreasonably long. No doubt one of them will be thrown overboard.

Mr. Clive will bring out "Whispering Gallery" tomorrow night at the Copley Theatre. The performance will be the first in the United States. This "mystery" play of Percy Robinson and Terence De Marney was first performed at the Garrick, London, on May 30, 1928. The villain is an artist, who looks on murder as the finest of the arts. In a prologue he strangles his wife though he loves her. Later he can stab as well as strangle. There are phosphorescent hands, ghostly whisperings, not to mention a negro servant who is always mixing cocktails for guests in a country house. When the play was produced in London "cheers greeted its dismaying denouement."

#### AT THE CINEMA

(R. W. in the London Daily Chronicle)

When Two-Gun Ted is spurring o'er

The prairie in the saddle,

The pianist is slurring o'er

His notes in a skedaddle.

When Wicked Walt is proffering

Somebody restitution,

The pianist is offering

A gentle contribution.

When Lovely Lou is vamping men

With languorous ennui,

The pianist is vamping Mendelssohn effectively.

And when the film is ending with

Embraces fond and slow,

The pianist is blending with

A fine fortissimo.

F. H.

luck. They're not payin'.

Reporter appears (He takes out his watch)—Cripes! I wish he would drop right now. I could make the next edition.

Second reporter—It's a great headline. Man drops from skies to mob below!

Man in the air—(Again desperate) Oh, help me, Help! My poor wife! My poor wife!

Fat old lady—See! The man is married. That's awful, isn't it!

Men appear with mattresses and proceed to lay them in the cleared circle.

Hotel proprietor rushes out—(Excitedly) Say, you guys. What do you think you are going to do with my mattresses. They're almost new and I'm not going to have 'em spoiled out in this dirty street. (He proceeds to pick them up again and drag them back to the hotel.)

Fat old lady—Heartless wretch! Some day he'll get his.

(It starts to rain and umbrellas go up.)

Policeman—Here, youse! Do yer want the poor guy to fall on them umbrellas?

The pints will gouge his ribs.

Two or three umbrellas come down reluctantly.

Excited automobilist appears with pall of sand and proceeds to sprinkle it about the clearing.

You see, he may skid. We don't want more than one tragedy here.

Policeman (taking pall away from him)—Aw, that won't do any good.

Salvation Army band on sidewalk starts playing "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Man in the air (waving one hand in deprecation)—Cut that out! Cut that out! I know it's coming to me.

Frantic woman pushes her way to front of crowd and shouts up at man in the air:

My Henry! My Henry! How did you ever get so high up there? Save him! Save him! And I thought you was all the time home minding the kiddies.

A hush comes over the crowd. The man falls. He hits the cleared space exactly in the centre, feet down, then proceeds to bounce up and down with stiffened legs, in acrobatic fashion, until he comes to a stop dead upright on his toes. He calmly raises a megaphone to his mouth and shouts:

"SAVED BY O'MULLIGAN'S RUBBER SOLES!"

Sidewalk cynic—See! I told yer.

His friend—Well, it didn't cost us nothin', did it?

ANTHONY SKELDING.

As the World Wags:

Could I interest you in a business proposition? I know a place in north-

ern Finland which we could get for nothing, where, 12 inches deep, the ground is frozen all year round. My idea is to organize an undertaking company which would undertake to bury people in this district. We could advertise with the slogan, "Avoid the embalmer, be yourself 10,000 years hence." As you recall, 90 per cent. of Finland is granite. We could bankrupt these firms advertising on the financial page by guaranteeing a free tombstone. Besides, we could advertise: "Why perpetuate your name in granite when you can perpetuate yourself?" Please put this proposition up to Congress. It might finance us. I'll handle things at this end. As soon as you get the company organized please mail me six months' salary. Your affectionate partner—  
Eiga, Latvia. DONALD DAY.

#### FLUTE PLAYERS' CLUB

The Flute Players' Club gave a concert yesterday afternoon at the Art Club, before a large and well pleased audience.

Because of an accident to the arm of Mr. Bernard Zighera, who plays the harp, Mr. Laurent had to make some changes in his program. In a sonata, for instance, by Leclair, for flute (Mr. Laurent), viola de gamba (Mr. Alfred Zighera), and harp, Mr. Laurent set Mr. Paul Bregor down at a pianoforte instead of Mr. Zighera beside a harp. Though Leclair, Mr. Lang stated, wrote the music for either harp or piano, the guess is good that the bright twang of harp strings would have provided a more agreeable foundation for the suavely graceful melodies of Leclair and the heavy sombre tones of the viola de gamba than the piano could possibly supply.

Sombreness, however, ceased when Poulenc's sonata came to the fore, for French horn (Willem Valkenier), trumpet (George Mager), and trombone (Joannes Rochut). Did Poulenc, in ultra-classic mood, set himself to inventing melodies of an extreme simplicity, denying them, in behalf of further simplicity, the benefit of practically any development—meaning, perhaps, to secure, through playing finely elegant, an effect something like that produced by Prohoeff's little symphony? A strain or two in the andante would suggest that he was moved to write as he did by love of grace.

Hilarity, however, it may have been that stirred his spirit. For his sonata sounded, as it came to performance yesterday, like a string of little exercises out of an old-fashioned album for little piano pupils who have reached the "second grade." These trumpery themes Poulenc had apparently arranged so that their performance should sound like the performance of an old-fa-



"German band," a performance which grows in plenty to lend it color, also with gurgles and snorts.

In this performance there may have been humor, of a type rather crude. The question, though, is: What had Poulenc in mind?

Honegger, no doubt of it, had music-making in mind when he wrote the "Three counterpoints" for violin, cello, piccolo, oboe and English horn (Louis Speyer). With musical ideas to utter worthy uttering, he expressed them with a conciseness and yet with a charm that would pass Robert Louis Stevenson's test of art. And because he sat content say, to let a cello keep its place and not invade, for novelty's sake, the province of a flute, he set forth his engaging melodies in a vesture of lovely sounds. A musician beyond question, Honegger, of imagination and skill, let him be extravagant, as at times he is! The performance was admirable.

A smooth performance came after it, of the string quartet in honor of Beethoven, by Rimsky-Korsakov, Ljadov, Borodine and Glazunov, one movement apiece. All four very pretty, they do not, for a wonder, swear at each other. No one of the set, most likely, has individuality enough not to agree with the rest. R. R. G.

### THE PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

A fair-sized audience attended the 10th concert of the People's Symphony orchestra in the ballroom of the Hotel Statler yesterday afternoon. Theophil Wendt conducted. The entire program was broadcast by two radio stations.

The opening number, the overture to Smetana's "The Bartered Bride," was very well played. The orchestra's increased powers of expression were very noticeable; impetuous rhythm, warm tone, fine resonance, and good ensemble were there.

Mozart's delightful Symphony in E flat gave great pleasure to the audience. Works of this type, not specially exacting, but full of charm and grace, the orchestra does best. Here is their province. If Mozart requires a more deft phrasing, more elasticity than the orchestra is yet capable of, still excellence is not beyond them. It will be a pleasure to hear more of Mozart from the People's Symphony, as the season progresses.

Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl" opened the second half of the program. This was followed by a suite from Elgar's "The Wand of Youth"; the orchestra played the following: "Songs of Childhood" from the suite; No. 2 The Little Bells; No. 3 Moths and Butterflies; No. 4 Fountain Dance; No. 6, The Wild Bears. (Numbers 1 and 5 were omitted.)

An English Folk Song Suite by Vaughan-Williams concluded the program.

The audience showed its genuine pleasure by long applause for both orchestra and conductor.

Subscribers to the series of concerts by the People's Symphony, and non-subscribers who plan to attend single performances are asked to note that future programs will begin at 3:30 instead of at 3:00 on Sunday afternoons.

Next week's program is announced as follows: Haydn's "London" Symphony; Liszt's symphonic poem "Orpheus"; Grieg's Concerto in A Minor for pianoforte; and Glazunov's suite "Scenes de Ballet." Miss Lillian Winier will be the soloist. E. B.

### ROLAND HAYES

Roland Hayes, tenor, sang the following program at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon:

Stets Barg die Liebe Sie, Haydn; Heller Blick, Haydn; "The Repose of the Holy Family" from L'Enfant du Christ, Berlioz; Mon Bras Pressant, Widor; Extase, Duparc; Le The, Koehlin; Air of Azael, from L'Enfant Prodigue; Debussy; a group of Chinese and Japanese songs and a group of negro spirituals.

A few weeks ago, Mr. Hayes gave a recital in Symphony hall and the people thronged to hear him. Such a short time having elapsed, the natural thing would be to expect at this recital an audience of lesser size. Not so, however. Yesterday's audience was a repetition of the previous one. Only an artist with a beautiful voice and a magnetic charm can accomplish this, and such artists are few and far between.

But is it voice or is it manner which holds so vast an audience? At times yesterday it was difficult to determine whether the audience was applauding Mr. Hayes or his voice. It is possible that his attitude had much to do with it. He sings his music with reverence and he does not sing to the audience as a whole but to the individual. At the end of each selection there is not an immediate outbreak of hand-clapping, but a moment's pause, as though his listeners, too, felt that reverence.

It might be said that his program yesterday had too much sameness, but the natural beauty of his voice is more in evidence when he sings softly. Each

tone is perfectly placed, and it is his middle voice is inclined to lose vitality his high notes are his crowning glory—he can do what he wishes with them. In full voice they are rich with resonance and in mezzo voice they float out as softly as a breeze and penetrate to the farthest corner. In most of his selections he sings with a lilting style and although it is unusual and sometimes pleasurable, it does not always add to his interpretation. This, however, does not mar his faultless technique. He gives minute attention to every detail with the result that his singing is thoroughly musical. In the Chinese and Japanese songs his voice did not show to advantage. They are very delicate and full of poetry and Mr. Hayes was inclined to make them too heavy.

Mr. Percival Parham accompanied Mr. Hayes very intelligently, always keeping sufficiently in the background, but giving strong support. O. A.

### SYMPHONY HALL

#### "The End of St. Petersburg"

A Russian screen drama by Donald Weston Bartlett and Nathan Zarchi; with music by Herbert Stothart; directed by W. J. Pudowkin, and presented by Arthur Hammerstein through the Artkino Guild, with the following cast:

A Peasant	Alexis Davor
His Father	Peter Petrovich
His Wife	Olga Korlofi
His Mother	Anna Baranowska
A Worker	Paul Petroff
His Wife	Katrina Kaja
Factory Manager	Nat. S. S.
Capitalist	W. Obelonsky
Kerensky	Serge Alexandrowski
Field Marshall	Feodor Varvarov

For two hours, last evening, a large and friendly audience sat in Symphony hall, for the greater part of that time held spellbound by a film made in Russia by Russians, "conceived and brought to the screen," as its makers declare, "under the sponsorship of the Soviet government. The purpose was to give to the world in an entertaining and instructive manner, the events and causes leading to the overthrow of the Romanoff Dynasty, and then the Provisional government headed by Alexander Kerensky. The characters, with one exception, are fictitious; but they are typical of Russians who were active in the great upheaval that took place during those drama-laden years between 1914 and 1917."

It is doubtful if Mr. Pudowkin, the genius who directed this picture, realized when he made it what a furore it might create for itself when and if shown in this country. Furore it should be, for here is moving, absorbing, beautiful, tragic picturization utterly lacking in signs of the theatre. The actors are non-professional. They placed themselves in the capable hands of Pudowkin, and he molded them into unforgettable figures and masses. He himself has said that in the film "there are three great dramatic personae, the masses of men that move through it, the things that men have made masters over them, and one woman whose presence is the core and spirit of the film." This is so. The masses are the workers in the big munitions plant, the soldiers sent into the war for the Czar, and those same workers and soldiers, what was left of them, combined to sweep aside first royalty and then self-appointed and self-centred leaders, in their aroused passion for freedom for all.

"The End of St. Petersburg" has been constructed as a good artisan builds a chimney, brick by brick. Each brick an integral part of the whole. It moves deliberately at first as it discloses the poverty and unhappiness of both peasants and city workers. Mr. Golownia's camera shows this vividly. It flashes contrasting scenes, a worker munching black bread or imposing statues of past Russian rulers. Its war sequences are the most realistic yet seen in any picture, the most horrible. Toward the end, when Kerensky's fate is ordained, the film takes on speed, the scenes cut into one another with the rapidity of gun fire. Through all is the realization that history is being recorded by a master painter.

Columns could be written of the virtues of this picture. It is to be hoped that thousands will view it this coming week. It must suffice now to state that of the various principals, Mme. Balanov Kaya, as Mr. Pudowkin refers to her but Mme. Kaja, as the program names her, in the role of the wife of the worker typifying the progressive thinker who leads the way to civic freedom, stands out brilliantly. She is reality itself, scornful of veneer or artifice. Eleanor Duse, were she alive today to see that woman, would salute her as an equal at least in facial delineation. W. E. G.

### WASHINGTON ST. OLYMPIA AND FENWAY

#### "My Man"

A screen comedy-drama, written by Mark Canfield and adapted by Robert Lord; directed by Archie L. Mayo and presented by Warner Bros. as a Vitaphone musical with dialogue and songs and the following cast:

Fannie Brand	Fannie Brice
Joe Halsey	Guinn "Big Boy" Williams
Edna Brand	Edna Murphy
Landau	Andro de Seayola
Waldo	Richard Tucker

Singing ... Billy ...  
Thorne ... Arthur ...  
Mrs. ... Arthur ...  
Forelady ... Clara ...

"My Man" might well be classified as a talking and singing picture with silent sequences. It might be added that while these silent sequences fall on grateful ears they have been applied for some mysterious reason to those passages where one might expect speech, because of the comparative importance of the scenes. As matter of fact, it seems, through various tell-tale signs, as if Mr. Mayo, who so recently directed another Vitaphone piece, the all-talking "On Trial," had exhausted for the moment his funds of resourcefulness and his aptness in developing a theme. Perhaps the thick strata of hokum in the story itself was too much for him.

"The Singing Fool" carried a story which likewise was of slight literary or dramatic value; but it did have its genuinely pathetic moments, and in Al Jolson it had as singing and talking star a comedian whose dynamic force swept through all studio barriers and all weaknesses of narrative and made the picture a sensational box-office success. That was, with all due credit to the presence of little David Lee in the cast as Sonny Boy, a one-man picture. "My Man" likewise is a one-woman picture, and there the similarity ends. Those who for years have found Miss Brice's grotesque mannerisms and her individual methods of song or character monologue a source of entertainment may now renew their adoration. For in the course of the picture she sings, on various pretexts, old stand-bys like "Second-Hand Rose," "Florodora Baby," "I'm an Indian," the "Spring Song" travesty, the "Rainbow" number, and of course, her best song, "My Man." Also, she recites a part of "Mrs. Cohn at the Beach." Here she is on familiar ground, with firm, sure footing. Acting, however, is almost a closed book to her. To be sure she peeks with well assumed assurance at a page or two, but the effort brings little comfort.

Joe Halsey, whose sturdy physique displayed as he demonstrates something in a shop window so attracts Fanny that she practically throws herself at his head, is supposed to typify the picture's title, "My Man." Like the hero of that song, "He isn't much for looks, he's no hero out of books." Mr.

Williams makes him merely an ungrateful, treacherous lout. Of the other only Ann Brody as a kindly neighbor seemed able to give a semblance of natural characterization. It must bore such an excellent actor as Mr. Tucker to be utilized so repeatedly as a philanthropic man-about-town or theatrical magnate whose big scene is that in which he drives a pretty butterfly to her tenement home and waits patiently at the curb. A saving factor is that each time he apparently owns a different car. W. E. G.

### MODERN AND BEACON

#### "Prep and Pep"

A screen comedy-drama of youth, written by David Butler and William Conselman, with scenario by John Stone; directed by David Butler and presented by William Fox with the following cast:

Cyril Reade	David Rollins
Dorothy Marsh	Nancy Drexel
"Flash" Wells	John Darrow
"Bunk" Hill	Frank Albertson
Col. John Marsh	E. H. Calvert
Coach	Robert Peck

Twice within the fortnight David Rollins, one of the most modest and likeable juveniles of the screen, has been constrained by an author's script to show a yellow streak. In "The Air Circus" he passes through some very embarrassing moments as a youthful student at an air training school, trying to live up to the reputation of a deceased brother as a hero. In "Prep and Pep," as a boy fresh from Europe and tutors and indolent existence, he is sent by his mother to a mid-western military academy, where, in his day, his father, known affectionately as "Tiger" Reade, had accumulated countless trophies as an all-round athlete. Again young Rollins has to play the part of a failure, a kid who actually cries when he sits in the commandant's big chair and confesses that he can't live up to his father's reputation. Happily, in each picture, he has the satisfaction of finding himself. In the one he performs a brave feat and conquers his air fear. In "Prep and Pep" he makes a whirlwind finish as conqueror of his soul and of about everything in sight, including "Flash" Wells, his chief tormentor, a bucking horse, and a prairie fire from which he rescues "Flash" and Dorothy.

Mr. Butler demonstrated in "Win That Girl" that he had more than passing knowledge of the workings of the minds of youths. In that comedy of fathers and sons he used a small college for background and a football match for climax. In "Prep and Pep" he again shows a sky-larking crowd of youngsters, clean in mind and body, but full of animal spirits. The cultured room-mate whom Mrs. Reade bespoke for her son turns out to be "Bunk" Hill, who as Cyril's self-appointed manager stirs up a lot of trouble for

that forlorn child. "Flash" hitches Cyril in the squared circle and made him look cheap on the cinder track as clean-up man on a relay team. It was after his talk with the commandant, after "Bunk" brought in a bust of Napoleon as inspiration to great deed and after learning that the one thing his father couldn't do was to ride a horse, that Cyril began to turn the tables. The three boys and Miss Drexe demure and charming as the commandant's daughter, are unaffected and delightful in their contrasting roles. Mr. Calvert was a kindly commandant. The scenes depicting parade drills, the dining room and its assembly of prankish students, the call of duty when new of the prairie fire comes, are splendidly done.

In a companion picture, "The Power of Silence," Belle Bennett gives a dramatic portrayal of a woman on trial for murder of a wealthy man in his apartment. When she steadfastly refuses to take the stand in her own defence, her lawyer in desperation reads excerpts from her old diary to the jury and flash-backs reveal enough of her tragic history to make a strong picture. The jury acquits her, but the real climax comes in a subsequent scene between the woman and her son's wife. W. E. G.

### Midnight Shows for New Year's Eve

SHUBERT THEATRE—"Rain or Shine," with Joe Cook.

TREMONT THEATRE—"Black-birds," all-colored revue.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—Special vaudeville bill.

GAYETY THEATRE—"Speed Girls," burlesque.

METROPOLITAN—Not reserved, starts 11:30 P. M.

B. F. KEITH—All reserved, starts 11:30 P. M.

KEITH-ALBEE—All reserved, starts 11:30 P. M.

LOEW'S STATE—All reserved, starts 11:45 P. M.

LOEW'S ORPHEUM—All reserved, starts 11:30 P. M.

MODERN BEACON—Not reserved, starts 11:30 P. M.

NETOCO CASINO—Not reserved, starts 11:30 P. M.

SYMPHONY HALL—"The End of St. Petersburg," motion picture, all reserved, starts 11:45 P. M.

By PHILIP HALE

### "Marco Millions"

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Marco Millions," a play in three acts and 10 scenes with prologue by Eugene O'Neill, performed here by players of the Theatre Guild, New York. Produced at the Guild Theatre, New York, on Jan. 9, 1928. Marco, Alfred Lunt; Kublai, Babil Holloway; Chu Yin, the Sage, Dudley Digges; Nicolo, Henry Travers; Maffeo, Ernest Cossart; Tedaldo (also Ghazan), Morris Carnovsky; Princess Kuchukin, Margalo Gillmore. Costumes and settings by Lee Simonson. Incidental music by Emerson Whithorne. Directed by Lee Simonson.

The cast last night was as follows:

Christian traveler	Vincent Sherman
Marian traveler	Samford Meisner
Buddhist traveler	Louis Veda
A Mohammedan captain of Ghazan's army	Albert Van Dekker
A corporal	George Lester
Princess Kuchukin, granddaught	Margalo Gillmore
Kublai	Earl Larimore
Marco Polo	Ruth Chatterton
Tedaldo, papal legate to Acre	Philip Travers
Nicolo, Marco's father	Henry Travers
Maffeo, Marco's uncle	Whitford Kane
A Dominican monk	Albert Van Dekker
A knight crusader	Philip Foster
A papal courier	Harry Wace
One Ali brother	Louis Veda
Older Ali brother	Felix Jacob
The prostitute	Teresa Guerini
A dervish	John Henry
An Indian snake charmer	John Henry
A Buddhist priest	Vincent Sherman
Chamberlain of the court	Philip Foster
Kublai, the great Khan	Morris Carnovsky
Chu Yin, a Cathayan Sage	Claude Rains
Boatswain	Albert Van Dekker
Paulo Loredano, Donata's father	John C. Davis
A Buddhist priest	Vincent Sherman
A Tavit priest	Louis Veda
A Confucian priest	Harry Wace
A Moslem priest	Felix Jacob
Khan of Persia	Samford Meisner
Messenger from Persia	Peter Morrison

It was evidently not Mr. O'Neill's intention to construct a romantic play out of scattered material in "The Travels of Marco Polo." The title "Marco Millions" is enough to show this, for so sceptical Venetians nicknamed their great fellow-townsmen when he came back after an absence of over 20 years. They did not believe the stories he told them of the gorgeous east, stories



have in recent years been fully cor-  
ated by scrupulous investigators  
sojourners in countries visited by  
Mr. O'Neill has invented a Marco  
to serve a satirical purpose, as the  
ess Kukachin of the play, "the  
daughter of Kublai" was in his  
a beautiful 17-year-old maiden,  
in, Kaan of Persia, had asked  
for the hand of a maiden "from  
the relatives of his deceased  
The envoys approved of the  
plished "Kogatin" whose name  
utai-Khatun, and the three Vene-  
accompanied the Tartar damsel  
he envoys, who presented her to  
aan's son, for King Arghun had  
before they arrived.  
not necessary, however, to check  
r. O'Neill's satire with Marco  
narrative. The purpose of the  
list is to contrast the crass ma-  
m of the west with what he re-  
as the idealistic spirit of the east.  
e unmindful, when he wrote the  
of the modernization that bids  
dampen or corrupt this oriental  
n?  
Marco has but one thought, the  
ng of wealth. He is a mixture of  
t, and the city drummer who is  
s for the astonishingly large  
with which he returns after a  
the Pacific coast. He bows  
o great captains of industry, and  
be one of them. What is the  
of the Orient, the beauty or  
iveness of nature; the bravery  
or the spell worked by woman  
chink-chunk of a money bag?  
pretext for this satire is centry  
Now satire may be gentle and  
g, or bitter and scornful. Mr.  
in many of his plays has his  
nts of unretreived bitterness;  
eases his moments become hours.  
"Two Millions" he is at times  
n, vomiting his rage against  
and conventions. Witness the  
oe which might be called "A  
Comparative View of Great  
as;" witness the first scene be-  
Marco and Kublai in which there  
ioning about the soul. On the  
and one of the few quietly hu-  
and charming episodes in the  
when the Pope-to-be reasons  
Marco who, as yet, is unspoiled.  
Marco little by little loses his  
ill at the last he almost deserves  
eth thrown at him by the  
Princess. He cannot understand  
ule irony of Kublai or the sage  
of Chu Yin. Raised to power,  
a practical man, one that might  
en graduated from a School of  
ey, oppresses a province. He is  
sted as the inventor of paper  
as using gunpowder for war  
of fire-crackers. He becomes  
a grabber and what is even  
an intolerable blow-hard. What  
y might kill his soul is in a  
yag.  
Malogue is of uneven worth.  
ublai and the Sage speak in a  
nfated manner, Marco and his  
ons use the language of the  
Mr. O'Neill is not a humorist  
e; when he would be witty, he  
l; nor is he often happy in a  
ght. It is apparently not given  
to edit and revise his copy.  
e tiresome passages that neither  
nt to satire nor aid in the  
nding of character. The final  
ween Marco and the Princess  
o long. The first act is the  
n the others invention flags  
appropriate sentence is seldom  
Yet it is something to have  
e scene in the Grand Throne

n imagine the play performed  
rent manner from that of last  
rformed with more dignity and  
The satire would have been  
more biting. One cannot ap-  
vaudeville Marco portrayed by  
more; one cannot accept the  
ization as plausible, much less  
g. Miss Gillmore is not the  
to play the Princess. Her voice  
ductive: when she whines and  
she conscious of her limita-  
thel Barrymore in her worst  
—her voice rasps the nerves.  
diction in the play is not nat-  
shown when, forgetting her-  
spoke unaffectedly and of-  
Worthy of warm praise are  
sonations of Kublai by Mr.  
Tedaldo by Mr. Leigh. Miss  
s the Prostitute was a strik-  
The stage business was ad-  
naged; the stage settings  
tuous, or strikingly pictorial  
ty as the occasion demanded.

**COPLEY THEATRE**  
*Spring Gallery*  
ody mystery" by Percy Rob-  
Terence De Marney. The

ell, ..... Gerald Rogers  
..... W. E. Watts  
ou ..... E. E. Clive  
..... Gaby Fay  
..... Jan Emery  
..... Elsiebeth Dudgeon  
..... W. H. Sams  
..... Patricia Calvert  
..... Gerald Rogers  
..... Richard Whort  
..... Hannan Clark  
..... David Clyde

This new play it seems quite likely,  
would have turned out a hair-raising  
mystery play if only the mystery had  
been allowed a fair show. Promising  
elements of horror the authors had  
gathered together in plenty, all in an  
artist's studio on the sixth floor of a  
remote house on a Cornwall cliff. A  
maniac had a hand in the action. So  
did a murderer quick with a knife and  
also adroit at strangling; a body-  
snatcher, for good measure, played an

important role. At significant moments  
somebody, out of nowhere, uttered  
whispers, groans or yells. For the  
murderer's convenience, or the body-  
snatcher's, a kerosene lamp developed  
an obliging habit of quenching its  
flame, thus preparing an easy way to  
deeds of darkness.

A play so liberally supplied with suit-  
able ingredients of horror could scarcely  
fail to inspire horror if only those in-  
gredients were wisely mixed. But over  
all the authors—or the actors—slopped  
comedy, and with so heavy a hand that  
the mystery with its horrors got lost.  
The comedy, of its forthright kind, may  
have been very good; the large audi-  
ence thought so, to judge by the bel-  
lows of laughter at every sally. In an  
atmosphere, however, so merry and high,  
doings meant to be horrible, too often  
failed of their effect; the audience could  
not stop laughing soon enough to change  
their mood. And the action is very  
slow.

The mystery, nevertheless, stirred in-  
terest. Not a soul in the house, no  
doubt of it, but had his theory as to who  
stood guilty of several crimes. If any-  
body guessed the culprit, for his shrewd-  
ness he deserves a medal.

Among the actors those were highly  
successful—the ladies, namely, and  
Messrs. Emery, Watts and Sams—who  
either had no comedy to tempt them to  
extravagance, or else, like Miss Dud-  
geon, withstood temptation. The others,  
led astray by the invitation to bur-  
lesque offered by the text, raised the  
laughs they hoped for, but did them-  
selves and their art slight credit.

R. R. G.

#### ST. JAMES THEATRE

##### "Enter Madame"

The Keith-Albee Players present Miss Lina  
Abarbanell in a revival of "Enter Madame,"  
a comedy by Gilda Vares, and Dolly Berke.

The cast:  
Gerald Fitzgerald ..... John Warner  
Mrs. Flora Preston ..... Ellen Mahar  
Tamamoto ..... John Junior  
John Fitzgerald ..... Don Beldor  
Aline Chalmers ..... Adrienne Earle  
Bree ..... Jessamine Newcombe  
The Doctor ..... Thomas McKnight  
Mr. Smith ..... George L. Taylor  
Archimede ..... George R. Taylor  
Madame Lisa Della Robbia ..... Lina Abarbanell

We all love to see upon the stage the  
private life of actresses and opera stars.  
We want to know how they differ from  
us, and whether their emotions are  
more exciting than ours. This play is  
of the American husband of a famous  
prima donna, who, having followed her  
about for years and been nothing but a  
member of her retinue, decides to  
divorce her and marry an innocent lady  
who lives in the next apartment. But  
he can't make it. Mmc. Lisa Della  
Robbia arrives from Spain. Although  
he browbeats her, calls her old, gets  
divorced from her, she wins him back.  
He goes to her arms and to South  
America while his fiancée is on the  
other end of the telephone. The grown-  
up son is shocked and worried. It is  
a well-made play.

A large and enthusiastic audience  
welcomed the return of Miss Lina Abar-  
banell to Boston. She played her part  
of the fascinating woman with vivacity  
and assurance, perhaps lacking slightly  
color and warmth and the fourth  
dimension. John Warner as the fas-  
tidious husband was admirable, and all  
the other parts of cook, maid, doctor,  
etc., were played with zest and gusto.

J. D.

#### THIS WEEK'S STAGE OFFERINGS

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE**—National Opera  
Company: Today, matinee, "Aida"; tonight,  
"La Traviata"; Wednesday, night, "Caval-  
leria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci"; Thurs-  
day night, "Faust"; Friday night, "Luce-  
de Lammermoor"; Saturday matinee, "Car-  
men"; Saturday night, "Il Trovatore."

**COLONIAL**—"Jim, the Penman," old melo-  
drama revived, final week.

**COPLEY**—"The Whispering Gallery," mys-  
ters drama.

**HOLLIS STREET**—"Marco Millions," The-  
atre Guild Players.

**MAJESTIC**—"Cafe de Danse," comedy-  
drama with music.

**PLYMOUTH**—"And So to Bed," comedy.

**REPERTORY**—"Alice in Wonderland,"  
holiday play.

**ST. JAMES**—"Enter Madame," with Lina  
Abarbanell.

**SHUBERT**—"Rain or Shine," musical  
comedy, with Joe Cook.

**TREMONT**—"Blackbirds," all-colored re-  
vue, ninth week.

**WILBUR**—"The Royal Family," comedy.

#### "Carmen"

##### BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

By the National Opera Company. An  
opera in four acts, from the novel by  
Prosper Merimee, music by G. Bizet.

The cast:

Carmen ..... Elizabeth Hoepfel  
Micaela ..... Lina Lanzoni  
Don Jose ..... Margherita Villa  
Mercedes ..... Bertha Garret  
Don Jose ..... Luis de Ibarra  
Don Jose ..... Maria Valle

## SUPERFLUOUS EMPHASIS

By PHILIP HALE

"Madame Violette Morris, champion French  
woman automobile driver, has sued the Fed-  
eration Francaise de Sport to uphold her right  
to wear pants (sic) and swcar." She asks for  
100,000 francs damages, because she was refused  
a license. One of the grounds for refusal was  
that her language is shocking.

On the other hand Dr. Burges Johnson, pro-  
fessor of English at Syracuse University, is  
quoted as having called for "bigger and better  
cuss words." This elation call should meet  
with an enthusiastic response from our young  
women to whom "damn" and "hell" are now no  
more forcible than "O sugar" and "O scissors."

Women in high station swore lustily in years  
gone by. It would seem that this was so in  
Chaucer's time, for he says of his Nun, a  
Priores, "Hire grettest othe n'as but by Seint  
Eloy." The conversation at the court of good  
Queen Bess may not have been accurately re-  
ported by Mark Twain, but Queen Elizabeth  
and her maids of honor could undoubtedly rap  
out a resounding oath. The great Catherine of  
Russia was not always squeamish in her speech.  
Many noble dames swore like troopers. Some-  
times the profane women were punished in a  
manner that served as an awful warning. Two  
cases are recorded in "The Theatre of God's  
Judgments" by the excellent Thomas Beard.  
D.D. There was Denis Benifield, an interesting  
girl only twelve years old, who cursed and blas-  
phemed so that on her way to market "The  
Lord in vengeance met with her; for as she  
returned homeward, suddenly she was stricken  
dead, all the one side of her being black ...  
A terrible example both to old and young."  
Then there was the woman of Oster, a village  
in the duchy of Megalopole, famed for her  
blood-curdling oaths. "The Devil having got  
full possession of her, came in person and  
transported her into the air before them all,  
with most horrible outcries and roarings, and  
in that sort carried her round about the town  
that the inhabitants were ready to die with  
fear, and by and by tore her in four pieces,  
leaving in four several highways a quarter that  
all that came by might be witnesses of her  
punishment."

If our young women find the expletives now  
in common use tame and old fashioned, they  
might consult with profit the list of Spanish  
oaths published by Brantome in whose volumes  
they will find other entertaining matter. The  
orientals are sonorous swearers, surprisingly  
ingenious in their invention. A few examples  
are given by Burton in his notes to the "Thou-  
sand Nights and a Night." Perhaps the speech  
of Lord Julian at the Urbino Court might seem  
priggish to our girls whose language is often  
"painful and free." When describing what a  
gentlewoman should and should not do, he  
wishes for her "a tenderness, soft and mild,  
with a kind of womanly sweetness in every ges-

ture of hers, that in going, standing and speak-  
ing whatever she lusteth, may always make her  
appear a woman without any likeness of man  
... neither ought she again (to show herself  
free and pleasant) speak words of dishonesty."

It might be argued that the cursing and  
swearing of women on the stage in the "spark-  
ling" comedies of the last ten years has set the  
example for our young women. The spectator  
notes that whenever a girl or woman on the  
stage says "damn" or "hell" women young and  
old in the audience are the more uproarious  
in their noisy squeals of joy. One would think  
that the constant repetition of cuss words on  
the stage through the seasons would stale en-  
joyment; but no. One might say to the lead-  
ing woman or the flapper, "When the audience  
yawns, swear. It will liven things up."

Not that the daughters of "our best people"  
should go back to cowardly euphemisms, as  
"darn" and "gosh," even if "all hemlock" should  
be added. Least of all should that atrocious  
euphemism "Gee!" escape the barrier of their  
(presumably) pearl like teeth. Where is it that  
one reads the old adage: "Swear not at all?"

Zuniga ..... Michel Samacani  
Don Jose ..... Eugenio Prosperoni  
Bancarro ..... Giuseppe Villani  
Bancarro ..... Constante Sorvino  
An Inkeeper ..... Giovanni Trisolini

In the distant pre-radio times when  
grand opera came but once a year and  
sometimes not even that, a perfor-  
mance of "Carmen" was a sort of annual  
festival, to be looked forward to as we  
look forward to singing the carols at  
Christmas. Nowadays, when it is  
scarcely possible to "tune in" anywhere  
without, sooner or later, hearing  
snatches from this famous musical melo-  
drama, it is not so much of a novelty  
and there are some who would pro-  
nounce it hackneyed.

Nevertheless, familiar as the Torea-  
dor's song may be, proceeding from the  
loud speaker, it is, after all, not thus  
to be compared when it is actually sung  
on the stage, with all the optical and  
acoustic accessories and the mesmeric  
influence of a rapturously applauding  
audience having its effect into the bar-  
gain.

The most perfect of radio sets will  
never give the Toreador's song half so  
effectively as did Mario Valle last night.  
His fine baritone rang out with just the  
right amount of braggadocio and real  
sentiment to give a well nigh perfect  
rendering. The audience evidently  
thought so, too, for they demanded the  
whole thing, solo and chorus, from start  
to finish, a second time, and the com-  
pany obliged.

The National Opera Company pre-  
sented a romantic and tuneful "Car-  
men," with plenty of abandon and  
swing, but never for a moment blurring  
or distorting Bizet's delightful harmo-  
nies. Valle came near to capturing the  
musical honors, but De Ibarra as  
Don Jose, was a close second.

Elizabeth Hoepfel sang the title role  
superbly. Vamp and coquette, tiger cat  
and despairing, lovesick woman, she  
had all shades of emotion at her finger  
ends. She was not, moreover, handi-  
capped by over much "excess baggage,"  
from which too many Carmens have  
suffered in the past. Miss Lanzoni, too,  
made an exquisite Nicaela, and quite  
captivated her hearers, notably with  
her appeal for heavenly aid when lost  
in the mountains.

An exceptionally competent chorus  
did its part well. It is refreshing to see  
such careful attention given to acting,  
costuming and mounting as was in evi-  
dence last night. The dresses especially  
satisfied every sense, except, perhaps,  
the soldiers' uniforms, which were tra-  
ditionally ill-fitting and unmilitary.  
We cannot expect everything.

A special feature was the picturesque  
and spirited ballet provided by the  
Braggiotti-Denishawn dancers, with Lil-  
lian Duncan, premiere danseuse. Mr.  
Simeoni conducted and had his well  
trained orchestra at all times accom-  
panying and never dominating the sing-  
ers on the stage. Which is as it should  
be.

"Aida" will be given as a special New  
Year's matinee at 2:30 P. M. today.  
J. E. P.

#### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

##### "The Awakening"

A screen romance by Frances Marion,  
with scenario by Carey Wilson; photo-  
graphed by George Barnes, A. S. C., di-  
rected by Victor Fleming and presented  
by Samuel Goldwyn with the following  
cast:

Maria Ducrot ..... Vilma Banky  
Lt. Count Karl von Hagen ..... Walter Byron  
Lebolt ..... Louis Wolheim  
The Orderly ..... George Davis  
Grandfather Ducrot ..... William A. Orlamond  
Sub. Lt. Franz Geyer ..... Carl von Hartmann

For her first starring picture, "The  
Awakening," Vilma Banky has chosen a  
new location, Alsace, and a story full of  
dramatic possibilities. A French peasant  
girl in love with a German officer is  
popularly supposed to have a hard time  
of it, especially when the neighbors hear  
about it; and Marie Ducrot, played by  
Miss Banky, comes in for a goodly share  
of trouble. Not, however, for the reason  
one might suppose. Her lover is  
frowned upon not because he is a Ger-  
man, but because he is a devil with the  
women and is believed to have led Marie  
astray.

Their love story unfolds in a small  
Alsatian village shortly before the war.  
Lt. Count Karl von Hagen, quartered  
for a week in the two of Pre D'Or, is at  
first amused and later strongly attracted  
to the village belle, Marie Ducrot. He  
flirts violently with her, greatly to the  
wrath of a wealthy farmer, Lebolt, her  
fiance, who threatens to kill Karl if he  
bothers Marie. She, quite innocent and  
unsuspecting, finds herself deeply in  
love with Karl. On the eve of his de-  
parture from Pre D'Or, she yields to his  
entreaty and goes to his inn to bid him  
farewell. She is seen by a busy-body,  
and the word spreads that she is a van-  
pion and her door must be smeared with  
pitch as a sign of her fall from grace.  
Marie, slipping out of the inn un-  
harmd—Karl had a change of heart  
and found that he really loved her—is  
met by the enraged Lebolt, who sets on  
her with a whip and later tries to strangle  
Karl.

Stumbling home in a pouring rain,  
she finds her grandfather dead and her  
house defiled. Next morning she has  
vanished, apparently a suicide, as her  
shawl is found on the river bank. Months  
later the great war has broken out  
and Karl comes to Pre D'Or to warn  
the nuns at a nearby convent to leave  
as the town is in danger. Here he finds  
Marie, now become a novice, but she  
refuses to have anything more to do  
with him. Next morning, however, she  
finds him wounded and, stopping to care  
for him, is left behind by the fleeing  
nuns. Here, in the half-ruined con-  
vent, Lebolt finds them. Hatred of Karl  
seizes him, and he tears off the uncon-  
scious man's bandages that he may  
bleed to death. At the desperate en-







Mr. O'Neill in "Marco Millions" prefers to spell "Khan" "Kaan." He might have spelled the word a dozen other ways from "caan" as Maundey did about 1400, or "Kaun" as Elphinstone did in 1815. "The title was given to the successors of Chingiz Khan, who were supreme rulers over the Turkish, Tartar and Mongol tribes as well as emperors of China during the middle ages. In later use a title (now of slight import) commonly given to rulers, officials, or men of rank in Central Asia, Afghanistan, etc." The title became known in Europe partly through Mongol invasions; through European missions to the Mongol court, and by Marco Polo's narrative.

"Khan." The very word conjures up the pomp and magnificence of the gorgeous east.

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure dome decree."

How tame would be the substitution of any other word for a potentate, even if it would have fitted in Coleridge's dream. The word must have impressed James Clarence Mangan, for he made a curious use of it in his "Vision of Connaught in the 13th century."

"Anon stood nigh  
By my side a man  
Of princely aspect and port sublime.  
Him queried I,  
'O my Lord and Khan  
What clime is this, and what golden time?'"

Rut Mangan did not go to the east for his rhyme with "man." He took "Ceann," which, he said, was the Gaelic title for a chief.

One of the most impressive scenes in "Marco Millions" is the Throne Room, with Kubla seated; his guide, philosopher and friend standing by him, and fair women reclining on the floor. Friar Odoricus described this throne room in his journal "concerning strange things which he saw among the Tartars of the East."

"When the great emperor Can (sic) sitteth in his imperial throne of estate, on his left hand sitteth his queene or empress, and upon another inferior seats there sit two other women, which are to accompany the emperor, when his spouse is absent, but in the lowest place of all, there sit all the ladies of his kinred. All the married women weare upon their heads a kind of ornament in shape like unto a mans foote, of a cubite and a half in length, and the lower part of the said foote is adorned with cranes feathers, and is all over thicke set with great and orient pearles. Upon the right hand of the great Can sitteth his first begotten sonne and heire apparent unto his empire, and under him sit all the nobles of the blood royall. There be also foure Secretaries, which put all things in writing that the Emperor speaketh. In whose presence likewise stand his Barons and divers others of his nobilitie, with great traines of folowers after them, of whom none dare speake so much as one word, unless they have obtained licence of the emperor so to doe, except his jesters and stage-players, who are appointed of purpose to solace their lord."

We believe that Mr. O'Neill's play, whatever its faults may be, is more interesting than it appeared last Monday night, for the performance of Mr. Larimore (Marco) and that of Miss Gillmore (the Princess) were disappointing. Mr. Larimore's first scenes were his best. As soon as he entered the throne room of the Great Khan he overplayed and tumbled at last into farce-comedy. We doubt if Mr. O'Neill so conceived the part. Miss Gillmore has portrayed the Princess from the beginning. Why she was chosen is not now clear, for however excellent she may have been in other plays, she is not suited to the role; the references in the spoken lines to the physical appearance of the Princess only emphasize the fact. Nor is her present manner of using her voice ingratiating whether she whines to her grandfather or woos or rages when Marco is about to take his leave.

Why is Mr. O'Neill so bitter? We do not believe that his moroseness is a pose. Does he hate mankind? He may now be at Shanghai, now at Honolulu; wherever he is, he wishes to be let alone, like the hermit elephant. As a dramatist he is a man of first acts and later brilliant episodes. In "Marco Millions" dreary stretches of rambling conversation are too frequent. Yet is there in this country a dramatist of greater native force? Mr. Ervine writing from New York to the Observer of London, did Mr. O'Neill only justice when he said: "Whatever his defects as a dramatist may be, and they are many," he is "almost the only playwright in this country who habitually writes about matters that are not momentary in their interest. He attempts to dramatize the spiritual aspirations and troubles of mankind, and is not particularly concerned with the stop-press news in the evening paper. The majority of his colleagues do not take their eyes off the newspapers, and some of them seem to read only the criminal reports."

Arthur Honegger as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra this week at Cambridge and Boston will make his first appearance before an American public. It is natural that the program should be made up of his own compositions. His recent "Rugby," a symphonic poem portraying impressions of a football game, will be performed for the first time in this country, and we have no record of a performance in this country of the much earlier work "Chant de Nigamon," which has to do with the death song of a North American Indian whose tribe is put to the torture by another tribe. The "Pastorale d'Ete," the piano concerto (Mme. Honegger will be the pianist) "Horatius Victor," and the Nocturne from "Judith" have been heard here. For the revellers in personal gossip, it may be said that Honegger, born at Havre, France, of Swiss parents, musically educated at Zurich and Paris, is in his 37th year; his favorite amusements are football and looking at locomotive engines. When the world war broke out he was mobilized for a year in Switzerland. As a child, without knowledge of harmony, he wrote over 20 "sonatas," as he called the pieces, and two operas—but they were all on the G clef—the only one he knew. The instrument he afterward studied was the violin.

Herbert Heyner, an English baritone, who has already sung this season in New York, will give his first recital in Boston next Wednesday afternoon at the Hotel Statler. Born in London on June 26, 1882, he studied singing with Frederic King, who was also a baritone, and was coached in operatic roles by Victor Maurel. His first important engagement in public was at a promenade concert in London 21 years ago. He is favorably known in England by his having taken part in the leading music festivals and as a Lied singer. He has also sung in opera. He served in the world war—captain in the Durham light infantry—from the beginning till in 1916 he was severely

male chorus, however admirable, necessarily becomes monotonous, should hear the Prague Teachers, who have been remarkably well drilled technically and aesthetically by their conductor, the accomplished Mr. Dolezil.

## NINA KOSHETZ

Nina Koshetz, soprano, sang this program yesterday afternoon at the Hotel Statler, for the benefit of the Talitha Cumi Home and Hospital.

Over the Steppe, Gretchaninoff; Song Before Death, Romance Orientale, Rumsky-Korsakoff; Reverie and Dance, Moussorgsky; Devotion, Scriabine; Melodie, Rachmaninoff; Apres un Reve, Sclair, Faure; Miniature, Cui; Plaisir d'Amour, Martini; 17th Century Air, El Vito, Joaquin Nin; Seguidilla, DePalla; Mexican Song, Ponce.

Singing at very short notice, in place of Povla Frish, laid low by the grip, Mme. Koshetz believed an apology in order; she had still, as she expressed it, "the train in her throat." Her listeners, however, can scarcely have found the apology needful; seldom in Boston has Mme. Koshetz sung with voice so freely produced, so sonorous.

Her admirers, she being a Russian, would surely wish her to sing songs of Russia. They might wish, though, that she had chosen Russian songs not so persistently oriental and languorous in mood. The name Scriabine indeed, in connection with a song, promised novelty. The song, however, attributed to him sounded amazingly like the effort of a quite different person, a song of popular appeal among plain Russian people. It failed to add the desirable feature of variety.

In the manner she holds with, Mme. Koshetz sang well. Her manner is that of many a Russian. She is all for producing an emotional effect—and if, thereby, she sacrifices too often rhythm and line, so much the worse for line and rhythm. With her aim, of course, everybody must stand in agreement. Of her method of reaching her aim some people can never approve.

Mme. Koshetz's accompanist, Valentine Powlowski, played very well indeed. R. R. G.

## MYRA HESS

Myra Hess, noted English pianist, gave her first recital of the season yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. Her program was as follows: Haydn, Variation in F minor; Beethoven, Sonata in A flat, Op. 110; Schubert, Dances; Brahms, Intermezzo, A flat, Capriccio, B minor, Rhapsody, G minor; Schumann, Carnival.

Miss Hess's audience was as usual a very large one, filling the floor and balcony of the auditorium and overflowing on to the stage, and, as usual, a reverently enthusiastic one. She once more justified her popularity yesterday, playing with the impeccable good taste and the never failing poetic quality which her admirers have learned to expect of her.

Her Beethoven had unity, some cumulative force and moments of grandeur, though it was a more yielding Beethoven than the legendary Titan. More Beethovenish indeed seemed parts of the Haydn variations which had preceded the sonata. Charm and rhythmic grace were in her playing of the pleasing set of Schubert dances, and the Brahms group displayed by turns a delicate poetry of tone and mood, a whimsical lightness and rhapsodic power. To the infinite variety of Carnival she did the fullest justice. In response to enthusiastic applause she played some encores. E.B.

## "Carmen"

The cast:

Carmen, a cigarette girl...	Elizabeth Hoeppel
Micaela, peasant girl...	Lionita Lanzoni
Frasquita...	Margherita Villa
Mercedes...	Berta Garver
Don Jose, a brigadier...	Luis de Ibarquien
Escamillo, toreador...	Mario Valle
Zuniga, a captain...	Miguel Santacana
Morales, a brigadier...	Ernesto Prosseroni
Dancairo...	Giuseppe Villani
Remendado...	Constante Soriano
An Innkeeper...	Giovanni Trisolini

Yesterday afternoon the National opera company presented Carmen, their second performance of that opera.

Nine out of ten singers who sing the role of Carmen make her an insipid, idiotic character with occasional spurts of fiery temper to break the monotony. Their interpretation shows lack of imagination. Although Miss Hoeppel was inclined to this, she was not entirely a commonplace Carmen. In the first and second acts she was more capricious than insolent and her acting was overstressed. However, in the third act, she was more in the part, heartless, fiendishly fickle, obeying only those impulses which gave pleasure to herself, and in this act and the last act her voice came out in all its glory. She was at her best.

The assisting artists sang well. Mr. Ibarquien may not have given all that was expected as Don Jose, but Mr. Valle as Escamillo was distinctly a pleasure, his voice, though perhaps a little tired, still retained its fine quality. The special ballet provided by the Braggiotti-Denishawn dancers added much to the performance and at the end, when the "ere danseur" and "ere danseuse" were dancing, the audience was

Mr. P. By his exhaustive analysis, at all events, of every bar of music he plays of every accent, indeed of every bar—he has masterly planning, furthermore, of a composition as a whole, Mr. Copeland plays a program through without sounding one single chord or a scale that lacks significance.

Because, therefore, he delivers to his public the works of masters, in various degrees, with all their values present in full measure, Mr. Copeland attracts and delights a public for quantity and quality worth having. Last night's audience heard and revelled in entrancing playing. Let us hope they learned a little something to boot.

If they listened, for instance, to Mr. Copeland playing Gluck, now they know more than they knew before about the way to deal with classic light music; Mr. Copeland made of Gluck no smirking, beribboned shepherd tooting through a pipe.

Some there are, too, who perhaps could come to appreciate, from Mr. Copeland's playing of a little Brahms waltz, the rhythm inherent in a waltz if it is to remain a waltz. Nine out of ten performers, too, pianists and singers alike, might, to their advantage—and also to Debussy's—mark the character Mr. Copeland finds in Debussy, the rhythm, the melodic line; no mere "impressionism," spineless as lemon jelly, for him!

In Spanish music, to go on, Mr. Copeland strikes a new note which other performers, both high and low, should heed. With the rhythmic movement too many of them affect, he shows no patience. Slowly indeed, his Spaniards may move, and some mcs languorously. But move they do, every minute they hold the stage, and sometimes passionately. All thanks to Mr. Copeland!

More thanks to him, too, for showing the world how to plan a long-rising climax. Who has made one like unto his in that final Malaguena? Thanks indeed, when all is said, for an evening of singularly delightful and vital playing. R. R. G.

## THE PRAGUE CHORUS

By PHILIP HALE

The Prague Teachers' Chorus, Metod Dolezil, conductor, gave its first concert in the United States yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Smetana, Song of the Sea, Dvorak, The Wicked Sweetheart, The Sparrow's Party. Foerster, On the Field Path, Hymnus (Biblical text)—double chorus. Janacek, "70,000" (double chorus). Novak, Christmas Cradle Song. Kunc, Ostrava (an epic of the coal mines). Folk songs and dances; Kricka, The Morning Star (Slovak). Jindrich, Song of the Border Sentinels (Czech). Kricka, The Barracks (Slovak). Palla, Tit for Tat (Czech dance). Pokorny, Cardas (Slovak dance).

The fame of this chorus preceded its arrival. So eulogistic were the reviews by European critics, so great was the apparent interest in Boston that one expected to see Symphony Hall completely filled; but the audience was only of respectable size. It gave the conductor and singers a hearty welcome when they came on the platform and it was enthusiastic over the uncommon excellence of the performance.

The Czechs have long been famous for their music of all descriptions; music of the city, the village and the home. It is not surprising that prominent composers of what is now Czechoslovakia have written music for male choruses that has a healthy sentiment and a dramatic force not easily found in this form of musical literature among other races. The selections yesterday ranged from "The Wicked Sweetheart," a tragedy in miniature conspicuous for a sadness almost naive, to the "Hymn" for double chorus; from the lightness of folk-songs and dances to those songs in which the poor and oppressed voiced their despair and rage. Even Novak's "Christmas Cradle Song" is tinged with sadness, for the poet Neruda foresees that there must be further crucifixions before mankind is saved.

The agreeable anticipation aroused by the reports of the Prague chorus's performance was fully answered. Not only by reason of the voices themselves—male altos that did not squeak, squal or whine—deep basses with an organ diapason quality of tone—fresh voices all these and those between. The various choirs were finely balanced; the attack was precise and the releasing of a final chord, whether fortissimo or pianissimo, was an example for American conductors to follow—if they can. The spontaneity, the zest, the appreciation of the text—these, too, were noteworthy. The loudest passages were not a coarse, blatant shout; the softer music, even when it was extremely soft, was distinct—so that one acquainted with the language could hear the words and known their significance, it was never fuzzy murmuring. To those who had the past the taste of a



wounded.

One group of songs—those by English lutenists (1590-1610) should be of special interest. The names of Robert Jones, John Bartlet, Thomas Attey—others say his Christian name was John—and Tobias Hume are unknown to our singers.

Miss Ehrhart, who will sing in Jordan hall tomorrow night, has an unusual program. One does not often, if ever, find the composers Dukelsky, Oboulov, Gnessin, Ktenek, represented in one recital. Prokofiev's "Ugly Duckling" (Hans Christian Andersen) "is not a song," the annotator of the program, probably Mr. Sionimsky, informs us—"its performance requires 13 minutes,—but rather a musical poem for voice and piano, a tale in tones." Gnessin is a Russian Jew who never went abroad. Oboulov connects his music with religious problems, introducing "into the realm of musical expression hitherto unacceptable sounds, as hissing, roaring, whistling, sighing, hushing, etc." He trained himself until he "attained a diapason of seven octaves, which permits him to perform his works all by himself." In his compositions, he designates sharp and flats by using the syllables from Guido d'Arezzo's hymn. Truly a remarkable person. He should visit Boston.

Chaliapin, Dorothy Speare, Mme. Molter, George Smith, the Flonzaley Quartet—they are all announced for this week, and Mr. Schelling will give the first of his Children's concerts next Saturday morning in Jordan hall.

P. H.

## ON AND OFF THE STAGE

No doubt the long-continued success of "The Royal Family" is due in a measure to the report that the play portrays the Barrymores in private life. This report, whether it was first circulated by an ingenious press agent or by some newspaperman at a loss for an article, is palpably absurd; the fact remains that audiences are curious concerning actors and actresses when they are not plying their trade. A dramatist might have had in mind other royal families of the stage, the Kembles, Keans, Terrys, Wrights, Farrens, Davenport. Mrs. Siddons, for example, might again stab potatoes at the table or terrify the Bath draper by her tragic question, "Will it wash?" For although low comedians are generally sad and serious men when off the stage, the strutters in heroic parts often strut in parlor or on the street.

That there should be families of actors is not surprising, nor that acting runs in the blood. There is William Farren, for example, now 75, still vigorous, the son of the third William Farren known to the stage. Family traditions are compelling. Why should not a Kemble, a Terry or a Davenport have thought at once of the theatre in the hope of continuing the illustrious line? Or look at the sawdust ring: As the grandmother rode, so will the granddaughter. The son would gladly surpass the father's daring on the trapeze. Could the "Infant Phenomenon" have been willing to let the fame of Crummles perish? And, by the way, it is affirmed, also denied, that Dickens drew his portraits of these strolling players from temporary association with them as a member of the company.

No one believes for a moment that Mr. John Barrymore or his brother Lionel acts when he is at home or abroad as Tony Cavendish, turbulent, reckless, roaring out oaths; yet for the moment the audience likes to think it is seeing a slice of interesting family life. In that delightful opera-bouffe "La Princesse de Trebizonde" a wandering troupe gains in a lottery a chateau sumptuously furnished. The members cannot shed their professional habits. At table and to the amazement of staid guests from the neighborhood there is spinning of dinner plates, there are surprising tricks of speech and legerdemain. Today a sword-swallower might, in the bosom of his family, eat with his knife, out the glass-chewer probably prefers corned beef and cabbage or a beefsteak smothered in onions. If in "The Royal Family" the grandmother, like Mrs. Siddons, who, in her later years spoke to her friends as if she were still Lady Macbeth, could not forget the verbal emphasis and pomp of the old histrionic school, her charming daughter might have been drawn from the ranks of society women, restless, talented, longing for a public career.

When Madame Calve first appeared here as Carmen in Mechanics building, a woman was heard to say in one of the wooden pens that were appropriately called boxes: "No, thank you, I don't care to meet such a vicious person." When Lucile Emelie Tostee as Offenbach's Grande Duchesse shocked, agreeably shocked, the audiences that filled Jim Fisk's opera house, as that theatre was known later, women were sure that Tostee must be an abandoned creature queneing it, dissolute, at Parisian orgies; but she was a home-body; on shipboard, silent, reserved, knitting for her daughter's comfort, whose death she did not long survive. The dashing hero who breathes fire and slaughter, rescuing the princess from the desperate villain, is often timid at home,

a feeble subject to an Amazonian wife; the sweet heroine, the apparent incarnation of purity, may be enrolled under the banner of free love.

There is an old song, once popular in variety theatres, where it was sung by a melancholy man with a tear-drenched voice: "It's very different just behind the scenes."

yesterdays program. Usually operatic arias do not suit Mr. Werrenrath's nasal production, but yesterday, in the "Credo" from Verdi's "Otello," he did some of his best singing. In the middle range, when he uses the full power of his voice, even forcing a little, he gets out some of that fine quality he too often keeps captive somewhere in the throat and nose.

An aria from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" was not very well done, though it revealed that Werrenrath has a fine feeling for characterization. This quality is indeed, one of his best. In the "Credo," too, it was a strong, independent, and ruthless Iago, who ended his song with villainous laughter.

The four Wagner songs, "Stehe Still," "Im Treibhaus," "Schmerzen," and "Traume," were sung with reverence more for the beauty of the poetry than for the musical phrases.

The "Old Time Concert Favorites" included "The Sands of Dee," "Gypsy John," "Punchinello" (the usual clown with the broken heart theme), and "The Lost Chord."

The last four songs were "Give a Man a Horse He Can Ride," "Chumleigh Fair," "Star-Eyes" and "Fuzzy Wuzzy."

The audience was very enthusiastic, and demanded many encores. E. B.

## JOE COOK, RECOVERED, RESUMES ROLE TONIGHT

Joe Cook, comedian star of the musical comedy, "Rain or Shine," now on at the Shubert Theatre, will resume his stage role tonight after an illness from which he had been recovering at a local hospital. Reports that he had been suffering from brain fever were denied last night and representatives of the production declared that his sickness was not of a serious nature.

## MODERN AND BEACON

### "Synthetic Sin"

A screen comedy-drama, adapted by Tom J. Geraghty, from a play by Frederic and Fanny Hatton; directed by William A. Seiter, and presented as a First National picture with the following cast:

Colleen Moore	Colleen Moore
Antonio Moreno	Antonio Moreno
Edythe Chapman	Edythe Chapman
Katharine McGuire	Katharine McGuire
Gertrude Howard	Gertrude Howard
Montagu Love	Montagu Love
Raymond Turner	Raymond Turner

Comedy of the most delicious sort marks the first long stretch of "Synthetic Sin." As Betty Fairfax, younger daughter of an aristocratic Virginia family, Colleen Moore sets a humorous pace at the outset of the film and maintains it successfully to a certain point. Then the director, failing to see the danger signal ahead, shuts off the comedy, turns on the melodrama and nearly ruins the picture for the average audience. The curtain rises on the triumphant return to his native town of Mr. Moreno as a successful playwright, about to present his new play in the local theatre. Mrs. Fairfax hopes to marry Margery, her older daughter, to him, but he fancies Betty, especially after she makes him laugh at her precocity as an imitator. Betty sees herself as a future great actress. To prove it she travesties a mad Ophelia, Paderewski at the piano, a rollicking Topsy, grossly caricaturing her dignified sister's Grecian dance. She is ebullient of spirit, quick in repartee. When she closes one eye and cocks the other, between those square-cornered Dutch bobs, it is a sign of mischief brewing.

After she has coaxed Don into permitting her to play "the woman" in his play, and after she has flopped miserably because she was too innocent for the role, she drags her faithful colored servant, Mandy, off to the train. "From now on, Mandy," she declares, "we are the toys of passion. We are going to New York to sin." She takes an apartment in a tough hotel in a tough section of the big city. She tries to be sophisticated, winks at a man on the street. He takes her arm and tries to lead her into a house, but she runs away. It was a mission for wayward girls. She invites a crowd of gunmen and their girls into her flat, which boasts the only piano in the house, and bids them continue their carousal while she and Mandy prepare cracked ice for their drinks. "I'm a slave of desire, a puppet of passion," she proclaims; but the gangsters see through her for what she is, a pert little country girl trying to be a sport; their attitude is more protective than menacing.

To this point the picture has kept its character. Miss Moore has been irresistibly comic, the lines have been bright and the situations unstrained. The audience, hungry for good corn is devouring it all. Then the gun the gangsters feud, the prolonged

fatal battle of bullets in hotel corridors, through elevator grill-work in Betty's own quarters; melodramatic rescue by Donald, police and handcuffs for innocent and guilty until the influential hotel manager intervenes. Donald and Betty in a box, watching his play; tumultuous applause for "the woman." But Betty is cured, she is satisfied to be simply Donald's wife. She is through with sin, synthetic or otherwise.

If the picture had closed in around the hotel scene in which the exasperated Mandy seizes her old horse-pistol and threatens to clean house, it might the better have held its comic appeal, might have dodged that banal ending. Aside from that, score another personal triumph for the versatile Colleen.

"Side Show," the second feature picture, is an interesting narrative of circus life, with Marie Prevost and Ralph Graves in leading parts. W. E. G.

Jan 8/29

By PHILIP HALE

## "Billie"

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Billie," a new musical comedy in two acts and seven scenes, book, lyrics and music by George M. Cohan. Played by Mr. Cohan's comedians. Charles I. Gebert, musical director.

The cast was as follows:

Maid	June O'Dea
Rankin	Joe Ross
Rob Wallace	Robinson Newbold
Jackson Jones	Joseph Wagstaff
Winnie Sheldon	Helen He
Mrs. Ambrose Gerard	Ina Hayward
Peter Penbrooke	Carl Francis
Billie	Ernie Stanton
Wilbur Chestington	Val Stanton
Sir Alfred Huntington	David Le don
Harry Thompson	Richard Barry
Hizine	Richard Barry
Judge Spotwood	Joseph Kennedy
Page	Ebel Allen
Will	Billy Bradford
Phoebe	Phoebe Wallace
Charles	Charles Sabu
Sheriff	Larry L. Wood
Grover Sheldon	Albert Fromm

Perhaps some in the audience last night remembered that Mr. Cohan at the Colonial Theatre brought out in 1913 a play entitled "Broadway Jones," and took the part of the hero. Jerry J. Cohan, Mrs. Helen F. Cohan, Ada Gilman and Mary Murphy were in the company. "Billie" is a musical version of this play.

"Billie" is an agreeable entertainment, with leading comedians that are not buffoons, but amusing in such a manner that after the final curtain no spectator wonders why he laughed. Mr. Newbold has pleasing gags and wheezes; he does not clown it for a minute; he makes valuable additions to the dictionary of slang. The Messrs. Stanton are droll. Who will soon forget the long conversation over the telephone—long but one-sided, with the unexpected ending?

The other men who take part, act and talk as if they were reasonable beings. One would not be surprised to find them in an office or at a party, stag or mixed. And they sing much better than many of their colleagues in musical comedies of the present day. The lover often causes the audience to wonder what the heroine saw in him, but Mr. Wagstaff is an engaging young man and when he wows in song he does not shriek, bellow, or sob.

Miss Walker has the "Personality" of which she sang. She has winning ways; she does not simper; she is not self-conscious. Graceful in movement, pose and in the dance, she plays to those on the stage, not to the audience. When she sings, it is without effort. Her voice is pleasing and true, never forced and she sings in character. One cannot imagine Billie singing in any other way. There is excellent solo, duo and ensemble dancing. The girls are young, attractive. They have been admirably drilled in their evolutions. Their costumes are exquisite in design and color, and they harmonize with the handsome stage settings.

The music has some haunting tunes. Billie's entrance song, as it was sung by Miss Walker, revealed the gentler side of her character, before she resolved to make a man of Jones and thwart the conspiring Widow Gerard and the rival chewing gum millionaires. "Where were you" was conspicuous melodically and for the charmingly scored accompaniment, the chorus, male and female, and the orchestral performance pleased, not stabbed the ears, not rasped the nerves.

The story? It's a simple one. The spendthrift Jones was roused to energy by Billie, as capable in business as she was alluring to every man, young or old. No wonder she sang "Every Boy in Town's My Sweetheart"; no wonder that Mr. Wagstaff proclaimed in song that he was a "One Girl Man." One hesitates to characterize "Billie" as a "clean" show, for many shows trumpeted as such are dismally dull. "Billie" is clean, but not boring.

## PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Mr. Wendt began yesterday's concert with an admirable performance of Haydn's D major symphony, Koehel No. 104. Not one of those many musicians who only now, belatedly, are coming to grasp the fact that not always did Haydn write like either a rustic boor or a courtier, or yet like an amiable simpleton, Mr. Wendt did full justice to the introduction's majesty, to the rousing vigor of the opening allegro.

For elegance, however, so characteristic of Haydn in frequent mood, Mr. Wendt found place in the lonely andante, which movement he took—God bless his musicianship and his sound common sense—at a reasonable pace; "andante," from him, did not stand still. And in the minuet, its courtly name to the contrary, Mr. Wendt let Haydn foot it as bouncingly as any Austrian peasant of an evening at a tavern dance.

This playing of Haydn was all delightful. Keen feeling for rhythm quickened it, that sensitiveness, too, to the line of a melody that, while preserving the melody's beauty, also makes the most of its emotional significance. Genuine euphony Mr. Wendt also attained. If only he could have modified the out-giving of an over-zealous trumpet, for the good of loud tutti passages, the tone he produced in the symphony would have been exceptionally beautiful throughout.

With Liszt's unfamiliar "Orpheus" Mr. Wendt found less success. To secure success, indeed, with music of the sort, a deal of effort is requisite. Now that the splendor of Liszt's orchestration no longer dazzles of itself, the poetry that lurked in the man's nature must be sought beneath his sentimentality and then be stressed in performance; his touches of grandeur must be emphasized, his fondness for the grandiose glossed over. All this can be done; it is worth the doing. To the doing, though, virtuosity is necessary, and a sympathetic temperament, and very much time. The temperament, quite likely Mr. Wendt possesses. But he has not at his disposal a virtuoso orchestra or limitless time for rehearsals.

A brilliant performance he gave of German's Welsh rhapsody, music abounding in rhythm, melody and agreeable sound by which the orchestra did stirring and sonorously. To close the concert, Mr. Wendt played Glazunov's "Scenes de Ballet."

This is next week's program: Mozart, "Les Petits Riens"; Sibeliu, "The Swan of Tuonela"; Wagner, two songs from "Die Meistersinger" (Joseph Lautner); Brahms, symphony in D, No. 2.

R. R. G.

## REINALD WERRENATH

A rather smaller audience than usually attends his concerts, listened to a song recital by Reinald Werrenrath in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. No doubt the bad weather kept many from coming to hear the popular baritone.

Popular he surely is. Tremendous applause greets his every effort. This popularity is probably due largely to his willingness to sing songs the audience knows and likes, because as a singer Werrenrath is not without many painful faults of production. The inclusion of a group of "Old Time Concert Favorites," as well as of other songs of oft-tried appeal, made it certain that the audience would be well-entertained. But Werrenrath nearly always presents some songs of deep beauty, too—last year Brahms' "Four Serious Songs," and this year four of the "Five Poems" by Richard Wagner. Patriotic arias also found a place on



# HOW TO WRITE A PLAY

## Mr. Ervine Tells How Not to Write—A Book Of Advice and Warning

Mr. St. John Ervine, the brilliant dramatic critic of the New York World for the season—we hope for seasons to come—has written a book of 126 pages entitled, "How to Write a Play." It is published by the Macmillan Company.

Mr. Ervine, the author of a dozen plays, some of them capital ones, besides novels, essays, etc., should be abundantly qualified to treat this subject. He shows that by saying at once, "Neither I nor anyone else can tell the reader how to write a play in terms so exact that after a course of, say, twelve lessons for twelve guineas, he or she may sit down with some confidence to produce masterpieces. There is a fallacious, but widely held belief that most things can be accomplished after instructions." He ends the book by saying, "No one can tell a man how to become a dramatist; but if he has the instinct for drama in him, no one can prevent him from becoming a dramatist, though hundreds howl that he is no dramatist, that he breaks the law, that he does not know the first thing about drama, that he is incoherent, long-winded, undramatic, unintelligent, too intelligent, and all that is wrong. He may have all the advantages that fortune can bestow upon him and remain totally unable to write a play. He may have all the handicaps that can be imposed upon a human being and write plays full of genius. There is no knowing. He must find his own feet; they cannot be found for him."

Nevertheless Mr. Ervine hangs out a lantern to guide these feet, lest they stumble.

Remarking that books of instruction in the making of plays have been written by learned persons, who never wrote plays or wrote plays that were dismal failures, Mr. Ervine calls Prof. Baker's "Dramatic Technique" and Archer's "Playmaking" admirable books on stagecraft; but he has never met a dramatist who did not deride them. It is true that all authors end by inventing their own technic. First of all the aspirant must have the "elusive instinct" for the theatre. He must search his heart, not his mind. This instinct can not be acquired; it is not easily defined. It has been possessed by men "whose dialogue was stilted and clumsily artificial." Incidents of the story must be presented swiftly and tersely. The "literary" drama is generally full of stiff, pedantic, unnatural dialogue. Mr. Ervine finds the Irish dialogue of Synge and Lady Gregory, for instance, agreeable but totally undramatic. "The action is clogged with words." Chekhov uses his dialogue "supremely well." A play is not written like a novel—it is not surprising that Conrad, Henry James, George Moore failed when writing for the stage. Mr. Ervine tells why they failed.

The story must be told, as far as possible, within the play (if a novel is adapted, the dramatist should assume that those in the audience have not read it). The law of length is not rigid. Redundancy or repetition in character, situation, or speech should be avoided. The dramatist must be economical; "he ought to put into his play only those things which, if they were omitted, would leave wounds." Mr. Ervine once read a tragedy in five acts by a young author. Apart from the time occupied in changing the scenery, it could have been acted in 20 minutes. Here is the whole of the second act:

"The scene is a girl's room in a cottage. The room is in darkness. The heroine is in bed. She opens her eyes, she shuts her eyes; she clenches her hands and unclenches them; she tosses and turns, and then exclaims aloud:

"O God! Help me to be brave!"

"Curtain."

Speeches spoken offstage are seldom successful. Can lapses of time be made plausible? Yes, in fantastic plays, not in more or less realistic ones. The lowering of the curtain for a few moments is a lazy method. Padding may be necessary in the construction of a play—witness Barrie's "The Will."

These notes give no idea of Mr. Ervine's skilful elaboration of them, with illustrative quotations and analyses of known plays. These least important details are the only parts of a play about which it is possible to give definite instruction. "The rest is almost entirely a matter for the dramatist himself to discover. No one can tell him how to think of his theme, which is the principal part of the play; nor can any one tell him how to treat it, for the treatment of the theme is the author's personal contribution to it." Give the same theme to Shaw, Barrie, Pinero, Jones, Galsworthy, Maugham; there would be in each case a separate treatment. The dialogue must seem like everyday talk, yet have some literary quality. A dramatist will ruin his play if he jots down faithfully what he hears spoken in street or parlor. There are examples given of mistaken, undramatic, "realistic" dialogue. Mr. Ervine treats this topic at length and gives instances of mistakes and achievements in shaping the speech of characters. Must a theme be plausible? The author must not contradict himself. Mr. Erskine at once thinks of contradictory situations in "Hamlet;" these contradictions and improbabilities do not wreck that tragedy. Shakespeare is "the most brilliant and amazing proof of the fact that a man who has a flair for the theatre can violate with impunity every principle of his profession."

A dramatist, speaking of action, does not mean physical movement; "he means development and growth." There are those who think action means doing things, as when a character sits on his hat. Shaw's "Getting Married" is full of mental activity. The action is not in what a character does, it is in what he says.

"The author should not refuse to 'cut' a 'line' merely because the actor who asks for the 'cut' cannot explain why he considers it to be unspeakable. Actors are seldom articulate men, but their instincts are sound."

There are mechanical devices that ruin a play; the end of a character too deliberately arranged, as in Galsworthy's "The Fugitive," in Masefield's "Tragedy of Nan."

Expressionism has failed to appeal to any but incompetent or neurotic minds. . . . the Expressionist is a reactionary pretentiously using the obsolete form of the Morality authors."

Mr. Ivor Brown remarked in a short notice of Mr. Ervine's book that one member of every literate or semi-literate family in England writes a play in a spasm of his or her growing pains. These aspirants are to be found round about us. They should read Mr. Ervine's book and ask themselves seriously if they have any instinct for play writing. Those who, fortunately, for the public, have no illusions will find "How to Write a Play" instructive and most entertaining.

P. H.

didn't care much who she married, although it was the courier. But then, anything seems less funny after a while. J. D.

### REPERTORY THEATRE

#### "Mary Rose"

A romantic play in three acts by Sir James Barrie. The cast is as follows:  
Mrs. Oterry . . . . . Olga Birkbeck  
Harry . . . . . Milton Owen  
Mr. Morland . . . . . Thomas Shearer  
Mrs. Morland . . . . . Katharine Warren  
Rev. George Amy . . . . . Robert Noble  
Mary Rose . . . . . Edith Barrett  
Simon . . . . . Milton Owen  
Cameron . . . . . Arthur Sircom

Behold the material at hand. One large house, now abandoned, quite cracked about the plaster, and totally lacking in furnishings, which 30 years ago was a house of respectable appearance and family. One small Scottish island, measuring some hundred yards across, quite complete as to its physical aspects, lacking any animal life, and named, in Gaelic, the island-that-liked-to-be-visited. To this add an evil Highland superstition, sufficient characters, a number of passing years, a few offstage voices, a swinging door or two, and, lo, you have the background of a good ghost story, or a tale of mystery, as mysterious to the listeners, as to the participants. And yet, we may be mistaken, possibly Barrie meant it to be a ghost story. But then, we hardly think so, although we rather wish, everything would be explained in the end in a proper manner. While the mystic isle is the "raison d'être" of "Mary Rose," its greatest charm lies in the rough pencil sketches of English country folk, their little idiosyncrasies, their unaffected mannerisms, and their spontaneity. There is the worthy Mr. Morland and his parson who squabble, and make-up, and squabble again over their mutual hobby of collecting engravings and the like. A rather demure, yet commanding Mrs. Morland, sits before

the fireplace, knitting and keeping peace by an occasional "ahem," yet, unable to comprehend that "new" telephone invention. The character of Mary Rose has little to it save the charm of youth and the tinge of mystery, with which Barrie has endowed her, but her lover Simon is a stolid, purple-faced Britisher, a navy lad, trusty, loveable and honest. Probably most entertaining is the highland student—carrisman, Cameron, with his knowledge of colloquial and classic French, his pocket edition of Euripedes, and his inimitable formalities interspersed with sad rhapsodies. It is for these five reasons that the play is appealing rather than for the island in the Hebrides that swallowed up individuals forever, or threw them back upon the earth, which had nigh forgotten them after a period of days, or months, or years. We admit, nevertheless, that it would be too much for a Scots playwright to resist using at least one native legend, any more than Washington Irving could resist the Katskill mountain tales. If only Mary Rose could have appeared after 30 years with a long white beard and a tinge of the rheumatics!

Of those in the cast, Thomas Shearer, as Mr. Morland, did the most genuine bit of characterization. Others playing well were Milton Owen, as Harry, son of Mary Rose, and Arthur Sircom as Cameron. The feminine parts were equally nicely managed. E. R.

### ST. JAMES THEATRE

#### "The Big Pond"

By George Middleton and A. E. Thomas. The cast:

Francesco . . . . . John Taylor  
Randy . . . . . Don Beidoo  
Mrs. Emily Billings . . . . . Jessamine Newcomb  
Mrs. Jane Lavermore . . . . . Ellen Mahar  
Barbara Billings . . . . . Lucile Nikolaas  
Pierre de Mirande . . . . . John Warner  
Henry Billings . . . . . George R. Taylor  
Sarah . . . . . Adrienne Earle  
Marly Perkins . . . . . George L. Taylor

This comedy tickled its public. A rich American girl, abroad, falls in love with the romantic courier. Her father, who would rather "have phlebitis in Vernon O. than Cleopatra in Venice," is upset, for he loves his daughter. A business subordinate, who is along, suggests they bring the courier back with them to the States, where he will appear at disadvantage in home surroundings—"Imagine him at a Rotarian tea." To the audience's surprise, he turns out extremely well. He becomes a super-business man, but then the girl says she no longer loves him, and becomes engaged to the other man.

George R. Taylor was very satisfying as the type—funny American business man plus father. He got a lot of laughs and a few smiles. John Warner made his difficult role of transfigured courier seem plausible. Lucile Nikolaas was an ingenue, which means young and pretty. The maid was well done, by Adrienne Earle. This was all in the first two acts. The third was too long, and one

### THIS WEEK'S STAGE OFFERINGS

COLONIAL—"Billie," George M. Cohan's new musical comedy.

COPLEY—"The Whispering Gallery," mystery drama, second week.

HOLLIS STREET—"Marco Millions," Theatre Guild Players.

MAJESTIC—"Cafe de Danse," comedy-drama with music, final week.

PLYMOUTH—"And So To Bed," James B. Fagan's comedy, third week.

REPERTORY—"Mary Rose," Sir James M. Barrie's comedy, revived.

ST. JAMES—"The Big Pond," comedy, with Lucile Nikolaas.

SHERBURN—"Rain or Shine," musical comedy, with Joe Cook, third week.

TRE MONT—"Blackbirds," all-colored revue, 10th week.

WILBUR—"The Royal Family," comedy, third week.

### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

#### "West of Zanzibar"

A screen drama adapted by Elliott Clawson from a story by Chester Devonds and Kilbourn Gordon; photographed by Percy Hilburn, directed by Ed. Browning and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Flint . . . . . Lon Chaney  
Crane . . . . . Lionel Barrymore  
Maizie . . . . . Warner Baxter  
Anna . . . . . Mary Nolan  
Tiny . . . . . Jane Daly  
Babe . . . . . Roscoe Ward  
Bumbu . . . . . Kalla Pasha  
Gumbi . . . . . Curtis Nero

To say that Lon Chaney in "West of Zanzibar" is at his best would be to do him scant justice, without doing the other actors in the cast any injustice. Beside him they were nothing. Omitting his usual fantastic make-up, he worked out a characterization that, for imaginative horror would be hard to surpass. The part he plays is that of a man paralyzed from the waist down, and Lon Chaney made this condition so terribly realistic that it was impossible, seeing him drag those helpless legs as he crawled around the floor, to believe that it was only a pretence.

The story begins with Phroso, a magician in a vaudeville theatre, losing his wife to an interloper named Crane. In the struggle that follows between the two men, Crane knocks Phroso through the railing of a balcony to the ground beneath, breaking his back and crippling him for life. Some months later Phroso's wife returns with a baby and he, finding her dead in a church, swears vengeance on Crane and disappears, taking the child with him. Eighteen years later Phroso has become a Voodoo doctor in Africa, ruling a tribe of cannibals through their fear of his magic tricks. Living with him are two shady assistants, Babe and Tiny, and a doctor, gone badly to seed, whom he tolerates gone badly to seed, whom he tolerates revenge.

Crane, now a dealer in ivory, is working in the jungle not far from Phroso, but quite ignorant of his existence. Phroso steals his ivory and then sends word to Crane where he may find the thief. To consummate his revenge he sends to Zanzibar for Maizie, the child, as he believes, of Crane and his runaway wife. She has been brought up in a low dive that she may be as much of a shock to Crane as possible. When she arrives at his hut in the jungle Phroso makes her drunk and abuses her generally, despite the interference of Doc, who finds it too much, even in his debased condition, to see her so treated.

On arrival of Crane, Phroso produces the girl, intoxicated and frightened, and tells Crane who Maizie is; but Crane retorts that the girl is his own child—Phroso's wife had not gone away with him after all. Since it was a cannibal custom to burn a daughter alive at the death of a father, Phroso's terrible plan had been to kill Crane and offer Maizie as a living sacrifice to his vengeance. Crane is put to death, but Phroso, seized with horror at the thought of his own child dying, arranges her escape with Doc. She goes away, ignorant of his identity, and the enraged natives burn Phroso alive.

Lionel Barrymore was decidedly effective in his brief appearance as Crane. Mary Nolan was an appealing Maizie and Warner Baxter satisfactory as Doc. Tod Browning's direction was skilful and dramatic, and the fantastic dances of the African tribes repulsive yet fascinating. But it was Lon Chaney's picture from the start, and that means that it is worth seeing. E. L. H.



## SQ. OLYMPIA

Drama, adapted by Ewart  
Horwood and Kenneth  
Story by Charles Francis  
and by Lucien Jeot, di-  
rected by Charles Klein, and presented by  
Pathe with the following cast:  
Brown, Louis Moran  
Kelly, George O'Brien  
Simmons, Earle Foxe  
Brower, Don Terry  
Alma, Marian Alha  
Bernard, Fritz Feld  
Funeral, Andy Clyde  
Ackroyd, Crawford Kent  
Capt. Jenkins, Robert E. Homans  
Chaufeur, John Kelley  
Jewelry, Phillips Smalley

Crook plays are becoming more in-

teresting. Feverish competition has compelled Hollywood's best brains to apply a better brand of finesse to the glorification of crime, and in consequence the output is improving. "Blindfold" is a current example. The story in itself seems to be the best of the three recently turned out by Charles Francis Coe, the other two being "The River Pirate," which somehow missed fire, and "Me, Gangster," which had too much diary and too little plausible action. "Blindfold," however, is of different stuff. To be sure, it is suggestive in one particular of "The Cop," in which William Boyd swung a mean nightstick in his single-handed campaign against a band of cheap thugs. George O'Brien, as Bob Kelly, likewise a cop, undertakes a one-man feud against a criminal band; but Mr. O'Brien's cop has intelligence as well as courage, and his adversaries are no water-front rats. They are as choice a close corporation of villains as ever foregathered under one roof. One, Bernard, plays the violin entrancingly. Another, Dr. Simmons, is a respected neurologist and surgeon. Ackroyd looks the average city business man. The other two members are just plain yeggs, guided by the twisted brains of their leaders.

On the night of a party given by Mary Brower for her lover, Officer Kelly, her brother, Buddy, is shot down in cold blood when he breaks in on a safe robbery in a jeweler's store. Kelly runs down one of the gang who, in court, is able to prove an alibi through his associates. Ackroyd, the pseudo-jeweler, was in on the deal. The robbery netted the crowd \$100,000 in insurance payments. When Kelly is wounded by the gang's chauffeur as he is caught ransacking Bernard's music shop, Mary becomes hysterical, enters into a sub-conscious state of mind. Dr. Simmons called it a case of being mentally blindfolded. He sequesters Mary, renames her, and uses her as a cog in the next big jewelry theft. Kelly, by means of a dumbwaiter, gains ingress to the gang's apartments and, in a very exciting series of scenes, cleans Mary's clouded mind, corners all of the crooks and establishes the identity of Buddy's assassin.

Mr. Klein came to this country from Berlin seven years ago. This is his first full-length picture, and he need never be ashamed of it. He was aided greatly by Mr. Andriot's camera work. The cast, sagaciously chosen, is strong throughout, Mr. Foxe particularly giving a splendid characterization. The picture has sound but not speech. Miss Moran loses several appalling shrieks, far more temperate than those of May McAvoy in "The Terror." For those who revel in good melodrama, "Blindfold" is herewith recommended.

W. E. G.

## B. F. KEITH-MEMORIAL THEATRE "Man-Made Women"

A screen comedy, adapted by Alice D. G. Miller from a story by Ernest Pascal, photographed by John Mesall, directed by Paul L. Stein, produced by Ralph Block, and presented by Pathe with the following cast:  
Nan Payson, Leatrice Joy  
Jules Moret, H. B. Warner  
John Payson, Jr., John Boles  
Georgette, Sheila Owen  
Garth, Jay Eaton  
Margorie, Jeanette Loff  
Owens, Sidney Bracey

Were it not for the light artistry of Paul Stein's direction, "Man-Made Women" would fall speedily and justly into the "here today and gone tomorrow" category. Its story is neither new nor startling, its situations are conventional, its performance none too marked by spontaneity or warmth. Mr. Stein probably foresaw certain weaknesses, dodged as many as he could, and decided to try to balance the scales by skillfully devised picturization with rich and beautiful settings. When it is over, one says, "It was a pretty picture," referring to what the eyes encompassed, not to what the mind registered.

Nan Payson as a girl was attractive, clever, fond of gaiety. She naturally retained these characteristics when she married John Payson, Jr., a sober-minded young man who carries his office deportment into his home. He liked Nan's joyous ways as a girl, but wants to keep her locked in a closet as his wife. When Nan goes to Jules

Moret's artist studio for afternoon tea, visits his wine cellar, and returns with cobwebs on the back of her gown and a champagne label encircling her wrist, Payson scolds. When she attends a Moret party in John's absence from town, he returns to catch her having a pleasant and perfectly innocent evening. They quarrel, he refuses to yield to her pleas that he embrace her, and they separate. Nan becomes companion to Georgette somebody, who has a de luxe apartment, and seems a free agent. She is not; Moret pays the bills. When the three meet, Georgette becomes furiously jealous and quits. Nan refuses to take her place, and Moret, after thinly professing his love, undertakes to effect a reconciliation between husband and wife. His plan succeeds, and Nan wins, apparently at her own terms, namely, that she be permitted to be happy in her own way so long as she keeps within moral bounds.

Mr. Stein has given this picture treatment novel in certain ways. He has resorted much to the dissolved view, merging one scene into another swiftly, no matter how at variance may be their import. For a formal dinner party he gives mere flashes, a serving of this or that course, the inevitable bridge game afterwards. One sees the implements, not the persons involved. He takes short cuts, thus forcing one's mind to stay awake or lose the story. The titles are few but pointed. The acting is the least impressive part of the production. One could not fail, however, to observe that Mr. Warner, only a short time since a memorable figure in "The King of Kings," appears worn and tired when stripped of disarming disguises.

W. E. G.

## GERTRUDE EHRHART

Gertrude Ehrhart, soprano, sang this program last night in Jordan hall:

Se tu m'ami, Pergolesi-Stravinsky; Aria from "Der Freischutz," Weber; The Ugly Duckling, Prokofiev; Many Are the Lovely Roses, Cranes and Gnat, Temyra, Dukelsky; L'Amour, Obouhov; Gaetan's Song from "The Rose and the Cross," Gnessin; Invocation, Ernest Bloch; Footsteps in the Sand, Alexander L. Steinert; My Little Pool, A Very Great Musician, Slonimsky; Josephine's Aria from "Pinafore," Sullivan; The Man I Love, Gershwin; An Aria with a Jazz Interlude from "Jonny spielt auf," Krenek.

If, as one may guess, Miss Ehrhart harbors aspirations to become the Eva Gauthier of Boston, in her program last night she all but bettered her model. The array she set forth! The styles she essayed! Miss Ehrhart does not lack daring.

Not to mince matters—honest words never yet did harm—Miss Ehrhart last night undertook too much. Although she yearly adds body to the medium register of her pretty voice, not yet has she acquired enough strength at the top for Agatha's air or Josephine's. The style, furthermore, that becomes airs of the sort—they are not so far apart—she has not yet made her own.

To melodic line Miss Ehrhart shows herself not too sensitive. For laying bare the beauties, therefore, which Stravinsky and Prokofiev, by the telling of the program notes, find in Dukelsky's songs, she is inadequately equipped. For musical dealing, indeed, with any melodies, Miss Ehrhart needs to acquire an articulation which, though commendably distinct like hers at present, shall not interfere with legato or nuances.

Till she has cultivated her voice into the secure, fine-sounding instrument it is capable of becoming, Miss Ehrhart is ill-advised to attempt music demanding that sort of instrument. Until, again, she has developed her sense of dramatic values more highly, it is not wise of her to undertake music taxing even to an interpreter of high quality. Obouhov's song and Gnessin's, Prokofiev's narrative as well—no singer of short experience should try conclusions with music so exacting; to neither the music nor herself can she do justice.

Difficult music, nevertheless, if not too exigent, Miss Ehrhart sings well. The feeling of Black's beautiful song she reproduced last night convincingly, with lovely tone. In Mr. Steinert's atmospheric little impression she proved herself at home. A silvery obligato she supplied to Mr. Slonimsky's shimmering music of moonlight and a pool. And she knew her way well—not an easy way to find—in the two vocal features of a curious pot-pourri from "Jonny spielt auf."

She has, in short, so nice a voice and so keen an intelligence that it is much to be wished Miss Ehrhart could bring herself to make her haste more slowly. She was well applauded last night by a large audience.

Mr. Nicolas Slonimsky played very difficult accompaniments with neatness and dispatch.

R. R. G.

## TWO GUEST CONDUCTORS

Arthur Honegger and Enrique Fernandez-Arbo will conduct in turn the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week and the week following. The former, who will make his first appearance in the United States at the Cambridge concert on Thursday, is one of the most prominent composers now living. Mr. Arbo, who served as concertmaster of the orchestra for the season of 1903-04, has won an enviable reputation as an orchestral conductor. The two now come to Boston as "guests."

The engagement of "guest" conductors in this city is of comparatively recent date. When Vincent d'Indy was invited to lead in this city, and in cities visited by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke, then the permanent conductor, with some others, thought such engagements injurious to the players, who might be disconcerted by novel interpretations. Mr. Gericke objected on artistic grounds when Mr. Higginson wished to engage for four concerts 25 many European conductors of renown who had already led concerts of the Philharmonic

Society of New York. If an imported conductor should be engaged for say half a dozen afternoons and evenings, it might be argued that Mr. Gericke's position was well taken. Nor is the practice in some cities of having four guest conductors in a season to be commended. Each one would have individual ideas as to how a composition should be performed: The players would be disturbed in judgment as in purely technical matters. Furthermore, audiences would be led to believe that a conductor is more important than a composer. There would be foolish chatter by those who are "fond of music" and "know what they like" concerning comparative personalities and interpretative abilities and tastes.

There are many more concerts to be given in a season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra than there were in Mr. Gericke's reign. That Mr. Koussevitzky should conduct them all is not to be expected. He is the first to welcome Messrs. Honegger and Arbo, for he is not of a nature to bear "no brother near the throne." It will be interesting to hear Mr. Honegger's music conducted by him, as it was to hear Mr. Ravel's ideas of how his own music should be played. It will be interesting to hear Spanish music as a Spaniard understands and feels it.

## GEORGE SMITH

George Smith, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan hall:

Prelude and Fugue, Franck (from "Prelude, Fugue and Variation Op. 10," for organ, transcribed by Harold Bauer); Minuet, Haydn; Grande Gigue, D minor, Op. 13, No. 1, Scherzo, A flat (from Op. 31, No. 3), Beethoven; Sonata, B minor, Op. 10, No. 3, Chopin; The Island Spell, Ireland; Danse Espagnole, de Falla; Motets, Florida; Berceuse, Siravinsky-Repper; Etude en forme de Valse, Saint-Saens; Barcarolle, Mazurka, G minor, Scherzo, B flat minor, Chopin.

Musicianship remains, when all is said and done, a musician's best stock in trade. Take, to prove the point, Mr. Smith's way with the Chopin sonata. Mr. Smith, if the case may be put roundly, has not in his nature that quality our elders called "morbidezza." They loved that word, 30 years ago; it meant, at the time, hysteria, languorousness, heroics in sudden gusts, "tempo rubato"—all the attributes held needful for the true "Chopin player."

Mr. Smith, to return to the point, is not blessed—or cursed—with "morbidezza." But he does not need to be. An extremely sound musician, he is able, by intelligent analysis of the rhythmic and melodic elements of Chopin's music, to set forth that music in such wise that its sheer musical beauty makes a powerful appeal.

As well as musical intelligence, Mr. Smith holds at his disposal the technical merits belonging to his school, such merits as lovely tone in wide variety, the power of making melodies sing with the pedals, a very rare skill. Thus richly equipped, therefore, with musical judgment, fine taste and technical proficiency, Mr. Smith played the sonata's exposition delightfully. Of the scherzo's first pages he made, from bright rhythm and brilliant tone, a thing of dazzling beauty. Because he refrained from rubbing in its sentimentality, he found in the largo unusual beauty. By a pace, too, something slower than is customary, he gave more than the customary force to the main theme of the finale.

To advantage, however, Mr. Smith might carry his intelligence one step further. In the sonata's first movement, for a case in point; likewise in the finale, Mr. Smith seemed at a loss to find the significance of measures not at first sight significant. In the "working out" he showed no evidence having planned the music through the end; too much of the finale he played constantly and unvaryingly loud, the result of monotony. When he applies his intelligence to those measures that now elude him, Mr. Smith finds that beauty lies in every one

of them, beauty, furthermore, not wanting in consecutiveness.

All his short pieces, where he could see through to the end, he played charmingly, with rhythm just right and phrasing, with exquisite tone. And in Ireland's piece he showed poetical imagination as well as musical. True poetic feeling—that, one may guess, will be the next step in Mr. Smith's artist growth.

R. R. G.

## LOEW'S ORPHEUM

### "Shadows of the Night"

A screen presentation of a story written by Ted Shane, directed by D. Lederman and produced by Metro-Cwyn-Mayer. The cast:

Jimmy Sherwood, Lawrence  
Molly, Louise  
Connelly, Warner  
O'Flaherty, Alphonse  
Entertainer, Polly  
Dor

Flash, a police dog, trained with care and assiduity in the performance of his part, is the leading character in the picture. He, almost single-handed, effects the capture of Feagan, kills two policemen. If every reporter, as Jimmy Sherwood, were to have assistance of such a dog when he is signed to a murder story, business fices would be hard put to provide satisfactory salary and bonus for him. Some of the scenes, however, were drawn in order to keep Flash in lead. For instance there are very dogs who can scent over 10-foot gull down a fire escape, crawl through transom, dig a tunnel under a stone foundation, chase a speeding motor going at least 40 miles an hour and then rip a license plate off while the car is going at that speed. But the super-canine carried through all the assignments without fail and made the look easy while he was doing them.

Feagan, chief of a gang that has out in the Dreamland Cafe, kills a policeman, and Flash and Jimmy are near by when it happens. Then comes a license plate episode and the scene shifts to the cafe, where Jimmy meets Molly and falls in love with her. She tells him that Feagan is keeping him a prisoner and that he is planning to kill Sgt. Flaherty. Jimmy is the held prisoner but he dispatches a warning note via Flash, to Flaherty. The latter is duly delivered by the dog. Feagan escapes when police surround the cafe, but the next day Flash does the acts already enumerated and Feagan is captured.

It seems highly improbable that a dog could do all the things with which he is credited. The photography commonplace, the effect of night being given largely by misty scenes. The effect of playing-up to a dog must have been depressing to the actors, for nowhere is there any touch of more than routine screen miming. Tom Dugan a Connelly seemed the only one not conscious of the fact that a camera was pointed at him. Warner Richmond a Feagan was a particularly vicious ruffian and Molly, played by Louise Lorraine, did as well as she could with a shadowy part. Lawrence Gray as the reporter and Flash's master made a plausible success as a newspaper man, but who ever heard of a reporter carrying a dog around with him on assignments?

C. L.

## KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

### "The Whip"

A screen melodrama, adapted by J. L. Campbell and Bernard McConville from the Drury Lane stage play of that name; directed by Charles J. Brabin and presented by First National with the following cast:

Lady Diana, Dorothy Mackall  
Lord Braconier, Ralph Forbes  
Iris d'Aquila, Anna Q. Nilsson  
Graville Sartoris, Lowell Sherman  
Sam Kelley, Albert G. Ann  
Lord Beverly, Marc McDermott  
Lambert, Lou Payne  
Richard Haslam, Arthur Clayton

All dressed up with sound sequences, synchronized musical accompaniment, even a theme song, that creaky old Drury Lane melodrama, "The Whip," has come to town. Honest aristocrats, a polished villain, a frail adventuress, a burly Cockney bookmaker, a hero who suffers a temporary loss of memory, a heroine who remains loyal in face of his apparent duplicity, and a race-horse proudly bearing the picture's

title—these are the main characters. A nasty automobile smash (interpolated since the stage production), a desperate fight between hero and villain on the end of a rapidly moving railway car, a wreck in which the car fortunately emptied of its precious freight, is hurled down an embankment by the impact of the London express—these are the thrilling features of this filmed revival of an old-fashioned play. Also these is much blaring of horns and thud of hoofs as Lord Beverly's guests follow the hounds in a fox hunt, to the traditional chant of "A-Hunting We Will Go."

Sartoris, Iris and Kelley represent the wicked plotters who seek to profit through deceit of The Whip at the annual Ascot races. Sartoris incidentally has striven for the hand of the fair Diana, Lord Beverly's daughter, but has been repulsed in favor of Lord



By PHILIP HALE

It is hardly necessary to remind the concertgoers of Boston that Arthur Honegger will, as an honored guest, conduct the Symphony orchestra this afternoon and tomorrow night. The hall should be completely filled if only through curiosity to see the man to whom a locomotive engine and a football game suggested musical impressions. The program, consisting wholly of his compositions, includes one of his earliest and one of his latest, "Chant de Nigamon" was written as an exercise for the orchestral class at the Paris Conservatory and it was first performed there under his direction. The argument is taken from a story by Gustave Almard about the Hurons and Iroquois; how one tribe burned their prisoners alive, scalped them; nevertheless, the unfortunates suspended their death chant to hear the solo of their chief, Nigamon. The "Pastorale d'Ete" has been performed here by the Boston Sinfonietta. These players have also performed the Concertino for piano and orchestra (Pauline Danforth, pianist). The pianist this week will be Mme. Andree Vaurabourg Honegger. "Horatius Victorious" and "Pacific 231" which has been added to the program since the first announcement—have been performed by the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mme. Cobina Wright, a soprano, which has sung in Boston, will now sing Judith's "Prayer" from the opera in which Mary Garden portrayed at the Boston Opera House the patriotically bloodthirsty heroine. Mme. Wright will also sing three songs with the accompaniment of flute, violins, violas and cellos.

Mr. Fernandez-Arbo, who will conduct the Symphony concerts next week, has arranged this program: Wagner, Overture to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; Halfter, Sinfonietta, Ravel, Alborada del Gracioso; Albeniz-Arbo, "Evocation," "La Feta-Dieu a Seville," and "Triana" (orchestration of piano pieces in the suite "Iberia"); Turina, "La Procession del Rocio"; De Falla, Three Dances from the ballet "The Three-Cornered Hat."

Thomas Johnson, tenor with Elwyn Barrows, accompanist, will sing tonight in Jordan hall arias by Donizetti and Cilea; songs by Pergolesi, Duparc, G. Faure, Grieg, Coleridge-Taylor, Thomas, Buchanan, Quilter, Campbell-Tipton, and Negro Spirituals by Burling and White.

Ernest Schelling will give the first of his concerts for children tomorrow at 11 A. M. in Jordan hall.

Mr. Heifetz, violinist, will play music by Locatelli, Vivaldi, Rameau, Couperin.

Bach, Ernst (Concerto), Ravel, Gaubert, Milhaud, Achron, Godowsky, Novacek, in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon.

Joseph Lautner, tenor, will be the soloist at the concert of the People's Symphony Orchestra next Sunday afternoon. Mr. Wendt will conduct orchestral pieces by Mozart, Sibelius and Brahms (Symphony No. 2.)

Burton Holmes will give a "revue" in Symphony hall tonight tomorrow afternoon. His subject, "The Glories of Madrid."

#### ISABEL RICHARDSON MOLTER

Isabel Richardson Molter, soprano, sang this program last night in Jordan Hall, to the accompaniment of Harold Molter:

Dove sono, Mozart; Nuages, La Pluie Georges; Die Post, Gretchen am Spinnrade, Schubert; Melancholy, Merikanto; Sailing, Olsen; A Dream, A Swan, Thanks for Thy Counsel, Grieg; I Heard a Cry, Fisher; The Little Shepherd's Song, Watts; Nocturne, Lester; Spring Song of the Robin Woman from "Shanewis," Cadman.

Mrs. Molter, last night as at previous Boston appearances, made good her title to many vocal and musical virtues. Few singers now active on the concert stage have a voice at command so fine as hers, a soprano of singular clarity and power. Not all of her colleagues, by any means, have taken pains, like Mrs. Molter, to establish a thoroughly repable technique.

Fewer still, to turn to the matter of music, feel rhythm as Mrs. Molter feels it, or melody. And in the matter, more important still, of genuineness, only a handful out of the dozens of singers now crowding the concert field are fit to stand in company Mrs. Molter. To hear her, therefore, is a pleasure, a woman who knows how to sing technically well, musically too, and with rhetorical intelligence. Besides, she means what she says.

She might, indeed, since the truth must be told, have chosen a more valuable

Brancaster. The latter, injured in his racing car crashed into a tree, forgets what has happened in the last six months, and thus falls easy victim to a scheme to make Iris Lady Brancaster through a forged marriage certificate. Kelley, who stands to be ruined if The Whip wins, connives with Sartoris to wreck the train bearing the horse to the field; but Brancaster thwarts this by bringing the runaway box car to a halt and releasing the precious bit of horseflesh before the crash. Of course The Whip wins, the various villainies are exposed, and virtue triumphs blatantly.

As a production "The Whip" is not to be belittled. It has been dressed elaborately. The big scenes have been plausibly staged, and the cast well chosen. The cameraman tried to make Mr. Forbes look like the Prince of Wales at the outset, but soon gave it up after Forbes refused to fall off his horse. Miss Mackall was properly smart in her riding clothes. Mr. Sherman made easy work of the unfortunate schemer. Mr. Gran was the perplexed bookie, Miss Nilsson, the blonde siren. In one respect "The Whip" will be notable: as far as available records go the picture was the last in which Mr. McDermott appeared. He died last week after a month's illness.

W. E. G.

#### HERBERT HEYNER

By PHILIP HALE

Herbert Heyner English baritone, sang yesterday at the Hotel Statler for the first time in Boston. Edward Harris was his accompanist. The program was as follows:

Handel, Ye Winds and Waves from "Julius Caesar"; Brahms, Vergebliches Staendchen; Wolf, Verschwende Lichte, Cui, Te Souvenirs; Rimsky Korsakov, Song of Lehi from The Snowmaiden; Mussorgsky, Song of the Flea; Fench, Lutenists (Cura, 1300, 610); R. Jones, Beauty and Bathing; J. Bartel, White, I thought my sweetheart, T. Atter, On a Time, T. Hume, Fain Would I Change, J. Bartel, When from my love, Modern English, Warlock, The Bitter Birth, the Bell, a Song, Mr. Hume, Quilley, I was a lover and his love, Warlock, I love a head, you have me leave to kiss, Good Ale.

The songs of the old lutenists were unknown here. Even the names of the composers are apparently unknown to our singers. Sometimes the life of a musician is more interesting than his works or his skill as a singer or instrumentalist. It is a pleasure to know that there were two composers named Robert Jones: One who flourished about 1530 of whose life nothing is known. Mr. Heyner's man Jones was one of the first to write a true solo song with instrumental accompaniment. Little is known about him. There is a discussion of his musical worth in Peter Warlock's valuable book "The English Ayre." "There is no composer of the period," says Warlock, "whose work seems more likely to make an immediate appeal, not only to musicians, but even to the most unsophisticated music-lovers for whom historical considerations count for nothing." Warlock adds that Jones's sense of humor entitles him to be regarded as the Sullivan of his day. Bartel described himself as a "Gentleman and Practitioner in this art" (i. e. music). His indecorous songs are "bright and witty" the duet for two trebles "Whither runneth my sweetheart" is a sheer delight, though it is greatly indebted to Morley's "It was a lover and his lass." The historians know a John Attey, but not a Thomas. By his airs he hoped to vindicate himself "from being held a drone in the mellifluous garden of the Muses." His air "Sweet was the song the Virgin sang" is said to be "a flawless work of serene beauty." Hume, a soldier by profession, a mercenary in Sweden, lived a life of adventure. He said that his idleness was "addicted to music"; "the only effeminate part of me hath been music." He died mad, having offered to perform naval and military wonders. An interesting character, he wrote: "I rob no others' inventions. I take no Italian note to English ditty, or filch fragments of songs to stuff out my volumes."

Mr. Heyner apologized for his vocal condition, saying he had had a touch of influenza. This apology seemed hardly necessary; his tones were for the most part clear and admirably controlled. His enunciation, like that of the great majority of English singers, was delightfully distinct; and in his diction he respected the texts of the various poets and the intentions of the composers. In other words he is an interpreter, not merely a singer. He made a favorable impression at once by his dramatic delivery of Handel's recitative and by the expressive rendering of the nobly pathetic aria that followed. In the song by Brahms he did not fall into the familiar error of using shrill, piping tones for the maiden's replies. In Mussorgsky's "Song of the Flea" he emphasized the sardonic, mephistophelean laughter. Yet here and elsewhere in dramatic passages he did not mistake the concert platform for the theatre's stage.

The group of old English songs, tender or gay, were sung without mushy sentimentality on the one hand, or laborious jollity on the other. And how beautiful are these songs by Jones, Attey and Hume; how unaffected in their expression of sentiment, or amorous desire! No, the art of writing songs did not begin with Schubert; not with Purcell, not even with Handel that great inventor of melody.

Mr. Heyner has an ingratiating presence on the platform. The few words he spoke concerning some of the songs were to the point. He sang, to use Hazlitt's favorite term, with gusto, as if he himself enjoyed the music. Mr. Harris's accompaniments were musical and sympathetic. An audience of good size expressed due appreciation.

#### DOROTHY SPEARE

Dorothy Speare, soprano, with the help of the Boston Sinfonietta (Arthur Fiedler, conductor), and John Doane, accompanist, presented this program last night in Symphony Hall:

Ballet Suite, Rameau; Air from "Les Indes Galantes" (orchestrated by Arthur Fiedler), Rameau; aria from "Il Re Pastore," Mozart; Stornello, Cimara; La Girometta, Sibella; L'Air Hahn; Waltz, Nymphes et Sylvaens Bemberg; Recitative and Cavatina from "La Sonnambula," Come per me Sereno Bellini; Music from "Jonny Spielt Auf," Krenek; including, "Shimmy," "Jazz," "Negro-Spiritual," "Tango," and "Blues." Boston Sinfonietta: Die Lorelei, Liszt; When Myra Sings, A. L. Two Ways, Solon Robinson; Moonlight Starlight, Gilberte.

Till something approaching 10 o'clock the classics and trifles had right of way, classics, furthermore, pale in hue, rendered the paler by treatment genteely refined to the point of giggling.

To rouse interest in this array of music that might have turned even Frieda Hempel hesitant, Miss Speare had little to stand her in stead but a very pretty voice of appealingly girlish quality. Where pretty tone served—provided it came at call—and girliness, Miss Speare sang pleasantly. She did well, for instance, in some passages of Mozart's fine air, with its clear high note for a finish, and in Bellini's recitative.

Some day, no doubt, Miss Speare will come to recognize that youthful grace and a sweet young voice in no sense constitute an artist's sufficient equipment. When that day dawns, Miss Speare will set herself to the task of acquiring the musical foundation and the vocal technique needful for a program such as that she ventured last night.

Her audience, it must be recorded, applauded her efforts heartily.

After an hour and a half of music, dove-colored and drab, people not devotees at all of the mysteries of jazz—mysteries Paul Whiteman himself cannot explain—felt an urge to kick up their heels when Mr. Fiedler and his admirable small orchestra struck up a tune from Krenek's "Jonny." The life in its rhythm, its opulent sound—for the moment they bewitched. A pity it is we cannot hear the opera here in Boston, not mere scraps misplaced.

R. R. G.

#### FLOZALEY QUARTET

A very large and enthusiastic audience last night attended the second of a series of three concerts given in Jordan hall by the Flozaley Quartet: Adolfo Betti, first violin; Nicolas Moldavan, viola; Alfred Pochon, second violin; Iwan d'Arhambeau, violoncello.

After the concert next Feb. 13, Boston will hear the Flozaley Quartet no more, for this is their last season together. After a concert such as last night's, regrets that we cannot listen to them any more are all the keener, for it was almost perfect enjoyment they gave. Almost perfect, for their style is so sensitive and musical, their tone quality so warm, resonant, and clear; yet not absolute perfection, for there were rough spots, and even occasional sounds of scraping, especially when the music demanded very loud tone on passages in fast tempo.

Haydn's Quartet in D Major opened the program. This was performed with all the grace of phrasing and beauty of tone for which this quartet has long been justly famous. The rhythms, too, were a delight—living, elastic, expressive. The vivace revealed the quartet's mastery of ensemble and the fine bowing of the individual members.

A lovely sonata a tre, for two violins and cello (Handel), was played after the Haydn quartet. The concert version of this sonata was made by Mr. Pochon. A beautiful slow movement in the third section is followed by an allegro, in which Handel used a jolly tune, of which he must have been very fond, for it appears in one of the sonatas for two violins, and in some other chamber music. The playing of the sonata left nothing to be desired, except, to be greedy, a repetition.

Beethoven's beautiful Quartet in E Flat Major, Op. 127, closed the concert. This difficult work was, of course, played beautifully, on the whole, though the

imperfections noted above here made themselves apparent. Rushing rhythms, tremendous climaxes, and a marvellous singing tone on the adagio made the performance of this quartet enjoyable, however, despite occasional spots which showed less polish than the rest.

There was tremendous applause for the Flozaley Quartet, from an audience which is indeed loath to part with them.

E. B.

#### FINE ARTS THEATRE

##### "Crime and Punishment"

A Russian film by Dostoevski, directed by Robert Weine, and presented by members of the Moscow Art Theatre Players, sponsored by the Artkino Guild, with the following cast:

Rodin Raskolnikoff, Gregor Chmara; Simon Marmeladoff, Michael Tarshanoff; Katerina Marmeladova, Maria Germanova; Sonia Marmeladova, Maria Krashanovskaia; Porfiri Petrovich, Pavel Pavloff; Aliona Ivanovna, Vera Orlova; Lisaveta, Ivan Bersennief; A Neighbor, Ivan Bersennief.

The Artkino Guild, continuing their interesting and praiseworthy efforts to save from oblivion pictures of unusual interest and limited appeal, is now offering Dostoevski's melancholy and powerful story, "Crime and Punishment," played by a very fine cast composed of players from the Moscow Art Theatre. The story is based on the theory that under extreme conditions murder is no longer a crime but a benefit to society, provided that the murderer is an exceptional individual, not governed by ordinary standards.

Rodin Raskolnikoff, a student living at the point of starvation in St. Petersburg, has been forced by his dire need to pawn everything he owns to a dreadful old hunchbacked woman who preys on the unfortunate like a monstrous spider, drawing them closer and ever closer in her strangulating web from which there is no escape. Brooding over his desperate plight, it seems to his feverish imagination that if he were to kill the pawnbroker he would be saved, and many others with him. He steals an axe, and, making his way up the crazy staircase of her house, gains an entrance to her room and slays her. Just as the deed is finished the old woman's sister comes in and he is forced to kill her, too, in order to avoid discovery. From then on he leads a haunted life, pursued by the ghosts of his guilty conscience and by the more tangible suspicions of those to whom he has half unburdened his soul in the futile hope of finding relief. Horrible nightmares rob him of his rest and the only person to whom he can turn, Sonia Marmeladova, forced to go on the streets by worthlessness of her father, turns out to be a friend of the murdered woman and she, observing his distraught condition, tells him that he must confess and, after much soul searching, he does. The telling of this tragic story is effected with great economy of means and extraordinary dramatic skill. The photography makes the most of unusual angles and weird scenes. The acting is of a very high order.

"Crime and Punishment" will be presented today, Friday and Saturday. Beginning next Wednesday, Jan. 16, Emil Jannings will be seen in Moliere's "Tartuffe, the Hypocrite," for a period of four afternoons and evenings.

E. L. H.

#### THE RICKARD BIER

They who are outside of the "ring," not even amateurs, reading about the lying-in-state, the costly coffin of bronze, the funeral honors paid Tex Rickard may well cry out with Sir Thomas Browne: "Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave."

Honors not so extravagant but in some instances durable have been paid members of the profession which Mr. Rickard encouraged and fostered. "Gentleman" John Jackson, the friend of Byron, the "Sole Prop and Ornament of Pugilism" as Thomas Moore characterized him, lies in Brompton Cemetery with philanthropists, men of science and the arts, judges, actors, managers, historians, beautiful Adelaide Neilson, his companions. And Jackson's resting place is marked by a great monument, a couchant lion and a naked athlete (weeping).

When "Sir" Daniel Donnelly departed this life—his straightforward blow would fell an ox—he was borne to his grave in Bully's Acre, Dublin, with the Gloves, "demonstrative of his championship," on a cushion in front of the hearse. One hundred carriages, 400 horsemen and over 50,000 of humbler admirers were in the procession.

So in ancient days when the cestus was heavy with metal great honors were paid the heroes; poets eulogized them in epigrammatic verse. Mr. Rickard made heroes possible.



ole program than that of last night, some mediocre songs she might well have left at home, and such good songs as she chose she could have arranged in a manner more effective. It is strange, furthermore, that a singer with so keen a feeling for words and their meaning as Mrs. Molter should have not recognized the impossibility of doing justice to songs like Grieg's in translations most unhappy; the odds against success are all too heavy.

Again it is strange that Mrs. Molter, of a voice so notably flexible, should not make it her business to cultivate a pianissimo with body beneath it, in place of the pale tone she now makes serve. And why does Mrs. Molter force tones in the upper medium register till they yell? This sad defect she ought indeed to root out, and that very soon.

Since, though, it is vigor that drives Mrs. Molter into this vocal sin, and energy of spirit, the sin is easier to forgive; it is not a sign of craving effect whatever the cost. But pray let Mrs. Molter have done with it. She sings too admirably to allow a needless blot on her fine work.

R. R. G.

## ARTHUR HONEGGER

By PHILIP HALE

Arthur Honegger conducted, as a guest, the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall, yesterday afternoon. (He conducted the orchestra at the Cambridge concert last Thursday night.) The program of yesterday, made up wholly of his works, was as follows: Chant de Nigamon, Prayer of Judith from the opera "Judith." Three songs: Song of the Sirens, Cradle song of the Siren, Song of the Pear. Pastorale d'été. Horatius Victorious. Rugby. Concertino for piano and orchestra. Pacific 2, 3, 1.

Mme. Andree Vaurabourg Honegger was the pianist; Mme. Cohina Wright, the soprano singer. "Pacific 2, 3, 1," was added to the program that had been announced. The orchestra rose to their feet when Mr. Honegger came on the platform; the audience welcomed him warmly.

The Chant de Nigamon, composed as an exercise for the orchestral class of the Paris Conservatory, is one of Honegger's earliest orchestral works. The subject is an episode in a story by Gustave Aimard of Hurons torturing Iroquois prisoners, who stopped their death chant to hear their chief Nigamon sing his last word. Three themes were taken from melodies of the North American Indians collected by Julian Tiersot. The composition might be described as pictorially romantic, planned according to then contemporaneous form: music expressive of tribal conflicts, exultant triumph, tortures and the final chant of tragic resignation; music that is appropriately savage, cruel, and then dignified, stoical in its lamentation. American composers who have summered and wintered with our Indians, and, as the saying goes, been through them with a dark lantern have not expressed savagery so forcibly as Honegger whose acquaintance with them was wholly derived from the ingenious Aimard. In comparison with Honegger's music for the torture, that of Puccini's in the second act of "Tosca" is agreeable and suave.

This symphonic poem shows Honegger's technical skill, his grasp of effective orchestration, his ability to express himself pictorially, even emotionally. It does not reveal individuality, nor was individuality perhaps to be expected of a young man in a conservative era. No one hearing this music in 1918 could have foreseen the Honegger of "Horatius Victorious" composed in 1920-1 and of the still later works.

Mr. Montoux brought out "Horatius" for the first time in this country and by so doing disturbed the equanimity of orthodox Bostonians; woke them from their constitutional composure. Since that shock was administered by Mr. Montoux, these good people have learned resignation, they are prepared in a measure for what they consider the worst to come. Today "Horatius" probably no longer seems to them amorphous, horribly cacophonous and chaotic; some pages may appear deliberately brutal, but the subject is not one for mellifluous strains. Here one finds the true Honegger, standing on his feet, apart from the others, raising his own voice, virile, at times raucous, conscious of his own strength, a man to be reckoned with.

In marked contrast with "Horatius," which was originally for a mimed performance on the stage, is the "Summer Pastorale" with its pleasing poetical remembrances of country life and surroundings; amiable music, deftly made, with the to be expected employment of professionally pastoral instruments; music that a composer of less individuality might have signed after a restful vacation; music that charms the ears while it is playing; is vaguely remembered.

In "Pacific 231" and "Rugby" the true Honegger steps boldly forth, the

man of the commanding presence among composers of today. "Rugby" has been aptly described as a "mélée of bodies," two football teams, two themes, "lyric dynamism". And in this symphonic movement Honegger shows that he can command at will a long, sweeping melody. As for "Pacific, 231" it might well bear for its motto Walt Whitman's lines to a locomotive:

"Through gale or calm, now swift, now slack,

Yet steadily careering;  
Type of the modern—emblem of motion and power . . .

Pierce-throated beauty!

Roll through my chant with all thy lawless music

(No sweetness debonair of tearful harp or glib piano thine)

To the free skies . . . unpent and glad and strong"

The "Concertino" seems a new departure; it is a fascinating, haunting composition. Here the frequent repetition of a theme—pattern, if you will—in dialogue for piano and orchestra—excites; it does not, as is often the case with repetitions, annoy. How charming the ornamentation by orchestral instruments of the melody for the piano in the middle section; how inspiring the gay measures in the finale. No padding, no spinning out of a musical idea beyond endurance. Truly an admirable work, delightfully performed by the pianist and the orchestra. No wonder that Madame Honegger and her husband were recalled again and again.

Mme. Wright was not the woman to sing the music from "Judith." She has not the voice for it; there was no emotion, no spiritual exaltation in her performance. She was a little more fortunate in the short light and tripping "Song of the Pear."

Mr. Honegger, modest, honest in speech and in behavior, does not pretend to be a virtuoso conductor. Leading his own compositions, he knows what he should express. The orchestra yesterday was gladly responsive to his wishes.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Enrique Fernandez-Arbo will be the "guest" conductor of the orchestra. His program will be as follows: Wagner, Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." Halfter, Sinfonietta. Ravel, Alborada del Gracioso. Albeniz-Arbo, La Procession del Rocio. De Falla, Three Dances from "The Three-Cornered Hat."

## BURTON HOLMES EXPLORES MADRID

Madrid as seen by Burton Holmes and other recent visitors is a different city than the Madrid described by Richard Ford in the 40's: "Spiritless, meaningless piles, ostentatious frontage of edifices, run up to flatter the royal eye, behind which are mean, ill-paved, ill-lighted and ill-drained lanes."

This is a city in which a lengthened residence withers mind and body." Madrid was the subject of Mr. Holmes's richly illustrated "travel revue" which drew an audience of good size to Symphony hall last night, the first lecture in a series of five. He had intended, revisiting Spain, to devote only one evening to that country, but he discovered so much of interest unknown to those who follow only beaten paths, that there is material for three lectures. The one last night was engrossing and entertaining.

The city that Ford, a keen observer, found outwardly shabby, is now modern with all that word implies—stately buildings, fine streets spotlessly clean, handsome banks and public offices, a skyscraper in process of building for the telephone company, an admirable postoffice service, and, to quote Mr. Holmes, the most efficient telephone service in Europe. Due tribute was paid to Primo de Rivera, who has done for Spain what Mussolini has done for Italy, but in a less ostentatious manner.

The pictures shown were greatly varied—buildings, parks, street scenes, the treasures of the Prado, troops and reviews, a charming dancer, glimpses of a bull-fight, tombs, fountains, the making of tapestries and rugs, castles in little towns, statues, etc. The home of Zuluaga and the Escorial were visited, as were Segovia and Aranjuez.

There will be a repetition of the travel-revue this afternoon. Next week, "In Moorish Spain," Andalusia, the Alhambra, Seville to Granada, with halts at Cadiz, Cordova, Jerez, Palos, La Rada and Ronda. P. H.

### METROPOLITAN

#### "Sunrise"

A screen drama adapted by Carl Mayer from a story by Herman Sudermann; photographed by Charles Koster and Karl Struss; directed by F. W. Murnau, and presented by William Fox with the following cast:  
The Man . . . . . George O'Brien  
The Wife . . . . . Janet Gaynor  
The Maid . . . . . Bodil Rosing  
The Woman from the City . . . . . Margaret Livingston  
Margaret Livingston  
Bodil Rosing

## COLLEGE ADONISES

Every now and then in the rotogravure or news section of a newspaper one sees the portrait of "the handsomest man on the campus" of some college. His name and the features and figure that gave him this distinction are quickly forgotten: The question what becomes of these glorious creatures remains to exercise the mind.

Do magnates of the film industry entreat them to make Hollywood their home? Do captains of the advertising army promise them a luxurious life if they will allow themselves to be shown in the press and in street cars as sporting the latest brand of collar, or the suit "you must wear to be well-dressed"? Does our handsomest man become a hired dancer at a night-club? Or does he sink into obscurity as a seller of bonds?

Why should not these handsome men of colleges, fresh or salt water institutions, co-educational or for men only, meet in competition at Atlantic City, to be applauded in turn as Mr. Illinois, Mr. New Jersey and so on? To be judged in every-day clothes, evening dress and bathing suits? The jury should be composed of say six men and six women, no one of them connected in any way with a college. The women should not be under 21 years of age; not over 40. Among the male members there should be at least one director of moving pictures. Perhaps Mr. Ziegfeld might be induced to serve for the glorification of the American male. Competitors named Clarence, Cecil or Percy should not be allowed to enter.

Is there any ease on record of the handsomest man wedding the handsomest woman of any state? If there has been a marriage of this nature, has it shed light on the important problems of eugenics?

The Photogravure . . . . . Ralph Soperly  
The Barber . . . . . Jane Winston  
The Manicure Girl . . . . . Arthur Housman  
The Obtrusive Gentleman . . . . .

Much, perhaps too much, is expected of those motion pictures which cost a fortune to produce, which under imported directors exact weeks and months of preparation. Such a picture was Erck von Stroheim's "The Wedding March," to many a disappointment, stupendous though it undoubtedly was. Another such picture is "Sunrise," Fred W. Murnau's most pretentious endeavor since his staging of "The Last Laugh." Inkings of the story, the fact that George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor had the leading roles, that Mr. Murnau had been given carte blanche by Mr. Fox, primed every one for something extraordinary, something unforgettable. "The Wedding March" has gone its way, with all its 26 reels of realism. Time may aid in fixing the status of "Sunrise."

The man is a heavy dull-witted fisherman-farmer. The wife is a patient little woman, almost saintly-looking under a prim binding of blond hair. The woman from the city is dark, hard, with none of the soft allurements of her sex and kind. The place is anywhere, any time. The city woman, prolonging her vacation, makes a final appeal to her enchained victim that he destroy his wife, abandon farm and baby and flee with her to the city. He agrees, not rapturously but as a man whose mind is vacant. He sets out in a boat with his wife, rows doggedly a while, then rises and moves toward her. She, knowing of his infatuation, has sensed the outcome, clasps her hands in prayer. The man, suddenly remorseful, resumes his oars, pulls madly for shore. The wife flees, but he follows, crying out his penitence. They board a street car, reach the city, enter a church, hear the clergyman exhort a bridegroom: "Keep her, cherish her, protect her from all harm." More penitence, reconciliation, a new mutual understanding and trust. After a day of play they sail for home, a storm arises, the man binds about her body the rushes with which he had planned to save his own life. He reaches shore, but the wife is missing. The man, about to throttle the city woman, learns that his wife is safe, alive. He sits by her bedside through the night, until sunrise. She never need fear him again.

Mr. Murnau has striven to combine a depressing tale of two women and a man with spectacle and comic touches. He has labored with all his might to blend delineation of stark emotion with scenes of tumult, animation, swirling masses. He needed a suddenly arising sea squall for his story, and he waited until nature provided one. He realized the lack of comedy relief, so he planted the plodding man and his clinging vine of a wife in the middle of a bustling city street and piled up one of the prettiest traffic jams imaginable. He loosed a performing pig in the crowds at the amusement park, had the pig become wobbly after lapping up some

spilled liquor, and thereby gained a other laugh.

Mr. O'Brien gave an amazing portrayal of the man, a role utterly alien to any with which he hitherto been identified. Miss Gaynor, playing always in a minor key, had her moments as she sat in the boat, waiting, brooding, resigned. The photography, especially in the gray-tones

### CHILDREN'S CONCERT

Yesterday morning a very enjoyable hour or so was spent with Mr. Ernst Schelling in the first of the Children's Concerts this season at Jordan Hall. The hall, though not filled to capacity, held an audience which did credit to Mr. Schelling. The concert presumably was for children and they were in considerable numbers, but there were more than a few whose childhood had receded to a memory; however they were well recompensed for the attendance.

Mr. Schelling is one of those artists who, as well as being a musician, can discourse on the lives of the composers whose music he plays with creating boredom. His descriptions, talks, with illustrative pictures, were interesting and not devoid of humor. More than once a laugh rippled over the audience and always he was given rapt attention. With an orchestra composed of members from the Boston Symphony he performed compositions of Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, Strauss and Wagner, through his interpretation they carried forth in all their glory. The Schelling waltz was especially beautiful in gracefulness and perfect rhythm. Of course, he is not a spectacular conductor, not in the least dramatic, he succeeded in bringing from the orchestra members all that was in the Beethoven's scherzo from symphony 3 was superb in its majesty and Schelling's Ballet Music was played with finite delicacy. The entire concert was not only pleasurable but instructive.

O. J.



The Theatre Guild of New York will produce "Volpone" at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow night. Would Ben Jonson know his bitter comedy he should walk into the theatre? This version is a free adaptation in German by Stefan Zweig, translated into English by Ruth Langner. The Guild brought out this translated adaptation at the Guild Theatre, New York, on April 9, 1928: Volpone, Dudley Digges; Mosca, Alfred Lunt; Corbaccio, Henry Travers; Voltore, Philip Leigh; Canina, Helen Westley; Colomba, Margalo Gillmore.

Let it be stated here that District-Attorney Banton of New York on May 1, 1928, solemnly announced in the discharge of his duty that his department found "Volpone" did not tend "to corrupt the morals of youth others."

Zweig's adaptation, translated into French by Jules Romains, pleased the Parisians last month at the Theatre de l'Atelier with Charles Dullin playing Volpone (the "old fox"). Georges Auric wrote incidental music for the comedy.

Ben Jonson's play, with or without tinkering or cutting, has pleased the English since it was acted in London by the King's Majesty's Servants at the Swan Theatre, London, in 1605, with Lowin playing Volpone. The comedy was performed at Oxford and Cambridge probably during the time of the plague in London. It is pleasant to note that there was a revival at Cambridge by the Marlowe Players in March, 1923. There were revivals at London in the 17th and 18th centuries; in 1921 and 1923 by the Phoenix Society. In the 18th century the comedy was very popular. Mr. Pepys, who wrote it earlier—in 1665—noted that it was "a most excellent play, the best I ever saw," but even in 1695 John Dennis found the characters fitted in Zweig's version "excrescences." They are in a sub-plot, so Zweig has thrown overboard Sir Frederick Wouldbe, Lady Wouldbe and Megreine, and added Canina, a courtesan. Zweig has also made the play less wordy, more concentrated. As John Mason Brown puts it: "Zweig has clipped the play's Elizabethan wings." For the sake of those who have forgotten their Latin he informs them that the Italian animal names are symbolic of the characters: Volpone, the old fox; Mosca, the gadfly; Corbaccio, the raven; Corvino, the crow; and we have Leone, for the sea captain; Colomba for Corvino's wife; and the appropriate word Canina for the courtesan.

When Volpone, beset by greedy parasites, feigns sickness and in jocose words signs his will, making Mosca heir to all his wealth, even the supposedly faithful Mosca, his toady, refuses to see the joke. He has the will; he turns Volpone out of his own house, throws open the windows and says to the servants: "We will be merry now, feast off Volpone's dishes, drink his wines, and laugh at every one who's mad and most at him who's mad out money, and then go contentedly home, each one to sleep with his own wife! Come then, gaiety! Music! Music!" This is far from Jonson's words that end his play.

The late William Archer, who liked the Elizabethans only as poets, not dramatists, admitted that "Volpone" is "a stupendous piece of Swiftian isanthropy. Its leading characters are all monsters of cruelty, or of cupidity, or of folly—and in some cases of all three put together"; but he attacked the falsity of its "initial assumptions"; he found the gulls too gullible; the whole structure "loose, ill-jointed, haphazard." Noting the fact that Zola's "Les Heritiers Rabouandin," an adaptation of "Volpone," was a dismal failure, Archer declared that modern audiences have outgrown "the cruelty and brutality of Jonson's outlook upon life." St. John Ervine alludes in his recently published "How to Write a Play" to Archer's opinion that the plot of "Volpone" is puerile; that the case of Volpone does not exist in nature and says that he, Ervine, reminded Archer of Madame Humbert who, less than 30 years ago, "lived riotously to the tune of millions, on the lively sense of favors to come, of persons who were not her relatives at all but strangers, and many of them, persons generally considered to be astute men of business and affairs." And Mr. Ervine remarks: "Even today a dramatist need not be afraid to strain the credulity of his audience."

Chopin will not be seen on the stage for the first time when "White Lilacs," an operetta, will be performed tomorrow night at the Majestic Theatre. In 1901 "Chopin," a grand opera in four acts, with music adapted and arranged by Giacomo Orefici, was produced at the Lyric Theatre, Milan, on Nov. 25. The first act, "Christmas," showed Chopin in love with the youthful Stella; the second, passionately in love with Flora; in the third, "The Tempest," he is with George Sand on Majorca; in the fourth, "Autumn," he dies, with Stella, his first love, by his side. At Milan Borgatti, a tenor, took the part of Chopin; Cesira Ferrani, the chief female role. The music was adapted from nocturnes, mazurkas, the barcarolle, the Grand Fantasia, the Berceuse and other works by Chopin. Orefici's opera was performed for the first time in the United States by the Lambardi Company at the Central Theatre, San Francisco, on Jan. 29, 1907; Chopin, Martinez Patti; Stella, Bianca Nunez; Flora, Vella Giorgi.

Philip Moeller's play, "Madame Sand," (1918) introduced Chopin. The play was dull, and the composer was a faint figure, as were other lovers and male friends of the famous woman.

The libretto of "White Lilacs" is an adaptation by Harry B. Smith of a German play, "Chopin," by Sigurd Johansen. This play follows closely the story of Chopin and George Sand as told by her in "Lucrezia Floriani," and is also indebted to Karenine's biography and Niecks's life of Chopin. As Francis Gribble puts it in "George Sand and Her Lovers," the thesis of "Lucrezia Floriani" is that "it is a nuisance for a woman of genius to be at the beck and call of an invalid . . . All sorts of little grievances and disagreements had paved the way for the final quarrel of which the immediate occasion was the marriage of Solange Sand to Clesinger.

Mr. Wallace Munroe informs us that in "White Lilacs" the children Maurice and Solange are ignored; that Johannsen took a great deal of liberty with the character of Dubusson, the publisher. In the operetta he is "an egotistical, commercial fellow of the pre-Rotary days, who is not averse to a bit of doubtful business which, though it might crack the laws somewhat, would leave them unbroken." The part of Dubusson is taken by DeWolf Hopper.

Mr. Munroe also says that Mr. Smith's lyrics "have been dovetailed into suitable spots in the operetta and their subject matter has been taken directly from the original play. To recreate authentically the period, use is made of many of Chopin's compositions, though some are used while

had not written in the year in which the story is placed . . . the composer and arranger did not take any liberties with Chopin's music, and in orchestrating the piano pieces have preserved all the harmonies and rhythms as they were written." The scenes are the salon of the Countess d'Agouet, the house on the island of Majorca, and Chopin's studio in Paris.

Chopin is in good company with musicians who have been the sport of librettists. Palestrina, Stradella, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Salleri, Schubert, Hoffmann, Paganini. When there was no romance in their lives, the librettists displayed ingenuity—they gave Hoffmann three or four sweethearts in succession. The play in which Mr. Arliss appeared as Paganini was founded on fact as far as the indispensable and greedily anticipated "love interest" is concerned. Guitry represented Mozart as flirting in Paris, but the young man of history had no time for that. In the two operas Haydn is the "piccolo Haydn," not the man in London who loved, and was beloved by the handsome widow Schroeter. Possibly, 50 years hence, Debussy will be turned by some librettist into a dashing young blade, and theatre audiences will then have such refined taste that music for the operetta or the play will be taken from his compositions. The reputation of Debussy would suffer if this librettist should base his story on the facts relating to Debussy's second marriage. Richard Strauss has already put himself and his wife on the stage in his little opera of jealousy.

P. H.

## FACTS AND GOSSIP

### The Tragic Case of Johanna Dybwad—Audiences, Revivals, Films and Legs

This is sad news from Oslo, Norway. It appears that Mme. Johanna Dybwad, long admired as an actress and respected as a teacher of dramatic art, cannot remember that she is about 65 years old; so when "The Tempest" was put on the stage of the National Theatre she insisted on playing Ariel. The audience, forgetting courtesy, plainly showed disapproval, whereupon she went to the front of the stage and said: "What does this noise mean? Can nobody throw these people out? Am I to go or shall they?" Whereupon a clear, bell-like voice was lifted up in the audience: "How can you ask? There should be no doubt as to who should disappear." The disturbers were finally ejected by the police; Mme. Dybwad has not been on the stage since this unpleasant episode.

We doubt if this disturbance would have happened in England or Germany. Theatregoers in these countries respect the past; are loyal to old favorites. An aged tenor with a cracked voice once sang in an opera in the Germany of our student days. He was called before the curtain several times. Expressing surprise, we heard our neighbor, who had filled himself with beer and raw ham during a wait: "Yes, perhaps his voice is not exactly what it was, but you see he's an intellectual singer and has a fine conception of the role."

Mr. T. P. O'Connor tells us that the pictures of Ellen Terry had a bad sale. Only £63 was paid for John Sargent's sketch of her as Lady Macbeth. Is it possible that Sargent's vogue is passing in London? It has been the fashion for London's writers about art to underestimate the worth of his portraits and to prophesy that his fame will steadily grow less.

Apropos of "Abie's Irish Rose," which has been brought into a New York court. The play has met with great success in Berlin, though the critics sneered at its rank sentimentalism. "All conflicts between Jews and Gentiles, where there is good character acting, are certain to please Berlin." In the same city Jackie Coogan wears as in the earlier films the absurdly big cap and baggy trousers. He wore stylish clothes, including a glossy plug hat, only as a concession to the taste of London and Paris.

Mr. St. John Ervine, writing from New York to London, wishes New York's audiences were as demonstrative in appreciation as the audiences are in London. The Observer, to which Mr. Ervine contributes, has published a letter in which the writer finds Londoners "very unresponsive in comparison with the provinces."

"Dracula" as a film play. Mr. Sydney W. Carroll, seeing it, wrote in a cold-blooded manner. "I have hardly one good word to say for this picture. We are told that it has been pirated and that a German court ordered all copies to be destroyed. This particular copy escaped. I think the German court was right, and the original order ought to be fulfilled to the letter. If the picture was ever intended to arouse terror, if mystification or wonder was sought by conjuring up such a ludicrous vampire as we see depicted by Mr. Max Schreck, the intention has sadly miscarried."

Meanwhile the "Ben-Hur" film is now forbidden by the Canton Government; not on artistic grounds, but because it is "Christian propaganda deceiving the people to superstition, which must not be tolerated in the present age of revolutionary enlightenment." The film is thought to aid imperialists, and as "a travesty on truth and reason" it is an "undesirable obstacle to education." Have the Chinese authorities no sense of humor that they take "Ben-Hur" so seriously?

It is a pleasure to note that "The Octoroon" will be revived here at the Repertory Theatre. Never mind if Boucicault, as it has been said, stole the plot. He was an accomplished thief in this field. In Hoboken there is a revival of "After Dark." It would be worth a journey there to see it. The Repertory Theatre might do well to revive other plays once popular; sentimental and blood-curdling. Would audiences today stand for Wills's "Man o' Airlie," even if Lawrence Barrett were to play the pathetic hero? Or "Mazeppa" with a bare-back beauty on a bare back steed, a tartar of the Ukraine breed? And how about "The Cataract of the Ganges?"

"The man who can refuse to laugh whilst Harold Lloyd, dancing in a ballroom, gradually sheds every particle of his dress suit must be devoid of all sense of humor . . . The American film producer always believes in carrying his ideas to extremes. If he has a haunted mansion it must be haunted by about a hundred and one spirits. If a staircase, it must have 14 landings. The hidden treasure must, of course, consist of a vast fortune. Our suspicions must not be directed upon two or three of the personages in the plot, but upon every one of them in turn. We must not be merely excited and thrilled for half of the time but for every moment of the action. In the words of the press agent for this picture ("The Bat") . . . must gasp



There is a pleasing discussion in London over the question who invented the "leggy" drama. Mr. O'Connor names the brothers Mansell. Mr. Erroll Sherson says "No, no." Legs at several London theatres were an attraction in burlesques before 1870. Emily Soldene has some amusing comments on the change in the popular taste as to the shape of legs displayed on the stage when she was in her prime and after her return from Australia where she was a journalist. Today the leg-shows are on the Boston streets, not the drawing features in theatres once devoted to burlesque. P. H.

## AT FIFTY YEARS

Sir Arthur Keith, a man of attainments in science, was sure some time ago that when a man dies, he is dead as a door nail. Nothing survives. Sir Arthur, unlike Malvollo, cannot think nobly of the soul. To him it is nonexistent. He cries out as Bert Williams cried before him, "Death is so permanent."

A few days ago Sir Arthur, in a "gentle voice, just audible," told an American correspondent in London, that if it were in his power to order the universe, he would frame man's body so that life would end at fifty, or better still at forty-five; for then the sight begins to dim, the hearing fail, other bodily functions weaken. From forty-five to fifty man's mental and physical activity is at its height. Furthermore, a man should die at fifty, to give younger men opportunities to benefit or astonish the world. To desire a long life is not only foolish, it is selfish.

Suppose that men through the centuries died at fifty years: what would not the world have lost? It would be easy to draw up a list of authors, painters, musicians, philosophers, inventors, lawyers, physicians, men of science and men of business who were long after fifty benefactors to the race, glories of the race. It would not be necessary to go back to Sophocles or to end with Edison and Verdi. "Old age superbly rising! Ineffable grace of dying days!"

Have the young no opportunities even if white-haired seniors are not in the state of weak hams and eyes "purging thick amber, or plum-tree gum"? In this country at least there is a call for young Napoleons in finance and big business. It is true that this or that young Napoleon has had his Waterloo; that the older and more experienced looked on, smiled, or shook their heads; but the young warrior was able to march with banners flying and trumpets blaring to the battle.

Is it selfish for Senex to survive, enjoying health and work—health because of work? The young man may not push Senex from his seat; he may be glad to profit by the experience of the older man; but to say that Junior is deprived of opportunities by the mere existence of any one over fifty is absurd.

No one wishes to live on this earth as long as the Struldbrugs. Tithonus bewailed his immortality and begged to be released from it to be restored to the ground. Much has been done after fifty; much is done; much will be done. Wise men old in years have called themselves the happiest. Sir Arthur should read Cicero's "De Senectute"; read and invite his soul, for he has one, though he may strenuously deny the fact—as a man of science.

## PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The People's Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Theophil Wendt, presented their twelfth concert this season at the Hotel Statler ballroom yesterday afternoon, with Joseph Lautner as assisting artist.

Mr. Wendt has achieved much in improving the technique of this orchestra. In Brahms' symphony No. 2 in D major, they played as a symphony orchestra should. Of course there are still deficiencies, little details which need more grace, but on the whole their performance of this symphony was somewhat of a revelation of their ability. The rhythm was graceful, tonality rich and even and the attacks were neat.

The rest of the program was a little tedious. The Mozart number lacked poetry and Wagner's music lacked intensity. Mr. Lautner undoubtedly has a very fine voice, the quality is rich and he has very good technique, but he should not have attempted to sing Wagner's Prize Song from the Mastersingers of Nuremberg. It is heavy, demanding the utmost of a dramatic tenor. However, it seems that truly dramatic tenors are hard to find, so that being the case, let lyric tenors make up for the scarcity as well as they can and imagination create the drama at will. O. A.

## JASCHA HEIFETZ

Jascha Heifetz, violinist, played this program yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, to the accompaniments of Arthur Schnabel.

Sonata (F minor), Locatelli; Larghetto, Vivaldi-Heifetz; Rigaudon, Rameau-Heifetz; Les Petits Moulins a Vent, Couperin-Press; Prelude, Bach-Kreisler; Concerto, Ernst; Piece en forme de Habanera, Ravel; Une Chasse—Au loin, Gaubert; Leme, Milhaud; Grace, J. Achron; Valse (G major), Godowsky; Perpetuum Mobile, Novacek.

With remarkably beautiful tone Mr. Heifetz played yesterday, tone of a purity like that of new-fallen snow. Also he had at hand, if a non-expert in violin technique may make bold to speak, all that mechanical proficiency with which he is able to amaze the world. His sound musicianship, too, Mr. Heifetz had at call, musicianship of a quality extremely rare, although, in truth, his phrases in the music of early Italians shaped themselves not so exquisitely as might have been expected and Bach and Couperin suffered from a pace too rushing.

Musicianship, nevertheless, a defect or two notwithstanding, Mr. Heifetz gave his hearers yesterday, as well as rare technical ability and tone. More he could not give, or would not.

Though he played that languishing habanera by Ravel, he refused to languish; foot it merrily in Rameau's rigaudon he would not. To the direction "passionate" in the sonata Mr. Heifetz turned a deaf ear. The dazzling brilliancy and the fervid way with its melodies, which alone can make the Ernst concerto tolerable, he did not choose to provide. Nor, to be honest, did Mr. Heifetz provide himself with an accompanist competent to do justice to music either classic or modern; Locatelli suffered from the lack, and so, in a different way, did Milhaud and his music of Brazil.

Because, therefore, Mr. Heifetz could not, or would not, summon the spirit that makes of music something alive, the audience yesterday must needs make shift with musicianship technique, tone. They are much, these three, no doubt of that. But even with support so solid not many performers, lacking vitality, can attract the public. Mr. Heifetz, a notable exception, can. The question is, how does he construe it?

Be it marked, however, in Symphony hall yesterday, there were many empty seats. R. R. G.

## WASHINGTON ST. AND FENWAY THEATRES

### "Interference"

A screen melodrama, adapted by Hope Loring from the stage play of that name by Roland Pertwee and Harold Dearden, based on a silent version produced by Lothar Mendes, with dialogue arranged by Ernest Pascal; directed by Roy J. Pomeroy and presented by Paramount with the following cast: Deborah Kane..... Evelyn Brent Philip Voaze..... William Powell Sir John Marlay..... Clive Brook Faith Marlay..... Doris Kenyon Inspector Haynes..... Brandon Hurst Children..... Louis Payne De Gray..... Wilfred Roy Freddie..... Donald Stuart Reporter..... Raymond Lawrence

Paramount was not the first in the field of audible screen products. While others rushed in with reckless enthusiasm, and ignorance, the Paramount doctors watched the experiments, took intelligent notes, felt the public pulse and then proceeded deliberately, sanely, to make its first all-talking picture. Choice of a vehicle, made after careful survey, fell on a melodrama called "Interference," a London success exactly two years ago, imported as far as New York by Gilbert Miller in October of 1927, and revived there last May. Never accepted as of sensational importance in the theatre, "Interference" possessed the essentials of satisfying melodrama. As such Paramount selected it as the play with which to initiate an ambitious program of dialogue pictures.

Next, the cast. There must be no slips here, no pretty profiles and impossible voices. Theatrical performance must be assured, adequate speaking voices which with improved mechanical aid would reach the audiences naturally, must be assembled. To warrant encroachment on the domain of the theatre, theatrical illusion must be created and maintained. If the play must be cut or altered for screen purposes, such changes must be made logically. Whereas the stage play calls for two settings in three acts, Dr. Marlay's consulting room and the living room in Deborah Kane's flat, the broader range of the studio camera makes it possible to triple its scenes. Where there are 16 characters in the stage play, the screen version uses only nine. Of these, five are little more than movable furniture. Only four count—Sir John Marlay, London surgeon; Faith,

his wife, Philip Voaze, her first husband, and Deborah Kane, Philip's one-time mistress.

Philip Voaze, erroneously listed among those killed in action in the world war, reappears in London. Always a wastrel, a philanderer, he is now a physical wreck, with a treacherous heart. Deborah, spying him in a church, determines to use his generally unknown existence in blackmailing Faith Marlay. Deborah has a packet of burning love letters which can ruin Faith. The action of the play progresses to that point where three persons go to Deborah's flat, seeking the letters: Sir John, to protect his wife; Faith, to plead; and Voaze, to get drunk on brandy, to play again at love, to drop prussic acid in Deborah's drink. Faith, first to arrive, leaves her handbag on departure. Sir John, last to call, finds Deborah dead, finds his wife's bag. Though he arranges to give a semblance of suicide, he is suspected of murder. In the end, Voaze makes the sacrificial gesture, and is led away to prison.

The play is admirably acted. The dialogue flows smoothly, crisply. The voices fall without distortion. While all four principals are effective, Mr. Powell scores most strikingly in the "fat" part of Voaze, dissolute, flippant, almost lovable by reason of these very qualities. The silent incidents, vital parts of the drama, are convincingly worked out. In all "Interference" is a revelation of what the talking movies can do when expertly directed. Doubtless it will win many converts to this newest form of screen development. W. E. G.

## By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Volpone," a comedy by Ben Jonson, freely adapted into German by Stefan Zweig, translated into English by Ruth Langner, in three acts and six scenes. Produced at the Guild Theatre in New York on April 9, 1928. Volpone, Dudley Digges; Mosca, Alfred Lunt; Voltore, Philip Leigh; Corvino, Ernest Cossart; Corbaccio, Henry Travers; Leone, McKay Morris; Canina, Helen Westley; Colomba, Margalo Gillmore; the judge, Morris Carnovsky. Staged by Philip Moeller. Settings by Lee Simonson. Performed in New York and Boston by players of the Theatre Guild.

The cast last night was as follows: Mosca.....Earle Larimore Volpone.....Claude Rains Slave to Volpone.....John Henry Voltore.....Philip Leigh Corvino.....Whitford Kane Corbaccio.....Henry Travers Canina.....Ruth Chorpennig Colomba.....Phyllis Connard Colomba's maid.....Phoebe Brand Corbaccio's servant.....John C. Davis Leone.....Albert Van Decker Captain of the Shrimp.....Felix Jacovics Judge.....Morris Carnovsky Clerk of the court.....Lucian Scott Court attendants.....Philip Foster and Vincent Sherman Priest.....John C. Davis

As the Herald stated on Sunday the characters Sir Politick Would-be and his wife, English visitors in Venice, necessary to Jonson's sub-plot, are thrown overboard in Zweig's adaptation. This is not to be regretted, for these visitors are not essential to the story. Volpone's pets, a dwarf Nano; the eunuch Castrone, the hermaphrodite Androgynio, Peregrine and Bonario are also dropped. It is a pity that Zweig omitted the scene where Volpone as a mountebank harangues at length in Jonson's superbly virile manner. Many will no doubt also miss the song, "Come my Celia, let me prove," in which Jonson imitated Catullus addressing Lesbia; and will miss Volpone's wooing of Corvino's wife, beginning, "Why droops my Celia?" in which Jonson's learning feeds glorious poetry, as in his "Alchemist." Sir Epicure Mammon dreams of what gold will bring to him. There is little or nothing of Jonson's eloquence in the adaptation. Volpone is here a less poetic rascal; nor is Zweig's Mosca the Mosca of Jonson's play.

And so one must consider Zweig's "loveless" comedy by itself, without reference to Jonson's characters, development of plot, or final episodes with the ending in which Volpone, Voltore and Corvino are sentenced by the magistrate for their knavery and plotting.

The dramatist wished his play to be performed in a light manner, with the persons slightly caricatured, after the old Italian comedy. This accounted probably for the make-up in certain cases—Volpone and Voltore for example, while Mosca (the gadfly) might have been a mischievous, rascally Harlequin.

Jonson, a man well versed in the classics, knew he was not the first to trail at legacy hunters. He knew his Horace of the satire; he knew his lines in Juvenal. The theatre program last night when it stated that Jonson exhibited in all his plays a better contempt for all mankind; but it is not the place to dispute the statement. In "Volpone" he lashed not humanity, but contemptible rascals. These characters in Zweig's play, the exception of Colomba, who is a silly soul, are not at all softened. Here he be said.

Guild players, of no consideration, sensitive Boston, were not always faithful to Zweig's text. There was more than one euphemism; there was more than one line omitted.

The play is Zweig's with indebtedness to Jonson. For modern taste Zweig improved the original as far as the stage is concerned, but when Zweig would be eloquent as in Volpone's rhapsody over gold, his rhetoric is cheap in comparison with Jonson's sonorous phrases. Is he to be commended for introducing Canina? Her best lines were not heard last night. Again due deference was paid to Boston.

The performance was excellent in every respect, when the dramatist's general direction is borne in mind. Volpone, the old fox, played with a wealth of comic detail, as the feigned sick man, as the man crazed by lust for gold, the sensualist, the hypocrite. Did he at times over-play the part? Was he

sufficiently the monster of greed? Whatever the answer, Mr. Rains gave a remarkably vivid portrayal. He did not attempt to remind the spectator of Moliere's Miser or any other miser of the stage. Mr. Larimore's Mosca was a picturesque figure, full of life and malice, as graceful in bodily action as it was nimble in mental ingenuity. And so with the others, though one could not wholly sympathize with Mr. Leigh's idea of Voltore, with his constant cackling. Of the three legacy hunters the Corbaccio of Mr. Travers was the most carefully conceived and planned, the impersonation that was the least exaggerated. Miss Chorpennig's Canina was one of the joys of the evening, while Miss Connard, who was substituted for Miss Gillmore, was appropriately innocent—silly through innocence and fear—in Volpone's chamber and in the court scene, a scene, by the way, that was capitally performed.

Stage settings and stage management should have satisfied Zweig, had he been in the audience. The theatre was filled; the spectators gave every evidence of enjoyment.

## MAJESTIC THEATRE

### "White Lilacs"

An operetta based on the life of Frederic Chopin, from the German of Sigurd Johannsen, book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith, music arranged from Chopin melodies by Kark Hajos; staged by George Marion, with settings by Rollo Wayne; produced at the Shubert Theatre, New York, on Sept. 10, 1928, by the Messrs. Shubert. The cast last evening:

Countess D'Agoult.....Charlotte Woodruff Prince Olekski.....Frank Horn Delphine Potocka.....Grace Brinkley Gaston De Playvigny.....Maurice Holland Heinrich Heine.....Charles Brown Giacomo Meyerbeer.....Charles Tucker-Kenn Dubusson.....De Wolf Hone Odette Mertz Frederic Chopin.....Guy Robertson Linselle.....Allan Rogers Balzac.....Franklin Van Horn Louise.....Mirba Allen Franz Liszt.....Vernon Rudolph Catherine.....Louise Brandler Marquise de Nemours.....Catherine Allen

It is a difficult, delicate task to bring to the theatre not only the immortal works of a great composer but the composer himself and his more or less interesting contemporaries. Such undertaking calls for respectful treatment by librettist, musical adapter, producers. It exacts singers who can act, in the moods and the modes of the period supposedly depicted. "White Lilacs" has been so shaped, and last evening was so performed. It revealed itself as genuine operetta, telling the romantic story of Frederic Chopin's love affair with George Sand, interestingly if not with invariable authenticity. Utilizing many of Chopin's better known compositions, with full orchestration for the greater part, and now and then played upon the piano or the violin. All the principal singers were of excellent voice, the ensembles, compactly small, were resonant and observant of key and tempo. The settings for the three acts, the Fragonard room of the Countess D'Agoult's house in Paris, the gardens of George Sand's villa on the island of Majorca, and Chopin's Paris studio, were substantial and in good taste. A large audience gave approval and frequent applause. To advance the cause, to give material recognition to such laudable theatrical efforts in these days of dimpled knees, frivolous plots and pliant tunes, it is to be hoped that there may be many more large audiences during the present engagement.

Chopin's biographers have painted him as a frail man, Franz Liszt, who called him that "sweet and harmonious genius," declared that his life was marked neither by adventures, embarrassments nor episodes; that he seldom spoke of love or friendships. He referred to George Sand, as a woman of energetic personality and electric genius who inspired in Chopin an admiration so intense as to consume him. The late James Huneker, keen music critic and analyst, sitting at the feet of Chopin, asserted that Mme. Sand was cruel to her consumptive genius; that she called Frederic "mon cher cadavre." He added that she robbed Chopin of love, faith and fatherland.

In the operetta Chopin seems far from sickly in the first act. He listens



complacency to those who are... In the second act, alone with ne. Sand, we see the "fretfulness of unhappy sick-brained man," irri-

ble, selfish. Barnyard noises drive m away. He returns only to tear up the copy of "Lucrezia Floriana" which the meddlesome Meyerbeer has given him and in a rage to throw the leaves of the stricken George and her tenor- over, Luselle. In the third act he re- mains and then renounces the angelic Delphine, has an impassioned scene with Mme. Sand, and dies.

Mr. Robertson, waxily youthful in appearance, saving his death pallor for the final act, sang bravely and with fine intelligence. Miss Myrtill seemed to dominate the first two acts. Hers were the crisper lines, hers the ampler opportunities to sketch her conception of the woman of many love affairs of the intellect, as it were. Her voice, a bit metallic, was robust. She characterized her songs, such as Yvette Guilbert was wont to do. She even played the violin, an instrument with which she should be familiar, as she made her first appearances abroad when in her teens as a violinist. Mr. Hopper, as Debussé, wily and unscrupulous book publisher, stalked with familiar grace through his scenes, made his own quips with oldtime gusto, quoted his perennial quatrain in a cur- tain speech. Miss Brinkley as the adorable Delphine, Mr. Brown as the cynical Helne, Mr. Croker-King as the egotistic Meyerbeer, were good. Mr. Rogers as the smitten tenor shouted his lays as if from the house-tops, that all the world might hear. Miss Beau- det, in a small comedy role, was ad- mirable. A pity that Miss Woodruff was confined to one song. Hers was the most gratifying voice. Mr. Pierre de Reeder conducted and made a non-too large orchestra sound larger, especially in the string section. W. E. G.

#### ST. JAMES

##### "Seventh Heaven"

By Austin Strong. The cast:

Boul	George R. Taylor
The Rat	George R. Taylor
Arlene	Adrienne Earle
Maximilian Gobin	John Junior
Nana	Ellen Mahar
Recan	Don Beddoe
Diane	Ivy Merton
Briarac	Thomas McKnight
Blonde	Percy Williams
Pere Chevillon	Bradley Martin
Sergeant of Police	Phil Feehan
Uncle George	George Donaldson
Aunt Valentine	Jessamine Newcombe
Chico	Walter Gilbert
Lampichter	Ira Ray
Policeman	J. W. Lyons

The scene is laid in Paris, but it really happens in the land of Day Dreams. It is one of those Cinderella myths, where, in this case, the lowliest of heroes, Chico, is a sewer man, rescues maiden in more desperate straits than he. Diane, like the fairy tale, had a cruel sister with all the attributes of a witch. Ellen Mahar impersonated her, subtly, giving an impression of evil, without the trappings. In the original New York cast this part was made grotesque by being overdone.

Chico saves Diane from the police by saying that she is his wife. He takes her to his attic on the seventh floor, which is the Seventh Heaven, for there they fall in love. Their marriage is interrupted by the tramp of soldiers' feet and Chico's regiment is mobilized. Miss Merton, the great artist, as Diane, does this scene with feeling and creates emotions in her audience. She does not strike a wrong note during the performance. Charming as to face and figure with expressive hands, she is able to convey a feeling of the French reminiscent of Louise. In the end, the war over, Chico returns to her, blind but it is a happy ending.

Chico, the French gamine, cynical yet sentimental, impudent and cock-sure but full of understanding, was played by Mr. Gilbert with great charm although he is very unlike the Latin. The ardor of the ovation which he received caused the action of the plot to stand still. It would have satisfied a Barrymore. The minor parts were done with spirit. Humor, particularly George R. Taylor as Boul, the taxi driver. He drove his taxi, a real one off the stage-realism.

The company should be congratulated on the way they gave this sentimental lovely and unlightly play. J. D.

#### THE BACH CANTATA CLUB

The Bach Cantata Club, God bless them, held their first meeting last night in St. Paul's Cathedral. Under the direction of G. Wallace Woodworth, they sang three of Bach's church cantatas, "Now Come," "It Is Enough," and "Praise God." A very capable orchestra, Dorothy B. Comstock, concert-master, lent its assistance, and the solos were sung by Mrs. Frederick J. Bradley, Jr., soprano; Mrs. E. C. Schirmer, alto; Joseph Lautner, tenor; Dr. James H. Townsend, bass, and Douglas A. MacKinnon, baritone.

This chorus, as everybody knows, draws its members from graduates and undergraduates of Radcliffe and Harvard, people with an urge to sing fine choral music of the church, music both

ancient and modern. All praise to them! Their aim is worthy; to so much everybody can agree. They show good sense in recognizing the superior position a mixed chorus holds over choruses of men's voices alone, or women's. People of energy they also must be, to secure so soon a body of associate members to furnish ways and means; last night's audience was large.

But the danger is that Mr. Woodworth and those with whom he takes counsel will not look facts square in the face. And if they shut their eyes to a fact or two they perhaps will go the way of other organizations which, setting out to do something fine, have essayed too much, and thereby have wearied their associate members till those members failed to associate—to the smash-up of the movement.

Mr. Woodworth's active members must be having a grand time of it, meeting of an evening to learn to sing great music, a time of pleasure and aesthetic profit. The associates, though, on the other hand?

Mr. Woodworth must admit, if he comes to grips with facts, that an entire evening of Bach, even under conditions most favorable, is heavy fare for most people, associates or no. He must further admit, if again he will face the facts, that "favorable conditions" presuppose a skilled chorus trained by a leader deeply versed in the ways of Bach—a man who can make his singers fling off difficult runs with abandon, place accents till Bach's rhythm tells, shape his melodies in such wise that their beauty shines forth in all its glorious worth.

This leader must have rare skill with an orchestra, if he is to let Bach's characteristic instrumentation come by its own. Apt he must be at choice of pace, or monotony will overtake him. And he must have accomplished singers to call upon to do justice to Bach's exacting solos.

With conditions not so favorable as might be wished, it is much to be feared that Mr. Woodworth made his first meeting dull. Pray let him take thought.

He has at command a chorus of good voices trained to precision and an excellent orchestra—Mr. Speyer last night and Mr. Mager flashed light on the proceedings. If energy dissipated among three cantatas had been wisely spent on one, till all the splendor of it, the bounding vitality, had been brought to light, there had been a concert to bring manna to the hungry.

Pray let Mr. Woodworth take thought before he falls into the pit dugged for him and other artists of ambition to do something fine. R. R. G.

#### YELLY D'ARANYI

Last night at Jordan Hall, Yelly D'Aranyi, violinist, played the following program: Vivaldi's Ciaconne, Bach's Concerto in E major, Schubert's Rondo Brilliant in B minor, Hubay's Sarga Cserebogor, Hungarian Folk Songs (Bartok-Szilgeti), Granadina (Nin-Kochanski), La Vida Breve (De Falla-Kreisler), Carl Lamson provided excellent accompaniments.

A good-sized and very enthusiastic audience testified to the fact that Miss D'Aranyi has already won popularity here, though she has given few concerts. She has personality, poise, and assurance, and she plays with warmth of tone, and rare musicianship. Vivaldi's Ciaconne under her bow, became alive, passionate, rich music... not the tiresomely repetitious piece less gifted violinists so often make it. All the vigor and intensity inherent in Bach's Concerto she drew out; but there was grace and tenderness too, delightfully finished phrasing, and delicacy. To Schubert's Rondo Brilliant she gave wonderful rhythm and verve. Here her remarkably efficient technique was demonstrated.

Miss D'Aranyi's programs are always attractive; to a well-balanced selection of music by the masters, she usually adds a group of short pieces in themselves musically interesting—not just vehicles to display technique, or to cater to public sentimentality.

The Hungarian folk tunes (Bartok-Szilgeti) suited her style and temperament superlatively well. She plays the gypsy music of her own Hungary with fire, and with the ever constant suggestion of the dance in its changing rhythms. The music of Spain she gives us as tempestuous and proud, quavering with the wall of the Moor in it.

Technically not always impeccable, she is one of the most interesting, musically and temperamentally, of the present-day violinists. Long applause compelled her to add several extras to her program. E. B.

#### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

##### "Dream of Love"

A screen drama, adapted by Dorothy Farnum from the play "Adrienne Lecouvreur," by Eugene Scribe and Ernest Legouvé, photographed by Oliver Marsh and William Daniels, directed by Fred Niblo and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Adrienne	Joan Crawford
Mauritz	Nils Asther
Duchess	Aileen Pringle
Duke	Warner Oland

Business Manager: Harry Reinhardt  
Baron: Harry Reinhardt  
Michonnet: Harry Reinhardt  
Ivan: Harry Reinhardt  
Carmel Myers: Harry Reinhardt  
Harry Reinhardt: Harry Reinhardt  
Alphonse: Harry Reinhardt  
Fletcher: Harry Reinhardt  
Norton: Harry Reinhardt

Perhaps, all things considered, the title of this picture is a trifle misleading. Instead of "Dream of Love" it should have been written in the plural. Another such handsome cast and involved plot it would be hard to assemble. It was well on toward the end of the story before one could be at all certain who was in love with whose wife and why. There were so many affairs in progress—plot and counterplot chasing each other's tails amid infinite confusion—that when the end finally arrived no one could quite tell how. Joan Crawford and Nils Asther were extremely decorative and interestingly heroic and self-sacrificing, but not as moving as they should have been. This, however, was hardly their fault. Too much time was spent disentangling the other characters to give them a fair chance.

The story is taken from an old play, once a great favorite with emotional actresses and now brought up to date, plot and costumes modernized. Mauritz, a spoiled young princeling, enjoying himself somewhat in disguise at a summer festival, meets an attractive gypsy girl, Adrienne, and makes love to her to pass the time. She, unhappily for herself, takes him seriously and is heartbroken when he leaves her with only a letter of farewell. Years later she has become a famous actress and Mauritz is a prince, living on sufferance in his own kingdom that has come into the hands of an unscrupulous dictator with an amorous eye and a wife who finds Mauritz a highly desirable future king, provided, of course, that she is the future queen. This ambition she is on the point of bringing to pass when she discovers that Mauritz, having found Adrienne and realized that he still loves her and that she has forgiven him and returns his love, is merely playing with her in order to regain his kingdom, and in anger she denounces him to her husband as a traitor. He, only too glad to have an excuse to get Mauritz out of the way, orders his execution. As the sentence is about to be carried out despite the frantic prayers of Adrienne, there is a popular uprising which saves him. In the end the lovers part forever, still deeply in love, but realizing that they can never marry; Mauritz takes up his duties as king and Adrienne goes back to the stage.

Nils Asther and Joan Crawford as Mauritz and Adrienne are in every way satisfactory. They wear their beautiful and becoming costumes with much grace and they are quite romantic enough to appease the most demanding. An excellent performance was contributed by Aileen Pringle as the jealous wife of the dictator. The sets and the photography were satisfactory if not remarkable. E. L. H.

#### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

##### "Taxi 13"

A screen comedy by W. Scott Darling, directed by Marshall Neilan and presented by FBO, with the following cast:

Andy Green	Chester Conklin
Flora Green	Martha Sleeper
Mrs. Green	Ethel Wales
Bill Pickens	Lee Moran
Arthur Hallam	Hugh Trevor
"Bean" Saxon	Jerry Miley
Berger	Charles Byer
Prof. Stein	Gustav von Seyffertitz

Chester Conklin is a hard-luck taxi-driver in this grotesque force. One might go further and state that Chester Conklin is a hard-luck movie comedian. At least he has been in his more recent appearances on the screen. As the broken down janitor in "Varsity" he was supposed to have a role blending humor and pathos so effectively as to bring tears to the eyes through either mood. The most Mr. Conklin got out of that part was a kindly pat on the back here and there, with reservations as to the humor and pathos, especially when he opened his mouth in the closing sequences.

Now comes "Taxi 13," obviously written and rewritten so many times that Mr. Conklin has carried three different names in the castings; and as obviously made over as a last year's bonnet. As a throw-back to one of Mack Sennett's "chase" comedies, it gains a laugh or two. It has moments of comic individuality, as when Mr. Conklin tries to complete his morning sleep despite the din of 13 youngsters in the hallway. His battle with a refractory curtain, his entanglement in his suspenders, his

fall with a pithier of water—these are familiar Conklin antics, as familiar as the walrus mustache and the low-perched spectacles themselves. The rest is sheer inventiveness on the spot, as it were, and labored, sterile inventiveness at that. One scene, flashed on and as abruptly whisked off, lacks of vulgarity. Andy, father of the 13 of all ages, about to retire, looks across the chamber at his amorous wife and always crying "by Ed Foye," and remarks that it is "pretty late to be reading such stuff now."

As best he can, Mr. Conklin tries to show us a perplexed, slow-witted taxi-

#### OLD PRO IN NEW YORK

The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York undoubtedly plumes itself on the acquisition of Protesilaus in marble. It is to be hoped that this statue is not the work of the ingenious Italian who enriched not long ago our own museum. Protesilaus was a fine fellow in his day and after his death. Did he not beg Pluto's permission to go back to earth if only for a day or two that he might see again his wife Laodamia? Pluto tried to persuade him to remain with him, saying, if Lucian, the arch-mocker, is to be believed, that she would come to him in due time; that there was no necessity of travelling up to her; that she would be frightened on earth by his ugly bare skull, and run away.

It's a pity that the Metropolitan Museum could not have purchased the statue of Protesilaus made by Laodamia to which she paid divine honors until her father commanded her to burn it (the story puts one in mind of a husband's revenge as told by Thomas Hardy in his "Groups of Noble Dames"); or a statue of Laodamia, who begged, herself a noble dame, the immortal gods to let her talk with Protesilaus, if only for three hours. Mark her commendable moderation; she surely had much to say. But Laodamia has a monument more enduring than marble or brass: Wordsworth's poem beginning:

"With sacrifice before the rising morn  
Performed, my slaughtered lord have I required,"  
a noble poem, in spite of Porson saying to Southey, as Walter Savage Landor overheard them, that he found the word "performed" unnecessary, dull and cumbersome. Nor did he approve the later allusion to "wit-

ness" and "second birth." "I desire," said Porson in a fine burst, "to find Laodamia in the silent and gloomy mansion of her beloved Protesilaus; not elbowed by the godly butchers in Tottenham-Court Road, nor smelling devoutly of ratafia among the sugar-bakers' wives at Blackfriars." And so a famous scholar chipped the monument erected by the poet.

Protesilaus will have an honorable position in the Metropolitan Museum. Already we hear the gaping visitor, as he looks at the statue, exclaiming: "Who the deuce was Protesilaus?" How many of our young gentlemen now learning business efficiency at our colleges could answer the question?

driver, repeatedly bested by circumstances. He is hired by members of a gang of jewel robbers to drive them from the scene of a robbery. When pursued and in danger of capture they conceal the stolen loot in the rear cushion of Andy's shabby cab. The subsequent quest for and recovery of this loot make the story, the reward of \$5000 ultimately falling into Andy's hat out of a clear sky, as it were. There is a scolding wife, a wayward daughter, a handsome young barrister, a half-hearted crook. There are two chase scenes, one when detectives are after Andy and his nefarious fares, another when Andy's cab is towed by fire apparatus at breakneck pace through crowded streets, with many laughable mishaps along the way. "Taxi 13," while it might be a "best seller" in the provinces, scarcely will be considered as satisfying fare for the "big time" circuit. W. E. G.

#### LOUISE SEYMOUR—MARJORIE GILCHRIST

Louise Seymour, pianist, and Marjorie Gilchrist, soprano, accompanied by Reginald Boardman, presented this program last night in Jordan hall: Lusinghe plu care, Handel; Ultima Rosa, Serenata, Zandonai; O del mio amato ben, Donaudy; Non so plu cosa son, Mozart; Gigue, Loeilly; Ballet, Gluck; Minuet from the First Partita, Bach; Nocturne, Jardins sous la pluie, Debussy; Dans un Bois, Mozart; Les Temps des Lilas, Chausson; Crepuscule, Massenet; Recit et Air de Lia, Debussy; Auf dem Wasser, Schubert; Nocturne E major, Schumann; Intermezzo Op. 118, A major, Brahms; Scherzo C sharp minor, Chopin; The Cave, Schneider; A Piper, Head; Above the Clouds, Beecher; Notturno, Sgambati; Concert Etude, MacDowell.

These ladies last night displayed good judgment and good workmanship. It was judicious in them, performers of not too wide experience, to gain, by putting their talents together, the benefit of contrast and variety. Their modesty also testified to their good sense; for the sake of a dash they essayed no more than they could manage creditably. So did their conservative taste in program planning; to dazzle two or three persons by exhibiting the bizarre they did not choose to bore two hun-



Presently, no doubt they will be able to do more than they do now. Miss Seymour, for example, remarkable already for a beauty of tone that calls for the epithet "golden", is working hard, if the guess is good, to develop the romantic spirit in music which has special need of tone like hers, the music of Schumann and Chopin. Last night she showed herself happiest in music of the classics, say Gluck and Bach, where her excellent rhythm served her well, her technique sound and crisp.

Already, in any case, Miss Gilchrist has trained her voice with skill, in the light, flute-like manner she fancies. An even scale she has made her own, a neat attack, legato; her enunciation she might make clearer.

The efforts of both musicians were heartily appreciated. R. R. G.

A screen drama from the story written by Lajos Biro; adapted by Winifred Dunn, directed by Frank Lloyd and produced by Richard A. Rowland for First National Pictures, with the following cast:

Billie Dove, as the princess, monopolizes the picture for its first half hour, and finally brings the series of tableaux to a close in a delicate bedroom scene—with her husband—the night before he leaves for the front. This is mentioned to bring out the fact that the first half of the picture is wholly unrelated to the following events and the transition is so sudden as to constitute an entirely new picture.

As the prince, played by Antonio Moreno, enters his wife's bedroom, the picture is half over. The next day he leaves for the front but the revolution interferes. He escapes from the mob and is returning to his home when he thinks he sees his wife, clad in an ermine robe, enter Count Vladimir's house. He follows her, but Vladimir gives him no satisfaction and the mob sweeps in, separating them as they fight. The prince meanwhile trying to enter the room where he believes his wife to be.

Eliminating the first half of "Adoration," the second half shows some dramatic possibilities, but in a threadbare manner. Miss Dove's beauty hardly suffices to cover a lack of dramatic opportunities. Mr. Moreno's transition from a lordly aristocrat to a lowly barfly shows him at his best in the latter characterization. His was the jealous husband act and Miss Dove's the misunderstood wife, with the latter getting 75 per cent. of the footage. Miss Doraine, a pert importation via UFA, is expert in capitalizing her scenes and soon, no doubt, will be starred in her own right. Mr. Bela as Ivan, the unctuous servant turned master, and Mr. Chautard as Muravjev, the Russian general turned bootblack, made two minor parts sharply effective through capable acting. C. L.

By PHILIP HALE

Last season Mr. Arbos conducted three concerts of the Symphony Society of New York with great success. This season he will conduct as a guest concerts of Detroit's and St. Louis's symphony orchestras. He will be welcomed here, for though many years have passed he is remembered as an accomplished musician and a most companionable gentleman.

Ethel Sleeper Russell will give tonight a "lyric action recital in costume" in Recital hall (New England Conservatory). Hungarian, Japanese, Spanish songs and songs of the Hebrides.

Lucia Chagnon, soprano, with Carl Lamson, accompanist, will give a recital in Jordan hall next Saturday afternoon. Songs by Cavalli, Stradella, Gaffi, Schubert, Widor, Rhene-Baton, Saint-Saens, Purcell, Horsman, Golde, Powell. Miss Chagnon has been heard here. Her program is interesting. Four of the six songs by Schubert are seldom sung in Boston; perhaps not at all. Bernardo Gaffi was an organist at Rome early in the 18th century.

Sunday afternoon Mr. Gieseck will play the piano in Symphony hall; the People's Symphony Orchestra will give a concert at the Hotel Statler; the Boston Flute Players Club will be heard at the Boston Art Club—all at the same hour—3:30 o'clock.

The Curtis Quartet played last night in Jordan Hall, Lea Luboshutz, first violin, Edwin Bachmann, second, Louis Bailly, viola, Felix Salmond, violoncello. Harry Kaufman, pianist, on this occasion lent his assistance. The program contained Haydn's B Flat Major Quartet, op. 76, Schumann's in A major, op. 41, and the Brahms piano quintet in F Minor, op. 34.

To say the worst of these players at once and then have done with it, it must be admitted that here and there in the Haydn quartet they fell short of the utmost euphony, likewise in

Brahm's andante. Their perfect balance of tone they did not uninterruptedly maintain. Not always, furthermore, did they play quite as though one mind controlled their course; all four players had, now and again, something the air of following their own musical light.

Since, however, all four players—five, including Mr. Kaufman—are extremely intelligent players, and some of them more than that, it by no means follows that ill resulted because the five of them have minds of their own. To that very fact, on the contrary, may well be due the extraordinary vitality that distinguished their playing last night.

Too wise, in their fine intelligence, to fall a victim to that baneful system of "historic criticism" which now is turning many a performance dull, those players last night gave no thought to Haydn. The man, be he boor, hanger-on at courts, or good-humored moron. To his music as

And so, in their wisdom, the Curtis quartet found beauties and strength in that Haydn quartet we do not always hear brought forward. Because they treated Schumann with the same fineness of perception and absence of bias, for his thrilling romance they rose to an eloquence of utterance—free of extravagance, mind!—that did old-timers good to hear. Of the Brahms quintet they gave a performance, for rhythmic verve, melodic significance, for fervor, unequalled, to the mind of one old listener, since the days of the Bohemian Quartet.

The audience, large, applauded the Curtis quartet with enthusiasm. Pray let us hear these admirable players again and soon.

R. R. G.

"Tartuffe, the Hypocrite"

ing cast:	Emil Jannings
Tartuffe	Werner Kraus
Orgon	Lil Dazover
Elmira	Lucie Hoflich
Dorine	Hermann Picha
The Old Man	Andre Mattioni
The Nephew	Rosa Valetti
The Housekeeper	

As their second bill of unusual pictures the Artkino Guild presents this week a highly interesting program that includes a Russian newsreel, an impression of New York taken from many arresting angles, a most exciting short UFA film, "Killing the Killer," and most important of all, "Tartuffe, the Hypocrite," in which Emil Jennings has the leading part. This film, adapted from the celebrated play by Moliere, seems to have suffered very little in its transition from the stage to the screen; a few unimportant characters have been removed. The story is put in a modern framework that it may serve as a warning against hypocrites, but it is essentially the same satirical comedy that has enjoyed undiminished popularity for over 200 years.

Orgon, a worthy and trustful gentleman, falls under the influence of a sanctimonious deceiver, Tartuffe, who, while pretending to be a model of all the virtues, is in reality out to feather his nest with all that he can extract from wealthy and credulous converts to his doctrine of humility and simplicity. Orgon invites Tartuffe to stay in his home and, to please him, dismisses his servants and waits on him with the utmost devotion. His enthusiasm does not, however, arouse any fervent response in the mind of his wife, Elmire. She, quite free from the hypnotic influence of Tartuffe, which appears to have paralyzed her husband's judgment, sees through his affectations of holiness to the evil, grasping nature beneath, but Orgon refuses to believe her accusations. Finally he agrees to spy on his wife in order that she may prove to him that his saint is only a vicious beast. This fails because Tartuffe spies him in hiding, but the desperate and final attempt of Elmire, that of inviting Tartuffe to her room at night, is crowned with success, for Orgon, watching through the keyhole, sees his idol stripped of all his assumed virtues, making love to his wife, and drives him from the house in a furious rage.

The acting was uneven. Emil Jannings chose to emphasize the farcical side of the hypocrite and as a result *Tartuffe* became a caricature. Perhaps this is a logical interpretation, but it seemed needlessly crude. Lil Dagovar made a lovely picture as the distressed Elmire and gave a fine and delicate characterization; Werner Kraus was an excellent Orgon.

The program will be given for the rest of the week and beginning next Wednesday there is to be shown a Soviet comedy, "Three Comrades and One Invention," and several short subjects.

E.L.H.

ALL-TALKING FILM

Seeing and hearing America first might well be the title of "In Old Arizona," William Fox's first out-of-doors all-talking Movietone picture coming Saturday to the Modern and Beacon theatres.

This film depicts the adventures of "The Cisco Kid," a character famous throughout the Southwest. "In Old Arizona" was photographed in Zion national park and Bryce canyon, Utah, the Old Mission of San Fernando, Cal., the Mojave desert and other spots in Arizona and the great Southwest. Fox Movietone is responsible for the reproduction of the dialogue and the incidental sound effects. "In Old Arizona" boasts two directors—Raoul Walsh of "What Price Glory" fame, and Irving Cummings, who made "Romance of the Underworld" and "The Johnstown Flood." More than 50 microphones were necessary to transfer the dialogue and sound effects to the 18 patented sound-proof wagons.

Rachel Morton, soprano, accompanied by Jacob Schwartzdorf, sang this program last night in Jordan hall: My Heart Ever Faithful, Bach; Von dunklem Schleier umspannen, Die Nacht, Strauss; Das Verlassene Magdelein, Er Ist's, Wolf; Sur l'Eau, Hue; Morte, d'Eranger; Attributs, Poulenc; Reves Bleues, Delmas; Mandoline, Debussy; Erzählung (from act I, "Tristan and Isolde"), Wagner; A Lake and a Fairy Boat, Malcolm Davidson; Oh, That It Were So, Bridge; April Rain, Woodman; Joy, St. Leger.

Would the skies have fallen if Miss Morton, waving fashion aside, had announced a program of operatic airs? It seems a pity that she, an operatic singer by temperament and training, should not have made so bold. For in the more delicate field of singing songs Miss Morton cannot at present display her best.

And her best is good. Miss Morton has a fine voice at her command, a soprano long of range and big in volume, sonorous throughout its length. She has cultivated this voice successfully; though, to speak truth, not always do the vowels "match"—Mr. Gregory Hast's neat term—nor yet all the tones in her scale. She has developed also a very good technique; she can do what she will. She wills, luckily, to sing musically. Temperament she is blessed with, characterizing power, too.

She needs, however, musically speaking, room to turn about in. Her voice, biddable though it be, and laudably unforced, is not a voice to adapt itself quickly to changes of color, freely to flow from one short phrase to another.

Miss Morton needs the long line, the slow-mounting climax of an aria. She proved last night her operatic prowess with her excerpt from "Tristan," music intelligently planned and ably executed, emotionally effective.

She has much to work with, voice, temperament, technique, intelligence, the power to sustain a tone, a song, or a mood through to the end. And last night on the whole she sang admirably, to the pleasure of her audience. But a wider scope her powers do demand. Arias, by Handel, Beethoven, the greatest Italians, Bach—why not let us hear them? R. R. G.

## BY PHILIP HALE

Enrique Fernandez-Arbos, a guest, conducted the 13th concert of the Boston symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, where 25 years ago he sat on the platform as the concertmaster of that orchestra. His program was as follows: Wagner, Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; Halffter, Sinfonietta D major; Ravel, Alborada del Grazioso; Alberiz-Arbes, "La Fete-Dieu a Seville," "Triana"; Turina, "La Procession del Rocio"; De Falla, three dances from "The Three-Cornered Hat." The sinfonietta by Halffter and the piano pieces by Alberiz as orchestrated by Mr. Arbos were played for the first time in Boston; the music by Ravel and Turina for the first time at these concerts. Mr. Koussevitzky handed over to Mr. Arbos the superb orchestra which during the years of his engagement he has shaped and fashioned until, according to the testimony of visiting conductors acquainted with bands in Europe and this country, it is now without an equal. Mr. Arbos played upon this instrument as a musician and a virtuoso; a conductor, respecting the composers; ever mindful of them; without disturbing and unwelcome personal display, yet shining by the service he rendered them. To speak in detail of his qualities as a conductor would be superfluous, if not impertinent, for his reputation has long been established in Europe; his ability was fully recognized last season in New York, where the conducted several concerts.

Take for example his interpretation yesterday of Wagner's Prelude. He remembered first of all that "The Mastersingers" is a comedy; that the Prelude is joyous. We have heard performances even in German opera houses, when one would have thought from the manner in which this music was read that the opera was one "Presenting Thebes, or, Pelops' line, Thou divine."

Or the tale of Troy divine.  
Joyous, but with due consideration  
of the sections representing the square-  
tongued, pedantic mastersingers, not for-  
getful of the lyric passages for Walther  
and Eva; a performance characterized  
by clarity even when there was ex-  
treme contrapuntal complexity; a buoy-  
ant spirit maintained throughout; a  
continuous flow of melody in which va-  
rious episodes were not separate streams  
but tributaries to the mighty rush of



the musical river, indispensable to continuity. While there was an ever present regard for details, they too contributed to the general effect and did not appear as if they were all-important.

The spirit, the beauty, and the strength of the performance were at once appreciated by the audience. The conductor and the orchestra were enthusiastically applauded; the former was thrice called to the platform. And enthusiasm reigned throughout the concert.

Of the Spanish music, familiar and unfamiliar, Halffter's Sinfonietta and the "Triana" of Albeniz, brilliantly orchestrated by Mr. Arbos, made the deepest impression. Ravel's orchestration of his piano piece is ingenious but "Alborada" cannot be ranked among his better works either in the original or in the magnified and enriched form. There are measures that promise something entrancing to come, but there is no arrival. Turina's "Procession" is not so interesting as the description of the festival printed by way of explanation in the score. The subject of the "Procession" and that of "Le Fete-Dieu" are about the same; the former is a too literal translation into tones; panoramic music; music for a film; the

latter is gorgeous impressionism, if that word may be allowed.

Halffter is a young man but he has not been swept off his feet by contemporary influences, neither by Stravinsky nor by the preachers of atonality and polytonality. He is not so devoted to folk song that this Sinfonietta cannot make a universal appeal; yet it is evident that he is Spanish in musical feeling and expression. He has a pronounced sense of rhythm; he is not afraid to let drums have an important role (he uses two side drums); there are many hints at dance forms; nor does he require a huge orchestra to say what he has to say. The Pastorale is charmingly simple and melodious. The Adagio is too long. It contains fine passages, the prevailing mood holds the attention for the greater part; the technical treatment inspires respect; but Halffter could not stop after he had, for the audience at least, exhausted his subject. The Finale has more character than the Minuet. With the reservation made, the Sinfonietta is not an ordinary, not a conventional work. The composer has musical ideas, skill in expressing them and making the most of them. He does not shun melody or the semblance of melody, nor does he go far afield in the wish to avoid what some consider "too obvious."

If music can be said to dazzle by its brilliance, "Triana" is an amazing example. The piano piece calls loudly for orchestral color, dash, swing, rhythmic frenzy; it might be called an admirable study for a master's instrumentation. The piano piece, when the pianist has the requisite technique and fiery imagination, is itself exciting; as Mr. Arbos has scored it, the music is intoxicating.

A concert that gave great pleasure. A proof of this is that only one or two before the final number left the hall, panting for tea, eager for social chatter.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony and Bloch's epic rhapsody "America."

## Travel Revue Centres About Glories of Seville

Yesterday afternoon at the symphony concert there were brilliant performances of Spanish music conducted by Mr. Arbos, a Spaniard. Among the compositions were "Triana," the "Procession del Recio," and "Fete-Dieu a Seville." Last night in the same hall Burton Holmes in his "Travel Revue," "In Moorish Spain," showed many and interesting moving pictures of the religious picnic and procession; many pictures of Seville, of which Triana is a suburb.

Mr. Holmes began by portraying and describing scenes in rural Spain, the long herds of sheep and pigs making their way on the road that led to Lagartera and the monastery of Guadalupe, where his party arrived at about 3 A. M., but not to the displeasure of the good monks. The treasures of that old monastery were shown. Then on to the birthplace of Pizarro, and the remains of Roman grandeur. Seville with its golden tower, its narrow streets, the Giralda and the grand cathedral; the Alcazar with its charming gardens—these and other views of architecture, nature and street life, with the studio of Grosse, the statues carved in wood by young and self-taught Bonome; shops displaying "Spanish" shawls arriving from China by way of Manila; the extraordinary monument to the novelist Becquer little known in this country. There were visits to Palos whose inhabitants paid a fine by providing Columbus with two

of his ships, to Jerez where huge tanks of sherry caused retired rounders in the audience to sigh. To provoke thirst there were the white pyramids of the Salinas.

In the second part of the travel-revue Cordova with its astonishing cathedral once a mosque; Ronda with its incredible bridge were passed before Grenada was reached—the Alhambra and the courts and gardens of the Generalife. An imposing scene was that of the Corpus Christi procession as it came out of Grenada's cathedral.

Moorish Spain. What a pity that the Moors were driven out of that country! The travel-revue will be repeated this afternoon. Next week "Motoring Through Spain"—but not in a slighting, perfunctory way over well-known roads.

P. H.

## METROPOLITAN

### "Abie's Irish Rose"

A screen comedy-drama, adapted by Jules Furthman from the stage play by Anne Nichols; photographed by Harold Rosson. Titles by Anne Nichols, directed by Victor Fleming and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Solomon Levy	Jean Hersholt
Abie Levy	Charles Rogers
Rosemary Murphy	Nancy Carroll
Patrick Murphy	J. Farrell MacDonald
Isaac Cohen	Bernard Gorcey
Mrs. Isaac Cohen	Ida Kramer
Father Whalen	Nick Cogley
Rabbi Samuels	Camillus Pretal
Sarah	Rosa Rosanova

After many weeks of hopeful waiting "Abie's Irish Rose," in its new dress, has come to us. As revealed yesterday at the Metropolitan, with its splendid cast, its flawless direction and photography, it did just what was expected of it—gave the audiences generous measures of humor and pathos, with resultant waves of laughter at one moment and quite audible sniffing and clearing of throats the next. These are the infallible signs that any performance, whether of the spoken word on the stage or of the finished mime of the screen, is appealing to those uncontrollable elements in the human breast known as emotions.

The stage history of "Abie's Irish Rose" is commonly known: its author's weary search for a producer, her final determination to stage it herself, its subsequent sensational success, which has netted Miss Nichols millions, with the end not yet in sight. The screen version originally was in silent form. Then came the abrupt and sweeping innovation of sound and dialogue. Paramount, unwilling to risk even partial failure with an all-talking treatment, compromised with a particularly agreeable musical synchronization, a few inoffensive sound effects, a song or two, faintly but sweetly, by Miss Carroll and two very dramatic utterances by Mr. Hersholt, one a lamentation on the death at child-birth of his wife Rebecca; the other the prayer of the dead, delivered when he erases his son Abie from his life.

The story requires no detailed summarization. It preaches in most amiable, tactful fashion a doctrine of broader tolerance in the matter of racial differences, of varying creeds. Fr. Whalen and Rabbi Samuels exemplify this when they fervently agree, across the body of a dead soldier in the Argonne, that they may be travelling over different roads, but they hope to come to the same journey's end. In fact, this pact of brotherhood between priest and rabbi is one of the finest things in the story.

Mr. Hersholt's delineation of the Jewish immigrant, American in everything good, devoted to his wife's memory, adoring his handsome son, unyielding in his religious tenets. By turns he is slyly humorous, shrewdly sharp, bitterly hateful. His scene with the rocking cradle, after he had refused the plea of Sarah, his loyal housekeeper, that he take it to Abie and Rosemary, was a very human bit. Likewise, at the Christmas eve reconciliation, when he and Mr. McDonald fight like children over their respective presents and, later, over who shall fondle the twins, both were splendid by reason of their natural behavior. Mr. Gorcey and Miss Kramer, both in the original stage production, were amusing. Mr. Rogers and Miss Carroll made the thrice-wed lovers a delightful, lovable pair. Mr. Fleming has directed with a fine sense of proportion, with rare discrimination in his choice of scenes and lines. The photography is admirable, as witness the instance when the measured tread of little school children marching into school after they have given the oath of allegiance to the flag fades into the marching "Left-Right" of young Americans of all races and creeds marching off to war.

W. E. G.

## WORDS—WORDS

The first volume of the great Oxford English Dictionary was published in 1888. "Appendicitis" was not then mentioned by the editors. The only biological term "appendix" was defined as a small process or prolongation developed from the surface of any organ. Thus Sir Thomas Browne spoke in his stately way of "the appendices or beards in the calicular leaves" (of the rose). But many appendices have been removed, just as unjustifiably by the surgeons since 1888. Of course the supplement to the dictionary will give pleasing information about the appendix and the disease that enriches the profession. Adenoids are also superfluous and to be removed. The only adenoid known to the dictionary in 1888 was the adjective, gland-like or glandular.

This supplement already has in type thirty pages for the letter "A." As if there were not enough words beginning with "A." from "Aa," a water course, to "Azymous," unleavened, in the 603 pages devoted to that letter. Why mourn if "aspidistra" was not known to lexicographers in 1888? One can get along very well without it. That missing word "auto-suggestion" has been, and is, overworked. "Aeroplane" in that year of our Lord was only a plane placed in the air for aerostatical experiments. Many have overcome their fear of aerophobia, and like the late lamented Alexander McGlue, are "happier dwelling in space," or sleep with open windows, even in wintry blasts.

Will any one have the courage to edit a supplement to Farmer and Henley's "Slang and Its Analogues"? What student of English literature at present could pass an examination on the precise meaning of "gazoomphing a sarker," or define "ricks," "gees," or explain "Smitzing the bogey to hinton to noise the edge," quoted recently by Lord Gorell in the House of Lords?

Swift, Defoe, Cobbett, Bunyan were not subscribers to the great Oxford English Dictionary, yet they had a sufficient command of the language. Sir Thomas Browne to enlarge his vocabulary was obliged to introduce Latinisms. Too many words often spoil the writer. As Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury once remarked—and he, too, was a master of our language: "Words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them, but they are the money of fools."

Jan 19 1929

## THESE "WILD MEN"

Again one reads that the "original Wild Man of Borneo" has died and been "buried in a pauper's grave." This time his name was Silvester Hendershot. He has escaped forever from a Wisconsin jungle in which he roared when he was not a captive in the Ringling circus.

The last time the "original Wild Man of Borneo" died he was not many miles from Boston, living, quite tame, in a peaceful village with a forest nearby where he could roam unmolested when the fit was on him. The famous wild man of Illinois who astonished his pursuers by climbing a tree and disappearing with it must have come from India and learned his lessons in a school of magic; he surely was not from Borneo.

One might ask why did these wild men of circus and dime-museum fame choose Borneo for their native land? Why not Sumatra, Java, or, if some island were thought necessary, why not a coral isle of the Pacific? Was it not for the sake of eloquent euphony? "Sumatra" or "Java" would have been flat and pale in comparison. "Borneo" suggests gnashing of tusks, maniacal rolling of eyes, frantic gestures with gorilla-like arms, for "r"—it should be rolled—and "n" come together. The barkers shouted that their wild men lived on raw meat, yet one of them was said in private life to subsist on roots and herbs and water from the spring; he could sew buttons on his Sunday shirt; he abstained from tobacco in all its body-and-soul destroying forms.

So the last original Wild Man of Borneo has left us. Surely there is still another in comparatively good health but no longer in a cage. The last survivor of the Light Brigade that charged when some one had blundered dies every year. It is now a little early in 1929 for the announcement of his passing.

## NOUNS OF MULTITUDE

The words "pod" and "gam," which our Mail Bag correspondents have been discussing, are good, orthodox dictionary words, although Herman Melville, devoting a chapter of "Moby Dick" to "gam," says that "Dr. Johnson never attained to that erudition; Noah Webster's ark does not hold it." Melville defines it only as a social meeting of two (or more) whaleships, generally on a cruising-ground; he describes the two captains remaining for the time on board of one ship, and the two chief mates on the other. He says nothing about a herd of whales being called a "gam," but Scoresby, the year before "Moby Dick" was published, gave both meanings.

As far as literature is concerned, "pod" is the earlier word. F. D. Bennett used it in 1840, at-

Jan 20 1929

## MISS LUCIA CAGNON

Miss Lucia Chagnon, soprano, accompanied by Mr. Carl Lamson, sang the following program at a recital in Jordan hall yesterday afternoon:

Canzone, Cavalli; Aria di Erodide, Stradella; Minuetto All'egro, Gaffi; Lied der Mignon, Der Gott im Fruhling, Nachtviolen, Liebe schwarmt auf allen Wegen, Der Musensohn, by Schubert; Contemplation, Rose la Rose by Widor; Serenade Melancolique, Rhene-Baton; Almons-nous, Saint-Saens; There's Not a Swain on the Plain, Purcell; To a Butterfly, Powell; To an Invalid, and Awakening by Golde.

Miss Chagnon's program was an interesting one, full of opportunities for vocal display and she had the voice to sing it. A voice of beautiful quality with abundance of dramatic power, why did she restrain it? Truly dramatic voices are a rarity and she should more fully appreciate her ability. It seemed that she lacked confidence. In Der Musensohn, because of the fast tempo and of necessity spontaneity of tone, her voice was clear and not without vitality, but in those songs which demanded truly legato singing, she anticipated her high notes and tightened them.

Her middle voice is well placed and she would be wise to cultivate her high notes to the even tonality of her middle voice. In mezza voce singing she did not always retain the fullness of tone. However, throughout the entire program she sang with excellent rhythm, very often sacrificing quality of tone to

poets in fine frenzy, have put the royal crown on the lion's head. Charles Reade in "Jack of all Trades"—is it read today? If not, it is undeservedly forgotten—Reade pictures perhaps a treacherous and malignant he is, then, the king of beasts.

time in comparison is "a flight of doves" why should there be "a watch of nightingales"? Why, a flock of sheep but a tribe of goats? "A breediness of apes" is not so bad; the same can be said of "a labor of moles." "A pride of lions" seems fitting to those who maintain that the lion is the king of beasts.

An Englishman recently reviewing "Simba" found fault with a caption thus characterizing the lion; he insisted that the elephant is the king of beasts; the lion, the king of cats. Victor Hugo tells us that the wise men of India when they sat down to write their sacred books consulted the elephant; he is, indeed, a sagacious animal. Writers of fables in all lands,

Jan 20 1929

ing it to whalers. "Pod" was also applied to other animals and to birds. The great and "odlike" Daniel Webster wrote to a friend in the early thirties: "We saw several small pods of coots go by."

"Pod" and "gam" are among the nouns of multitude: some of them curious; some inviting discussion concerning their origin in the 15th century; some are poetic, as "a murmuration of starlings" and "an exaltation of larks." How



Some one told Maurice Ravel that the theatres in London had music during the waits. "I don't approve of it, especially because this music is generally detestable."

"In that case," said Ravel, "it's better to endure it during the waits than between the waits, as in certain opera houses in Paris."

The management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra had nothing to do with the engagement of Cobina Wright for the Honegger concert. She was imposed on Mr. Honegger by some New York manager. The poor composer suffered in consequence, as did Ravel when he conducted his concert last season. Mme. Wright can now advertise that she has been a "soloist" with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

"The Trial of Mary Dugan," a melodrama by Bayard Veiller, has been a long time in coming here, but it will be seen at the Wilbur Theatre tomorrow night. The play was produced at Mamaroneck on Sept. 2, 1927, with Ann Harding and Rex Cherryman as the chief players. It arrived at the National Theatre, New York, on Sept. 19, 1927. The audience when it entered the playhouse found the curtain up for the courtroom scene; the stage was empty. It has not been found practical to do this at the Wilbur. It was thought at first to give the title, "The People vs. Mary Dugan," to the play.

Mr. Montague has written to The Herald explaining why Ann Harding does not take the part of the heroine in Boston. "She became a mother in August and returned to the cast in September. Apparently this was too soon. She broke down in Pittsburgh and upon her return to New York her doctor ordered her to California for a complete rest. Genevieve Tobin, who did the same role in the London company, will come with the New York cast which—with the exception of Rex Cherryman, who died while on a vacation—remains practically intact, and includes Arthur Hohl, Cyril Keightley, Robert Cummings, Jack Sharkey, John Ravold, Robert Williams, Merle Madder, Leona Maricle, etc."

"The Trial of Mary Dugan" was produced in London at the Queen's Theatre on March 6, 1928. The part of Jimmy was then acted by Morgan Farley. The Times said of Miss Tobin "though she sustained one tremulous note almost throughout her emotion," she "certainly communicated emotion to the greater part of the house." Mr. Agate said that the play was "well acted by an extremely capable American company."

Mr. Veiller has a definite policy in writing plays. He himself has said it: "Many playwrights write for posterity, or for that vague dream of something or other, which they call art. It is a noble motive, but the trouble with it in writing for the theatre, is that one is liable to get out of focus with the time and the public while serving it. I think my soul is as virgin of art as a man's soul can be who earns his living by some form of creative or quasi-creative writing. I do not say this in praise of myself nor do I recommend it to those who want a more intense form of happiness. But I do believe that he who aims at a thing is more likely to hit it than he who shoots an arrow into the air. I aim at the box-office."

"The box-office is a definite target, nor is it so gross and unworthy a goal as some people like to believe. It is true that he who hits it makes money, but he who makes money is a better and happier man than he who doesn't, and certainly a better and more typical American. He is not so likely to rob a bank or vote twice or oppress his family. In making money, the playwright gets himself an audience, and gives that audience something in return for its money; something well worth the price. The theatre is nothing without an audience; it is the playwright's collaborator and completion. And the pleasure the audience derives from a play that suits its tastes is a better therapeutic agent than green vegetables or Pepsi for the danger-line. In thus aiming for the box-office, I obviously aim at an audience. Aiming at an audience, I aim at its needs and desires in the theatre. I do not try to give it what might please it in the library or what is good for its soul. I try to give it what would interest and amuse it while looking and listening to actors on the stage. I, therefore of course, think of myself as part of that audience, sharing its collective mood and intelligence and its collective motive in hiding from the Furies in a theatre seat."

We have not been able to learn whether Mary Dugan is related to Little Johnny Dugan, who, as Andrew Mack sang, had an unfortunate experience at Slatery's party:

"Dan McCarthy took a stick and made a smash at Dugan;

"What, little Johnny Dugan?"

Yes! He swears he'll have his life.

"What did Dugan do to him?"

He says he was untrue to him!

"Did Dugan owe him money?"

No. He stole McCarthy's wife."

And what a fine moral!

"Of course you know it wasn't right to do what Dugan done;  
To rob McCarthy's home and be a burden to his life.  
There must be compensation when the Judgment day does come!  
If I was Johnny Dugan, I'd get him another wife."

"The Command to Love" opened at Stamford, Ct., on Sept. 2, 1927. It went to Philadelphia, and was first seen in New York at the Longacre Theatre on Sept. 20 of that year. The comedy is adapted by Herman Bernstein and Brian Marlow from the German of Rudolph Lothar and Fritz Gottwald. Gaston is a handsome attache at Madrid. He is not dazzled by the eyes or moved by the advances of Spanish women. This excites amazement. A Spanish war minister has blocked a desired treaty. Gaston is commanded to persuade the minister's wife that it would be well for Spain and France to form a closer alliance. Gaston is unwilling to do this, for the wife of the ambassador holds certain letters written by him. He is a diplomat. He succeeds, then punishes himself by taking a post in Peru.

Molnar is known in Boston by several plays. Lothar, born in Budapest, is now a few years past 60. He was a journalist in Vienna before he won fame as a dramatist. His first play, "King Harlequin," satirized royalty. At first censored, it was finally allowed in Vienna even before the republic. This satire has been produced in many European countries and in South America. In "The Command to Love," which will be seen at the Plymouth tomorrow night, Lothar satirizes international diplomacy. The action is in the French embassy at the Madrid of today. "Lothar's satirical intent did not escape the English censor, who considered diplomacy too sacred a subject for the United States, however, proved more tolerant and 'The Com-

mand of Love' received its first production on any stage in this country. It has since been presented on the continent under the title 'By Order of the Republic.'"

The play, with a brilliant cast, ran in New York from Sept. 19, 1927, into April, 1928. It was in Chicago for three months. The players at the Plymouth will be Mary Nash, Violet Kemble Cooper, Henry Stephenson, Ferdinand Gottschalk and Melvyn Douglass, "the last named replacing Basil Rathbone in the otherwise original New York cast" P. H.

## "THE OCTOROON"

### A Revival at the Repertory Theatre of Boucicault's Once Famous Play

Mr. Jewett will revive tomorrow night at the Repertory Theatre a play that was popular for many years: "The Octoroon," by Dion Boucicault. It was produced in New York at the Winter Garden Theatre on Dec. 9, 1859. This theatre, first known as Tripler Hall, was built for the visit of Jenny Lind, but it was not completed in time for her concerts. It was then (1850) thought to be one of the largest music halls in the world. Jenny Lind sang there in 1852; her last concert but one in this country. In 1851 John La Farge bought the hall. The name was changed to Metropolitan Hall. It was burned in 1854. Rebuilt, it was known as the New York Theatre and Metropolitan Opera House; then the Great Metropolitan Theatre. Rachel played there in 1855. Famous actors and actresses followed her. Boucicault in 1859 made extensive alterations. The name was changed to the Winter Garden Theatre, and it was so known until it was burned in March, 1867, when Edwin Booth was giving a series of "farewell" performances.

T. Allston Brown says the first performance of "The Octoroon" was on Jan. 1, 1860. Townsend Walsh in his "The Career of Dion Boucicault," says Dec. 9, 1859, and as Col. Brown had a talent for inaccuracy, we have followed Mr. Walsh, whose life of Boucicault was published by the Dunlap Society. There were celebrated players in the cast: Agnes Robertson, Zoe; Joseph Jefferson, Salem Scudder; George Holland, Sunnyside; A. H. Davenport, George Peyton; J. H. Stoddart, Lafouche; Dion Boucicault, Wah-no-tee; George Jamieson, Pete; Ione Burke, Paul; Mrs. J. H. Allen, Dora Sunnyside; Mrs. W. R. Blake, Mrs. Peyton.

"The Octoroon" was produced when the bitter feeling between the Abolitionists and the Slaveholders was intense. It was thought that the play would be obnoxious to southerners, but Jefferson says in his "Autobiography" that both southerners and northerners left the Winter Garden convinced that Boucicault sympathized with their respective causes.

To quote Jefferson: "When Zoe, the loving octoroon, is offered to the highest bidder, and a warm-hearted southern girl offers all her fortune to buy Zoe and release her from the threatened bondage awaiting her, the audience cheered for the South; but when again the action revealed that she could be bartered for and was bought and sold, they cheered for the North as plainly as though they had said—Down with slavery! This reveals at once how the power of dramatic action overwhelms the comparative impotency of the dialogue."

It should be remembered that John Brown had been hanged only a few days before the play was produced.

Mr. Walsh thinks the most novel incident in the play is the murder of little Paul and the accidental photographing of this event. He points out that this idea was used by Albany Fonblanque in his novel, "The Filibuster," published in London in 1859: See the chapter "The Sun Picture." Mr. Walsh gives Boucicault due credit for his character Pete, the "ole nigger" of a good southern family. "He is far more genuine and human than Uncle Tom or any other negro in fiction that preceded him." This part was played originally by George Washington Jamieson so effectively that Boucicault took him to London for the production of "The Octoroon" at the Adelphi Theatre on Nov. 16, 1861, when the play was a great success with the public, though the critics were cold. There was a revival at the Princess's, London, in February, 1868. Jamieson, born in New York, in 1810, was at first a cutter of gems; later in Washington, D. C., he made cameo portraits of Henry Clay and others; but from being an amateur actor, he went on the stage as a professional at New York in 1835 in his own farce, "The Chameleon," taking five different characters. He played in England; his Iago and Othello were noteworthy; he was successful in character and in melodramatic roles; his later years were embittered, for he was named as a co-respondent in Forrest's suit for divorce against his wife, William Winter, who analyzed at length Jamieson's unusual character in "The Wallet of Time," says that Jamieson spoke to him of the trial and declared himself innocent. "I believe him to have spoken the truth." Jamieson was killed on Oct. 3, 1868, by an express train when he was walking on a railroad track near Yonkers, his home.

The part of Wah-no-tee was played—a pantomime part—by Boucicault, with a wealth of detail. Mr. Walsh says it has been played by pantomimists in this country; by Maffitt, Tony Denier, and Fred Stone.

The story, passing in Louisiana, is "set forth with all the pomp and circumstance of veranda-shaded houses; slave sales; kindly, prosperous southern planters; rascally northern overseers plotting incredible villainy; gallant Creole gentlemen loving justice and mercy; leather-legged Indians; explosive high-pressure steamboats and lurid cotton conflagrations."

The adventure of Artemus Ward told by him in "The Octoroon" is in no way connected with Boucicault's play, though it may have been suggested to him. The octoroon pointed out to him by the swindler in the train had purchased her freedom and wished to purchase the freedom of her poor old mother who was "between 87 years of age & had to do all the cooking & washin for 25 hired men, which it was rapidly breakin down her constitution."

When the swindler in black clothes asked Artemus what his principles were, he replied: "I hain't got enny. Ime in the show bizness." P. H.

achieve graceful rhythm. Nevertheless, her recital was an enjoyable one and she is a singer with great possibilities. It is hoped that she will in time learn to sing more freely; when she does, her interpretation will be greatly improved. Mr. Lamson gave Miss Chagnon excellent support and much credit is due him for his intelligent accompaniment.

#### ERNEST SCHELLING

Mr. Ernest Schelling, assisted by members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave the second of his series of children's concerts at Jordan hall yesterday morning.

The program was com-

music



by French composers. Lully, Gounod, Bizet, Saint-Saens, Debussy and Ravel. As usual Mr. Scnelling's descriptive talks and pictures were interesting, and led to a better understanding of the composers whose music was played, but the selections might have been better chosen, inasmuch as the audience did not respond as wholeheartedly as it might have. It is true that most French music is not as familiar to people as German music. Bizet is well known, but "Carmen" is heard more than any of his music, and yet Mr. Scnelling chose Mcnuet and Farandol from "L'Arlesienne." Surely it would be wise to play at these concerts only music that is well known, or in any event introduce only one or two selections that are out of the beaten path.

It might be well if Mr. Scnelling gave more attention to the orchestra; yesterday morning they surely did not play with their usual vitality, and toward the end of the program it grew monotonous. Nevertheless, these concerts are interesting and well worth attending.

O. A.

## MR. GIESEKING

By PHILIP HALE

Walter Gieseeking played the piano in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. His program was as follows: Bach, Partita, No. 2, C minor. Scarlatti, Three Sonatas, Nos. 241, 291, 286 (Ricordi). Schubert, Sonata B flat major. Brahms, Two Intermezzi op. 618. No. 6; op. 119, No. 3. Chopin, Ballade, A flat major. Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Cipressi. Debussy, Hommage a Rameau, Reflets dans l'eau. Ravel, Ondine.

Mr. Gieseeking is a musician and pianist of the finest taste, so when he chooses one of Bach's compositions he turns away from transcriptions of organ preludes, fugues, chorales, abominable monstrosities whether they are signed by Liszt, Tausig or Busoni. It is not necessary to argue whether the Partitas represent "Bach's ideal of German suites as distinguished from the suites of other nations." He was acquainted with the charming pieces of the great Couperin, and was not too self-sufficient to disregard them. To say that he adopted the title "Partien" or "Partitas" because he wished to identify these suites as distinctively German is nonsense. With the possible exception of the second and the fourth they are planned on a pleasingly light scale, nor is it likely that the different movements were conceived for one suite. The first movement of the one in C minor is the most elaborate; the other movements have a lighter character. A feature of this Partita is the bringing in at the end a Rondeau and a Caprice. Their position strengthens the belief that the various movements of these Partitas, composed at different times, were put together almost at random.

Schubert's sonatas are seldom performed. The Swiss philosopher, Carl Spitteler, thought there is an unjust prejudice against them; for some honor Schubert only as a composer of songs and two symphonies. Though they like his smaller piano pieces they say, as has too often been said of Chopin, he is not at home in the sonata form. He is accused of taking too many and too great liberties with it. Spitteler's article is not only a defence and a criticism; it is at time rhapsodic—in his valuation of the dissonances, pompous octaves, modulations and coloring, revealing "magical arts and twilight effects." Of a movement in the A major (posthumous) sonata, he exclaims: "In its inmost being a nerve thrills with melancholy—sweet adumbrations of the cosmos." Fine words, but do they butter Schubert's parsnip?

This sonata might easily become bore-some, played by other pianists, even if they were of high reputation. There would be the temptation to "make something out of it," to give importance to what is musically unimportant, measures which Mr. Gieseeking made significant by sheer beauty of sound; to emphasize unduly the unexpected modulations instead of coloring them with demi-tints and preserving a continuity of the musical fluid so that they seemed inevitable. The sonata as played by Mr. Gieseeking was not diffuse nor did the repetitions of themes and episodes seem superfluous, frittering away the effect of the whole.

Specialists in Bach have visited us of late—pianists who can play every note Bach wrote for the predecessors of the piano. The report of their having given nothing but Bach recitals preceded their arrival. When they played they excited wonder, love and praise in the breasts of the faithful few; but to calm and collected hearers their idea of Bach was to play his music very fast and without dynamic variety. Mr. Gieseeking is not a "specialist"—Allah be praised!—but to him Bach's music has color and even in the suites, when one movement might easily be taken for another he finds varieties of expression. But his technical ability, his musical

sensitiveness, his aesthetic nature and his artistic self-restraint far removed from austerity are known to the Boston public. It is enough to say that Mr. Gieseeking played and again delighted his enthusiastic hearers.

## BOSTON FLUTE PLAYERS' CLUB

The flute players' club gave a concert yesterday afternoon at the Art Club. George Laurent, the musical director, had these artists on hand to carry out his program:

Emanuel Zetlin, Gaston Elcus, violin; Jean Lefranc, viola; Alfred Zighera,

cello; George Laurent, flute; Heinrich Gebhard, piano; Fernand Gillet, oboe; Gaston Hamelin, Paul Mimart, clarinet; Abdou Laus, bassoon; George Botcher, French horn.

Mr. Laurent went a step farther than those directors went who used to offer "all American" programs; an "all Bostonian" program, no less, he furnished yesterday the boast, if not absolutely accurate, still will stand. If the scheme suggests to the world abroad a little something provincial, let us in Boston bear the reproach bravely; composers we have at call, in any event, for whose presence and activity we ought to feel grateful. Too much new music at a single sitting there, perhaps, may be ground for complaint.

John Beach led off with a "concert" for violin, viola, cello, flute, oboe and clarinet. Had he chosen to lend his public a helping hand, he might have called the "concert" a pastoral. The first movement, calm and slow, established at once a mood, as of that pleasant monotony, not really monotonous, which prevails in the early hours of a hot summer afternoon. A simple motive, repeated in a wide variety of lovely tonal color, achieves the charming effect. Contrast comes from an episode more energetic, the beauty and significance of which seem not easy to grasp at once.

Through a deft suggestion of the "cornemuse," a quicker movement of agreeable melody, maintains the pastoral character. And so does the third, mighty sprightly.

This is music of achievement. Though artful indeed, it sounds artless. The writing for instruments not commonly combined, though of necessity, experimental, escapes sounding so; its results, in regard to sonority, proves unusually satisfying. It would be well to hear this pleasant "concert" again.

Also Otto G. T. Straub's sonata, in A, for violin and piano. In the setting of the stage for this new work, the piano got moved and lost its hind leg, and down the instrument plunged to the floor. Though the unruly member was presently restored, the startling accident did not tend toward the composer one could wish in hearing a new sonata. The andante movement sounded, at first hearing, the most spontaneous, although the scherzo, with its lovely oddities at the end, pleased the audience greatly. Mr. Gebhard and Mr. Zetlin played the sonata delightfully.

So Mr. Gebhard played the two new piano pieces he played at his recent recital. And then came four pieces by Edward Burlingame Hill, for flute, oboe, two clarinets, bassoon and horn. In the highest spirits, he began with a prelude, rough-sounding to the point of rudeness, as though Handel had written it for the crude oboes that obtained in his day, an admirable prelude to the elegant grace of the minuet—like piece that followed. There was grace again to come, with humor combined—the humor one finds in neat, dexterous verse, like Calverley's or Locker-Lampson's—in the course of the charming scherzino. The fourth piece, an elegy, struck a deeper note.

But it was the tenth brand-new piece, or movement, to be heard at a single sitting. An ordinary memory cannot grasp them all, and the latest—heard it is that suffers. The elegy, in any case, sounded as well as the three other pieces, extremely well, that is to say. How adroit composers of today have grown in dealing with wind instruments!

Cannot this program be heard again, though preferably not at a single sitting? R. R. G.

## PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The People's Symphony orchestra, with Mr. Theophil Wendt as conductor, played their 13th concert this season yesterday afternoon at the Hotel Statler ball room. Miss Ann Mathea, soprano, was the assisting artist.

When Mr. Wendt succeeds in getting the orchestra to play everything as well as they played the second movement of Mendelssohn's Fourth Symphony in A, he will have an orchestra well worth listening to. The tonality was rich and even, the shadings had poetry of rhythm and sound—in other words the music was interpreted with true musical appreciation. As much might be said about the rest of the program, their playing showed more real sense of music than

it has ever shown this season. Of course there were rough spots, especially when the tempo was fast; the violins did not always achieve it with smoothness, but it did not mar the rhythm, which was remarkable for its precision.

Miss Mathea's singing was commendable. Chautau's "Le Temps des Lilacs" showed the good qualities of her voice and was not too demanding. It would be well if more singers were as wise as she in realizing their capabilities. However, her voice is at present a little too light to carry beyond a symphony orchestra.

Altogether, the concert was really enjoyable. Mr. Wendt is surely a capable conductor and an intelligent musician.

O. A.

## MODERN AND BEACON THEATRES

### "In Old Arizona"

A screen drama, based on O. Henry's "The Caballero's Way," with story and dialogue by Tom Barry; photographed by Arthur Edson; directed by Raoul Walsh and Irving Cummings; and produced by William Fox as the first all-talking Fox Movietone feature picture with the following cast:

The Cisco Kid	Warner Baxter
Tonia Maria	Dorothy Burgess
Sgt. Mickey Dunn	Edmund Lowe
Tad	Farrell MacDonald
Cook	Solidad Jimenez
Piano Player	Fred Warren
Barber	Henry Armetta
Commandant	Roy Stewart
Sheriff	Alphonse Ethier
Bartender	Joe Brown

The latest and, in a manner, the most sensational and significant advancement in talking motion pictures has been placed on record by William Fox, pioneer trail-blazer of filmland. His Fox Movietone News, which meant voices, band music, anything audible in connection with a screen item of news, indicated the tremendous forward step which scientific research and application has made possible. Now comes the first outdoors all-talking picture, with the Fox trademark, a wonder in its own right. We are told that "In Old Arizona" was actually filmed in Zion National Park and Bryce canon, Utah, on the Mohave desert, and at an old mission of San Fernando in California. It doesn't matter seriously where the scenes were shot. What is important is the fact that if this picture was made with a score or more of microphones feeding into as many receiving or recording boxes placed about the location, there seems no cause to doubt that, given microphones enough, Mr. Fox could give us a talking picture of illimitable dimensions, of unplumbed depths.

"In Old Arizona" is a bona fide out-of-doors production. The hold-up of the stage coach, the panoramic shots of riders galloping along open spaces or up the side of a canon, the round-up of cattle, the gun battle between the "Cisco Kid" and three bushwhackers, these and many other scenes are painted wide and large, and withal, they are accompanied by sound that is speech, cracking of guns, protesting cries from the driven cattle. A cute little pig, caught in a fence, squeals, and if you shut your eyes you would know it was a pig. You hear a smithy's hammer tapping as he shoes a cowboy's horse. You hear the tolling of distant mission bells. It is all gloriously out-of-doors. It is nature itself, given voice.

The story is of a Robin Hood of the desert, a lone bandit, handsome, daring, intelligent; a poet, philosopher and fatalist. "Today and tomorrow," what more can we know or plan for? He robs the rich, reimburses the poor man who suffers by his depredations. He showers gifts of gold and jewelry and laces on Tonia Maria, a sinuous spitfire whose boast is that she can get any man she wants. The "Cisco Kid" loves her until he learns that she is utterly false and shameless, that she is planning to sell him for the reward of \$5000 which is on his head. Moreover, she is flirting with Sgt. Casey, the very man who has been assigned to bring in the Kid, dead or alive. The "Cisco Kid" turns the tables on both very neatly, but life suddenly has become distasteful. He rides out into the desert dusk, with drooping shoulders and heavy heart. To what end he comes we do not know.

That is mere outline. A wealth of picturesque detail embroiders the tale. There are a hundred, not ten, distinct characterizations. The dialogue is that of a well-knit stage play, always interesting, often brilliant. As the "Cisco

Kid" Mr. Baxter steals the picture. That is fore-ordained. His is a role reminding of that in "The Bad Man," so delightfully played by the late Holbrook Blinn. He has the carriage, the ease and grace, the vibrant voice essential to the part. He is absolutely perfect. Miss Burgess, hitherto stranger to the screen, gives a remarkably effective performance as the seductive Tonia, and Mr. Lowe, with his Bowery accent and his unblushing blarney, is excellent as the top sergeant. He is out of character only at the climax of the picture, and this because Mr. Barry's story exacts it. Known like the "Cisco Kid" as a dead shot, he chooses to stalk his prey and to shoot from ambush, like an assassin.

### "Riley, the Cop"

A screen comedy, by James Gruen and Fred Stanley; photographed by Charles Clarke; directed by John Ford and presented by William Fox with the following cast:

James Riley	Farrell MacDonald
Lena Krausmeyer	Louise Fazenda
Mr. Coronelli	Edna Best
Joe Smith	Rollins
Hans	Multz

Caroline	Mildred Boyd
Julius Kuchendorf	Ferdinand Schumann Heink
Judge Coronelli	Del Henderson
Mr. Kuchendorf	Russell Powell
Sergeant	Tom Wilson
Unlucky Cabman	Otto H. Fries
Paul Cabman	Billy Bevan
Crook	Mike Donlin

Farrell MacDonald, who sometimes prefixes the initial J. to his name, is very much in the limelight on local screens this week. In "In Old Arizona" he gives a glimpse of an Irish immigrant to the southwest, airing his views on law and order comically with a Russian, likewise a new-comer. In "Able's Irish Rose" he is Patrick Murphy, belligerent parent of Rosemary, Irish to the backbone. Now, in "Riley, the Cop," he is a featured player, Irish again, of course, with antipathies this time directed not against a Levy but a Krausmeyer.

Riley is the cop painted by all burlesquers—feet big and flat, cranium undeveloped, fondness for kitchen flirtations and the accruing provender sharpened by experience. In this case he also is extremely good-natured. He has not made an arrest in 20 years. He pacifies quarrelsome citizens by a disarming smile or jest or bit of Celtic philosophy. He plays baseball with the boys in a vacant lot, he reunites discordant lovers. Only one thing makes him see red, and that is the blue uniform of a fellow patrolman, Hans Krausmeyer. The city isn't big enough to hold these two.

When Master David Rollins—one cannot refrain from so referring to this dimple-cheeked juvenile who is so conscious of said dimple—decides to follow his girl, Mary Coronelli, to Europe, after a tiff, a hated rival, Julius Kuchendorf, tries to pin a bakery robbery on Joe, otherwise our David. So Riley is assigned to catch Joe. His subsequent adventures abroad, in Munich and Paris, his lapses from sobriety after many years, his love affair with Lena Krausmeyer, who turns out to be Hans's sister, the return home, with young Joe as escort and guardian and a chastened Riley as virtual prisoner, the capture of the real thief, double betrothals, and much other tomfoolery without any particular relevancy or reason, make the picture. Though it lacks plot or characterization of any moment, "Riley, the Cop" has its comic spots and is good for frequent laughs. Obviously it is just one of those things thrown together to keep the players busy while bigger things are being planned.

W. E. G.

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Command to Love," a comedy in three acts adapted by Herman Bernstein and Brian Marlow from the German of Rudolph Lothar and Fritz Gottwald. Produced at Stamford, Ct., on Sept. 2, 1927, Longacre Theatre, New York, on Sept. 20, 1927. Gaston, Basil Rathbone; the French ambassador, Henry Stephenson; his wife, Violet Kemble Cooper; Manuela, Mary Nash; her husband, the Spanish war minister, Ferdinand Gottschalk; French foreign minister, David Glassford; Don Tomas, Percy Hemus; Emile Ardillot, A. K. Cooper; the court physician, Thomas Loudon. Produced by William M. Brady, Jr., Dwight Deere Wiman in association with John Tuerk.

The cast last night was as follows:

A Lackey	Walter Coligan
Gaston, Marquis Du Saint-Lac, military attaché	Melvin Douglas
Emile Ardillot	Anthony Kemble Cooper
Don Tomas Martinez	Herbert Ashton
Don Pedro Munaterra	Thomas Loudon
French Ambassador to Spain	Henry Stephenson
Marie-Anne, his wife	Violet Kemble Cooper
Manuela, wife of Spanish war minister	Mary Nash
Spanish War Minister	Ferdinand Gottschalk
French Foreign Minister	T. Wigney Percival

This play has the elements of a Palais Royal farce, but it is written with the delicacy and malice of a French master of comedy. The satire on diplomatic intrigues is keen; the manner in which the Franco-Spanish treaty is secured is not improbable, for even diplomats are human and women in love are diplomatic, although patriotism may not inspire them to entertain tender relations. Let it here be understood that the word "love" in this comedy is what the long line of Parisian playwrights have meant by "amour."

Gaston has an affair with the French ambassador's wife. Her jealousy is so great that he is cold to Spanish beauties. He is accused of English phlegm. His manhood is called in question. The ambassador wishes a treaty between France and Spain. The obstacle is the Spanish minister of war. His wife is beautiful. She has had lovers and by her influence they have gained honors and position. Knowing her character, the French ambassador, who has been disappointed in Gaston because in Madrid he has not lived up to the reputation of a gallant Frenchman although in Paris he was renowned for his amorous exploits, tells him it is his duty to gain the minister of war's consent to the treaty by paying court to his wife. This consent must be gained at once. The amorous attack must be vigorous; it must be crowned



cess.

Gaston hesitates, demurs, for Marie-Anne possesses flaming letters written by him. Should he be unfaithful to her by a gesture, a look, her husband ambassador would receive them and Gaston's career would be ruined.

In the second act in which Manuela visits Gaston's room the dialogue, the stage business, the interruptions that disconcert the two, the two doors, the donning of pyjamas, the unsuspicious minister of war, urging Gaston to secure for his wife Manuela the Order of Virtue—it had never been awarded to a Spanish woman—the lies to allay suspicions—all this is distinctly Palais Royal—but it is acted with such delicacy, even when a situation promises to be like an incident in a graceless Restoration comedy, that there is no thought of grossness, no thought of morality, immorality or unmorality.

The treaty is signed, Gaston by magnificent lies secures the letters, then, a true diplomat, leaving the two women, he asks for an appointment in Peru.

The comedy is most amusing; the performance is wholly admirable. Perhaps Mr. Douglas, reported an irresistible rake in Paris, hardly looks the part, but he plays intelligently, with gusto, and, in action, with the grace and intrepidity of an 18th century squire of dames. The fattest lines are given to Mr. Stephenson, whose portrayal of the zealous ambassador, rejoicing in Gaston's prowess, as he sorrowfully remembers his own past experiences, has the finest qualities. Miss Cooper and Miss Nash deserve more attention than can now be awarded them. This may also be said of Mr. Gottschalk and the other gentlemen.

The theatre was filled with a warmly appreciative, highly amused audience. In the first wait Miss Nash asked bagpipers in attendance on the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick to come on the stage and pipe.

#### SHUBERT THEATRE

##### George White's "Scandals"

George White's "Scandals," ninth edition; in two acts and 26 scenes; book by William K. Wells and George White; musical numbers by R. G. DesSylva, Lew Brown and Ray Henderson; staged by Mr. White, and presented last evening for the first time in Boston, with the following principals and units: Ann Pennington, Harry Richman, Willie and Eugene Howard, Tom Patricola, Frances Williams, Rose Perfect, Florence Robinson, Bernice and Emily, Russell Markert, Danvers, Arthur Page, Bella Osborne, Elm City Four, Lois Eckhart, June McElroy, Mabel Hill, Dolly Gilbert, Peggy Moseley, Sue Elliott, Georgia Lerch and LaVeta McCormack.

The ladies of the chorus started these latest "Scandals" pertly, with queries in unison as to the comparative merits of this ninth edition and those which have preceded it. Assuming that the audience might agree that it is not as good as last year's, they asked pointedly, "Are you as good as last year?" Thereby putting said audience on the defensive, and likewise in good humor. So it was a vociferous welcome which a moment later was roared at the brothers Howard, Eugene of the operatic tenor and Willie of the pungent phase. They banded the jokes they used in 1904 or thereabouts, and confessed it. They sang as lustily as in days of old, when the Winter Garden shows were the vogue. In turn, after, came Harry Richman, as master of ceremonies, balladist, active player in more than one roughly devised and enacted skit; Tom Patricola, with his strongly accented goryatory dances; Ann Pennington, with her dazzling smile, nimble toes, her responsive hip muscles; Frances Williams, delightful to behold, comic, versatile, doing many things cleverly; Rose Perfect, with her extraordinary high notes, and her willingness to reach for them; the sisters Bernice and Emily, in a semi-acrobatic duo dance which was marvellous in its precise timing. Its grace and its finish of execution. There were others, like Arthur Page, inclined to slipper and to revel in racy lines; Jim Carly, as a sort of heavy comic character; and the Markert Danvers, without whom no revue of the current season seems complete.

Mr. White has draped his stage pictures with more than his customary eye to soft and pleasing color effects. His curtains and backdrops are less bizarre, his hangings richer. Moreover, as if bound to win credit for modesty in some department of his revue, he has placed about the lissome bodies of his beautiful choristers garments more than sufficient to cover the law. It cannot be denied, however, that this initial performance presented a number of what might be termed "first-night-only" lines and contortions, such as Mr. Page's tag to the Chicago skit, or Miss Pennington's generous demonstration of her suppleness. The "Chicago" skit, incidentally, was funnier than the one written by Mr. McEvoy in his twice deceased "Americana." This also might be said of another skit on "Strange Interlude." Mr. McEvoy had his burlesquers on their skates. Mr. White sets his in

rough and tumble encounters, to give expression to their thoughts. These two satires, with the Messrs. Richman, Howard and Page in "Bums," the same Howards and Miss Williams in "The Ambulance Chaser," and again the Howards, Mr. Page and Mr. Patricola in "Fathers of the World," in which each sings a comic lullaby to a rag baby, are breeders of laughter richly deserved. The two chief dancing spectacles, "Pickin' Cotton" in the first act, and the origin of the tap dance in the second, were well done. The latter had for setting stairs running the width and nearly the depth of the stage to meet a huge fan of green and yellow and purple against black curtain. A well devised vocal tribute to the late Victor Herbert is one of the more distinctive features.

W. E. G.

#### WILBUR THEATRE

##### "The Trial of Mary Dugan"

Melodrama in three acts by Bayard Vellier. Staged by A. H. Van Buren. Presented by A. H. Woods. The cast:

Dist. Atty. Galway	Arthur Hohl
Judge Nash	John Ravold
Clerk	Archibald Sayer
Pauline Arguerro	Rosa Peters
Interpreter	Jasper Mangione
Dr. Welcome	Dean Raymond
Stenographer	Paul Burani
Edward West	Orin Keighly
James Madison	Robert Cummings
Police Inspector Hunt	John Williams
Police Captain Price	John Sharkey
Dagmar Lorne	Leona Maricle
Mary Dugan	Genevieve Tobin
May Harris	Georgia Decker
Jimmy Arthur	Robert Williams
Perne Arthur	Nina Penn
Mrs. Edgar Rice	Merle Madden
Harry Jones	Neil Craig
Patrick Kearney	Wilton Lackaye, Jr.
Marie Ducrot	Michelette Burani
Henry Plaisted	Charles Edwards
Assistant district attorney	Robert Beggs

If we may judge from the crowds who bombard a courtroom door, most people both gentle and simple alike dote on a murder trial. Most people therefore can find content, this present week and onward, at the Wilbur Theatre, where, free of a press and snugly at ease, they can assist at the trial of Mary Dugan for the murder of her lover, let us say, the man, at all events, who set up her house and kept her in luxury till Mary, the district attorney would have it, stabbed him in the back.

Whether or not she did the stabbing—to reveal so much would be telling, indeed. With propriety, though, it may be told that every man and woman attending the three sittings of the court—the three acts, that is to say, of the play—sits bolt-upright and forward on the edge of his chair while the court ferrets out the truth. The play, in short, is a stirring melodrama of mystery. Although the third act lags in a spot or two, the play on the whole is skilfully constructed. Its form, furthermore, a trial and nothing else, is engaging in itself.

For we all dearly love realism, be it the pump of Mr. Crummins's day or the photographic detail of the present. Of the accuracy of last night's detail only experts can judge. To a non-expert, at least, it carried conviction. Local color, in truth, the stage manager must have swept up with a broom, to scatter it with liberal hand throughout the play. Less of it, perhaps, would have done as well, allowing the play to move on the faster. Our day in court, nevertheless, it gave us all, and so to entertainment we added experience.

Realism, to be sure, too often sank in the acting to caricature. Miss Tobin resisted the temptation. Movingly, in her one great scene, she portrayed a harried woman, though at other times she might have suggested more vividly than she did that the proceedings concerned her closely. Mr. Keightley, that excellent actor, also avoided exaggeration. So did the judge, not for an instant out of the picture, the doctor and Police Inspector Hunt. If Miss Maricle and the French lady did not, let their drollery be their excuse.

In a sympathetic if not very plausible role Mr. Williams did well, and Miss Madden had skill at command for what she had to do.

Here is a play, it may safely be said, for practically everybody to see—those who love thrilling drama, good acting or an experience.

R. E. G.

#### REPERTORY THEATRE

##### "The Octoroon"

Henry Jewett's revival of the famous comedy melodrama by Dion Boucault, first produced in New York in 1859 with many celebrated players taking part. The cast:

Pete	Thomas Shearer
George Peyton	Arthur Symon
Mrs. Peyton	Olga Burbeck
Salem Scudder	Milton Owen
Zoe	Edith Barrett
Dora Sunnyside	Ann Schreiber
Jacob McGlosky	Robert Noble
Paul	Marian Winkler
Wah-No-Te	Thayer Roberts

It is not difficult to imagine the bitter feeling which "The Octoroon" aroused between the abolitionists and the slaveholders when it was first produced. A melodrama is this, of the good old-fashioned sort. There are all the requisite characters: the brutal, heavily-moustachioed villain with long whip and evil designs; the beautiful and very much harassed heroine; the

romantic if somewhat inadequate hero, the gentle-faced lady whose plantation hangs in the balance, and the faithful old retainer ready to do and die for his "Missy."

Edith Barrett as Zoe, the exquisite octoroon, played her role with tremendous appeal. It is extremely difficult for most actresses to die in their lover's arms without getting overly-dramatic. Miss Barrett, however, managed to do this with such effective simplicity that the scene did not take on any of the bathos which similar scenes so frequently do.

Miss Barrett retained a delightful southern accent—not at all exaggerated—throughout the play. Miss Schreiber, who stepped in at the last moment to take the part of Dora Sunnyside because of Katharine Warren's illness, likewise was more successful in this aspect than were some of the other members of the cast. Mr. Shearer as Pete might have given a far more convincing portrayal as the loyal old slave had his dialect savored more of the South.

Mr. Noble was every inch the swaggering villain, while Mr. Owen as Salem Scudder, "diamond-in-the-rough," apparently gave pleasure with his colorful expressions. Mr. Roberts, wearing costumes designed by himself, did some interesting pantomime as Wah-No-Te, the stony-eyed Indian who avenges the death of his beloved little companion.

In these days, rampant with mystery and sex plays, a revival of melodrama as done in days gone by provides a refreshing novelty.

O. S.

#### ST. JAMES THEATRE

##### "Paris Bound"

A comedy in three acts, by Philip Barry. Produced by Arthur Hopkins at the Music Box Theatre, New York, Dec. 27, 1927, performed for four weeks at the Plymouth Theatre, Boston, starting Sept. 24. The cast last evening:

Mary Hutton	Ivy Merton
Jim Hutton	Walter Gilbert
Nora Cope	Annie Tarshis
Helen White	Jessamine Newcombe
Fanny Shinn	Ellen Mahar
James Hutton	George R. Taylor
Richard Parrish	Thomas McKnight
Peter Cope	Don Beddoe
Noel Farley	Adrienne Earle
Julie	Elizabeth Leavis

This play about marriage starts at the wedding breakfast of a bride and groom who are young, attractive and well off. Their excellent chance of happiness is commented on by the young man's parents, Mr. Hutton and Mrs. White, who having been divorced meet again after many years. As their prospects had been equally bright, it leads to a discussion of why they failed. He claimed the fault was hers for making his temporary unfaithfulness a reason for disturbing the permanent institution of marriage. An intimation that their son Jim will share the temptations his father succumbed to is shown by his brief talk with one of the bridesmaids, to whom he was once devoted. She continues to be fascinated by him, and warns him that he cares for her as well.

Five years later the married couple are leading an enviable existence. They have two children, and a charming house. Mary, who has developed her talent for music, plans to help a young

musician write his ballet while Jim is abroad on a short business trip. Into this impregnable domestic fortress step a friend who proves quite inadvertent that Jim has succumbed to the wiles of Noel Farley, the girl who had sworn to always wait for him. Mary lets Jim sail without a word, but in spite of a his father's arguments decides to divorce him on his return. Meanwhile the musician makes love to her and she returns his kisses, without really caring for him. She then realizes how temperamental all human beings can be and how unaccountable for their actions. When her husband comes home she forgives him without letting him know that she has anything to forgive.

The moral is that nothing outside really matters—marriage is the thing. It is written rather from a man's point of view, although the idea that annoying trifles are a more reasonable cause for divorce than infidelity is held by many of both sexes.

The dialogue is brisk and in places almost too colloquial, when it becomes difficult to listen to. The large audience were as usual extremely enthusiastic, particularly during the sentimental scenes.

Miss Merton and Mr. Gilbert played the young couple with sympathy and spontaneity. Mr. Taylor as the experienced man of the world and father, expounded what philosophy there was in the play. He did it well, but was a little hard to hear at times. Miss Earle as the neurotic and reckless Noel, very much underplayed her part, neither did Thomas McKnight quite satisfy the conception of a romantic, imaginative composer. Don Beddoe, who acted Peter the man about town, has a pleasant smile and a nice manner.

Mr. Gilbert is widely popular. The first thing the taxi-driver said to the reviewer after "Where to?" was "Isn't Walter Gilbert Great?"

J. D.

#### KEITH-ALBEE-THATRE

##### "The Circus Kid"

A screen drama written by James Ashmore Creelman, directed by George S. Izard and presented by FBO with the following cast:

Buddy	Frankie Darro
"King" Kruger	Joe E. Brown
Trixie	Helen Costello
Poodles	Sam Hameford
Tad	Sam Nelson
Beezicks	Lionel Belmore
Skelly	Johnny Gough
His Runner	Sid Crossley

How they have maltreated poor Joe E. Brown out in distant Hollywood! They have seized upon one of the few genuinely grotesque comedians of the stage, fitted strange garments on him, and dragged him across studio platforms in characterizations so impossible of credence, so utterly alien to the man and his manners as to make him a figure woeful, pathetic, worthy of tears of compassion. In "Hit of the Show," Mr. Brown's plight was not wholly hopeless. He was a "hooper" out of luck, reaching his goal only to pass out in a tearful scene while an entire stage full of people stood about and stared. But when a director, supposedly in his normal senses, or some one higher than the director, tries to make a lion tamer out of Mr. Brown, it seems time to offer up fervent protest in his behalf against any further indignities.

"The Circus Kid" is a precocious youngster who runs away from an orphanage to join a circus troupe. All like him, but his strongest attachment is to "King" Kruger, one-time lion tamer broken through drink and consequent loss of nerve and reduced to an odd-job existence with the circus. Buddy, the boy, is smart enough at hand-springs, but apparently not up to par mentally, for he bungles several situations which the average small boy would have read rightly. There are two boot-leggers who try their best to regain Kruger as a paying patron. After Tad, Kruger's successor in the lion-taming business, has thrashed them twice, they loose Moloch, a killer, with the trained lions in Tad's act. Kruger, who has just discovered that Trixie, a ring performer, loves not him but Tad, takes one longing look at a bottle of gin, seizes an iron and rushes to the aid of his disabled brother professional. Moloch turns and claws him to death, and again we have the weeping through as witnesses to his passing.

It has a drenching rain storm, with thunder and lightning, and a great clamor of human voices expressive of panic and horror in the big scene. Much of the photography is clouded, perhaps in sly efforts to conceal such things as the stout rope attached to Moloch's neck as he springs from his cage. The acting was equal to the exactions of the story, simple indeed. No one talked, save in George LeMaire's amusing prologue about "Sure Shot" Dick of the side show.

#### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

##### "A Woman of Affairs"

A screen drama, by Michael Arlen, with continuity by Bess Meredith, directed by Clarence Brown, and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Diana	Greta Garbo
Neville	John Gilbert
Rueh	Lewis Stone
David	John Mack Brown
Geoffrey	Douglas Fairbank, Jr.
Sir Montague	Robert Bosworth
Constance	Dorothy Sebastian

Here, despite a few superficial changes in names and some very minor alterations in the plot, is our old friend "The Green Hat." Once more the gallant lady with a gentleman's honor, her spineless lover, and her dissipated brother go through their somewhat incredible motions with all the customary nobility and pseudo-romantic fervor proper to their parts. What if Iris March has

now become Diana Merrick and Gerald, now Geoffrey, no longer complains that the Marches are never let off anything? Napier or Neville, is still just as much of a cad as ever, his father interferes in his usual disastrously tactless manner. David, once Boy Fenwick, leaps to death in his mysterious and trouble-making manner, and Hugh, formerly Hilary, sympathizes with everyone in his pleasant and futile way. All the puppets are there and the usual crowd, breathless with anxiety to see their old favorites, John Gilbert and Greta Garbo, go through their fervid paces, throng the theatre and hang ecstatically on their every embrace.

The story is too well known to need any detailed retelling; briefly it is the history of two thwarted lovers, Neville and Diana, separated by family opposition and by a strange and tragic mystery. Neville, sent abroad by his father to prevent his marriage with Diana of undesirable family, comes back to find that Diana's young husband, David Furness, has committed suicide on his wedding night, and all that Diana will say is that he died, not for purity, but for decency. Neville naturally puzzled and horrified, is now more easily persuaded into a match with a gentle, attractive girl named Constance. On the eve of the marriage Diana returns to England, having established a rather lurid reputation for herself on the continent, and she and Neville thrown together by accident, find their love too

am was com



strong to be resisted. The man, suits ensue, Neville's marriage, illness, the journey to Paris of Neville, and the forgiving Constance, the projected elopement of Diana and Neville, cancelled at the last moment by Diana's generous lie that sends him back to Constance, and the dramatic suicide that puts an end to a situation grown too difficult to face.

Although John Gilbert is starred with Greta Garbo, he has nothing to do but walk around the sets in her wake. His part is impossible—that of a weak and selfish cad—all he does is to make life miserable for the two women who love him, just why it would be hard to determine. He is utterly wasted in anything so pointless and silly. It seems high time that he got himself a decent story. Greta Garbo, her fascinating and appealing self; dramatic and soulful, strangely touching for such an unlikely person as Diana, she adds to "A Woman of Affairs" its sole claim to distinction.

E. L. H.

### 3. F. KEITH MEMORIAL THEATRE

The headliner this week at the B. F. Keith Memorial Theatre is Henry Santrey, just returned from a world tour with his international orchestra. Assisting him are Harry Seymour and Mary Horan, who contribute a comedy skit and song. Santrey himself sings four solos, backed by a capable band of musicians. With the exception of Cadman's Indian love song, the orchestra program is devoted to a potpourri of popular tunes.

The audience gave a warm welcome to Julius Tannen, one of the really amusing nonologists of the current stage. He is of the few who are sufficiently witty to talk an apathetic audience into good humor, and without chewing gum or swinging a rope at that.

The four Ball Brothers have a good acrobatic turn, with casting as their specialty. The climax of their act is startling and the effect thrilling, as one of the brothers, his body swinging in a huge arc, is tossed around and over like a meatball.

Harry J. Conley, another headliner, appears in "Slick as Ever," by Willard

Wick, a playlet of comedy and action-costume song recital was presented. Nina Gordani, who sang with a delightful accent the Pickaninny Lullaby, touched the hearts of her listeners as she mimed the rocking of the cradle. "Stornelli," an Italian number, she sang vivaciously, dramatic. Mae Falls, John Reading and Teddy Boyce as outlandish and ingenuous as a trio can be found on the stage today, did a few dances, a few acrobatics and some excellent tumbling.

On the screen is Conrad Nagel, supported by June Collyer, in a comedy, "Red Wine," a Raymond Cannon production from the scenario by A. W. Bennisson and the shots by Daniel Clark. The photograph was unusually well treated, especially when Nagel as the erring husband dreams of his loves with the night club performers. And that's just what the picture is about. C. L.

### BEATRICE HARRISON

Last night at Jordan hall Beatrice Harrison, cellist, played a program which included the Brahms Sonata in minor, for cello and piano, the Kodaly Hungarian Sonata for cello and piano, a suite for cello by Hamilton Harty, and a Pastoral and Reel by Cyril Scott. Nicolas Slonimsky was heard as co-artist in the Brahms Sonata, and as accompanist in the Harty and Scott pieces and in several others which long applause compelled Miss Harrison to add to her announced program.

Miss Harrison is an accomplished artist, with an excellent technique, deep feeling for musical beauty, and a tone that is often ravishingly rich and sweet. In the Brahms Sonata, which opened the program, did not reveal Miss Harrison at her best, however, for she did not let out either the tone or the rhythmic drive it demands. She endowed it, in fact, with a monotony not inherent, by allowing out a frequently harsh and hollow tone, and by softening and blurring the rhythmic lines. Only the second movement, "quasi minueto," was played vivaciously, with grace and sparkle. Mr. Slonimsky seemed to submerge his part in the sonata unnecessarily; it became almost accompaniment throughout.

In the Kodaly Sonata for cello alone, Miss Harrison first exhibited her considerable gifts. The intensity of the first movement she maintained admirably; the rhapsodic adagio became meaningful and moving under her bow; the alto vivace of the last movement she played with fire and vigor. While this sonata reveals manifold beauties in the field that other composers have long left unexplored, at the same time it falls into prominence some qualities that are likely to offend a sensitive ear. The fast passages among harmonics and notes in the highest register are played so soundlessly; the very speed of the bow must exclude resonance. Miss Harrison played with spirit, but

with accuracy too, her intonation was flawless in passages where many another fine cellist has stumbled.

A rather trivial suite by Hamilton Harty was played with warmth of tone and expression, and a jolly Pastoral and Reel by Cyril Scott with fine exuberance.

The rather small but enthusiastic audience demanded more than one extra, and gave much applause to the cellist and her accompanist, E. B.

### BOSTON SYMPHONY

The second of the Monday night concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra was conducted last evening in Symphony hall by Mr. Koussevitzky. The program contained nothing of alarm; on the contrary, the selections were Schubert's "unfinished" Symphony, Ravel's "The Waltz," and Cesar Franck's Symphony. These compositions are familiar and have often been discussed. They were none the less welcomed by the audience, whose enjoyment of the music itself and the performance was evident.

Schubert's symphony, which fortunately was not finished, so that the hearer is left with the thought of the charming lyricism of the slow movement, is well contrasted with Franck's, in which the anxiety and doubt expressed in the opening allegro are answered by the jubilation of the finale. There are two ways of understanding Ravel's "Waltz": one of a Viennese waltz, with introduction and coda; one as a symphonic poem with the chief motif in waltz rhythm, but with slackening and accelerating the pace. Mr. Koussevitzky prefers the second manner, and thus gives more importance perhaps to the music than it deserves if it simply is taken in the Viennese manner, or as a parody, as has been suggested by some. The orchestral performance was brilliant throughout.

### FISK JUBILEE SINGERS

The Fisk Jubilee Singers gave a concert last evening in the Hotel Statler ballroom for the benefit of the Boston Urban League.

A more beautiful blending of voices than that heard last night would be hard to find. They sang spirituals, mostly, and with such a knowledge and appreciation of what constitutes real music. The Fisk singers sing with a depth of feeling which approaches reverence for music; that is why their singing is really musical. Attention is given to every detail, their even tonality, diction and rhythm embodies a faultless technique.

In the course of the program Dr. Moton, principal of Tuskegee Institute, gave a brief but interesting talk about the Urban League, voicing his appreciation of their work. O. A.

### GEORGE COPELAND

By PHILIP HALE

George Copeland played the piano last night in Jordan hall. His program, as announced, was as follows: Muffat, Menuet, Rameau, L'Egyptienne, Grazioli, Adagio, Chopin Fantasie-Improvisation, Mazurka Ravel, Rigaudon, Satie, Gnossienne, Debussy, La Soiree dans Grenade, Minstrels, La Cathedrale engloutie (by request), General Lavineccentricque, prelude, Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Tarantella scura, Mompou, Canto Magic, Nos. 1 and 5, Infante, Canto Flamenco, Tientos, Granados, Danse Espagnole No. 5 (by request), Lecuona, Malagueña.

A large audience welcomed the return of Mr. Copeland. As a pianist, he stands alone; he is not the example of any school, he is musically a law to himself. No other pianist that visits Boston is like him; he does not remind one of pianists famous in earlier years. It is possible that Gottschalk possessed qualities that are now peculiar to Mr. Copeland, but Gottschalk was not appreciated here in his day and generation and as a pianist is not to be now judged by the harsh judgments of the late John S. Dwight, who berated him because he did not confine himself to the music of Bach, Mozart and Beethoven.

Boston owes Mr. Copeland a heavy debt; not only because he gives great pleasure by his playing; he has had the courage to throw aside the traditionally orthodox program; to acquaint the public with music that other pianists failed to recognize as brilliant or beautiful; or, not understanding it themselves, they argued it would be disliked by an audience. It was Mr. Copeland who first taught the public to appreciate the genius of Debussy; who brought Spanish composers into the concert hall; who reminded his hearers that comparatively unknown men of the 18th century had something worth while to say.

His programs are interesting; they are of reasonable length, so that the hearer would gladly listen longer. Take the program of last night. How many pianists would begin a recital so simply, with the little pieces by Muffat (probably the elder), Rameau and Grazioli, the Viennese organist who died in 1820. This date is mentioned here because more than once in the Adagio one

heard the voice of Mozart. Little pieces, but charming and requiring for interpretation consummate art. Who but Mr. Copeland would have had the courage to play the "Gnossienne" of the fantastic, ironical Satie, yet the deliberate monotony of the thematic repetitions with the rocking accompaniment now haunts the memory. Castelnuovo-Tedesco has been known here chiefly by his songs. His Tarantella is conspicuous first of all by its mad, rushing, rhythm. The second of the selections by Mompou has more importance than the first.

Some might say that Mr. Copeland occasionally takes liberties with Debussy. Would that other pianists would do likewise if they could thus obtain the same results; give dramatic force, impress a languorous mood so that it escaped sentimentalism. But Mr. Copeland's interpretation of music by Debussy and the Spanish group is known to all. To this music he gives his strength that does not end in brutal force, his touch which gives beauty to passages that might otherwise be commonplace; his exquisite phrasing, his command of tonal gradations and varied rhythms.

Hearing Mr. Copeland, one entertains respect for the piano and finds it can be justly called a musical instrument. Let us state the prosaic facts that the audience was enthusiastic; that Mr. Copeland played other pieces than those announced; among them an intermezzo by Brahms and Debussy's "Clair de Lune."

### CONCERT NOTES

Henri Timianka, violinist, will give a recital tonight in Jordan hall. Music by G. Faure (sonata), Wieniawski (concerto, D minor), Sarasate, Szymanowski, Koutzen, Debussy, Handel-Flesch, and Smetana; Harry Kaufman, pianist.

Arty Dulper, violinist, and Cyrus Ullian, pianist, will give a concert at the Women's Republican Club, 46 Beacon street, tonight at 8:30 o'clock. Mozart, sonata for violin and piano, F major. Haydn, piano sonata, D major. Brahms, sonata for violin and piano, D minor.

The program of the Boston Symphony orchestra concerts this week will include Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, which has not been played here under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction, and Bloch's "America."

Arthur Shattuck will play the piano in Jordan hall next Saturday afternoon. Music by Buxtehude, Palestrina, Couperin, Lullu, Purcell, and Bach.

Rosamond Johnson and Taylor Gordon will give a concert of negro spirituals in the Hotel Statler ballroom next Saturday afternoon for the benefit of the Talitha Cumi home. Mr. Johnson, born at Jacksonville, Fla., began his study of music under his mother at the age of four; later went to the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, and still later he completed his musical training in Europe. He made his professional debut in Boston and then became supervisor of music of the public schools of Jacksonville. Mr. Johnson toured the United States and Europe and for a time was director of music of Hammerstein's Opera House in London. He returned to New York to become head of the music school settlement for colored people in New York city. Mr. Johnson served in the war as second lieutenant and is the arranger of many negro spirituals. He has composed more than 300 popular songs. In 1917 he received the honorary degree of master of arts from Atlanta University.

A concert in memory of George W. Brown will be given by the N. E. Conservatory orchestra in Jordan hall tomorrow night at 8:15 P. M. Wallace Goodrich will conduct; Georges Frouel of the faculty and a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will be the soloist. The program will be as follows: Schumann overture to "Manfred," Handel-Casadesu, concerto, B minor for violin and orchestra; Wagner, "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal"; Beethoven, allegretto from symphony No. 7; Brahms' "How Lovely Is Thy Dwelling Place," from "A German Requiem" (Conservatory chorus); Franck-Goodrich, chorale, B minor for organ and orchestra (Albert W. Snow, organist). Mr. Brown was the president of the conservatory's board of trustees.

## "THE YELLOW BOOK"

By PHILIP HALE

A selection of articles and illustrations from the volumes of the Yellow Book is published by Edwin Valentine Mitchell of Hartford, Connecticut. The editor, Cedric Ellsworth Smith, says in his introduction: "The tradition of this famous periodical really began at the time when early man looked at the sun and first noted its yellowness." He worshipped the sun, and rose from his knees a different man; he had a sense of sin; so he was the progenitor of the

Yellow Book, which had for its "chief motif" this sense.

It may be doubted whether the publishers, the contributors and the illustrators, or the purchasers of this quarterly, published, wrote, drew and read with the thought of serving sin or showing the awful fate of sinners. They certainly found no symbolism in the title or in the covers; yet in the minds of those who could not accept the dictum of interior decorators in the nineties—"You can't go wrong on yellow," that color was associated with sensational and pornographic journalism.

From the first volume published in April, 1894, to the end, the choice of title and binding argued contributors sworn to corrupt mankind. Was not the leading illustrator, Aubrey Beardsley, the man that had drawn pictures for Wilde's "Salome"? That was enough to condemn the Yellow Book—though his illustrations for the tragedy were in respectable black and white.

Were the contributors unblushing men of sin, lost to all sense of decency and shame? Henry James, Saintsbury, Gosse, Garnett, A. C. Benson, William Watson, Arthur Symonds, John Oliver Hobbes, John Davidson, Max Beerbohm were among the contributors to that April number. With Beardsley were Leighton, Pennell, Sickert; there were others who did not run counter to conventional taste—but there was Beardsley with his "L'Education Sentimentale," considered scandalous, not to be atoned for by his exquisite portrait of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. How did Max Beerbohm dare to eulogize cosmetics and characterize women as the "resupinate" sex? Here was decadent, pernicious art.

The contributors increased in number; Beardsley continued to draw; the Yellow Book flourished until John Lane, naturally timid, was frightened when the book was tied and sentenced. As a result, Lane ordered that Beardsley be associated with him others stigmatized, in many cases unjustly, as "decadent," a word freely used at the time especially by those who would have been at a loss had they been asked to define it in exact terms. With Beardsley gone the fame of the Yellow Book faded.

The editor of these selections does not refer to the dismissal of Beardsley, but he does his memory injustice, by speaking lightly of his "depravities in black and white." Fortunately the editor did not hesitate to include in this volume a dozen or more of Beardsley's drawings, among them the astonishing picture of the Wagnerites listening to "Tristan and Isolde"; nor did he refuse admittance to a frankly erotic poem, "Stella Maris" by Arthur Symonds, who had told the world in one of his poetical confessions that his life was like a music hall. Nor in this volume are Ernest Dowson and Hubert Crackenthorpe ignored, though they were once bitterly condemned by the smug and the orthodox.

The selection of prose, verse and illustrations has been carefully made, and is a fairly representative one, though Max Beerbohm's delightfully ironical eulogy of George the Fourth is missing, as is Henry James' "The Death of the Lion," the leading story in the first number of the Yellow Book; but there are Bennett, who then signed himself Enoch Arnold Bennett, Buchan, Raleigh, Gissing, Saintsbury, Nevinson, Gosse, Wells, Lionel Johnson, Stephen Phillips, Garnett, Dobson, to name a few. What other magazine of that time could list more prominent writers?

The contributors to the Yellow Book and the illustrators were of a period in which there was a spirit of rebellion against long established conventions and traditional beliefs. If some young writers in the movement attempting to be Baudelaire in the wish to make the bourgeois sit up, were only poseurs, the majority were honest even when they were pagan. There was too much chatter about freedom in the choice of subjects; about art for art's sake.

The chatters thus hoped to attract the attention of those who would otherwise pass them by regardless. They mistook crudity for force; coarseness for fidelity to truth; they would gladly have invented a new sin as a new subject for passionate verse, or analysis in startling prose, but the older and abler were mindful of the graces, however extreme their views; however arresting and convincing the expression of them. They, through the Yellow Book, which gave them a liberty denied elsewhere, exerted a liberalizing and emancipating influence. The revolt itself soon became a thing of the past. The revolutionaries became in their turn conservatives, but their conservatism was of a different quality than that of Victorian times.



when Thackeray regretted that writing "Pendennis" he could not have the freedom in portraying a man that was Fielding's privilege in recounting the adventures of Tom Jones.

## FINE ARTS THEATRE

The third program to be given under the direction of the Artkino Guild consists of a soviet comedy, "Three Comrades and One Invention," a Russian newsreel, "A Shanghai Document"—unusually interesting pictures of the recent unrest in the Chinese city—and a UFA film, "Fishes in Love."

As might have been expected, the first soviet comedy to reach this country is not wholly free from a certain amount of mild propaganda, but "Three Comrades and One Invention" is so amusing and childlike that no one can really object to having the villain a thoroughly wicked capitalist, and he is very wicked indeed. Two young workers in a soap factory conceive of an ingenious machine that can turn out packing boxes ready-made. This ingenious pair comes under the suspicious eye of one Matveevich, a packing box maker who has a contract with the factory; he, fearing to lose his most profitable job, endeavors to prevent the inventors from showing their masterpiece to the proper authorities. They are accused of stealing their own machine, held up and robbed, called madmen, and finally are almost drowned. In the end they triumph, as virtue always should; the invention turns out unlimited boxes and the proud inventors wind up their affairs in a burst of glory. The acting is very agreeable and quite amusing, especially that of the two young workers, who are surprisingly unconscious of the camera. It is a decidedly entertaining picture despite certain crudities of composition almost inevitable in a first effort.

Although the comedy is given the position of first importance on the program, the most exciting feature is the travel picture called "A Shanghai Document." It was taken about two years ago in the city of Shanghai, before and during one of China's numerous upheavals. The film shows ships unloading at the great wharves, where incredibly heavy labor is performed by the thin and tired dock laborers, then shifts suddenly to the narrow, crowded streets with swarms of rickshaws and occasional automobile looking oddly out of place in such a foreign atmosphere. Many scenes are taken in the factories, showing women working with children of only six years for a wage that seems less than starvation. The most they could earn was 30 cents a day, working 12 and 15 hours at a stretch. Turning from this, the picture shows the foreign quarter, with every possible luxury, such as swimming pools and race tracks where the wealthy Chinese mingle freely with the Europeans and show an equal interest in the fortunes of the turf. Young China is seen taking the latest dances and fashions of the west; and finally comes the revolution, with its mad accompaniment of tossing flags, marching men, frenzied speechmaking and utter confusion. The foreign quarters are uneasy, more troops are landed from the guardian warships in the harbor, the fortifications are increased, but the danger passes, leaving a few silent bodies in the street as a grim reminder. The picture is well photographed and intensely worth seeing.

The main picture beginning next Wednesday is "The Life of Beethoven." It will be accompanied by various short subjects.

E. L. H.

## HENRI TEMIANKA

Henri Temianka, violinist, who gave his second Boston recital last night at Jordan hall, again delighted his audience by accomplished violin playing and sound musicianship. Mr. Harry Kaufman, pianist, assisted him in presenting the following program: G. Faure's Sonata, opus 13, for piano and violin; Szymanowski's Notturmo e Tarantella; Wieniawski's Concerto in D minor, and short pieces by Koutzen, Debussy, Handel and Smetana.

Although he appears very young, and surely has not made many public appearances, there is nothing of the gifted amateur, or the young prodigy about Mr. Temianka. He is a poised and serious musician, in perfect command of his instrument, with fire and restraint in interpretation, and with a tone that can be warm, broad, brilliant, suave, or infinitely soft, as he wills. His phrasing is a delight, for it is utterly free from emotional exaggeration, and yet it is warm and sensitive. He can immediately evoke and maintain a mood when the music demands

An operatic singer, married to a musician only a few days ago, as she arrived in Boston, lost no time in proclaiming her joy and rapture; also her belief that a musician would find the holy bond of matrimony endurable only when wedded to a musician.

It might be said that operatic singers are not always musicians, that many of them could walk or run fearlessly to the altar or stand before a magistrate with men who pursue that calling. There are instances when composers are annoyed and hampered by unprofessional wives. Madame Cesar Franck was constantly urging her spouse to write music that would be "popular," in the hope that profits might accrue. If husband and wife are both singers, one of them may easily be jealous of the other's success. The Henschels were noteworthy for the display of their happiness in the concert hall; they walked on the platform—she sang and he accompanied her—as if the hall were a boudoir; but too often the success of one

brought separation, if not divorce. If the name of one is in larger type on billboard or program, close companionship may be broken following a stormy scene, a torrent of injurious words. On the other hand the public suffers when the wifely devotion of a dramatic soprano leads her to refuse engagements unless her husband, a baritone of inferior quality, is also engaged by the manager.

It is surprising that many marriages of musicians last as long as they do; for the temptation, through a nervous temperament, to be as irritable as the traditional poet, is not always to be resisted. A composer should have for his mate a gentle and forgiving housewife, ever denying herself, ever freeing him from care, that he may write works that will be immortal, at least in his own opinion. The ideal husband of a prima donna is one that waits on her, looks after her baggage, and checks the receipts at the box-office.

It, as he proved by his playing of the Szymanowski Notturmo. He can plan a whole concerto so that climax succeeds climax, and themes and rhythms are interwoven with consummate skill into one lovely pattern. The polished brilliance of the Wieniawski, as he played it last night, took on new vigor. He rounded its melodies with grace, and gave its rhythms fine impetus.

Faure's Sonata was played with warmth and vivacity by both Mr. Temianka and Mr. Kaufman. The allegro vivo especially displayed their combined talents for chamber music, for the difficult rhythms, and the tremendous speed at which it is played, require perfect ensemble. In this movement, too, the young violinist's special gift at making a perfect musical miniature was displayed, for he can diminish his tone to a thin thread of sound, and yet keep the musical form pointed and clear.

In a group of four short pieces, most delightful seemed Debussy's "En Bateau," arranged for violin, and Smetana's fiery "Aus der Heimat."

Mr. Temianka's remarkable gifts as a musician, as well as his modest and likeable manner, roused the audience to enthusiasm. Extra numbers were demanded and granted.

E. B.

## SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Koussevitzky, returning from his vacation of a fortnight, conducted yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall the 14th concert (48th season) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The program comprised Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony and Bloch's epic rhapsody, "America."

The symphony, a flawless work of art and beauty was played in flawless manner. The performance was the first under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction at these concerts.

What is more to be said? Yet one may ask if "The marriage of Figaro" was not in Mozart's head when he wrote the second section of the opening Allegro. One can hear Susanna roguishly singing, mocking the court, or arousing Figaro's jealousy. Has there not too much been said about the marvelous display of science in the construction of the Finale? The wonder of it is that this display does not impress the hearers unduly. To him it is merely gay and charming music. It ravishes his ear without his taking interest in the technical devices, even if he could recognize and understand them. If the title should be "Symphony in C major with the fugue," the word "fugue" would not fill his soul with dismal foreboding. There has been only one Mozart, as there has been only one Handel.

It is not known who gave the title "Jupiter" to this symphony. There is nothing in the music that reminds one of Jupiter Tonans, Jupiter Fulgurator, through an engraving which was for Jupiter Pluvius; or of the god, who

disguises, came down by his adventures with wine or mortals of com-  
excited the jealous rage of Juno. The music is not of an Olympian mood. It is intensely human in its loveliness and its gaiety.

There are several reasons why Mr. Bloch's rhapsody should gain momentary popularity. First of all it has a story attached to the music; the audience is told what the composer attempted to and what it is to expect. There is attentive listening so that "Old Hundred" shall not go by unrecognized. There is joy when the orchestra plays "Pop Goes the Weasel" for the Virginia reel. This or that hearer hums "Old Folks at Home" when he hears the melody from the orchestra. In the third section there is a forcible reminder of an apartment house in process of construction and one Bostonian noble dame may whisper to another: "Do you think they'll allow them to go up on Arlington street, spoil the skyline and ruin the Public Garden? What a shame!"

Yes, this Rhapsody is panoramic music therefore more to be enjoyed by many than music that is only music. And so there are persons who look on anecdoted paintings, as Frith's "Derby Day" and "The Railway Station," as triumphs of art.

Not that Mr. Bloch's rhapsody is wholly without some fine or impressive pages.

The opening of the second section with its introductory solo for the English horn establishes a mood. The long crescendo leading to the anthem is well contrived and powerful, but what a little mouse to come out of this mountainous preparation! There was a Grecian gentleman who apologized for the stateliness and pomp of the funeral procession when the corpse was only his little 2-year-old girl. Does Mr. Bloch really believe that he has invented the anthem to be sung by all Americans when their hearts are aglow with patriotism? Or was he exhausted by the crescendo of preparation? Did his Muse forsake him, saying: "You have been fortunate with borrowed themes; now let's see you compose one for your grand climax?" O lame and impotent conclusion.

The singers were those at the first performance on the 21st of last December: Members of the Radcliffe Choral Society and the Harvard Glee Club.

The concert will be repeated tonight.

Next week the orchestra will give concerts in Baltimore, Richmond, Washington, New York, Brooklyn and Hartford. The program of Feb. 8, 9 will be as follows: Bach, Brandenburg concerto No. 4 for violin, two flutes and strings, Mozart, piano concerto, A major (Nicolai Orloff, pianist), Strauss, "Also sprach Zarathustra."

## HOLMES DEPICTS

The third of Burton Holmes's travel revues shown at Symphony Hall last night, was entitled "Motoring Through Spain: Gibraltar to the Pyrenees." Even three travel-revues hardly do justice to Spain as Mr. Holmes saw and photographed that historic country. Last night he led his followers as travellers, not as tourists; they visited places with unfamiliar names, stopping, naturally, at important cities as Valencia, now the third largest city of the country. Toledo; also Barcelona where the proud Catalonians refuse to be called Spaniards; Barcelona, a hotbed of revolt against law and order, but a city of many fine qualities and of constantly increasing growth and prosperity.

At the beginning of the journey there were striking views of Gibraltar. Have airplanes robbed it of its strength? Algieras which was the cause of a threatened war, Malaga, the Spanish Riviera with glimpses of the rich agricultural region. There was the gloomy prison, euphemistically known as the refuge of the "Anti-Pope" Benedict XIII. What astonishing builders the Romans were at Tarragona!

The glory of Andorra's seclusion is passing, for a Casino with roulette will be built at Las Escaldas. If Monserrat, the home of the Holy Grail, was shown, the monastery surrounded by fantastic mountains; on the way to Toledo the tower where Manrico wafted in song his sighs and farewell to Leonora was also pictured.

There were many views of town and peasant life and manners: Catalonians dancing primly to wild tunes, old methods of harvesting and drawing water, fiestas and processions, the packing of sardines; eating and drinking on sidewalks, much enduring donkeys; men playing football and pelota; the delirious fandango; amateur bull fighters. Cervantes, El Greco, Loyola were not ignored, famous cathedrals were not passed by. There was the statue to the Maid of Saragossa, whose heroic serving a cannon at the siege was familiar to many New-Englanders in the 60's of Jupiter Tonans, Jupiter Fulgurator, through an engraving which was for Jupiter Pluvius; or of the god, who

on a wall in rooming house at Washington Irving and His Friends' and "The Deathbed of Daniel Webb."

Mr. Holmes has given the public many interesting travel revues, no one of more engrossing interest than that of last night. It will be repeated this afternoon. The subject next week is "The Irish Free State."

P. H.

## METROPOLITAN

## "The Doctor's Secret"

A screen drama, adapted by William C. DeMille from Sir James M. Barrie's short play, "Half An Hour," directed by Mr. DeMille and presented by Paramount as its second all-talking picture with the following cast:

Lady Lillian Garson	Ruth Chatterton
Richard Garson	H. B. Warner
Hugh Paton	John Loder
Dr. Brodie	Robert Edeson
Susie	Nanci Price
Mr. Redding	Wilfred Nov
Mrs. Redding	Ethel Wales
Wethers	Frank Finch-Wiles

"Half An Hour," as Sir James M. Barrie wrote it, was a flawless gem of a playlet. It had deftly etched characters, dramatic suspense and denouement. Above all its dialogue had all the charm and facile wit characteristic of all of Barrie's works, either as playwright or author. Mr. DeMille evidently read and re-read the play, was fearful of its compact brevity, and decided to expand it. In this he may have felt justification, for in its screen form it runs an even hour, not long as feature pictures go. But in injecting scenes not in the play he eliminated much of the original dialogue. Had that been retained—and for purposes of an all-talking picture by a cast of competent players it might well have been retained—the picture still would have run the hour, and Barrie would be Barrie still.

In the play Lady Lillian and her husband start a vicious row at the rise of the curtain. "How does it matter what it is that sets a pair like you and me saying what we think of each other?" he asks when it is in full swing. He leaves, to dress for dinner, and Lady Lillian, fanning a great resolution, writes a brief letter, puts her wedding ring in the envelope, drops it in the private draw of her husband's desk, tosses her jewelry on top of it, and closes the self-locking drawer. Then, in the play, she scampers across the mews to the quaint abode of her lover, Hugh Paton, whose room is reached by a ladder only, whose care-taker is a young-old creature known as Susie, aged 12. Hugh, an engineer, is packing for Egypt, smoking a pipe, whistling. Egypt might be his only love. He greets Lady Lillian fondly, is told of her decision to join him, and goes out for a taxi. A few moments later his body is borne in by strange men. He has been knocked down and killed by a motor-bus. Mr. DeMille insists that it was a motor-lorry, but Sir James should know. Dr. Brodie, passing by, enters, has a strong scene with the stricken Lady Lillian, and finally sends her packing. He believes her a loose character. Lady Lillian chafes a return to Garson's home, is late for dinner. Meantime Garson has found the jewelry but not the letter for the ring. He thinks it a joke on his wife and chaffs about it first before his guests, then before Lady Lillian. Dr. Brodie, also a guest, recognizes Lady Lillian, and after keen appraisal of her husband, protects her in the ensuing battle of wits. Lady Lillian recovers the damaging evidence, Garson is satisfied with his little joke as to his wife's carelessness, and as the curtain falls Lady Lillian restores the wedding band to an unwilling finger, burns the letter, and goes into dinner with Dr. Brodie. This is all in the play, much of it in the picture.

Mr. Edeson's performance was the most satisfactory in speech and poise. Mr. Warner, always a fine actor, was husky of utterance. Miss Chatterton, throaty. She made Lillian rather a sultry lady. Mr. Loder, new to the American screen, was wide of the boyish, ebullient Hugh Paton of the play. Little Nanci Price was surprisingly natural as Susie.

W. E. G.

## ARTHUR SHATTUCK

Athur Shattuck, pianist, played yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. This is the way his program read, neither too accurately nor informingly:

Prelude and Fugue D minor, Buxtehude; Ricercare, Palestrina; Arlequin, Rossignol, Couperin; Air Tendre, Courante, Lullu; Gavotte, Purcell; Toccata and Fugue, E minor; Prelude and Fugue, E major; Prelude and Fugue, F major; Two Bourees, Prelude and Choral, Prelude and Fugue, D minor, Bach.

Mr. Shattuck likes the music the ancients wrote; an afternoon of it, therefore, he gave his public. He likes to play in the way that many a sound



# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Many found great pleasure in seeing an unusually good company in "The Command to Love" and found the play amusing by the situations and much of the dialogue, but a playgoer said to us a few days ago: "Yes, the comedy is well acted, but the play is too obvious."

What was exactly meant by this? That given the premise, a French attache has an affair with his chief's wife, while his chief commands him to court, and to the finish, the wife of the Spanish war minister in order that she may persuade her husband to allow the signing of a treaty, obvious results will follow—scenes of jealousy, husbands put in ludicrous positions, scenes of temptation, with the old farcical business of hiding in one room while there is knocking at the door of another room, dangers of detection with the possibility of duels—all this stage business and verbal wit were to be foreseen and expected? Possibly—but the comedy is not merely one of innumerable complications, tricks with doors and letters, donning becoming ajamas of an inevitably inflaming red. The satirical motif and the exposition of diplomatic intrigues are entertaining to the mind. The irony of bestowing on Manuela the order of merit for virtuous conduct is as delightful as her ironical acceptance of the official compliment.

Mr. Rathbone, who "created" the part of Gaston in New York, left the company to take part in "Judas," written by himself and Walter Ferris. Fulvio Carminati replaced him for a time. Mr. Douglas, now at the Plymouth Theatre, succeeded Mr. Carminati. Seldom does a comedy in these days have two women so capable and so alluring as Miss Mary Nash and Miss Cooper. Miss Nash made her first appearance—it was in 1904—in the farcical "Girl from Kay's." Miss Cooper was first seen on the London stage in the same year in "Charley's Aunt." Par nobile sororum in the history of the stage.

Mr. Burns Mantle recently commented on a practice in certain theatres that tends to make them a friendly, cosy place though the actors and actresses do not respond to the greeting with the clowns, "Here we are again."

"You know what stock company receptions are: How, as the popular leading man enters, the applause is terrific and the action of the play is halted until he has modestly rolled his eyes in gratitude; how the leading lady follows and curtsies cutely, not with any hope of beating her rival's reception by a matter of minutes, but with great determination to die where he stands rather than be beaten. And how the scene is repeated as each popular member of the troupe, including the lad who carries in the mail, is welcomed."

Mr. Mantle noted that when "Caprice" was produced in New York there were hardly any receptions at all. "None for Mr. Lunt, and no more than a perfunctory greeting for Miss Fontanne. Why? Well, this I think is the principal reason. The players are immensely popular, but they are players first and favorites afterward. Their entrances are not staged and their skill in characterization is professionally so perfect that it is not easy for their audiences to recognize them. . . . The lack of enthusiasm shown by New Yorkers toward their favorite stock company is really a tribute rather than a slight."

To go back to "The Command to Love." It has been said that the play for some time was not allowed on the stage of Vienna, even after the fall of the monarchy. Are Austrian diplomats so sensitive? What did the representatives of the French government and Spanish officials say to the play if it had been performed in Madrid. As for the medal for virtue, in France there is a prize awarded. Is there any historical basis for the allusion in "The Command to Love" about Maria Theresa awarding similar prizes?

Official sensitiveness has been often shown when dramatists poked fun at narrow readings of the law, and attacked corruption in high places. Sometimes audiences have resented these attacks in comedy or burlesque. Elsie Janis knows this. In her new sketch, "Illo Ici Paris," played at a lionheart cabaret, a young American hands 100 franc notes to a police agent. Spectators booed, and all the louder when she took the notes and gave them to apaches.

The Tsar Nicholas I was more sensible. Gogol's attack on corrupted officialdom was read in manuscript by Nicholas. He at once ordered the comedy to be produced on the imperial stages, and he attended the first performance. Laughing heartily, he remarked, "Everybody has received his due, and I most of all." That William Hohenzollern objected to a portrayal of himself on the Berlin stage is surprising, for it was thought his vanity would be pleased by a public presentation in whatever guise.

Dramatists are bound to introduce a "love interest" even when a hero or heroine has not been conspicuous for amatory adventures. A Dutchman in his play has given Edith Cavell a lover; Reginald Berkeley in his "The Lady With a Lamp" has invented scenes between Florence Nightingale and her lover Henry Tremayne.

The Manchester Guardian was hardly fair to Henry Arthur Jones in its obituary notice. The writer spoke in a patronizing manner about Jones's best plays, admitting grudgingly that he made a genuine contribution to English theatrical history. The Guardian's economic and political views are disclosed in the following remarks: "The war was altogether too much for him, and his patriotism developed a fervor which burned away those essential props of the mind, balance and common sense. In 'Patriotism and Popular Education' (1919) he railed against internationalism as a 'perverted instinct' and expounded a purely Prussian theory of life. He demanded 'just that education which will make the most useful servants of the state,' and deprecated the teaching of general ideas to manual workers. He shed angry tears over a blacksmith who had learned to play the flute. Then Mr. H. G. Wells began to exercise a horrible fascination over him, and he wrote a series of wild, abusive letters, published in book form as 'My Dear Wells' in 1921, in which he poured fiery curses upon Mr. Wells, the League of Nations and Bolshevism. It was all very childish, and made thoughtful people wonder whether this could really be the man who had found English comedy in disgrace and raised it to a very creditable standard of easy competence and quiet satire."

Many of us found the "My Dear Wells" letters mighty good reading, as

a reply to the preposterous letters sent by Wells from Russia, who in one of them expressed his joy and surprise at finding a complete set of his books in a public building. The Bolsheviks were thus prepared for his arrival.

Maud Jeffries, an actress once highly esteemed in Boston, was seriously injured in a motor car collision in New South Wales on Jan. 20. William Winter described her in his "Wallet of Time" as an "English" actress—or at least the compiler of the index was guilty. She was born in Tennessee and played in small parts at Daly's Theatre in New York when she was about 20 years old; but she was first widely known as Wilson Barrett's leading woman for nearly a dozen years. When she played with Barrett in "The Manxman" in New York (1894) Winter described her as "a tall, picturesque person, remarkable for her sensibility and nervous force." Winter had previously spoken of Barrett's "assumption of pretty attitudes of physical display," a gentler criticism than George Moore's sneer at Barrett playing in a low-cut shirt.

Miss Jeffries was a vivacious, intelligent woman in private life. She had many friends in Boston. In 1904 she married James Nott Osborne, a rich Australian settler in New Zealand. Two years later she retired from the stage but played at a benefit performance in 1910 as Galatea in "Pygmalion and Galatea."

There has been much talk of late about the immoderate use of profanity on the stage. This is not peculiar to American productions. The Daily Telegraph of London has this to say about the flippant use of strong language that should be reserved for highly tense occasions:

"In so recent a play as 'Lady Windermere's Fan,' the only expletives permissible—and that to male characters only—were deuced and demmed. To-day, to instance 'Crime,' a lady may use the strongest term of abuse. A Wellsian character said: 'This ere progress keeps going on.' If this license made for better drama it would be indecent to raise prudish objections; rather it would be a duty to point out in the cause of art that, remembering passages of the corporal shoeing-smith's apostrophe to the transport mule, the swearing in, say 'Twenty Below' is childishly inept."

"But, as a rule, bad language is quite unnecessary, and it merely reveals the weak dramatist striving very hard to be powerful. With but a few exceptions in English drama, bad language is either gratuitous or a sign of incompetence. An illustration of its proper use is in 'King Lear,' and again in 'Hamlet.' Here the swearing is not swearing for swearing's sake; it serves to mark a psychological change in the protagonist in each play, and it reveals correctly these noble minds—the one in decay and the other on the verge of insanity—finding relief in obscene expressions and unaccustomed foul language."

"One of the main troubles in this business is that the theatre in America and in England has passed out of the hands of men of the theatre into the hands of persons who ought to be peddling peanuts. Wherever the theatre is governed by people of the theatre, people whose first interest and love is the play and for the profit they imagine they are going to make out of it, the theatre flourishes and the public is faithfully served. The only theatres known to me that are not in distress are those which are governed by amateurs or non-commercially minded persons with a deep affection for the drama. The Abbey Theatre in Dublin, the Playhouse in Liverpool, the Little Theatre in Hull, the Moscow Art Theatre, the Theatre Guild of New York—all of these, begun by amateurs and persons without practical experience but with unlimited enthusiasm for the play, have been and continue to be successful."

Oh, Mr. St. John Ervine, how can you say these things?

## REVIVAL OF "LAKME"

A Popular Opera in the Early Years of the Boston Opera Company

The announcement that Delibes's "Lakme" will be performed by the Chicago Civic Opera Company next Friday evening brings up pleasant recollections of the days when Boston had an opera company of its own.

It was on a Friday evening, Nov. 12, 1909, that "Lakme" was first performed by that company. Lydia Lipkowska took the part of the heroine; Paul Bourillon, that of Gerald; Giusto Nivette, that of Nilakantha, the Brahmin priest. Others in the cast were Mmes. Freeman, Parnell, Pierce, Leveroni; Messrs. Fornari and Stroesco. Arnaldo Conti conducted. There was "a Grand Corps de Ballet." This ballet was amateurish, but it was Boston's own, and Boston was disposed to believe it the equal of any in Italy, France or Russia. We remember the face of Mr. Nivette on the first night at the new opera house when this "Grand Corps de Ballet" pranced and cavorted and struck stained-glass attitudes in "La Gioconda." The ballet, for which Ponchielli had written charming music, was enthusiastically applauded. Mr. Nivette, seated on the stage as Alvisé Badoero, looked on and wondered. He was fresh from the Paris Opera, where the ballet was most important, renowned for its technical proficiency, grace and voluptuousness.

What became of these singers in our "Lakme" of 1909? Mme. Lipkowska, after she left Boston, sang in European opera houses. After the Russian revolution she made her way to Odessa. She was in sorry plight when she was rescued by a French naval officer who married her. The marriage was—no doubt is—a happy one. They were together in Boston when she gave a recital in Symphony hall. Later she toured in the Orient.

Mr. Bourillon, the tenor, who had had little experience on the operatic stage, was in the automobile business in Paris, the last that was heard of him. And the young American women, who had been assured by Mr. Russell that his chief wish in assuming the directorship of the Boston Opera House was to nurture and foster their laudable ambitions and thus glorify the American singer—what became of them? One or two of them went to Europe. Mme. Leveroni, who developed into a dramatic singer of ability, and really had "a career," is not living. There was Mr. Fornari, who chatted so amiably and volubly with Mrs. Benson, the governess and the young ladies in her charge as they strolled in the garden of the Temple of Brahamia, he was, for some seasons, a useful member of the company, for he was familiar with many roles. He made Boston his dwelling place for a time and taught, after the opera company was disbanded.

On Saturday evening Nov. 20, 1909, Viola Davenport, now the wife of ex-Gov. Fuller, took the part of Lakme and her performance is pleasantly

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remembered. On March 4, 1910, the part of Minka was taken by Anne Roberts, a singer who gave more than ordinary promise; but she left the stage and married. Those early years of the Boston Opera Company gave pleasure to many. The performances could be seen for a reasonable price. But Mr. Russell wished to plan performances on a grander scale. The result was known to all. The expenses grew each year. Mr. Jordan in 1914—had maintained the opera as if he had been an Italian prince—saw money wasted, extravagance on every hand; the war broke out; he withdrew his support; without it a sixth season would have probably been a failure. The last performance of the Boston Opera Company was on March 28, 1914, with a miscellaneous program of operatic acts and Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours," the ballet at the opening night.

Boston once saw a performance of "Lakme" in which the fascinating Marie Van Zandt took the part of the Priest's daughter. She was the granddaughter of Signor Blitz, the magician; the daughter of Jenny Van Zandt, who was for some time associated with Clara Louise Kellogg in giving grand and semi-serious opera in English. It was Marie who "created" the role of Lakme at the Opera-Comique in Paris on April 14, 1883. The tenor was Talazac; there were 42 performances in that year.

Marie Van Zandt was incomparable, vocally and dramatically, in the part. Her face, body and her voice were for the time exotic.

Col. J. H. Mapleson talked of producing the opera in New York in 1884. He went so far as to say that Delibes would conduct at least the first performance. Mme. Etelka Gerster had wished to take the role in this country the year before. She had even bought the performing rights. Her ambition was not satisfied. Heugel, the publisher, had quarrelled with Mapleson because he had taken unwarrantable liberties with his scores in London. It was not till 1886 that "Lakme" was heard in New York, and then in English at the Academy of Music. In 1890 it was heard at the Metropolitan in Italian; 1892 in French.

The first performance in Boston was on April 20, 1886. It was at the Boston Theatre, and it was sung in English by the National Opera Company, Theodore Thomas, conductor. The chief singers were Pauline L'Allemmand, a brilliant soprano; Jessie Bartlett Davis, William Candidus, A. E. Stoddard, William H. Lee.

"Lakme" has been described by Etienne Desstranges as an opera in three love duets. He hardly gives Delibes his due, when at the conclusion of his brilliant article he says that "Lakme" has a right to the first place—among works of the third class. He admits that there are agreeable pages, especially the melody, "Dans la foret pres de nous," and he evidently has hard work in denying the charm of other melodies. He rightly finds the text at times ridiculous, but why should he complain of a lack of dramatic power in the music? Lakme is not a tragic heroine though her fate excites pity. Marie Van Zandt made her fascinating; Lydia Lipkowska made her lovable.

The legend of the Paria's daughter, known better as the "Bell" aria, is something more than "an exercise de vocalises." It has even been sung at solemn Symphony concerts in Boston. Among these singers was Madame Melba.

The repertory of the Chicago fortnight is a great improvement over that of a year ago. There is regret over the absence of Mme. Muzio, but there are singers new to Boston of whom there are good reports. Miss Garden in "Judith" will undoubtedly make one forget the fact that Cobina Wright sang Judith's "Prayer" at the recent concert of Honegger's works in Symphony hall.

P. H.

## THE BOYISH BOB

Hair dressers of Boston have given an exhibition which led the amateurs of female beauty to believe that the "boyish bob" will soon be out of fashion. Whether the proposed question mark curl, the "Romantic," will be an additional, irresistible lure in ensnaring man is an open question. Why "Evlyn" for a "rippling wave"? Is the name borrowed from Fanny Burney's once famous novel? "Grecian," a coiffure for evening wear, sounds forbidding.

It seems that young women, seated in a theatre, will no longer be mistaken for boys by those in the orchestra behind them. The "bob" was not becoming to the great majority who gave as a reason for stripping themselves of woman's chief natural ornament, convenience and cleanliness: The excuse of the lazy. There was nothing novel in this coiffure, if hair cut short before and behind should be dignified by this word. French women in the early years of the 19th century bobbed their hair. The mode was called the "Titus," after the Roman emperor, known as "The Delight of Mankind."

In 1813 a little book was published at Paris: "Anti-Titus, ou Remarques Critiques sur la Coiffure des Femmes au XIXe Siecle." The author's name is not on the title page, but E. Rothe de Nugent was the writer. He quoted from the ancients and his contemporaries, from philosophers and poets, from Fathers of the Church and from pagans. He annotated freely his arguments. This learned and entertaining book is now mentioned for the sake of a quotation that applies to the manners and customs of what is no longer the weaker sex as observed during for some years in Boston: "Here is what I have seen more than once; she wears a coat like a man's; a hat covers her bobbed hair; she takes off her hat quickly and gaily and hangs it up with ours; she passes her fingers through her hair and rubs her head. After she has thus made gracefully the toilette of her Titus, I think that when she orders, the waiter should pay her double attention so as not to reply, 'yes, mon-

sieur' or 'no, monsieur.' At a certain distance the illusion is complete, and if the lady does not let something feminine be disclosed, if her voice at least does not betray her sex, one would believe the room was filled only with men." Nugent adds, in a note: "Before the revolution, women did not enter cafes and restaurants (at least not the main room); now they often enter, even alone. This can be seen every day. I am as sensible as any one to the charm of their presence; I know they embellish all places where they are; but, respecting them and regarding their own interest, I regret the time when more severe rules of conduct, or their own timidity, forbade the liberties which they cannot gain without losing in a measure their attractiveness."

Ah, M. E. Rothe de Nugent, if you were a gallant squire of dames today your "Anti-Titus" would have more than 135 pages.

A musician holds is right for Bach and for composers contemporaneous or almost so, a colorless way, accurate, unemotional; if the musical design, clearly defined, will not produce effect, then effect there must not be. Holding fast to his principle, Mr. Shattuck yesterday made little effect indeed.

For his courage in performing music that suits his taste, all in the style he believes correct, let us take off our hats to Mr. Shattuck. Let us, however, venture to express the hope that Mr. Shattuck, before he visits us again, will come to recognize the truth of the adage that variety is the spice of life. All music, after all, since the early 18th century, is by no means to be sneezed at. Since, too, Mr. Shattuck has the courage of his convictions, he might well make bold to brave the knowing and the advanced by risking a little Schumann or even Grieg. Or, at the cost of annoying a different section of the public, he might show us what some of the up-to-date folk are producing for the piano.

If, however, he continues to swear by the ancients, let us hope Mr. Shattuck will abandon his chilling way with them—yesterday his tone suggested too unbrokenly a bottle of distilled water—for his way of a few years ago, when he showed no distaste for color and warmth.

Yesterday, indeed, at times, Mr. Shattuck turned back to his earlier way. To the Frenchman's Harlequin he gave character as well as accuracy, to Purcell's gavotte a stride. Bach's F minor prelude he played with lovely tone, with sentiment added to clear design. But Bach's E major fugue—how could Mr. Shattuck so belittle it? R. R. G.

## NEGRO SPIRITUALS

J. Rosamond Johnson and Taylor Gordon were heard in a program of negro spirituals yesterday afternoon at the Hotel Statler ball room.

Audiences never seem to tire of negro spirituals. Whether they be sung by one or a dozen singers, they appeal to people in a manner quite distinct from other music. There are no other folk songs which so reveal the people they are characteristic of, a people who had no opportunity to reach the heights in life they aspired to found their outlet in religion and in their religious songs is revealed the pathos of ambitions which could not be realized. These songs are intensely emotional, with a predominating note of plaintiveness.

It seemed at a glance that the program yesterday afternoon was rather long, but Mr. Taylor has a voice which never becomes monotonous, not an exceptional voice as far as quality is concerned, but the quality is even and his high notes seem to have no limit. He achieved a beautiful pianissimo, but in full voice there were spots where it was not as fine as it might have been. However, his voice has possibilities.

The greater number of spirituals sung were arranged for voice and piano by Mr. Johnson. It is not necessary to say that he is an intelligent musician because his arrangements of spirituals are well known and give evidence of his ability. In some of the spirituals he sang with Mr. Taylor, but his voice, in spite of the deep low notes lacks vitality and did not always blend with Mr. Taylor's voice. The concert was for the benefit of the Talitha Cumi Home and Hospital and was well attended.

O. A.

Jan 28 1927

## PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

A program of Czech and Slovak music was given yesterday afternoon in the Hotel Statler ballroom by the People's Symphony orchestra. Emanuel Ondricek conducted, and Pavel Ludikar, bass-baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, was heard as assisting artist.

Opening the concert with the Overture to Smetana's peasant opera, "The Kiss," Mr. Ondricek conducted with his customary skill and vigor. He achieved precision in attacks and solid, if not living, rhythms. The orchestra plays well under his well-defined beat and dominant leadership. It seemed that Mr. Ondricek too often set a pace too slow for the intrinsic rhythmic interest of much of the Slovak music, but perhaps this was done in order to make more certain the excellent ensemble he helped the orchestra maintain. His own "Slovakian Pictures"—three short pieces of intensely national flavor, were received with enthusiasm. "Tatra" (the loftiest peak in the Carpathian mountains) was the title given the first picture. This had a charmingly pastoral atmosphere, the opening theme on the oboe imitating the melancholy sort of tune the shepherds play on their pipes. The first theme yields to a section which suggests the grandeur and peace of the mountains. "Slovakian Lullaby," based on a sweet, sleepy little tune, became monotonous before its final pianissimo note, probably because the central section, supposed to be full of "crashing noises and merry shouts of laughter," did not provide sufficient contrast to the gentle and repetitious lullaby. Most successful, as an orchestral piece, and as a medley of Slovakian tunes, was the last "picture"—"In the Village." This had a fine rhythmic vigor. Here joyous dance melodies were well arranged and well played.

Mr. Pavel Ludikar, like Mr. Ondricek, a native of Prague, displayed a rich and powerful baritone voice in the three selections he sang with orchestral accompaniment. Resonant and flexible, except on the lowest notes, where it becomes a little too dark and heavy, his voice was very well suited to the robust song of Kecal, the greedy match-maker in Smetana's opera, "The Bartered Bride." A graceful phrasing made "The Dreaming Lake," by Fibich, enjoyable. Most beautifully sung was Smetana's "Stone Not Your Prophets," a song imbued with the rich, natural beauty of the national idiom. Mr. Ondricek's excellent orchestral arrangement for these songs added to their effectiveness.

A moderate-sized, but very enthusiastic audience applauded the players, the singer and the conductor.

At next week's program Mr. Albin Steindel, violinist of the Chicago Opera Company, will be heard as soloist in the Tchaikovsky violin concerto.

E. B.

## LAWRENCE TIBBETT

Lawrence Tibbett, baritone, sang this program yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall: Where'er You Walk, Handel; If the Heart of a Man, In the Days of My Youth, Gay; Hear Me Ye Winds and Waves, Handel; Im wunderschönen Monat mal, Aus meinen Tränen spriessen, Die Rose, die Lilie, Ich grolle nicht, Schumann; Erl tu, from "The Masked Ball," Verdi; Before the Crucifix, La Forge; A Kingdom by the Sea, Somervell; Love went a-riding, Bridge; In the Silent Night, Rachmaninoff; After the Battle, Song of the Flea, Moussorgsky.

That must have been a stirring scene when young Mr. Tibbett, some three or so years ago, swept off the honors right out from under the noses of his operatic elders and betters. He was singing Master Ford at the Metropolitan Opera House and—but, of course, all his hearers yesterday remember the event, that, no doubt, is why they went to hear him.

It would have been well for them yesterday, and for Mr. Tibbett too, if he could have brought with him to Symphony hall the conditions that obtained

that famous night at the Metropolitan. For Mr. Tibbett, like most young singers—old ones too—needs help to reach his best.

He has a fine voice, a baritone of quality, long in range, in power sufficient. He has cultivated it with intelligence and assiduity to a high pitch of technical excellence. A perfect legato he has made his own, clear enunciation also. Breath control, the ability to swell and diminish tone, a neat—if something over-delicate—attack, a pretty pianissimo—all these vocal virtues Mr. Tibbett has achieved in considerable degree.

In Symphony hall, however, yesterday, with conditions less favorable than those at the Metropolitan, he made slight use of them. For, to be blunt about it, Mr. Tibbett has allowed his technique to outstrip his musicianship and his feeling. Not a song did he sing yesterday, unless, perhaps, in the final group, the beauty of which had any appearance of appealing to him. In not one song did he seem to feel the emotional force. In the great Handel air, where a sentimentally slow tempo

was out of the question, Mr. Tibbett did his best, by means of fine tone, a just pace and smoothness of delivery, he produced a certain effect. The audience applauded Mr. Tibbett cordially, also Mr. Stewart Wille, who played piano solos as well as accompaniments.

R. R. G.



# Chicago Civic Opera Co. Opens Season Here

## With 'Lohengrin'—Introduces Two Singers

1429 New to Boston 1529

By PHILIP HALE

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Opening night of the Chicago Civic Opera company, Giorgio Polacco, musical director. "Lohengrin," an opera in three acts, by Richard Wagner.**

King Henry.....Alexander Kipnis  
Lohengrin.....Rene Maison  
Elsa of Brabant.....Marion Claire  
Telramund.....Emil Schipper  
Ortrud.....Maria Olszewska  
King's Herald.....Desire Deffere  
Conductor.....Henry Weber  
Stage Director.....Charles Moor

The first requisite for a successful performance of "Lohengrin" is a romantic tenor, romantic physically and vocally. Boston has heard tenors with resonant voices in the role of the hero, but of such bulk, with paunches of such swollen proportions that the swan dragged them in with difficulty even when kindly disposed stage hands came to the rescue. Boston saw one tenor who was the embodiment of all that was romantic, chivalric, and mystical, of whom one might have thought that the Lohengrin of Jules Laforgue had come down from Mount Monsalvat, the Lohengrin that arrived, keeping his pose, sure of everything. "How rich and refined his family must be!" exclaimed the wondering beholders. "Oh, in what enchanted groves are they now taking water-ices? Is it far from here? Has he been journeying for a long time?"

The others in the legend do not matter so much. Elsa, the maid consumed with curiosity like Semele and Psyche, should certainly be fair to the eyes and of pure voice. No woman who nags her lover because he did not present his visiting card can be wholly sympathetic. Ortrud, as Wagner himself wrote, does not know love. She is an early example of a militant suffragette. She pickets the cathedral when the happy pair is about to enter. To quote Wagner once more concerning her: "The political woman is horrible." And so one may reasonably expect Ortrud to scream and, traitorous by nature, be false to the true pitch. As for Telramund, he is his wife's vassal, led by her lie and plot Elsa's ruin. He is not a coward except when Ortrud is standing by, and is deserving of a better fate. Henry the Fowler is the indispensable base with stage directions to "register" disbelief and belief, horror, surprise and joy.

The Chicago company probably chose Lohengrin for the opening night, in spite of the fact that there is no romantically heroic tenor in the company, because here was an opportunity of introducing two singers new to Boston, who had been trained in Germany, had on success there, and were supposed to be acquainted with what are assumed to be the Wagnerian traditions. Furthermore, the story and the music interest many who are not annoyed by the fact that nearly the whole of "Lohengrin" is written in two-beats-to-the-bar metre. Then those in the audience who want more or less impatiently to recognize the "Wedding March" which is not a wedding march, could not be forgotten in giving reasons for the opera's popularity.

The Opera House was completely filled. The performance was evidently enjoyed for there were several calls before the curtain after each act. There were pleasing features. The stage settings and the lighting, especially of the second act, were noteworthy. Seldom has so majestic a tree been seen on a Boston stage as that beneath which Henry the Fowler was seated to dispense justice. The stage business was admirably managed, with one exception: The duel scene was almost farcical. No attention was paid to Wagner's wish that Lohengrin as a mortal, not as a magician, should overthrow Telramund in combat. Last night there were only two clashes of shields and harmless sword thrusts. Then Lohengrin raised his sword, and Telramund fell prostrate, as Mephistopheles covers when Valentine's sword hilt is presented as a cross. The swan for once was not a refractory wild fowl, but the crowd was so massed that Lohengrin was seen from the orchestra only when he was prepared to disembark. The chorus was effective, vigorous, and not too often inclined to convey sentiments and epigrams directly to the audience regardless of the principals on the stage. The orchestra was adequate. Mr. Weber with frantic gesticulation worked the various crescendos to impressive climaxes.

Mme. Claire has a pleasing personality, an attractive face in spite of unskillful make-up with regard to her eyes. Her voice is light and agreeable in the middle and lower sections, with rather wild or wry upper tones. Her intonation was pure, though her tones were not always firmly held; her phrasing was musical. It cannot be justly said that her voice was charged with emotion, or that her dramatic action was worthy for expression. She did not,

however, indulge herself in the too frequent and meaningless gesturing that characterized Mme. Olszewska's portrayal of Ortrud. Seeing her, one was in a German opera house of the eighties, when it was thought that Wagner's heroes and heroines should be acted in a stilted manner with unnatural attitudes; with one arm raised toward heaven at every first word of a sentence. Mme. Olszewska has naturally a full, richly colored, beautiful voice.

When she feels herself obliged to let herself go, so as to be dramatic, i. e., melodramatic, she sings in the old-fashioned German manner. She evidently has dramatic intelligence, as well as a voice, so it is a pity that she often overacted.

Mr. Maison gave little idea of Lohengrin's spiritual name. He was a highly respectable knight, but Lohengrin was more than respectable. While Wagner gave Lohengrin the voice of a tenor, he expected more of him than tonal accuracy and a smooth delivery. There were times, as in the farewell to the swan, when Mr. Maison's voice had more than a merely agreeable quality. Mr. Schipper is a good example of a baritone, blessed by nature with a fine voice, who thinks it necessary to force it, to sing with undeviating violence to give character and emphasis to his impersonation. Mr. Kipnis renewed the favorable impression he made in previous seasons, singing and acting with dignity, realizing the value of the text and the significance of the music. The Herald's proclamations were clearly delivered by Mr. Deffere.

Many pages of the score seem today singularly old-fashioned, abounding in mannerisms of Wagner's early period when he had not fully found himself. The scene between Telramund and Ortrud in the darkness that year ago was thought by many borsome. It is the one scene that might have come from the more mature Wagner; the one scene that is musically dramatic in Wagner's individual manner.

A double bill will be presented to-night: Donizetti's delightful "Don Pasquale" (Mme. Salvi; Messrs. Hackett, Rimini, Trevisan; Conductor Morazoni) and Honegger's "Judith" (Miss Garden; Messrs. Formichi and Cotruil; Mr. Polacco, conductor).

### HOLLIS STREET THEATRE

#### "The High Road"

Comedy in three acts, presented by Charles Dunningham, staged by Frederick Lonsdale. The cast:

Alex.....Mimi Jordan  
Ernest.....Mackenzie Ward  
Lady Minister.....Winifred Harris  
Lady Trench.....Hilda Spang  
Lord Trench.....Frederick Kerr  
Sir Reginald Whelby.....Lionel Paine  
Lord Crayle.....H. Reed-Smith  
Morton.....Edward Martin  
Duke of Warrington.....Herbert Marshall  
Lord Teysmore.....John Williams  
Elsie Hilary.....Edna Best  
James Hilary.....Alfred Drayton

After the theatrical pattern of the late twenties Mr. Lonsdale has devised a very good comedy of manners, the manners, as well, of the same late twenties. The pattern is simple enough. A writer needs but little drama to work with, so long as he can set an unhappy married couple or two to bickering over the stage, with ladies and gentlemen on hand in plenty to leer at scandals and swear, while loving him, in the family circle, feel free to abuse each other in the way of pickpockets and fishwives. Everybody now knows the pattern.

Not so many of us, to be sure, are competent to judge of the veracity of the picture of aristocratic English manners. Let us hope three young women in the stalls were wrong, who pronounced them true to the life.

In downright ill temper, crude "answering back," Mr. Lonsdale placed too much trust; sometimes his bluntness waxed tiresome. The sheer cleverness, furthermore, of his repartee, Mr. Lonsdale too often overworked. Oftener, though, than not, he let his witty or droll remarks rise naturally out of the situation.

What with wit in plenty, a mighty keen eye for the little miseries of family life, and a sure, if very light, touch at characterization, Mr. Lonsdale has to his credit a play with many more amusing moments in its course than dull. When, on two or three occasions, forgetting to be diverting, he turned his serious attention to the plight of the young actress who loved a lord, he displayed a depth of sentiment, a moving power one would scarcely have expected of a playwright so light of touch. Here was drama, downright excellent.

An unusually admirable body of actors did full justice to this entertaining play. If Mr. Kerr and Mr. Reeves-Smith, by the mastery of their techniques, perhaps bore off the honors, Miss Spang, Mr. Paine and Mr. Drayton kept all but abreast of them. Miss Best portrayed charmingly the young actress in

the noble den, and Mr. Marshall, though a trifle self-conscious, did quite as well by her lover. The cast, in truth, of many rare excellences, stood free of one weak spot. R. R. G.

### THIS WEEK'S OFFERINGS

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Chicago Civic Opera Company—Tonight, "Don Pasquale" and "Judith." Weds. mat., "La Boheme," night, "Aida." Thursday night, "Die Walkure." Friday night, "Lakme." Sat. mat., "Boris Godunov." Night, "Thais."**

**COLONIAL—"Billie,"** George M. Cohan's musical comedy, fourth week.

**COPLEY—"The Whispering Gallery,"** mystery play, fifth week.

**HOLLIS STREET—"The High Road,"** Frederick Lonsdale's new comedy.

**PLYMOUTH—"The Command to Love,"** comedy, with Mary Nash, second week.

**REPERTORY—"The Octoroon,"** Boucicault drama, final week.

**ST. JAMES—"Night Hostess,"** Philip Dunning's melodrama.

**SHUBERT—George White's "Scandals,"** final week.

**WILBUR—"The Trial of Mary Dugan,"** drama, with Genevieve Tobin.

**NOTE—The Tremont and the Majestic Theatres are dark this week.**

#### "Night Hostess"

St. James Theatre; a comedy in three acts by Philip Dunning; produced by John Golden at the Martin Beck Theatre, New York, Sept. 12, 1928. The cast last evening:

Rags Conway.....Don Beddoe  
Buddy Miles.....Ivy Mertons  
Chris Miller.....Thomas McKnight  
Julia.....Ellen Mahar  
Tom Hayes.....George R. Taylor  
Ben Fischer.....Bradlee Martin  
Tish.....Lawrence Keating  
Herman.....Sardis Lawrence  
Hennessy.....W. E. Watts  
Frank Wardell.....George L. Taylor  
Duke.....Hugh Hite  
Chump.....Walter Davis  
Joe.....Adrienne Earle  
Peggy.....Jessamine Newcombe  
Onton.....Roy Baker  
Dr. Andrews.....Ira Hay  
Mr. Allen.....Hugh Ford

The production in New York last fall of Philip Dunning's new comedy, "Night Hostess," was greeted with considerable interest, due largely to the enormous success of the celebrated "Broadway," of which he was part author. "Night Hostess," another cabaret drama, while not as spectacular as its predecessor, achieved considerable popularity aided by a most enthusiastic review written by the distinguished visiting critic of the New York World, St. John Ervine. He found it novel, stimulating and exciting. It must be admitted, however, that the play does not display any very great originality of plot or character, though it is quite entertaining enough to provide an evening's pleasure.

The story concerns itself with the adventures of a young and attractive girl, "Buddy" Miles, who is acting as hostess in a night club of dubious nature. One of the proprietors, Chris Miller, is pursuing her but she has a staunch protector in "Rags" Conway, song-writer and presumably bootlegger. "Rags," distrusting Chris, keeps an eye on him and finally comes upon him when he is endeavoring to conceal in a trunk the body of a young woman, Julia, hostess in the same club where "Buddy" is working, whom he has just strangled because she threatened to give him away to the police. Consternation follows her mysterious disappearance. Tom Hayes, Julia's husband, now a detective trying to clear up a robbery and murder which was planned by Chris, finds the trunk, which was being sent to Chicago, and Chris, trying to escape, falls to his death down the elevator shaft. There is no shooting, despite the flourishing of guns, but retribution overtakes the guilty and "Buddy" comes to her senses in time the marry the long-suffering "Rags."

The performance last night was brisk and the cast well in their parts; if their actions did not seem altogether credible it was the playwright's fault, not theirs. Especially deserving of praise were Don Beddoe as "Rags" Conway, George Taylor as Ben Fischer, and Ellen Mahar as the unfortunate Julia; Ivy Mertons made a most attractive "Buddy." The others were all thoroughly satisfactory. E. L. H.

### B. F. KEITH MEMORIAL THEATRE

It is safe to conjecture that there were many parched throats in the audiences yesterday at the B. F. Keith Memorial Theatre, when that inimitable Scotchman, Will Fyfe, had downed in pantomime his sixth doch and doris. In fact, to see Mr. Fyfe stagger through ribald and inebriated attempts to sing, to imitate a labor agitator, to light a stubborn pipe, to portray a garrulous old man, and a gob just returned home, was more than a passing diversion of the moment. The crackling wit and dry humor, the carefully constructed characterizations, the ease, vigor and naturalness of performance, were things to carry from the theatre, to chuckle over and to admire.

A well balanced program opened with the Ben Hamid troupe, who jumped, leaped, climbed, tumbled and otherwise gyrated through five of the most intensive minutes of action that this stage has shown in some weeks. Of course the well balanced program would have been lost without a trained animal act. This is provided by Ray Huling and his seal. The latter is encouraged to do the hula, toss lemons and otherwise cavort about the stage as

a well trained seal should. Nonette, recently starred in "Countess Maritza," and billed as the "Singing Violinist," injects a touch of color to the performance.

Then there were Arthur and Morton Havel, assisted by Helen Lockhart and Denise Dooley in a comedy farce which gives the two popular comedians ample opportunity to present their wares in a manner that was evidently appreciated. Linked with them are the 16 Russell Market Dancers, who with Jean Devereaux and Sol and Jack Freed, bring to a close a vaudeville offering that creates a new high standard. Rarely has such a trained group of dancers appeared on the two-a-day.

On the screen, Clara Beranger's adaptation of George Kelly's successful stage play, "Craig's Wife," is the feature. William C. DeMille supervised the picture, and in it Irene Rich and Warner Baxter have the leading roles. Much of the story is told by titles, as would be inevitable in reducing to film purposes a play in which brilliant dialogue has such a vital part. Thus the picture becomes less of a dramatic presentation than of a series of explanatory captions.

### ARLINGTON THEATRE

#### "Erin's Isle"

Three hours of solid entertainment are offered by Emmett Moore who brings to this city diversified entertainment and the storied picture of Ireland's natural scenic and historic beauties. Everything necessary to touch the heart and to enkindle the feelings of the true Irishman and his family are unrolled on the screen, which is accompanied by sound effects appropriate to the picture.

The first section is called "Forty-Five Minutes in Ireland," and shows a cross-section of Irish life today interspersed with a breath of the past, given by the ancient ruined abbeys, the alluring lake scenes and the desolate quiet of bog and mountain side. This is followed by "Rambles 'Round Erin" and by "The Charming Young Widow," a comedy playlet furnished with Irish wit and humor.

Eileen O'Dare on the stage gave a program of Irish music, accompanying herself on the harp. Jack Olcott, in the guise of a good natured policeman, assists with several songs and rapid fire dialogue, and Emmett Moore conducts a skit of comedy and song. The last half of the program is called "Touring Through Erin's Isle," and gives a graphic story of Ireland's many attractions and beauty.

### WASHINGTON ST. OLYMPIA AND FENWAY

#### "The Barker"

A screen drama, based on Kenyon Nicholson's play of the same name, directed by George Fitzmaurice and presented by First National with the following cast:

Nifty Miller.....Milton Sells  
Lou.....Dorothy McDaniell  
Carrie.....Betty Compson  
Chris Miller.....Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.  
Ma Benson.....Selvia Ashton  
Rag Swivel.....George Cooper  
Col. Gowdy.....S. S. Simon  
The Other Barker.....Tom Dorian

As Nifty Miller, in his travel-stained check suit and blithely switching his cane, leaped down from the ballyhoo platform of Col. Gowdy's midway show, "The Barker," sprang into screen life. As in the play, young Chris, verdant and bashful, appeared unexpectedly before his world-worn father; Carrie, the hula dancer, voiced her jealousy because the youth threatened to supplant her in Nifty's calloused attentions, entered Lou, until recently the cornulent colonel's favorite paramour and, if one believes Nifty, a common wanton; Rag, the observant, humorous tickler-taker, and Col. Gowdy himself fussy, pompous. The Ma Benson of the screen is a gin-drinking, frousy woman of 60, against the Ma Benson of the play, a motherly soul, watchful over her irresponsible brood. One missed also Sailor West, with his short-stemmed pipe and his reminiscences of the days when tattooing was an art.

In fact, "The Barker" of the films withholds much of the delightful back scenes atmosphere of the play. It substitutes for the green room various sections of the carnival train, its sleeping berths, its commissary car, its strangely assorted passengers. It introduces a peach orchard by the railroad tracks, through which Chris and Lou scamper like children to their first momentous tryst. It stages a lively free-for-all fight in a tough town, with carnival employes arrayed against drunken mill hands, with the bearded lady donning brass knuckles and with a lot of broken heads, all because Chris presented an insult to his beloved Lou.

These changes do not detract from the merits of the screen presentation, do not alter the main trend of the story. Actually they serve the better and surer to hold interest, to give the picture life and color. The central theme, that of Nifty's disappointment that his son should "fall for that dame," Lou, and thus jeopardize his future as the lawyer Nifty wanted him to be; and of the near-have-come to Carrie's at-

Th. gener.



achment to the commencing city, is retained. It seemed hardly necessary to reduce Nifty to protracted debauchery at the end. Not so low did he fall in the play.

"The Spieler," another carnival picture recently shown by Pathe, accented the sinister side of that nomadic life. "The Barker" deals with what might be called the flagrantly intimate relations of its men and women. Each has sound sequences and frequent talking periods. In these Mr. Sills was most effective. His conception of Nifty was a trifle heavy, yet almost invariably convincing. Miss Mackaill as Lou was best in her more flirtatious moments. Miss Compton shone in her raging scenes. Mr. Fairbanks was an ingenious Chris. W. E. G.

#### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

##### "Give and Take"

A screen comedy-drama, adapted by Harvey Thew from Aaron Hoffman's stage play; photographed by Charles Van Enger, directed by William Beaudine, and presented by Universal as a Carl Laemmle special with the following cast:

John Bauer..... Jean Hersholt  
Albert Kruger..... George Sidney  
Jack Bauer..... George Lewis  
Marion Kruger..... Sharon Lynn  
Craig..... Sam Hardy  
Nancy..... Rhoda M. Cross  
Drummond..... Charles Hill Mailes

An odd and at times irritating compound is this "Give and Take." Its perpetrators insist that it is a comedy-drama. In fact, it lacks any dramatic value, and it runs to farce and even burlesque rather than legitimate comedy. It has pretentious periods of spoken dialogue, and equally long sequences of silence. There are instances of silence when speech might speed the scene, and moments when speech retards the action. Without Mr. Sidney or Mr. Hersholt, veterans of the burlesque stage and the miming screen respectively, "Give and Take" probably would be laughed out of the theatre after one showing.

John Bauer and Albert Kruger, working side by side as boss and foreman in Bauer's canning factory for 30 years, are split in twain when young Bauer, fresh from a commercial college, introduces his theory of "Industrial democracy." Kruger, aligned on the youngster's side, has his chances to be comic when he orates about profit-sharing and mixes parliamentary law phrases in particular and the king's English in general, according to the best traditions of the burlesque stage. When the Bauer plant is practically bankrupt a millionaire named Craig enters with a scheme to lay the food trusts low and to enrich the victors. He sends the elder Bauer out to buy up the fruit acreage of four states, but meantime is reported as insane, so fresh disaster impends. In the end Craig is proved sane by a court edict, young Bauer thinks his doctrine of "give and take" has been proved sound, and the elder Bauer and Kruger become affectionate comrades again.

Mr. Hersholt, staggering under a heavy burden of inane lines, keeps old Bauer within the limits of sane characterization for the greater part. Mr. Sidney, with more freedom, alternates between the hokum of his stage days and an honest endeavor to make Kruger a human being. Mr. Hardy, as the visionary Craig, indicated a splendid voice for the "talkies," and his laugh, while overdone, was one of the natural bits in the picture. In justice, it should be added that the voices of all the principals were of more normal tone and volume than has been noted in better productions. Also, it is worthy of contemplation, that there still are audiences eager to laugh aloud at slightest provocation. W. E. G.

#### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

##### "A Lady of Chance"

A screen drama, adapted by Edmund Goulding and A. P. Younger from a story by LeRoy Scott; photographed by Beverly Marley, directed by Robert Z. Leonard, and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Betty..... Norma Shearer  
Bradley..... Lowell Sherman  
Gwen..... Gwen Lee  
Steve Crandall..... John Mack Brown  
Mrs. Crandall..... Eugenia Bessinger  
Bank..... Buddie Messinger

It is not often that a comedy as amusing at this develops out of what promised to be a distinctly melodramatic plot. A demure little telephone operator, snubbing the advances of flirtatious men, turns out to be a skilful blackmailer, rather wanted by the police. She goes by the name of Dolly Morgan, but she is better known to the board of parole as "Angel Face." Trying to bleed a wealthy victim on her own account, she is discovered by some old associates in the game who threaten to give her up to the police unless she

yields to them the lion's share of the loot. This charming pair, Gwen and Bradley, try to get away with the cash extracted by Dolly from the rich old gentleman, but she is too clever for them and walks off with the whole role right under their unsuspecting noses. With all this sudden wealth she goes down to Atlantic City, for a new victim.

Finding a young, attractive, and apparently prosperous, not to mention entirely unsuspecting young man, Steve Crandall, she gives him the benefit of her most alluring wiles with the not at all surprising result that he surrenders completely, even suggesting a midnight marriage and trip back to his home. Dolly, with visions of a great plantation before her dazzled eyes, consents with all the shy raptures of first love, by a clever trick gets rid of the tenacious leeches, Gwen and Bradley, who have followed her for some more pickings, and departs for the South with her new husband, only to find on her arrival that he is quite poor. Angry at first, she decides to stick it out as she is too fond of Steve to leave him. Once more the blackmailing pair find her; she defies them, then pretends to submit, but at last foils them by a desperate effort.

Norma Shearer makes Dolly a beguiling, amusing and sympathetic little baggage. John Mack Brown is a pleasing and ingenious Steve, and Lowell Sherman provides much mirth as the never quite clever enough crook, Bradley. E. L. H.

#### CAPITOL'S PUBLIC PRE-RELEASE

At the Capitol Theatre, Allston, last evening, the Publix Theatre Corporation gave the first in a contemplated series of public pre-releases of important Paramount productions. A program of seven units was presented, each seat was reserved, and the tariff closely approached that charged in New York theatres where in the past big feature pictures have been installed for runs before being sent out on the road. Last evening's program was headed by the first showing in this city of Paramount's second all-talking picture, "Interference" being the first.

It is not intended at this time to review the picture here, as later it will start a showing measured by weeks in downtown and uptown Publix theatres. It suffices that George Bancroft, Olga Baclanova, Paul Lukas and Nancy Carroll have the leading roles in an exciting, dramatic and wholly satisfactory dialogue picture called "The Wolf of Wall Street," directed by Rowland V. Lee; that the story relates to a gigantic pool in a certain stock headed by Bancroft, to an intrigue between his wife, played by Baclanova, and a pool member, Lukas, and the mutual financial ruin of both men, contrived by Bancroft when he learns of his wife's perfidy.

The other units in the program included Paramount News, Lynne Overman and Company in an all-talking comedy, "Kisses," a clever colored troupe in another all-talking comedy by Octavus Roy Cohen called "The Melancholy Dame," the Giersdorf sisters in vocal trios, and the Capitol Theatre orchestra, under Hyman Finc, in several excellent numbers. The audience was large and apparently well pleased. W. E. G.

Jan 30 1929

#### "JUDITH" AND "DON PASQUALE"

As a curtain-raiser before "Judith" the Chicago opera company gave last night two hours of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale." Everybody concerned, we must assume, did the best he could, so let us by all means be charitable—and silent. The young, though, must not draw conclusions as to the merits of early Italian operatic comedy. There is more than one way of performing "Don Pasquale." For the sake of reference, here is the cast:

Don Pasquale..... Vittorio Trevisan  
Dr. Malatesta..... Giacomo Rimini  
Oreste..... Charles Hackett  
Norina..... Margherita Salvi  
A notary..... Lodovico Oliviero

Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni  
This lengthy prelude finally out of the way, the evening's real entertainment, the "Judith" of Honegger, began at a quarter past 10.

This was the cast:  
Judith..... Mary Garden  
La Servante..... Lucille Meisel  
La Pleureuse..... Hilda Burke  
Holophernes..... Cesare Formichi  
Bagoas..... Edouard Creteil  
Un Soldat..... Jose Morica  
Conductor, Giorgio Polacco

What shall be said of it? As drama it surely is dull, as drama needs must be that presents no characters to each other opposed, that offers no clash of passions. Judith indeed, and Holophernes for five minutes meet each other face to face, but the very brevity of this meeting precludes all possibility of dramatic thrill: no man in five minutes, be he Holophernes himself or Mr. Formichi, can work up to a pitch of passion that thrills. So the only scene that might have marched dramatically, because of its curtness stood still.

Since the action passed in light so dim not a face could be seen or many features clearly, what acting there was

## TWO OARSMEN

A biographer of today, noting the death of Rudolph Chambers Lehmann, might draw a comparison, after the manner of Plutarch, between this English oarsman and Robert J. Cook, the American. Cook of Yale went to England and brought back the "English stroke," that Yale might conquer Harvard. Lehmann of Cambridge, England, came to Harvard as a coach to tame Yale's haughty spirit. Each one of the two American colleges hoped thus to end a series of defeats. Cook was sent across the Atlantic by the Yale navy, which had raised a fund for that purpose. Lehmann was imported largely through the generous interest of an American, who had been a student at Trinity, Cambridge.

The two men differed widely in birth, early advantages, nature, tastes and pursuits after graduation. Lehmann, a grandson of Robert Chambers, author and publisher, was a brilliant student, conspicuous not only for his oarsmanship. After he was graduated he was barrister, high sheriff, editor, poet, essayist: one of Mr. Punch's honored men for nearly 30 years. Some of his graceful verses are to be found in current anthologies, verses in the manner of Præed and Luckier-Lampson; poems at times pleasantly satirical. When Swinburne in an essay spoke rather contemptuously of Calverley's place in literature, Lehmann wrote a reply in stinging verse. His personal charm and his entertaining conversation won him a host of friends.

Cook's one purpose at Yale was to make his college pre-eminent on the water. To that purpose he gave his time and his unflagging energy. He was a "low-stand" man, but the faculty, sharing his ambition, did not look too closely at his recitation marks. He was not interested in books or in anything pertaining to literature. After graduation he became connected, ironical as it may seem, with a prominent newspaper in Philadelphia.

His energy found play in the publishing department, of which he became the head. Brutally assaulted by a half-crazed employee, he barely escaped with his life. Incapacitated for some time, he finally left the newspaper and knew lean years. For a time he made Paris his home, where he acted as a gentleman courier for Americans wishing to make the grand tour, often, if not always, content with the payment of his traveling expenses. His last years were passed quietly in this country.

At college Cook did not cultivate the Muse; he cared not for the Graces. He did not shine in conversation; when he talked it was to the point; he kept aloof from class intrigues and politics. His honesty and independence of spirit; his loyalty to friends; the modesty with which he bore the honors awarded him, excited admiration and respect without regard to the fame he had brought Yale by the crews triumphant under his training.

It is for aquatic experts to say whether Lehmann's coaching was of temporary or lasting benefit to Harvard's oarsmen. When it was noised around that Cook had been sent abroad to learn the "English stroke," there were jests and sarcastic remarks at the expense of Yale. Were there no famous oarsmen in the United States to train American crews? It was true that Harvard had been defeated by Oxford using that stroke; Charles Reade eulogized the pluck of the visitors; some went so far as to say that Harvard would have won if it had not been for faulty training, mistaken ideas about diet, consequent sickness. No one thought of Artemus Ward's excuse for the defeat of a visiting American single sculler: He "wasn't used to British water." There might, after all, be something in this "English" stroke.

It is doubtful whether Lehmann's influence at Harvard was marked for any length of time.

The influence of Cook at Yale was long-enduring; when there were radical departures from his stroke, Harvard won. Today Cook is only a tradition, but a glorious tradition. No doubt at Trinity, Cambridge, there are those who know Lehmann as the crack oarsman of that college and a captain of the Leander crew, not as the poet of vers de societe.

must be left out of account. The music remains.

It is music to be respected. Honegger strove hard, no doubt of it, for music to establish moods and quicken emotion. For his purpose he used no foul means whatever, no extravagance or affectation. He depended on melody, unadorned, to attain his aims, of the Hebrew type obtaining in Hebrew ritual music. He depended on rhythm sharply defined. While stopping short this side of ugliness, by extreme orchestral skill he frequently secured

effects of poignancy.

And yet, with it all, it was a sound musician, a man of imagination, failed to produce, for many people, a single moving moment. Who can say why? Perhaps the shortness of the episode, over almost before it had begun, made any engrossing effect of the question.

The performance, at all events, was admirable. Mr. Polacco, be it to his credit, in the way of Honegger, himself made musical rough places and plain. In the score, indeed, he had much beauty, little harshness. He had the words be heard. Recognizing Honegger's music was meant to be sung, neither oarked nor yelped, he to it that sung it should be. Miss den sang particularly well, and others did well with their lesser opportunities. Praise to them all!

The opera this afternoon will be "La Boheme," tonight "Aida." R. R.

#### ST. OLAF LUTHERAN CHOIR

The St. Olaf Lutheran choir last night again delighted a large audience in Symphony hall by accomplished singing, under the distinguished leadership of Dr. Melius Christiansen. The following interesting program was presented: Sing Ye to the Lord (Bach); Misericordias Domini (Durante); The Morning Star (Schumann); Go, Song of Mine (Elgar); Be Thyself My Surety Now (Reger); Mary's Cradle-Song on the Twelfth Day (Schumann); Ihr Kinder Zion (A. Mendelssohn); Glory Be to God (Rachmaninoff); So Soberly (Norwegian folk melody); Clap Your Hands (F. Melius Christiansen); Beautiful Saviour (Crusader's hymn).

The choir's skill and precision in attack, variety of tone color, incisive rhythms and rarely lovely blending of the voices on fortissimo chords, or on the softest of hummed accompaniment, make it a really unique musical organization. This phenomenal efficiency in a college chorus is no doubt largely due to the leadership of Dr. Christiansen, whose strong guidance is felt (though not obtrusively) in every selection. Singing all the choruses without score, and without any preliminary humming to find pitch, these young people give every piece of music a polished and brilliant performance technically, revealing every subtle beauty of the score. Their work is pervaded with a fine religious spirit, sincerity and vigor, tenderness and simplicity they can infuse into the music at will. The variety of tone color they command is unusually wide; there were times when their voices held all the richness of the organ, and times when they all seemed to have metamorphosed into flutes and violins. Very beautifully sung were "The Morning Star" of Schumann and Rachmaninoff's setting of "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Some graceful solo singing brought special applause for one of the sopranos, her lovely, clear voice lent itself well to the long, sweet phrases of "Mary's Cradle Song on the Twelfth Day," and to the solo portions of "So Soberly" and "Beautiful Saviour." There was pronounced applause, too, for the distinguished conductor, and for his effective setting of the 47th Psalm. The large audience rendered much applause in appreciation of the excellencies of the choir, and compelled the reputation of the choir's selections. E. B.

Jan 31 1929

#### "LA BOHEME"

By PHILIP HALE

Boston Opera House: Chicago City Opera Company, Mr. Polacco musical director, "La Boheme," lyric drama in four acts; libretto by Giacosa and Illica; music by Giacomo Puccini.

The cast of yesterday afternoon was as follows:

Mimi..... Edith Mason  
Rodolfo..... A. J. Brown  
Marcello..... Luigi Neri  
Colline..... Virelio Lewis  
Schaunard..... Desha Deane  
Musetta..... Irene Palkova  
Benoit, Alcide..... Vittorio Trosani  
Parpignol..... Lodovico Oliviero  
Conductor..... Roberto Moranzoni

It is not at all improbable that in the years to come Puccini will be known and esteemed by "La Boheme" and the comic opera "Gianni Schicchi," when his other operas in which, with the exception of "Manon Lescaut," he was himself first of all a sophisticated and expert man of the theatre, are only catalogued. For "La Boheme" is a faithful in its lyrics; it is spontaneous in its appeal. Puccini was living in Bohemia when he composed the music which might be called autobiographical. Not the delectable Bohemia described by Thackeray in "The Adventures of Philip" but the Bohemia of Paris, which was once said to be the place to the hospital or the morgue, or the French Academy, a saving wholly just, for certain grave and honorable sitters in chairs of the Academy had sold, as students their and furniture to buy bread and cheese. The Puccini of "La Boheme" was in a garret; Mimi and Musetta, doubt, cheered vacant hours



he had seen Colline on a winter day 80 out to pawn his beloved coat. Puccini's music almost strips the characters of their laziness and shady conduct. A stern moralist seeing them in the first acts might well think of Walt Whitman's line:

"Onward we move, a gay gang of blackguards!"

With mirth-shouting music and wild-flapping pennants of joy!

But an audience does not accept them as blackguards and light-skirts. It mourns as it stands by the death-bed of Mimi, though in this scene is the one shock to those demanding operatic realism—as if there could be realism when speech is turned into song: Mimi is dying; her companions are in despair; "Colline, run for some medicine"; and Colline delays; he must sing farewell to his coat. As in "The Pirates of Penzance" the policemen shout, "We go, we go," to which the major-general cries out, "Yes; but you don't go." However it was thought necessary that the philosopher should have a song to display his bass voice, so for a time the mourners at the bedside listen respectfully, are ready to applaud, or say quietly to themselves so as not to disturb the dying girl, "Rot-ten."

Yet, in spite of the song to the coat, the last scene is one of the most emotional in the whole literature of opera; emotional by the simplicity of the means employed, by the subdued melodic intensity. There is not even the orchestral establishment of a pathetic mood as in the last scenes of Verdi's "La Traviata" and "Otello."

When "La Boheme" was first performed in Boston 30 years ago this month, old opera-goers shook their heads. They deplored the lack of melody! There was no brilliant aria with trills and florid runs. Pedants were disgusted by the orchestral "empty fifths" at the beginning of the third act. To some the story was distasteful, beneath the dignity of grand opera. In New York, as in foreign capitals, critics found the first two acts lacking in the lightness that comedy demands. In Vienna the orchestration of the second act was pronounced inappropriately heavy and noisy, and there was amusing indignation over the employment of trombones. In Paris it was said that the librettists had "taken liberties" with Murger's story; that Leoncavallo's operatic treatment of it was more faithful—true, but what of it? And one observing critic pointed out that in the first act snow covers the roofs and the cold is freezing; in the second act, an hour later, the Bohemians bide comfortably in the open air.

Only a miserable performance can kill Puccini's music and make the story farcical. The performance yesterday afternoon was one of exemplary excellence. The principals, the management of the stage and the orchestral interpretation were alike thrice admirable.

There have been sopranos in the past who sang the music of Mimi exquisitely, but made her an impassive creature, dead before her death. There have been sopranos who with insufficient voice and little vocal skill played with genuine emotion. And there have been sopranos who sang and acted with storm and stress as if Mimi were a tormented heroine in a tragedy of Elizabethan days. Mme. Mason sang with delightful richness and purity of tone, free delivery, emotional significance. One recognized the voice of Mimi; one saw her now joyous, now suffering on the stage; a simple, loving woman, not a prima donna too expectant of applause; a well-graced, skilled, sympathetic singer and actress, willing to sink her own personality and assume that of the woman whose character she was called on to portray. Nor for a moment did Mme. Mason forget that the role is a lyric, not a stormy dramatic one.

Mr. Cortis as Rodolfo looked the romantic poet; he sang romantically, without sentimentalism but with fervor in the love passages, with tenderness and

pathos in the duet of the third act. The other Bohemians were spirited in action, not too boisterous in their vivacity, intelligent and effective in song. Mme. Pavloska was pleasing in the required hoydenish manner, and in her waltz song did not attempt to act as if a spotlight singled her out in the throng. Mr. Trevisan showed comic versatility as the landlord and the Parisian "un." Mr. Moranzoni's reading of the score was eloquent. Under his direction there was beauty of color, regard and support for the singers, due emphasis for the more passionate moments. There was a large audience.

#### "AIDA"

Last night at the Opera House came "Aida," this being the cast: The King of Egypt, Chase Baromeo; Amneris, Cyrena Van Gordon; Radames, Charles Marshall; Aida, Rosa Ralska; Ramfis, Alexander Kipnis; Amonasro, Richard Bonelli; Priestess, Hilda Burke; a messenger, Giuseppe Casadore. Conductor, Giorgio Polacco; stage director, Charles Moor.

Once Mr. Polacco made the round

statement that in Verdi's music there is nothing common; if common it sounds, the fault is due to the misconception of the performers. The statement delighted some persons, those who hold Verdi in reverence; it set others, impatient of all opera before the day of Wagner, to wagging their heads in amaze.

Certain devotees of Verdi, for the matter of that, wondered at Mr. Polacco's inclusiveness of assertion. Details of raucous scoring in "Aida"—how could he explain them away? Last night he showed us how.

Those trumpets, for instance, on the stage itself before the triumphal procession? By keeping them close to their place in the dynamic scheme, giving full force to the higher register of the melody's repetition, Mr. Polacco secured, instead of the customary blast of noise, an effect of gleaming brilliancy. So Verdi, in that notorious spot, proved not to be common at all. The worth of taste and judgment!

Mr. Polacco proved his point in many another passage too often misunderstood. They add to the stir, the emotional throb, so much he made clear, but not necessarily to the din. Though hampered by a singer or two who could not share his eagerness for rhythmic movement, Mr. Polacco, even so, gave "Aida's" score a hearing such as it has not enjoyed in Boston this many a day.

Let us, though, be honest. Those symbols in the martial moments of the first scene—surely they clash too often. And one episode, in the ballet music of the triumph scene, Mr. Polacco himself, for all his splendid devotion, can scarcely maintain is fine. He could have made it sound so if anybody could.

With Mr. Polacco Mr. Bonelli shared honors, a singer of voice and method, a musician, and an actor of intelligence and force. The same fine qualities Mr. Kipnis had on hand as his personal contribution to the success of the evening. Good voices all the others contributed as well, very lavishly too, and fervently into the bargain. So the evening went, rousing, to the satisfaction of a very large audience.

"Die Walkure" will be sung tonight R. R. G.

#### FINE ARTS THEATRE

The program at the Fine Arts Theatre this week is made up of "The Life of Beethoven," a motion picture conception of Rachmaninoff's "Prelude in C-Sharp Minor," and "The Arctic Seal Hunt." It will run through Saturday and after that there will be no presentation by the Artkino Guild until the 20th of February, when it will continue with its series of unusual and worthwhile films.

The very thought of bringing back to life the semblance of Beethoven is enough to give pause to the most daring. Supposing that an actor could be found who resembled the composer in his outward form: could he by dint of inspiration give the faintest idea of the titanic personality to whom the years brought only loneliness and sorrow, while he produced the most marvelous music the world has ever known? How is it possible for us to believe, even for a moment, that we are watching the struggles of a genius who, stone deaf though he was, could write the "Ninth Symphony" and the "Missa Solennis" while totally unable to hear a single note. Let it be said at once that the performance of Fritz Kortner is nothing short of remarkable; his physical resemblance to Beethoven is uncanny and his personality is forceful and convincing to a degree that is amazing when the difficulty of his task is considered.

Too mature for the youthful Beethoven, he yet contrived to lend him an air of impetuous vigor and growing talent that was entirely believable. As the composer grown older he struck a deeper note, as if he felt on surer ground. It is to be regretted that the film was so fragmentary that Beethoven aged by leaps and bounds and the actor could only develop short scenes instead of a complete characterization; but anything else was impossible when so much ground had to be covered. Kortner's finest achievement came in the scenes when Beethoven growing old, realizes that he is becoming deaf and unable to conduct his own compositions. The feeling of despair mingled with a sublime determination to go on while the tides of music swelled irresistibly within him, was profoundly and tragically moving. It was impossible not to believe in the truth of these awe-inspiring moments. It was remarkably fine acting.

The picture of the Arctic Seal Hunt is intensely interesting and less gruesome than might have been expected; first there are photographs of the ships racing for the sealing grounds and getting stuck in the ice, then comes the hunting of the seal with the men scattered over the floes miles away from the ship, shooting and clubbing their quarry, plunging dangerous holes and suddenly gapping water, and the belated return to the ship in the midst of a blinding snow-storm. It is a stimulating program, and it is to be hoped that the Artkino Guild, after its temporary interruption, will continue to give us more of the same degree of merit. E. L. H.

#### "DIE WALKUERE"

Last night the Chicago company came to "Die Walkure," thus cast:

Wotan, Emil Schipper; Fricka, Maria Olszewska; Hunding, Edouard Cotreuil; Sieglinde, Eva Turner; Siegmund, Forrest Lamont; Brunnhilde, Frida Leider; Helmwig, Ilma Bayle; Gerhilde, Irene Pavloska; Ortlinde, Alice d'Hernanoy; Waltraute, Marie Claessens; Siegrune, Elizabeth Kerr; Rossweisse, Coe Glade; Grimgerde, Ada Paggi; Schwertleite, Constance Eberhart. Conductor, Giorgio Polacco; stage director, Charles Moor.

Like the guests at the feast of whom Sieglinde told, operas come and operas go. Low-lived players like those Pagliacci of Leoncavallo, stir us.

We follow, absorbed, the ill-fortunes of Santuzza. Over the piteous death of Mimi we shed a tear. Even Louise and her scold of a mother hold our interest while they wrangle in song across the kitchen table. The quips of Figaro, let Rossini set them forth or Mozart himself, the sentimentality of "Thais," the brutality exposed in Wolf-Ferraris "Jewels," even the sketchy paucities of "Judith"—in all of these we, the operatic public, take our pleasure, every one. To be "opera" at all is to shed glamor.

When wild romance, though, does reach the boards, then is ecstasy let loose. What signifies it if Wagner, that arch-romanticist, had no sense of time, if here and there he let extravagance override fine taste, if he exacted of performers the impossible?

Nothing signifies in the least if only his interpreters feel a tithe of the romance that stirred him to a splendor of utterance never yet equalled in operatic music.

Far more than a tithe of it Mr. Polacco felt. The intensity he brought to bear in the prelude made clear the mood he was in. Not once—till five minutes of 11, at all events—did he let that driving intensity flag, except for a moment or two when he needs must mark time to help an over-weighted singer along the way. Here was noble work, rightly conceived, brilliantly executed. The needful romantic atmosphere it maintained when, without it, prose would have hunted poetry off the field.

Miss Leider, indeed, could have done without help from anybody. A very valkyrie in appearance, she moved like one, with majesty and grace. By bodily pose and facial change she knew how to express emotion. With a voice of singular beauty in the lower and middle registers, she did some singing rarely beautiful and poignantly expressive. Her share of the dialogue with Siegmund can never be forgotten.

Mme. Olszewska, though an indulger in vocalism needlessly explosive, gave Fricka precisely, a goddess, no less, who felt the weight of the universe on her shoulders, not merely a shrewish woman. The valkyries, high on a rocky mountain peak really suggestive of a windy summit, sang sonorously, with spirit. Miss Turner contributed earnestness and a fine voice to the satisfying whole. Mr. Schipper a very good knowledge of how Wotan should be portrayed.

Perfection—it is not to be expected; Wagner asked too much. Romance, however, there was the evening through, at least in the orchestra. Add to that some fine singing and two remarkable impersonations—let us be content, for more we do not often get.

The opera tonight will be "Lakme." R. R. G.

#### "LAKME"

By PHILIP HALE

Boston Opera House: Chicago Civic Opera Company, Mr. Polacco, musical director. "Lakme," an opera-comique in three acts; libretto by Edmond Gondinet and Philippe Gilic; music by Leo Delibes (produced in Paris on April 14, 1883; in New York, in English, March 1, 1886; in Boston, in English, April 20, 1886).

Cast: Charles Hackett, Desire Deiron, Frederic, Edmond Cotreuil, Nilakanta, Lakme, Alice Mock, Malika, Irene Pavloska, Hadji, Jose Monier, Ellen, Lucille Neusel, Rose, Ada Paggi, Mrs. Benson, Marie Claessens, Conductor, Charles Lauwers.

When "Lakme" was first heard in Paris some said the story was derived from "Le Mariage de Loti," others asked whether the music was oriental or French. All agreed that libretto and music were "amiable"; at times charming. French composers were for many years attracted by oriental subjects, some wrote their music in a pseudo-oriental manner or frankly borrowed oriental themes. Victor Hugo's early

Few escaped it in the arts. Even Cesar Franck wrote his song "The Emir of Bengador" in a languorous style to Mery's verses. Felicien David, a man of indisputable talent, was so musically enamored of the East that Auber wished he would dismount from his camel. And in more recent years Massenet was fascinated by oriental stories and legends though with rare exceptions his music was French after the manner of Massenet. It was so with Gounod when he wrote his "Queen of Sheba," so with Bizet when he produced his "Djamileh." And there are contemporary French composers who, knocking at the operatic door, take with them an "oriental" libretto with music, as they fondly hope, of eastern tonalities and color.

The English are in "Lakme": officers—but they do not sing "God Save the King," as B. F. Pinkerton bursts into "The Star Spangled Banner" when he raises his glass of whiskey; there are English bread-and-butter misses protected by the typical English governess. When "Lakme" was first performed in London by Marie Van Zandt and a French company, Ellen, Rose and the excellent Mrs. Benson were thrown overboard; there was then no chattering and exclamations of surprise when Gerald had irreverently made his way to the garden of the fanatical Brahmin priest, whose daughter up to that time had sung duets only with her slave Malika. Not without reason has the opera been described as one in three love duets, not acts; while Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" is one long love-duet interrupted by the necessary scenes of exile and the sleeping potion.

Delibes wrote his "Lakme" for that fascinating singer Marie Van Zandt. She acted marvelously and not only sang with dazzling brilliance the legend of "La Fille du Paria" which still tempts would-be-mistresses of florid song; she delighted audiences by the tenderness and naivete with which she interpreted "Pourquoi dans les grands bois." She, Adelina Patti, the brilliant Pauline L'Allemande, charming Lydia Lipkowska, have taken the part of Delibes's gentle heroine in Boston; how was it with Miss Mock last night? Her portrayal should be considered without thought of her predecessors.

Her voice is comparatively light. It carries well and is of agreeable quality. She did not force tones, so this quality was preserved except in the extreme upper notes of the "Bell" song, where her intonation was not always pure, and she labored. She sang the music of sentiment—there is little passion in the music given to Lakme by Delibes—with the requisite tenderness and significance of phrase. The florid measures in the "Bell" song were for the most clearly and neatly delivered. The role does not call for any display of dramatic intensity. Miss Mock realized this and kept within bounds; not with too evident restraint but maintaining her idea of the character. So, while she did not give any suggestion of exoticism, while except for the aid of scenery, costumes and general business of the stage this Lakme might have been a maiden of New England, she gave a performance that was pleasing with promise of artistic development.

Mr. Hackett bestowed vocal fervor on music that for the most part lacks it. He bore himself like a gallant English officer. Mr. Deferre, excellent in whatever role is allotted to him, was much more than a sane companion of the imprudent Gerald. The voices of Miss Mock and Madame Pavloska blended well in their duet; Mr. Mojica with no effort made Hadji stand out among the throng; he was prominent by his repose until he sang with unaffected pathos the most emotional page in the opera. A marked feature of the evening was the admirable diction of Mr. Cotreuil, and the dignity and the force of his portrayal.

Mr. Lauwers conducted with musical feeling and intelligence, bringing out the fine details of the score. The stage settings and management were all that is expected of a company renowned for its mounting of operas. The quintet in the first act, a good example of the conversational music in which Auber excelled, and the choruses—did not Delibes for his temple music have "Aida" in mind?—were well sung. The large audience was enthusiastic, genuinely enthusiastic; not from courtesy but from enjoyment.

The opera this afternoon will be "Boris Godunov" with Mr. Vanni-Marcoux; tonight "Thais" with Miss Garden.

#### METROPOLITAN

##### "The Red Dance"

A screen drama, adapted by James Creelman from a story by H. L. Gates and Eleanor Browne, directed by Raoul Walsh and presented by William Fox, with the following cast:

Tasia, Dolores Del Rio, Grand Duke Eugene, Charles Farrell, Ivan Petroff, Ivan Linow, An Agitator, Boris Chersky, Princess Varvara, Dorothy Royce, Gen. Tamaroff, Andre Segura, Rasputin, Dimitri Alex.

Such vast accumulation of detail, such prodigious effort to so slight end, seldom have an impetus in this direction.



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has been applied to a major motion picture as in "The Red Dance." This proves to be just one more film relating to the Russian revolution, with a handsome grand duke of democratic tendencies who the anti-Czarist plotters try to destroy; a beautiful peasant girl who thirsts for knowledge that she may aid in freeing Russia from its oppressors; a giant soldier who steals a horse to buy a bride drinks vodka immoderately, becomes a general in the people's army and brings the picture to a so-called happy ending by a stage trick which has been utilized times over. Through the first part moves that sinister figure, Rasputin, the black monk, the holy sinner, engaged in some sort of indefinable conspiracy to undermine the morale of the imperial Russian army. There is reference by Gen. Tanaroff, one of the plotters, to inestimable rewards "from the enemy" if these schemes prosper. The nationality of the enemy is left a matter of conjecture. A solitary title, quoting Gen. Tanaroff, indicates that Rasputin might be put out of the way if he became too arrogant with power, yet the picture fails to reveal the manner of his passing. He simply fades out.

For 20 minutes Mr. Walsh, the same man who directed "What Price, Glory?" fills his footage with scenes at court, in the hut where lives Tasia, in the hunting lodge where, on a rainy night the grand duke and Tasia pass pleasant hours in discussing Russia's future—and other matters. Seeking atmosphere, Mr. Walsh satiates us with it, the while his action flounders and is bogged. Not until the uprising of the people does he permit his audience to become excited by dramatic picturization. The scenes showing the savage onslaughts of mounted troops against the thin lines of Czarist forces, the horrible murder of the Princess Varvara, the looting of the palace, the drunken carousals of the victors—all these are admirably done. Then, by reason of the extremely unpalatable story itself, the action again becomes constrained, unconvincing. It peters out to the stereotyped end, with the two lovers, supposedly separated by death, reunited and permitted to escape to more peaceful lands, not conveyed by troika drawn by madly galloping horses, but by an airplane of most modern type.

Miss Del Rio made Tasia for the greater part a mild-mannered Russian girl, aroused only when she believed that her lover, the grand duke, had been killed treacherously. As a performer in the Moscow theatre, she danced a few steps gracefully, to give the picture its title. Mr. Farrell seemed out of place in military accoutrements, but was manly withal. Mr. Linow held the centre of the stage frequently by a vigorous characterization of the loutish soldier become a general, with a marked sense of humor.

W. E. G.

#### ONE-ACT PLAYS

Jordan Hall: Three one-act plays, all in English, by Mrs. Elizabeth Lawton of Newton; produced for the first time on any stage under the direction of Clayton D. Gilbert, head of the dramatic department of the New England Conservatory of Music. The casts:

"LA LOCA," A TRAGEDY  
Juana, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, . . . . . Doree James  
Antonio, her nurse . . . . . Florence Close  
The Gypsy . . . . . Louise Lorimer  
The Chief . . . . . Napoleon Setti  
The Marquis . . . . . Norman Strauss  
Angelina . . . . . Mimi Aguglia  
"STORM SWEPT," A DRAMA  
Genima . . . . . Louise Lorimer  
Rosina . . . . . Argentina Ferrau  
Maria . . . . . Mimi Aguglia

Those devotees of the drama who awaited with interest, and yes, a goodly bump of curiosity, for the American debut of Mme. Mimi Aguglia, celebrated Italian actress, in a play given in English, had both their curiosity and interest satisfied yesterday afternoon at the benefit performance of the Massachusetts Federation of Music Clubs in aid of its young artists' fund.

Mme. Aguglia had the lead roles in "Virtue," and "Storm Swept," and let it be said right here that she gave a highly creditable performance, but it was in "Storm Swept," a drama, that she reached the greatest heights of her career. Here she had ample opportunity to prove that she is a great tragedienne, and she did. She was superb. She was cast in the role of the wife of a Sicilian sailorman, supposedly lost at sea, but who happily turns up again. Mme. Aguglia was ably supported by Louise Lorimer of Newton and Argentina Ferrau. "Virtue," a comedy, her other vehicle, was set in the period of Louis Quinze. Mrs. Lawton wrote some sparkling and witty lines for this and it was good high-class comedy, and full of cross situations and developments.

But of the three well written plays of Mrs. Lawton's, we liked best her "La Loca," with Miss Dulcie James of Malden as the shining light, and supported by Florence Close Gale of Cambridge and Louise Lorimer.

The play was based on the historical theme of Juana, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, who lost her reason at 20 through jealousy and although she lived to be over 70, never regained it.

For the purposes of her play, Mrs. Lawton had Juana (Miss James) haunted by shadows of beautiful women of whom Juana is insanely jealous. In her madness Juana mistook her old nurse (Florence Gale), for whom she had an abiding love, for one of the beautiful creatures. She is about, to stab her with a little dagger that she has cunningly stolen from the Gypsy who had wandered into the garden, when she suddenly turns and buries the dagger in the gypsy's body. The gypsy dies there.

It developed that the gypsy (Miss Lorimer) had secreted herself in the garden to kill Donaneredes, a woman of high rank in the Spanish court, and one of the women Juana was most jealous of. Through it all, poor little Juana in her madness sits there in the garden utterly unaware of what she has done.

Instead of ending her play with the stabbing, Mrs. Lawton gave it a most unusual and poetical ending by revealing all the tragic sorrow of the nurse, the absolute innocence of Juana that she has committed any crime, and the curtain descends with the old nurse stroking Juana's hair and telling her fairy stories to put her to sleep. If Mrs. Lawton has any more plays of the same excellence, she will experience no difficulty in having them produced.

Following the last curtain, Mrs. Mary G. Reed, federation president, called Mrs. Lawton to the stage, expressed the federation's appreciation of all that she had done and presented her beautiful flowers.

E. J.

#### By PHILIP HALE

Boston Opera House: Chicago Civic opera company, Giorgio Polacco, musical director. "Boris Godunov," an opera in a prologue, three acts and seven scenes (as here given); libretto derived from Pushkin's Dramatic Chronicle, bearing the same title; music by Modest Moussorgsky.

Boris Godunov . . . . . Vanni-Marcoux  
Feodor . . . . . Ada Paggi  
Xenia . . . . . Lucille Meisel  
Prince Shuisky . . . . . Jose Mojica  
Gregory . . . . . Forrest Lamont  
Pimen . . . . . Virgilio Lazzari  
Varlaam . . . . . Edouard Cotreuil  
Missail . . . . . Lodovico Oliviero  
Marina . . . . . Cyrena Van Gordon  
The Nurse . . . . . Maria Claessens  
Tchekalov . . . . . Desire Defrere  
Official of the Police . . . . . Antonio Nicolich  
The Boiard of the Court . . . . . Louis Derman  
A Bumpkin . . . . . Giuseppe Minerva  
The Boiard Krusnetsov . . . . . Alice d'Hermanov  
The Inn Keeper . . . . . Guido Morelato  
Lavitski . . . . . Antonio Nicolich  
Teernikovskiy . . . . . Constance Eberhart  
Peasant Girl . . . . . Giorgio Polacco  
Conductor . . . . .

It is a matter of history that Moussorgsky's opera is not performed in cities outside of Russia as he planned it, as he left in, or as it was first performed in 1874. There has been a hot discussion over the question whether Rimsky-Korsakov, "improving" what he considered "crudities" in harmony and instrumentation, injured or benefited his friend. Some say his version is better suited to the opera house and conventional audiences; others insist that he softened its splendid savagery, revising as a pedant, not as one impressed by Moussorgsky's genius. As the opera is performed by the Chicago company the final scene is the death of the haunted and crazed Tsar, whereas Moussorgsky wished the soliloquy of the Simpleton, calling on poor Russia to weep bitter tears, to be the ending. It is true that acting on another's advice he transposed the two scenes for one of his versions. It was felt that an audience would think the death of Boris brought the end and for unimaginative spectators the scene with the soliloquy would be an anti-climax. As audiences sit through "Lucia di Lammermoor" to see Lucia in her madness, so they now sit, more or less impatient for the pitiable end of Boris and so in the days of the old Bowery Theatre a "boy" would say to his companion: "Wake me up when Kirby dies."

To some Boris is a one-man opera. This could not be said after the remarkable performance of yesterday afternoon, for the ensemble was one of unusual worth. The scene in the rude tavern was played and sung as never before in Boston. If Miss d'Hermanov was vocally and dramatically delightful as the landlady, Mr. Cotreuil's portrayal of the drunken Varlaam was masterly in

characterization. How charming the scene of Xenia, the nurse, and young Feodor. And what might not be said in praise of Mr. Lazzari's Pimen, Mr. Mojica's Shuisky.

Mr. Lamont in the tavern as in the monastery cell was more interesting than when he was called on to sing a duet with Mme. Van Gordon in the castle garden. What possessed Moussorgsky to insert this scene, which is a tiresome digression from the main drift of the story, while the music is of extreme banality, music that might have come from a fourth-rate Italian opera; music that is wholly at variance with that of the other scenes. Writing it, Moussorgsky foolishly yielded to the voice of one who was sure it would enhance the popularity of the work.

The chorus, especially in the Prologue and in the scene of the square in

## 4 THE PRINCE'S TOUR

The Prince of Wales, visiting the poverty-stricken miners and their families, has endeared himself to them; without perfunctory words of condolence; without stiff but well-meaning condescension. It was not necessary for these miners, their women and their children to cry out: "Prince, have a heart!" They saw and felt he was all heart. What he can do through influence, entreaty, argument to alleviate the suffering will undoubtedly be done. The miners believe this. They know that he will not forget them as soon as he is again in London, where women are paying £15 for a method of reducing flesh gained by over-eating.

No one can taunt the Prince of Wales by saying that he made an electioneering campaign. The heirs to the British throne are not chosen at the poles. Purses wisely distributed, promises to bring in the millennium, flattering of female voters and kissing of babies are here of no avail. The heir to the throne is born; death alone can prevent his succession, unless the whole monarchical system should be abolished.

Nor is this tour of the Prince to be compared with the wandering of the mighty Harun al-Rashid through the streets of Baghdad, attended by Ja'afar, his Wazir, and by Masrur, his Sword of Vengeance. Harun thus righted wrongs, relieved poverty, but he was first of all in quest of adventures. Nor is the Prince to be likened to Don Andres de Ribeira, the Viceroy of Peru, who in "La Perichole," went disguised in Lima's streets to hear what his people had to say about him. He heard to his mortification and discomfiture.

"Ah! qu'un monarque s'ennuierait.

Si pour se distraire, il n'avait l'Inconnu."

No, the Prince of Wales, though a Prince, is also a subject; subject to the law of humanity; a willing subject, remembering he is first of all a Prince that he may be merciful, compassionate, helpful.

the Kremlin was effective, with an animation not confined to the music. Mr. Polacco, in full sympathy with the score, conducted admirably, as is his wont.

It was 16 years ago last December that Mr. Vanni-Marcoux took part in the performance of excerpts from "Boris" at a concert of Russian music in the Boston Opera House, singing an air of the Tsar and the "Song of Varlaam." Since then he has added many roles to his operatic repertoire. It is not probable that in the years to come when there will be talk of his many brilliant achievements one will say: "You remember his Boris?" To me the opera is always associated with his portrayal of the part. It was superb not only for its delineation of terror, rage, remorse; of a conscience-stricken wretch in fear of a phantom; but also for the dignity of his first entrance; for the authority asserting itself even when dying; for the tenderness of the scenes between himself, Xenia and his young son Feodor.

The theatre was filled from top to bottom; enthusiasm was at its height.

"THAIS"  
In the evening came Massenet's "Thais," with this cast:

Thais . . . . . Mary Garden  
Nicias . . . . . Jose Mojica  
Palamon . . . . . Cesare Formich  
Alphanael . . . . . Antonio Nicolich  
Myriale . . . . . Alice d'Hermanov  
Cyprien . . . . . Ada Paggi  
Albine . . . . . Maria Claessens  
A slave of Nicias . . . . . Eusebio Sandrini  
Conductor . . . . . Roberto Moranzoni  
Stage director . . . . . Charles Moor

The performance, robustly energetic, was distinguished by several fine features, among them Miss Garden's excellent singing, the Nicias of Mr. Mojica, picturesque in appearance and neatly sung; a very pretty ballet, and the "Meditation," well played. A large audience showed satisfaction.

#### PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Mr. Wendt began the 15th concert of this season with a suite by Stahlberg, op. 33, very pleasant music nicely played, the first two movements in particular. Taking advantage of the presence in town of the Chicago Opera Company and its violinist, Albin Stindell, he offered next Tschalkowsky's violin concerto, performed by Mr. Steindell with facility, gusto and amazing dispatch, to the great content of a very large audience. To close the concert Mr. Wendt chose Beethoven's B flat symphony.

A warm admirer of Mr. Wendt's way with a classic, as demonstrated in a recent brilliant performance of a Haydn symphony, looked forward with pleasure to Mr. Wendt and the Beethoven B flat. But Mr. Wendt was either not in the vein, or else untoward conditions proved too heavy for him. To state the reason for so thinking bluntly and at once, Mr. Wendt made little of Beethoven's superbly varied rhythm.

Beethoven loomed large in Von Bue-low's mind, it is easy to believe, when

that fine musician pronounces the music that, in the beginning, God created rhythm. Of God's first work, at all events, Beethoven made full use. Right in the B flat symphony, say in the finale, by his introduction in unexpected places of syncopation, by his sudden changes from scurrying sixteenth notes to sedate eighth, by holds here and there, after which the rush begins once more as though the very old Harry himself had been let loose—by these rhythmic devices and many more, Beethoven

though there again the minute variety of bounding rhythm that lends it life came not quite by its own. The lovely song of the adagio received fullest justification, with excellent tone to help phrasing most musically. Mr. Wendt, assuredly, not to say by previous demonstration, shares Von Bue-low's view. Yesterday, it must have been, he was not in the vein. At next Sunday's concert, Katherine Bacon will play Tschalkowsky's B flat minor piano concerto.

R. G.

#### LOW-SALERNO RECITAL

Madame Amelia Conti presented Rosa Low, soprano, and Antonio Salerno, dramatic reader, in a recital at the Copley-Plaza ballroom yesterday afternoon. Miss Low's style of singing is completely a creation of her own. She does not rely upon voice wholly to make her songs interesting, even though her technique is all that could be desired, but her own personality reflects in her singing and the result is well worth listening to.

Her interpretation is not stereotyped but realistic, and yet there are no embellishments to the original idea of the composer. If she is of the mind to do so, she sings naturally with great warmth.

Her voice, though not truly lyric, is light and she controls it excellently; the tonality is even, diction precise, good rhythm in spite of the fact that she takes more liberties with it than most singers do, and her mezzo voce high notes are beautiful in their clarity of tone. She has completely achieved the art of phrasing so as to reveal the real poetry of music; her singing is not choppy and hampered by inadequate

breath control. Miss Grange played an intelligent accompaniment, responding to Miss Low's interpretation with a celerity which fully evidenced her proficiency as an accompanist.

Mr. Salerno, in spite of a hoarseness probably occasioned by a cold, revealed unusual ability. He is an artist, his reading has a natural fineness entirely devoid of spectacular blusterings characteristic of so many who assume the title of "dramatic reader." Whether he spoke in English or Italian he spoke with ease, accompanied by gestures drawn finely to the point of significant expression, natural dramatic ability with appreciation of its interpretation. Both Miss Low and Mr. Salerno found it necessary to do several encores to satisfy their very enthusiastic audience.

O. A.

#### SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

A large and tremendously enthusiastic audience greeted Rachmaninoff, eminent composer and pianist, at his concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Virtuosity and musician-ship he lavished on the following program: Sonata No. 14 (Mozart); Sonata in D minor, and Sonata in C major (Schubert); Carnival (Schumann); Nocturne, Valse, and Ballade (Chopin); Moment Musical (Rachmaninoff); Liebesfreud (Kreisler-Rachmaninoff).

It is always a pleasure to hear Rachmaninoff, for his musicianship is so sensitive and vigorous, his technique



By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Henry Ford, like Napoleon, Rasputin, Edith Cavell, Florence Nightingale and many other worthies and unworthies, has been put upon the stage of the theatre. The Herald has received the printed copy of "Henry Ford: Dramatic Mosaics," by Roy Del Ray. This play, published in Detroit, is in a foreign language, the Hungarian, with which comparatively few of us are familiar, but the publisher has thoughtfully provided a synopsis in English. Is Roy Del Ray a pseudonym? The copyright was taken out by Dr. and Mrs. Mark Hirschfeld of Detroit.

It appears from the synopsis that in a certain republic, the political and economic situation is so bad that a revolution is threatened. Lo, a stranger, Nemo by name, appears and proclaims that under penalty of death no one should give or take anything free, and that everyone should work at least eight hours a day. Workingmen put no confidence in this law. They are about to revolt when Nemo asks them to give the law a trial for a year. They unwillingly consent.

Hudson, a banker; Carey, a merchant, and Miller, a manufacturer, believe in the law, but, afraid of a revolution, they visit Africa to hunt lions. When they return, Clark, the manager of Miller's factory, tells them that the employers cut down wages so that the prices of all commodities decreased, and consumption was raised to such an extent that the majority of industries could not meet the demand. Therefore the protective tariff was nullified, and as there was a shortage of labor, immigration restrictions were removed. The farmers were in a better condition; wage reduction raised the purchasing power of a dollar to five times its former purchasing capacity. The result? Peace and contentment. Clark also stated that Ford produced 25,000 cars a day and his workmen were in Paradise.

Hudson and two friends of his doubt Clark's veracity, whereupon he invites them to a labor picnic that they may see the happy crowd of workingmen's representatives, farmers, clergymen, all cheering lustily for Nemo and Ford.

There is a change of scene. At the home of Morris Wasserfogel, Nemo is seen, not a law-maker, not the saviour of his country, but a tailor, who in daily life is known as Isidore—he saved his country only in a dream; he saw Ford with the other characters only in a dream.

As a matter of fact, the Wasserfogels, father and son, had been making a golf suit for the president of the republic, and were excited as they were to fit the suit to his august person in the presidential palace.

The country is really on the brink of a revolution. The cabinet is at a loss what to do. There is a crowd in front of the office; the militia is called out; a dozen of the rioters are killed; the President meets the situation in a statesmanlike and noble manner, proclaiming that to alleviate the unfortunate conditions, the duty on onions will be raised 50 per cent. The President is delighted with his new golf suit, especially with the yellow waistcoat, which is Isidore—Nemo's own creation.

Probably this play, even if it should be faithfully translated into English, will not be produced in Boston, for though Mrs. Tompkins, Betty and Sally Wasserfogel are characters in the drama, nothing is said about "a pleasing love-interest," nor is it probable that Mr. Ford will appear on the stage "in person."

When the "Greenwich Village Follies" was first seen at Newark, N. J., it was said by the Star-Eagle that Dr. Rockwell, the lecturer, was a combination of Robert Benchley and George S. Chappell (Dr. Walter Traprock). When the revue landed at the Winter Garden, New York, on April 9 of last year Grace La Rue and Bobby Watson were among the entertainers. The plays travestied were "The Silent House," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "The Command to Love." The arrival at the Shubert Theatre tomorrow is pleasantly anticipated by many.

"The Great Necker," to be seen at the St. James tomorrow night, was produced here at the Wilbur with Taylor Holmes, the leading man, on Aug. 6 of last year. In New York (Ambassador Theatre, March 6) Blanche Ring took the part of Mrs. Hawthorne. In Boston, Valerie Valaire played it. "The Great Necker" is a "farce-comedy," but the New York program described it as "a new comedy of modern life," which is, perhaps, the same thing.

The Repertory Theatre will produce tomorrow night Guy Bolton's "Red and Black" for the first time on any stage. Mr. Bolton, born in England, was an architect before he thought of the theatre, or, perhaps he was dreaming of the theatre while he was an architect. He has been writing plays since his "The Drone" was produced in New York in 1911, writing them himself and in collaboration with various men, Messrs. Noel, Rubens, Middleton, Bartholomae ("Very Good, Eddie"), Wodehouse (nearly a dozen with him) and others; amusing plays for the most part. This time he has joined the ranks of mystery-mongers.

Many will be glad to see "The Vagabond King" again, one of the best of the modern operettas in which an historical character is brought on the stage. It is not necessary to inquire whether the Villon of the operetta resembles closely the vagabond poet who so narrowly escaped hanging and was up to all sorts of sinful games.

The repertory of the Chicago Civic opera company at the Boston Opera House this week, unfortunately the last week, is one that should fill the theatre. "What!" some one may say, "Lucia di Lammermoor?" Yes, sir. There are fine pages in that old opera, besides those of the "Mad Scene." Miss Alice Mock, who will take the part of the heroine, was born at Oakland, Cal. She studied the art of singing in Paris, chiefly with "an American woman," not named by Miss Mock's press agent. There were a few lessons with Jean de Reszke. Her first appearance with the Chicago company this season in Chicago was as Micaela; her second was as Gilda. Mr. Cortis will take the role of Edgardo—when "Lucia di Lammermoor" was first performed, it was a "tenor opera" and audiences waited until Edgardo should sing his farewell to earth; Mr. Bonelli, that of the cruel brother Henry.

Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro" has not been heard here—at least not with a capable company for many years. It should bring up delightful recollections—Mims. Sembrich and Eames singing the "Letter duet." Long before that the best Count we ever saw in the part was William Carleton, when Clara Louise Kellogg was giving opera in English.

There should be curiosity to see and hear Mme. Olszewska as Carmen. She has the voice for the music. Mr. Formichi will take the role of Escamillo for the first time in Boston. There will also be curiosity to see Mr. Formichi as Iago, a part that makes severe demands on the intelligence of the actor and the singer. It's a great opera this "Othello," one of the greatest in operatic literature. With "Falstaff" it crowned Verdi's illustrious career.

It is hardly necessary to speak of "Pelleas et Melisande" with Miss Garden, the ideal woman found by Golaud, weeping in the forest; nor of the skill shown by Messrs. Mojica and Vanni-Marcoux in their respective roles.

On Thursday night Richard Strauss's operatic masterpiece, "Der Rosenkavalier," which with his orchestral "Till Eulenspiegel" should long preserve his name. Would that he had always maintained as high a level of operatic and orchestral art!

Is Montemezzi with his "Amore del Tre Re," like Mascagni and Leoncavallo, a man of one opera? Did his inspiration flag after this one triumph? Was this success due in large part to the drama of the libretto?

The other opera of the week is "Madama Butterfly," which is so Japanese that the Japanese smile at the representation of their manners and customs; but here, as in his other operas, Puccini shows that he is master of every stage trick and device for holding the attention.

so superbly equal to anything the music demands, his manner so unassuming and straightforward. His playing of Schumann's "Carnaval" was the high point of the afternoon; in this he gave out sonority and brilliance of tone, and graceful, noble and magnificently rushing rhythms. Imagination of a high order he brought to it, making its familiar melodies seem new and fresh; Arlequin was fantastic, Sphynxes mysterious, terrifying, Aveu tenderly moving, Marche des Davidbinder thrillingly thunderous.

The Mozart and Scarlatti Sonatas were played with unusual charm. The Mozart, it is true, did seem to have moments of undue accentuation, moments devoid of grace, but it had life and rhythm, and it held much more than mere surface beauty of rounded phrase and suave tone. The Scarlatti Sonatas electrified by impetuous rhythm and brilliant technique.

The three Chopin selections—D Flat Nocturne, F Major Valse, and G Minor Ballade—revealed anew Rachmaninoff's musical sensibilities and remarkable technical proficiency.

Rachmaninoff closed his program by his own delightful "Moment Musical" and by his arrangement for the piano of Kreisler's "Liebesfreud." The "Liebesfreud" was as replete with harmonic and melodic decoration in its piano arrangement, as are Kreisler's popular arrangements for violin.

The audience, by insistent applause, demanded (and received), extra numbers, among them the revered Prelude in C Sharp Minor.

Snubbed repeatedly by the girl's relatives, he saves her sister, Mrs. Ellis, from exposure of her infatuation for Trent, a hanger-on, when he wagers \$500 with the husband that Mrs. Ellis's ruby ring is genuine and then detecting her distress, lies and pronounces it an imitation. Not a strong dramatic situation, but typical of the burlesque quality of the story. In the end Jessel wins stage fame and the girl. The various characters in the picture are of conventional mold, and are so played.

W. E. G.

SCOLLAY SQUARE OLYMPIA  
"The Little Wildcat"

A screen comedy, adapted by E. T. Lowe, Jr., from a story by Gene Wright; directed by Ray Enright and presented by Warner Bros. with the following cast:

Audrey Holt	James Murray
Conrad Burton	Robert Edson
Joel Thomas	George Fawcett
Adge Jasper Holt	George Fawcett
Victor Sargeant	Hallam Cooley
Sue Holt	Doris Dawson

One of the most annoying phases of motion picture production is that excellent players often are compelled to appear in silly or stupid roles. George Fawcett and Robert Edson, for instance. Here are two splendid actors, each with almost lustrous stage careers behind them, each capable of the finest characterizations of which the silver screen can boast. Yet, to save some picture quite lacking in any of those qualities which one expects in average film entertainment, they and others like them, are thrust into grotesque habiliments, rapid speech and pointless situations, and forced to make themselves ridiculous. If motion picture players have time for introspection, what humiliating hours they must suffer.

Back in the dim ages when this land was rent in twain by the civil war, Jasper Holt was a private in the Confederate army. His boyhood friend, Joel Thomas, was a captain in the same company. The war was over, Holt returned to his southern estate, became a judge, employed Thomas as companion and utility man, and settled down to a life devoted to two granddaughters, to antipathy for anything new save golf, and to checker-board bickerings with Joel. When young Burton, enthusiastic airman, takes possession of an adjoining property for an aviation field, old Jasper's rage is horrible to contemplate. He is further angered when the two granddaughters engage in a silly combat for the airman's preference. In the end Audrey, supposed to be the wildcat of the family, takes back a discarded lover, Sue wins Burton, and all four, as elopers, take off in the airplane.

Such talking sequences as the picture boasts are far from helpful, though they are a slight improvement on the insane titles with which the film is cluttered. The most surprising feature of the whole matter is that any motion picture producer of sound mind should deem Miss Ferris capable of stardom.

By PHILIP HALE

Shubert Theatre: "Greenwich Village Follies." Sketches by Harold Atteridge lyrics by Max and Nathaniel Lieb; music by Ray Perkins and Maurice Rubens; orchestra conducted by Bernard Smith. Chester Hale Girls, Greenwich Village Girls, Arnold Johnson's orchestra—Helen Gilligan, Laura Lee, Blossom Seely, Evelyn Law, Babe Fenton, Sheila Barrett, Valeria, Carlos, Benny Fields, Dr. Rockwell, Harold Whalen, Harry Jans, Eddie Shubert, Max Alexander, Gordon Keith and many others.

A glittering, amusing, entertaining show: costumes now gorgeous, now in exquisite taste; brilliant stage settings; charming solo and ensemble dances; parodies, remarkable acrobatic dance-posturing; ensemble dancing with multifarious evolutions performed with military precision, but without military rigidity; a show to see, not one easily

"Lucky Boy" tells of the son of a watch-mender who wants to be an actor. His father opposes the idea, but his doting mother and his sister encourage him. He is tossed out of a theatrical manager's office. He hires a small theatre but popular response is nil, and he finally leaves home for the West, thoroughly disheartened. An amateur night show, a night club, open to him and suddenly he tastes success. He meets a girl several social pegs above him, and mutual love comes.



described, so many are the features that tempt separate paragraphs.

If a medical adviser were required by a millionaire Dr. Rockwell should be summoned at once; a man versed in anatomy—witness his illustrated lecture on the spinal column; a man that has made a profound study of diet and its effects on the human system, one whose introduced vegetarianism into the school where, leaving in the spirit of pure philanthropy his patients, he taught the young with enthusiasm tempered by discretion; a physician no doubt whose bedside manner with encouraging chat, would cure one depressed by melancholia and make another forget the torture of sciatica.

Nor was Dr. Rockwell the only one to excite laughter, though Messrs. Whalen and Jones inevitably had a few dull moments. The parody of the typical mystery play and of "The Trial of Mary Dugan," were well planned; the former, opening with the murder of a Chinaman, with the sleep-walking women, spectral hands, poisonous serpents, lethal gas and all the equipment of a thriller; the latter a broad burlesque set to dancing rhythms—was not George M. Cohan the first to do this, some years ago?

There were what used to be called serio-comic acts as that in which the old cabman (Mr. Shubert) with a listening and appreciative trick horse described the past glories of Broadway and the New York stage; also a song in which Miss Secley told how she first knew the horrors of the blues, for a man with blue eyes and lying lips basely deceived her.

Valeria was daring in her athletic adventures with her male companion. There was also the man who did incredible things on the top of a wobbling lamp post.

There was often frankness of speech in the dialogue of certain scenes, and not only because many speeches were punctuated with "what the hell." This exclamation became tiresome after it had been spoken half a dozen times, but it seemed new and aside-splitting wheeze to many in the audience.

There was a carnival of dancing, ensemble dancing that was delightful by the grace and apparent spontaneity of the evolutions, so that one forgot how arduous the preparation must have been to the young and charming girls. There was abandon even in the precision, paradoxical as the statement may seem. The designers of the costumes and the settings had a fine taste in color schemes their contrasts and relations. Messrs. Sehrops and Barratt thus worked harmoniously and gained many beautiful effects.

The theatre was crowded with an audience hearty in its manifestations of approval and pleasure.

#### REPERTORY THEATRE

##### "Red and Black"

A mystery melodrama by Guy Bolton.

The cast:  
French Sailor ..... William Castillo  
Ali Izra ..... Elmer Hall  
Dancing Girl ..... Anna Schreiber  
Boles ..... Roger Bristol  
Jim O'Brien ..... J. Augustus Koch  
Nautch Dancer ..... Rosemary Lydon  
Second French Sailor ..... Larry Neuman  
Ludo Chinese ..... Mollie Pillsbury  
Capt. Dubois ..... Milton Owen  
Prayer Maker ..... Leland Wright  
Nargessa ..... Otto Birkebeck  
Terry McCollom ..... Arthur Sircorn  
Arab Girl ..... Elizabeth Moffatt

The scene is laid at Port Said, the sink of iniquity, the wickedest city in the world. A gullible American officer of the merchant marine on the lookout for excitement strolls into a low dive near the water front. There he finds a terrified Russian ex-tutor to the royal family, who is in danger of death on account of the secret he possesses as to the whereabouts of the Czarina's money and jewels. He confides this to the American, who promises for a reward to find and restore this treasure to the Royalist party. Then the plot thickens so rapidly, and intensively that it becomes very difficult to follow. A charming young French girl, married to a Russian scoundrel and hounded by a hag of an aunt, is used as a decoy for their evil schemes. The American falls in love with her, and she with him. Retribution follows, the girl is locked in a safe. McCollom the hero has a very realistic fight with her husband. His pistol goes off accidentally, and he dies, which allows the girl Denise, and McCollom to escape into a terrible sandstorm.

McCcollom after incredible difficulties secures the treasure, and conveys it to the frightened tutor, who is very convincing in his part of one of the harassed and tormented intellectuals of Russia. The American almost loses his life several times. The only reason he is saved and able to escape with the girl in the end is owing to the duplicity of his enemies, who plot against each other, allowing the treasure to slip through their hands.

It is a play representing the evil passions of men of different nationalities, half-breeds, states evidence men. With all its color, its cross-currents of

intrigue, it would make a most interesting novel. A play can only faintly suggest this, no matter how faithfully the foreign atmosphere is studied and portrayed. If it were in book form, one reads a chapter, the imagination is awakened, one can follow the characters into the past and future. In the drama, it must be more compact. A simpler plot, fewer characters, the emphasizing of one idea makes it more digestible for the spectator. When it has been given more often, the rather confused quality in the play, maybe no longer apparent.

The Repertory should be congratulated on the production of this performance. Miss Barrett and Mr. Sircorn were excellent and were ably supported by the rest of the large cast. As this was the first performance of "Red and Black," Mr. and Mrs. Bolton were in the audience, and Mr. and Mrs. Jewett gave a small reception for them. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. J. D.

#### ST. JAMES THEATRE

##### "The Great Necker"

A comedy in three acts. By Elmer Harris.

The cast:  
Arthur Pomeroy ..... Walter Gilbert  
Adolph Cohen ..... George R. Taylor  
Teddy Ferguson ..... Don Beddoe  
Oscar Scubbs ..... Thomas McKnight  
Mrs. Hawthorne ..... Jessamine Newcombe  
Pansy Hawthorne ..... Adrienne Earl  
Madame Estelle ..... Ivy Merton  
Nina Scubbs ..... Ellen Mahar

The Keith-Albee players gave a sprightly revival of Mr. Harris's piece, which was presented here last year with Taylor Holmes as the leading man. In New York it was described on the program as "a new comedy of modern life," and if by "modern" one means "going the limit," it certainly is.

Arthur Pomeroy, "the great necker," so-called because he hails from the village of Great Neck, L. I., and also because he has spent the major part of his 45 years in pursuit of what his nephew calls "grass widows and discontented wives" at length becomes infatuated with Pansy Hawthorne, 16, believed by him and her mother to be a perfect paragon of girlish innocence, but who, in reality, is about as hard-boiled a sophisticate as language can well describe. This practical young person, attracted by Pomeroy's money, sternly puts off his ardent but penniless nephew—until the very end, when "youth must be served," and uncle, his eyes opened, falls into the open arms of Estelle, the decorator, aided by a well-calculated push on the lady's part.

Mr. Gilbert, although it is hard for him to ever actually look as ancient as 45, carried off the part of Pomeroy with due appreciation of the values. He is, by the way, the "angel" of a motion picture called "Aching Lips," which does not belie its title. We are shown some episodes. The production is in peril because Mrs. Hawthorne, of the board of censors, has what her daughter describes as a "sex complex" and objects to all the "hot" scenes, which constitute practically the whole show. How the producer, Cohen, overcomes her scruples, even at the cost of matrimony, provides a rich comedy theme. J. E. P.

#### TREMONT THEATRE

##### "The Vagabond King"

A romantic musical comedy in four acts and six scenes. Score by Rudolph Friml. Lyrics by Brian Hooker. Book adapted from Justin McCarthy's famous novel, "If I Were King." The cast last night:

René de Montaur ..... William Sanderman  
Margot ..... Marie Hunt  
Huguette Du Hamel ..... Gertrude Houk  
Guy Tabarie ..... John Thoru  
Tristan L'Hermite ..... Joseph Miller  
Louis XI ..... Ben H. Roberts  
Francis Villon ..... Paul Keast  
Katherine de Vaucelles ..... Vida Hanna  
Thibaut d'Aussigny ..... Edward Watkins

After a somewhat premature closing of "The Vagabond King" two years ago, it did not seem that Boston would have another chance to see this splendid and tuneful operetta, the most picturesque and exciting that has been produced in years. Now that it is here again, though only for a short stay, no one who is fond of good music combined with plenty of romance and stirring deeds, not to mention a certain amount of comedy, should fail to attend. They will get their money's worth, no fear.

It is scarcely necessary at this late date to inquire about the veracity of McCarthy's conception of the celebrated and disreputable Francois Villon; granted that he was a far more sordid and macabre figure than he whom we behold in such imaginative guise, making love in one breath and fighting duels the next. Who would not prefer him in his present incarnation, even though it might cause the real Villon to pull a very face? With melodious songs, brave deeds and romance in the moonlight, Villon, the tavern rogue woos the lovely Katherine de Vaucelles and wins her, only to have her fail him in his greatest need. But a true romance cannot end like that; having saved Paris from the Burgundians, Villon returns to die on the gallows that the anger of the king may be appeased, and Katherine finds that she loves him better than her pride—she will marry on the scaffold to save him.

It is hardly necessary to assure any one who saw "The Vagabond King" before and in the scene of the square in

on its earlier visit to Boston that the "Song of the Vagabonds" is as stirring as ever, the love-songs as tuneful, and the chorus as fiercely patriotic and picturesque as before. Indeed the rabble of low degree provide some of the most exciting moments in the play; especially memorable was their wild rush onto the stage at the close of the third act when they clamor for Villon to lead them against the enemy. The singing last night was notably good; principals and chorus alike did full justice to Friml's well-remembered score. The Francois Villon of Paul Keast was an attractive rascal whether in rags or in the rich attire of his brief stay at court. He has a fine powerful voice that he knows how to use, and if he would let himself go and not hold back his gestures too much his performance could hardly be bettered. Vida Hanna sang very well indeed but she, too, suffers from too much restraint and needs to put more feeling into her acting. In fact the whole cast seems to have been chosen for its ability to sing rather than to act, but even with this reservation "The Vagabond King" may be recommended for those who appreciate a tunefully exciting, and spectacular entertainment. E. L. H.

#### LE NOZZE DI FIGARO

At the Boston Opera House last night, before a very large audience, the Chicago company tried their hands at Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro," with this cast:

Figaro ..... Vezio Lazzari  
Count Almaviva ..... Richard Bonelli  
Countess Almaviva ..... Eva Turner  
Susanna ..... Edith Mason  
Cherubino ..... Marion Clair  
Marcellina ..... Maria Claessens  
Don Bartolo ..... Victor Travis  
Don Basilio ..... Joseph May  
Antonio ..... Eugene Stoy  
Barbarina ..... Lucille Mense  
Don Curzio ..... Giuseppe Cavadore  
Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni  
Stage Director, Charles Moor

So the race of opera singers has not vanished from the earth. In last night's performance, praise be, singers sang who know how to sing, with voices fit to sing with, singers who, no doubt of it, understood the sense of what they were singing, words and music alike. Once again, praise be!

Miss Masen, standing vocally forward even in this gallant company, let her words fall, in exquisite Italian, so trippingly from the tongue that Hamlet himself would have vouchsafed his approval. Though she brought every word to a point and suffered not one single sentence to lose one iota of its force, not on that account did she sacrifice the shape of her musical phrases. On the contrary she, by her fine appreciation of Mozart's skill at setting text, reproduced the loveliness of Mozart's melody to its perfect full. Praise be!

In excellent voice, Miss Mason added beautiful sound, at once silvery and warm, to her admirable musicianship. Since, as well, she had at command the light touch that becomes a Mozartean soubrette, it is not to be wondered at that her Susanna stands apart.

Mr. Bonelli stood not far behind her. To the count he lent the fitting distinction; he sang in noble voice, with the ease of familiar conversation, with the musical elegance, nevertheless, which Mozart always imputed to the quality. An excellent comedian, Mr. Bonelli will presently, no doubt, add to his excellent impersonation the only virtue his Almaviva lacks—unction.

Uction Mr. Lazzari had in plenty for Figaro, high spirits too, refreshingly spontaneous. Of the man, furthermore, he made more than a mountebank; no mind had he to put up with the count's goings on. An accomplished musicianly singer Mr. Lazzari also proved himself, sonorous in voice, who brought significance to every line he sang.

Mr. Mojica, extravagant in his comedy, sang exceedingly well; so did Mme. Claessens, not extravagant at all but very funny. Miss Turner, a curiously skittish countess, showed unusual skill in dealing with recitative.

Mr. Moranzoni, all for delicate grace, with his orchestra added not too much to the lively atmosphere which ought to prevail through "Figaro." The stage settings, artificial to a degree, probably pleased some people; others they annoyed. There were singers and actors, though, who knew their jobs. So, yet once again, praise be! R. F. G.

#### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

##### "The Rescue"

A screen drama, adapted by Elizabeth Mehan from Joseph Conrad's novel of the same title, directed by Herbert Brenon and presented by the United Artists with the following cast:

Tom Linsard ..... Ronald Colman  
Lady Edith Travers ..... Lily Damita  
Mr. Travers ..... Alfred Hickman  
Earl ..... Theodore Von Eltz  
Hassim ..... John Davidson  
Alacacer ..... Philip S. Mize  
Jorgecena ..... Bernard Siegel  
Daman ..... Seymour  
Belarab ..... Harry Collins  
Himada ..... Laska Walters  
Jaffor ..... Duke Kahanamoku  
Louis Morrison  
George Rogers  
Christopher Martin

As has been seen in the past the screen is not always a happy medium for the stories of Joseph Conrad. Unkind things have been said and have struck too close to the truth for comfort—especially the truism that the spirit of Conrad's men and women is elusive and apt to escape the camera. There need be no repetitions over the film version of "The Rescue," however, seldom has the essence of a great novel been so finely captured or so sympathetically set forth. Herbert Brenon has accomplished his difficult task so well that there is warrant only for praise. The cast is extraordinarily good, the photography the most beautiful that has been seen in many months, and the story has been told in such a way that all its tragedy and pitiful futility is realized to the full. The scenic background, the Malay Archipelago, is well suggested, and the sinister tropical atmosphere, ripening for treachery, forms an effective contrast to the scenes first aboard Tom Lin-

gard's beautiful brig and then on the ammunition hulk, so static yet so filled with the suggestion of latent menace.

Tragedy, Conrad develops from inward weakness rather than from outward circumstance. In the case of Tom Linsard this failing is utterly unsuspected, but because of it in a few hours he loses everything that matters to him: love, honor and self-respect. That he, with all his puny sense of obligation, could have forgotten even for an instant the urgent need of his friend, the Rajah Hassim, and his sister Immada, for love of the selfish and passionately grasping Mrs. Travers, revealed what there was lacking in his character that kept him from his rising to the supreme fulfillment of his destiny. If he had not befriended the intruding Traverses to the extent of jeopardizing the success of his expedition to restore the Rajah to his throne, all would have been well. His plan was daring, but under his leadership had every prospect of success: the guns and ammunition were ready in the old hulk, King Belarab was willing to be of assistance, even the outlaw Daman appeared to desire to join in the raid, but an evil destiny prompted Mrs. Travers to follow King Tom ashore on the very eve of departure. Deliberately forgetting to give him the ring that should have sent him to Hassim without delay, she kept him with her for one night, and he woke the next morning to see the ammunition ship blown up by his faithful mate, Jorgecena, to save it from the hands of the treacherous Daman, and with it perished Hassim and Immada, victims to their trust in him.

That the slender, aristocratic and sensitive Ronald Colman does not in his outward appearance resemble Conrad's burly, red-bearded Tom Linsard, matters less than nothing. No one could have caught more perfectly than did he the very soul and essence of that strange and splendid man, defeated yet a conqueror, fearless and generous, yet powerless in the grip of a sudden passion. It is far and away the finest performance that he has ever given. Lily Damita made Mrs. Travers quite as hard and as fascinating as she was in the novel. The part is very unsympathetic, but she proved that she is an actress of power and great promise. E. L. H.

#### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

##### "Sal of Singapore"

A screen drama by Dale Collins, adapted by Elliott Clawson. Photographed by John Mesecall. Directed by Howard Hickson, and presented by Fairbanks with the following cast:  
Sal ..... Phyllis Hays  
Capt. Erickson ..... Alan Hale  
Capt. Sunday ..... Fred Koenig  
Erickson's first mate ..... Noble Johnson  
Erickson's second mate ..... Dan Wootch  
Cook ..... Jules Cowles  
Sunday's first mate ..... Pat Harmon  
Baby ..... Harold Williams

"Sal of Singapore" is an interesting, quiet human picture until Capt. Erickson ties his tramp steamer up at the docks of San Francisco. Quite likely the audience would have accepted a trite but happy ending right there, with Sal and the captain and the baby in common agreement as to their future relations. Instead, it seemed necessary to have Sal leave a parting note for Erickson, stand on the dock, spy the big hull of Capt. Sunday's ship, the Silverado, nearby, powder her nose and paint her lip and, after much display of emotion and indecision, march herself over to the enemy, the said Capt. Sunday. That being the case, behold what follows. Capt. Sunday, hating Erickson,

pulls out suddenly, with Sal a prisoner. Capt. Erickson, finding the note and realizing for the first time how much Sal means to him and the baby, puts after them, boards the Silverado after some daring seamanship, and engages in a wrestling and slugging match with his enemy all over the decks of the Silverado, while the two crews settle their own disputes and Sal peers anxiously through a port hole. Erickson wins, then calls on Sunday to perform the marriage ceremony which will unite the infant's foster parents.

As a marine film with a new angle "Sal of Singapore" has much to con-



mend it. The story is believable to a certain point, the types are splendid, especially Erickson's first mate, who is "washed overboard" when the captain finds him pounding on the door of Sal's cabin. How did Sal get there, and where does the baby come in? That is the story. Erickson found the baby in one of his small boats, shanghaied Sal, a waterfront sailor's favorite, to act as nurse for the infant, and gradually capitulated to both. Miss Haver as the blonde siren who abruptly becomes maternal, manufactures a nursing bottle from a beer container and the finger of an old glove, sends the captain begging for safety pins among the crew, and wears herself out when the baby has a fever, gives one of her most honest screen portrayals. Both she and Mr. Hale keep the story on a plausible plane, developing a neat comedy theme skillfully. Mr. Kohler as the rival skipper was again cast as a sea villain who after all had his good points. The photography was excellent. W. E. G.

#### EVA TANGUAY'S HIT

Stage personality is a wonderful asset. This has been demonstrated repeatedly, yet seldom so pointedly as this week, in the case of Eva Tanguay, vaudeville headliner at the Scollay Square Olympia Theatre. As stage-careers go, Miss Tanguay has been before the public a long time. She is the original 'I Don't Care' girl, creator of song and characterizations known the length and breadth of the land. Yesterday, in the face of several competing vaudeville acts and against at least two clever Vitaphone specialties, Miss Tanguay held her audiences as completely as in the days gone by. If her act is familiar in general structure, it has the merit of freshness in its monologue. The same exuberance of spirit, the same lavish, costuming, the same flashing smile of the Eva Tanguay of old are there. That the audiences liked her instantly and completely was indicated by their applause, true gauge of a performer's impression beyond the footlights.

#### By PHILIP HALE

Boston Opera House: Chicago Civic Opera Company, Giorgio Polacco, musical director. "Carmen," an opera in four acts; libretto by H. Meilhac and L. Halevy; music by George Bizet.

The cast last night was as follows:

Don Jose	..... Rene Maison
Morales	..... Eugene Sandrine
Zuniga	..... Edouard Coteau
Carmen	..... Maria Olszewska
Escamillo	..... Alice d'Hermanov
Mercedes	..... Ada Paggi
Escamillo	..... Cesare Formichi
Micaela	..... Hilda Burke
Dancalire	..... Desire Defreze
Remendado	..... Jose Mojica
Lillas Pastia	..... Eugene Correnti

Conductor, Mr. Lauwers.

The Spaniards, it has been said, do not like "Carmen." When Mr. Arbos was in Boston, he was asked if this report were true. He replied: "My people like the music, but they find certain things in the libretto ridiculous; for instance, the scene in the fourth act where Escamillo comes in with Carmen on his way to the bull-fight and they sing a love-duet before he enters the ring. This is utterly nonsensical, opposed to all customs of toreadors since the very beginning. The sweetheart of a toreador sits on high in the arena. The toreador before he begins his business salutes her as he stands waiting below."

Some have objected to the opera because the story departs so widely from Merimee's tale, both in the characterization of Carmen and in sundry details; but, as in a play, fidelity of a novel is not all important. It might also be said that a few years ago it was the pleasure of some reputable critics in Paris to speak in disparagement of Bizet's music, putting his score of "L'Arlésienne" far above it.

So deep thinkers dispute and carp, but "Carmen" is deservedly popular; it still attracts the crowd and pleases the musician who, if the conductor has a soul and a mind, as well as routine and spirit, finds with each repetition new beauties in the score. Nevertheless as a stage play with music, "Carmen" and the Soldier, as performed here by a visiting Russian company, is much to be preferred as more dramatic, more tragic, and if a foreigner may be allowed an opinion in the matter, more faithful to Spanish manners and customs.

Mme. Olszewska gave the finest portrayal of Carmen seen in this city since Emma Calve first appeared in Mechanics building, before she yielded to the demand of the great American public that she should be first of all, amusing; that she should thus lower and cheapen her art. The Carmen of the opera is far from being an entertaining comedian. Yet in recent years one has seen Carmens who played with one eye on her colleagues, the other on the audience; freakish Carmens resorting in every way to awaken laughter, or self-conscious Carmens who shrank from depicting a wanton. Mme. Olszewska acted the true Carmen: capricious in the satisfaction of lustful de-

sires quickly tired of her victims as Escamillo, who had no illusions about her, aptly described her; vain, merciless, superstitious; at the end a fatalist. In her portrayal Mme. Olszewska worked a crescendo of dramatic power, from her entrance, balancing her hips, not merely singing her opening song, but giving it baleful significance. Facial play, significant gestures, feline and seductive movements, marked her course from scene to scene. How effective her gradual change from contempt and wounded pride when Don Jose would leave her in Lillas Pastia's, remembering his soldier's duty, to amorous longing when he told her how her flower was treasured by him in prison. The card scene, which was marked by the comparative darkness of the stage, was intensely tragic. And so to the end, action was emphasized by a masterly coloring of a naturally glorious voice, here used artistically. And here was a Carmen who could dance as well as sing.

Mr. Maison sang the flower song intelligently and was dramatic in the approved routine manner when maddened by jealousy, disgraced, he vowed Carmen's destruction. Mr. Formichi saw in the Toreador's cheap song—Bizet himself laughed at it—only a resounding tune, yet it can be used dramatically. He was admirable later in the scene with Don Jose. Miss Burke overacted from the beginning, sad-eyed and pathetic at her entrance; not the simple ingenuous unsuspecting country maiden innocently asking for her soldier sweetheart. Nature gave her a good voice. Her upper tones need a little sand papering and polish, also greater concentration. Some day a director will have the courage to throw overboard the Toreador song and Micaela's aria in the mountains, which was written originally for another opera and in "Carmen" merely delays the action.

The chorus and orchestra were effective; the ensemble numbers, the card trio and the delightful quintet were finely sung. There was a very large and enthusiastic audience.

This afternoon "Pelleas et Melisande"; tonight "Othello."

#### SYMPHONY CONCERT

Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday afternoon conducted the first of the Tuesday afternoon series of symphony concerts in Symphony hall. The program comprised these works: Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 4, G major, for violin, two flutes and string orchestra; Mozart, symphony, C major ("Jupiter"); Beethoven, Symphony No. 3, E-flat major ("Eroica"). There was a very large and delighted audience.

As is probably known, Mr. Koussevitzky's purpose is to acquaint his hearers with the development of orchestral, chiefly symphonic, music from the time of the so-called classics to our own day. A sensitive audience will thus learn more about the successive changes in form, harmonic and orchestral expression than it would by reading treatise, histories of music or by attending lectures. It will not be confused by distinctions between romantic and classic works, and will soon realize, by hearing, that symphonies which they have been led to believe were "classic" are in fact romantic; that Bach in his orchestral, as in his piano suites and pieces in the "Well Tempered Clavier," was a romanticist. A fine composition does not admit the famous definition of a statesman. It was romantic while the composer lived; it may be a classic while the composer is now on earth.

For the first concert Mr. Koussevitzky chose works that were no doubt familiar to many in the audience; but he has the knack by his skill and taste, his enthusiasm for the beautiful and his ability to find it where others have passed it by or ignored it, of giving to an old work new life and freshness. Because a work is old, he is not therefore tempted to give only an accurate and perfunctory reading of the notes; he wishes others to feel what he feels; to share with him in musical enjoyment.

The question was raised a few days ago in New York whether the finale of the "Eroica" is worthy or unworthy. This question was not raised yesterday in Symphony hall. If it had been, there could have been only one answer after the brilliant, stirring performance: that answer would have been "The end crowns the work." And so the manner in which Bach's suite and the "Jupiter" symphony with its heavenly andante and amazing finale were played by this incomparable orchestra gave immediate pleasure, a relief from the cares and thoughts of this materialistic, mechanical age. S. M.

#### B. F. KEITH MEMORIAL THEATRE

An 80-minute revue from Broadway, introduced as "Jay C. Flippen" and his "Frolics," is by far the most pretentious vaudeville offering to appear on the stage of this theatre in weeks. It offers all the primary essentials of a regular musical comedy minus the plot, which often slows down the action. The stained glass setting, called "The Reason for Many Broadway Successes," is the scenic background for the special-

ties or talented members of the cast, while Mr. Flippen discourses in racy monologue as his contribution. The sketches are by William K. Wells, music and lyrics by Jay Gorney, the dances by Jack Connors. The show is staged by Max Hayes.

The Legros present a contortionist skit that is amazing. They make tumbling look as easy as walking. Mary Hay and Clifton Webb, as the headliners, appear in a new dance offering. Assisting them are Al Goodhart and J. Hancock. Miss Hay is as pert and refreshing as she was in "Mary Jane McKane," the musical comedy of that name. The settings for her three dances with Mr. Webb are simple in the extreme. A modernistic, illuminated backdrop, in green on a velvet hanging, forms the setting for their dancing, while two grand pianos, played by Messrs. Goodhart and Hancock, fill in while Miss Hay and Mr. Webb change costumes. The music for the act was written by George Gershwin.

On the screen is the "Great White North," a stirring and interesting story presented by Fox from the motion pictures taken on the H. A. and Sidney Snow Arctic expedition. Herald Island, far up in the Arctic circle, is claimed as a United States possession in one of the scenes. A whale hunt, in Alaskan waters, one of the best ever made, shows the daring and difficult art of capturing the amphibiens. The tragic end of the four men lost in the Stefansson expedition is also shown. C. L.

#### By PHILIP HALE

Boston Opera House: Chicago Civic Opera Company, Giorgio Polacco, musical director. Evening performance: "Otello," a lyric drama in four acts; text adapted by Bolto from Shakespeare's tragedy; music by Verdi. The cast last night was as follows:

Otello	..... Charles Marshall
Desdemona	..... Marion Claire
Iago	..... Cesare Formichi
Emilia	..... Maria Claessens
Cassio	..... Jose Mojica
Roderigo	..... Ludovic Olivero
Lodovico	..... Chase Barone
Montano	..... Antonio Nicolich
Conductor	..... Roberto Moranzoni

Verdi, admiring the art of Victor Maurel, thought at first of calling this opera "Iago." Some have wondered why he made Otello a tenor. He had in mind Tamagno whose voice was of unequalled force in heroic roles. Tamagno, who, although he could not sing the love music in the first act without bleating and straying from the pitch has, in the bursts of jealousy, wild despair and revenge, never been even approached by other singers. If Tamagno had not lived, the title of the opera might well have been Iago for he is the central figure in this musical tragedy. Tenors today can roar lustily as the jealous Moor, but the part of Iago demands an accomplished, subtle actor. For Iago was not one of your ordinary baritone villains. He was a man of the world, outwardly a good, obliging, witty entertaining soldier who would have snone at a club; a man to trust, to desire for a companion.

The honors of last night belonged to Mr. Formichi and Mr. Moranzoni. Miss Claire was an uninteresting Desdemona. Her voice with its thin and often acid tones; her inability to convey emotion, made the hearer wonder why she was intrusted with this pathetic role for which Verdi wrote some of his finest pages. Mr. Marshall's vocal methods are familiar to our audiences. There is this to be said about his Otello; he realized the tragic importance of the part and took his task seriously. Mr. Mojica was a picturesque Cassio.

Mr. Formichi's conception of Iago was not unlike Maurel's. There was no slavish imitation; there was much that was original in action and in use of the voice for dramatic purposes; as in the relation of Cassio's dream; in the preceding awakening of Otello's suspicions. His false suavity, the assurance of his own fidelity, his desire to serve Otello's interests—these were only a few features of a portrayal that compelled respect and admiration. In his delivery of the "Credo" there were significant nuances, nor in the bolder passages was there merely a noble voice and nothing else. A portrayal conspicuous for dramatic and musical intelligence and power.

Mr. Moranzoni appreciated the force and charm of Verdi's score. He brought out all its richness. The stormiest passages were not mere noise; the details were clearly observed, but without checking the dramatic flow. One of the most noteworthy features of the performance was his accompaniment to Otello's heart-breaking soliloquy in the third act. It was more than an accompaniment; it was a commentary on Otello's thoughts. Mr. Marshall's delivery of this soliloquy was excellent; his best work in the performance.

The opera tonight will be Richard Strauss's "Rosenkavalier."

#### "PELLEAS AND MELISANDE"

The opera in the afternoon was Maeterlinck's "Pelleas et Melisande," with music by Claude Debussy.

Melisande	..... Mary Garden
Golaud	..... Marie Claessens
Pelleas	..... Helen Freund
Golaud	..... Jose Mojica
Arkel	..... Vanni-Marcoux

This opera is unique in musical literature. Debussy recognized the fact that hardly any other libretto would admit a similar treatment, even by himself. He purposed to write his "Fall of the House of Usher" and "The Devil in the Belfry" in a different manner. Unfortunately the sketches he made for the former opera—some of them, his letters inform us, were elaborate—have not been found since his death; at least nothing is openly known about them. Perhaps it is well for his fame that he left this world a man of one incomparable dramatic work, for though "L'Enfant Prodigue" is occasionally performed, it is a cantata and was not composed with the operatic stage in view.

Nowhere else is there so remarkable a blend of poetry and music as in this "Pelleas et Melisande." The men and women move, love and suffer in dream-land; the music that accompanies them and shares in their emotions is such that it might be heard in a poet's dreams.

The interpretation of the chief roles by Miss Garden and Messrs. Mojica and Vanni-Marcoux is familiar to nearly all those who are entranced by this drama in music. Miss Garden does not act Melisande; she is the mysterious woman found weeping in the forest by Golaud. Nothing is known about her past, her home. Not only is Miss Garden the woman imagined by Maeterlinck, her voice is the one that expresses the music. It is impossible to think of the opera without seeing and hearing her in this, the greatest of her roles. As Melisande she is without certain mannerisms that impair the value of her portrayals in other operas; as Melisande she realizes the intentions of dramatist and composer, whereas in "Carmen" and in "The Love of Three Kings" she has gone in times past far astray.

The Pelleas of Mr. Mojica steps out of the tapestry. An artist of singular intelligence in all that he does, Mr. Mojica, too, makes another in the role impossible, while Mr. Vanni-Marcoux's Golaud, with its masterly delineation of sympathy, then love with consequent jealousy, brutality ending in murder and anguish that at Melisande's death-bed does not forego insane questioning, this Golaud complete the picture.

Mme. Claessens read the letter with the appropriate simplicity, yet one could not help recalling the lamented Gerville-Reache. The Arkel of Mr. Kipnis had the wisdom, the dignity and the compassionate nature of old age. Mr. Polacco gave a most poetic rendering of the score with the orchestra in full sympathy. All in all, a performance that has not been surpassed, perhaps not equalled in the annals of Boston's operatic experience. The great audience was enthusiastic. S. M.



BOOTH IN PARIS

The life of John Wilkes Booth by Francis Wilson announced for publication in Boston this month there is no reference to a singular entry in the journal of Edmond Got, for many years the pride of the Comedie Francaise, an actor renowned throughout Europe. In this journal, kept from 1840 to 1892, he noted on April 30, 1865, the assassination of Lincoln and the fact that he knew the chief actor.

"Actor is the word, for three months ago Fechter sent me a letter urgently recommending a celebrated tragedian of New York, Booth, who wished to spend some time in Paris. He was a tall, handsome fellow, of distinguished manners, well informed, but speaking almost no French."

Got went on to say that he offered him hospitality until he rented an apartment and hired a carriage by the month, "for he was resolved to live like a gentleman." He was three days with Got, desiring to acquaint himself with theatrical art in Paris. After he left Got's home he visited theatres, went about the town and "made rapid progress in Parisian civilization to the degree, that, answering his wish, I introduced him to a handsome girl whom he had noticed in 'Les Filibustiers de la Sonora,' at the Porte-Saint-Martin. What was my surprise on hearing, one morning, this girl, who was not at all timid, declaring that Booth was a madman! That he would get up in the night, like a somnambulist, and would talk incoherently about spectres; that she was afraid and was going to run away to Nice, without bidding him good-by. Soon afterward Booth himself came to take leave of me, perfectly sane, at least in appearance, and departed for America. 'It is necessary that I should re-

He is a determined chap who be taken alive, I'll answer for that; I and him; he had his idee fix even in He had combated it in vain. On his cumbled to it."

Booth was living with Got, several

times while smoking, he spoke to his host of Shakespeare's Caesar; especially of Brutus. "How do you regard Brutus in France?" Got answered: "We admire him at college in the Greek of Plutarch. What was he at bottom but an ungrateful and sinister dreamer, a sophist? Did he not judge himself, his own role, by his last cry: 'Virtue, thou art only a name!' Booth, embarrassed, nervously changed the subject of conversation."

Is there any record other than this entry in Got's journal of Booth's sojourn in Paris shortly before the assassination of Lincoln? One knows that he called at the Surratt's boarding house in Washington early in February, 1865. It is also known that for some months before the assassination Booth refused offers from theatrical managers and made mysterious trips to Canada.

There is Got's journal with the statement that Booth came to him "three months" before April 30. The journal, nor any part of it, was not published until 1910, nine years after the death of the diarist.

Feb 10 1929

Boston Opera House: Chicago Civic Opera Company, Giorgio Polacco musical director. "Der Rosenkavalier," opera in three acts; libretto by Hugo von Hofmannsthal; music by Richard Strauss. Produced at the Dresden Opera House on Jan. 26, 1911.

The cast last night was as follows:

Princess Von Werdenberg..... Frida Lelder  
Baron Ochs of Lerchenau..... Alexander Kipnis  
Octavian..... Maria Olszewska  
Herr Von Faninal..... Robert Ringling  
Sophia..... Edith Mason  
Mistress Marianne Leitmetzerin.....  
Valzacchi..... Alice d'Hermanov  
Annina..... Lodovico Oliviero  
Commissionary of Police..... Irene Pavloska  
Major-domo of the Princess..... Antonio Nicolich  
Giuseppe Cavadore  
Major-domo of Faninal..... Jose Melica  
The Princess's Notary..... Antonio Nicolich  
Inkkeeper..... Jose Melica  
An Italian Singer..... Antonio Cortis  
An Italian Dresser..... Michael Arshansky  
A Widow of Noble Family..... Gertrude Kasper  
Her Three Daughters.....  
Constance Bittler, Constance Eberhart  
Ada Pasgi  
A Milliner..... Lucille Menzel  
A Vendor of Animals..... Herman Deeben  
A Little Negress..... Ruth Pryor  
Conductor, Giorgio Polacco

For the licentious libretto Strauss wrote many delightful pages, as the soliloquy of the Princess at the end of the first act; the presentation of the rose in the second with its flowing melodic lines, exquisite harmonies and instrumentation; the concerted number in the third. Never mind if he took his

chief waltz theme from old Lanner; the manner in which he varied and employed it set every foot in motion and all bodies a-swaying. The richness of the orchestration is so great that at times one wishes—for contrasting passages in the manner of Mozart or of Auber writing "conversational" music.

It is fortunate for the sensibilities of a New England audience that the stage directions of Hoffmannsthal for the opening scene—the bed prominent on the stage, the orchestra in amorous ecstacy—were not rigidly observed. The humor of the performance was the weakest point: Ochs falling from chairs and being hoisted up again, real heavy German humor, the recollection of which would not, as Hannibal used to say, addressing the students at Yale, make a man laugh if he were all alone by himself in the woods, solitary, no one near him.

The music of the Princess has been sung here with greater tonal beauty, more brilliantly, but not with more intelligence than that shown by Mme. Leider last night. Her meditations on the cruel years that would end every man's desire, on the inevitable ravages of time, were finely expressed by her vocal art. She was not so much the Princess, though she was gracefully dignified, as the woman renouncing love knowing that young Octavian, though swearing present devotion, would soon be seeking fresh woods and pastures new in the land where Venus reigns. Mme. Olszewska, as the infatuated lover, soon reconciled to his loss, acted and sang with spirit and understanding. The purest singing of the evening was that of Mme. Mason and of Mr. Cortis. The former was charming in her reception of the rose and in her tete-a-tete with Octavian, unaffectedly girlish in her sly delight and in the scenes with her prompt lover. To Mr. Cortis fell the agreeable task of appearing as the Italian singer in the first act; for once the beautiful air was sung as a well-graced Italian singer would deliver it. Mr. Kipnis played the vulgar Baron Ochs

with a gusto that appealed at once to an audience that packed the theatre and applauded with genuine enthusiasm. The many minor parts were well filled. One of the pleasing features of the evening was the dancing entrance of Mme. Pavloska, the intriguing Annina bearing a letter to the baron.

Mr. Polacco gave an eloquent interpretation of a score that calls for eloquence, vigor, rhythmic intensity, also finesse.

The opera tonight will be "The Love of Three Kings."

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the 15th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon comprised Bach's Fourth Brandenburg Concerto, G major, for violin, two flutes and string orchestra; Mozart's Piano Concerto, A major (K. 488), and Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Also Sprach Zarathustra."

For the Brandenburg Concerto, Mr. Koussevitzky lessened the number of strings, nor was the full body of strings employed in Mozart's Concerto. Not that orchestras were necessarily small in Vienna when Mozart was living. At a concert where he played a concerto the orchestra numbered 180, but it is not probable that all the members of the society took part. Concerts, however, were given at Vienna in the latter part of the 18th century by orchestras ranging from 200 to 400 in number.

When pianists today go to Mozart for a concerto they usually choose the one in D minor. The one in A major chosen by Mr. Orloff—there is an earlier one in the same key—is so beautiful, in its lively movements as in the pathetic Andante conspicuous for tenderness and pleasing melancholy, it is surprising that it has been ignored; but Mozart's music is not for every pianist however famous he may be. It is more difficult by its apparent simplicity than many concertos of the thunder-and-guns-and-all-that character. One may be brilliant with Liszt and Tchaikovsky, solemnly "intellectual" with Brahms, or play Beethoven in what is described as "the true Beethovenian spirit," whatever that may mean, yet come to grief when Mozart is in question.

Fortunately for the audience yesterday there was Mr. Koussevitzky, an ideal interpreter of Mozart; an orchestra that Mozart would have applauded; a pianist who would have met Mozart's demand that his music should "sound; should flow like oil in certain passages. Mr. Orloff played most musically, not merely with the pedantic, cool intelligence that often passes for a musical interpretation. Expression of intense emotion, passion was not considered artistic in the Vienna of Mozart's time, nor was it in the music. Grace, tenderness, a melancholy subdued as in a "verve, serenity even in melancholy—these were expected in an andante.

And so Mr. Orloff, who had shown in his recital two seasons ago that he could dazzle by his brilliance and sound the note of deep emotion, played this concerto as one believes Mozart would have liked it.

Mr. Koussevitzky is as artistic in his treatment of Bach as in his reading of Mozart. The concerto, it is needless to say when there is mention of Mr. Burgin, the violinist, Messrs. Laurent and Bladet, the flutists, and the admirable members of the string section, was delightfully performed. It is to be wished that Bach had cut the opening allegro shorter; the good man's musical talk in this movement is chatter before he is through with what he has to say. As the movement is signed with the name of Bach, those who almost swoon with admiration whenever his name is mentioned—there is much "bunk" in circles of music "appreciators"—accept him in bulk, and would say, "Oh that it would never end!" and would sigh soulfully in their rapt enjoyment.

Whatever one may think of Strauss's "Zarathustra," whether it is to be classed among his greatest works; whether it contains much that is sonorous but is really labored and unimpressive; whether the attempt to translate passages of Nietzsche concerning individualism and the deification of life into tones was imprudent, if not foolish, one must admit that there are great moments in this tone-poem. "Stupendous" is not too big a word for the introduction; there is beauty in the "Grave Song," Homeric gaity in the "Tanzlied"; mystery in the ending, nor to appreciate this ending is it necessary to think of the "Ideal" swaying aloft or the "World Riddle" growling below. One does well to hear this tone-poem without thought of Nietzsche.

Nor is "marvellous" too big a word for Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation;

nor for the orchestral performance. No greater performance by an orchestra has been heard in Symphony hall since it was dedicated; it would be hard to name one that was so great.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra at the concerts next week will be assisted by the Cecilia Society trained by Malcolm Lang, its conductor. Frank. Psalm 150 for chorus, orchestra and organ. Roussel, "Evocations," the third one with chorus. Schelling, "Morocco," (conducted by the composer). Borodin, Polovtsian Dances with chorus, from "Prince Igor."

HANS MARTIN THEOPOLD

Hans Martin Theopold, pianist, played the following program at Steinert hall last evening:

Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, Bach; Sonate E Minor, Beethoven; Ballad: G Minor, Chopin; Reflets dans l'eau, Les collines d'Anacapri, La Cathedrale engloutie, Jardins sous la pluie, Debussy; Chez Petrouchka, Danse russe, Stravinsky; and variations on a theme by Paganini, Brahms.

Mr. Theopold is a versatile pianist. Beethoven, Debussy, Chopin and Stravinsky, he likes to play music by all of them. The music of Debussy and Stravinsky he played as it is seldom heard, music with light and shadow, delicate nuances of tone and excellent rhythm. The two Stravinsky numbers gave fine exhibition of a brilliant technique. In such music he plays his best, his playing is full of fire, the tonality is pure and firm, the runs and trills clear and even. It is unfortunate that the Beethoven Sonata was the second number on the program. Had it been the last he might have been more in the mind for it, after the exhilarating Stravinsky, and realized that Beethoven's music also is full of contrasts of light and shadow. Sonorous though it may be at times it is not always, and the melodies are full of feeling and serene majesty. In the second movement of this sonata where the theme is represented in smooth legato music Mr. Theopold played each note with care bordering on monotony, completely robbing it of its beauty. Such a difficulty is not infrequent in the average pianist but it is regrettable that they cannot play legato music so that it sings.

The concert was well attended and the audience was warmly appreciative of Mr. Theopold's playing.

"L'AMORE DEI TRE RE"

Opera by Montemezzl. The cast:

Flora..... Mary Garden  
Archibaldo..... Virgilio Lazzari  
Manfredo..... Luigi Montesanto  
Avito..... Rene Maisson  
Flaminio..... Lodovico Oliviero  
A Youth..... Jose Melica  
A Young Girl..... Elizabeth Kerr  
An Old Woman..... Maria Claessens  
A Voice..... Ada Pasgi  
Conductor..... Giorgio Polacco

"Tragic Poem by Sem Benelli," the program states, "Music by Montemezzl." Be it so. Tragedy, then, we have a right to look for, and poetry, imagination, probably romance, ardor beyond a doubt, the vivid emotion that thrills. Beauty, furthermore, we are justified in expecting—when did poetic tragedy do without it?—beauty of pose, of motion, grouping.

Of poetry, to be honest, there was not too much. To conjure with Miss as she was out of her way, in a of sensation.

Flora, as poet and composer set forth, Miss Garden is imaginatively incapable of grasping. So let us be grateful for what she is able to give, and did—excellent vocalization and an extremely effective portrayal, more decorously restrained than it used to be, of the role in the way she sees it.

Beauty, poetry, imagination, romance—they come not before the mind's eye at the names of Lazzari, Montesanti, Maisson. Earnestness, however, must be set down to the credit of these three artists; they did what they could, with routine in plenty to help them. Mr. Maisson, furthermore, had one admirable moment; when, at the end, he cried, "Come la vita!" that was something like, a guide for him to go by. Mr. Montesanti showed real fervor in his appeal to Flora.

Though blessed with fine voices, these singers did not put themselves about to sing Montemezzl's melodies—the ravishing beauty of them!—melodiously. They declaimed them instead, with shouts in the place of tone sustained, all thought of line and curve ignored. Who, last night, listening to the opera for the first time, could have discovered a bar of melody in the music of Archibaldo? Yet scarcely one bar, in point of fact, is mere declamation. Singers make it hard for themselves when they spurn the props Montemezzl offers freely with both hands.

Mr. Polacco, more grateful than the singers before him, welcomed every gift from Montemezzl and made the most of it. The composer's melody, consequently, went not all by the board; in the orchestra, at Mr. Polacco's hands, indeed it never ceased. The tragedy, therefore, the poetry, the imagination and the romance, all the beautiful elements we had a right to expect, we found—in the orchestra all praise once more, and heartfelt thanks, to Mr. Polacco who saved the day.

This afternoon comes "Madame Butterfly"; this evening "Lucia."

R. R. G.

THE METROPOLITAN

"Conquest"

A screen drama, adapted by Eve Unsell and C. Graham Baker from the novel, "The Candle in the Wind," by Mary Imlay Taylor; directed by Roy del Ruth, and presented by Warner Brothers as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

Donald Overton..... Monte Blue  
James Farnham..... H. B. Warner  
Diane Holden..... Lois Wilson  
Dr. Gerry..... Tully Marshall  
William Holden..... Edmund Breese

History is repeating itself. Back in the days when the silent pictures were advanced to the feature stage, that is, when they were permitted to run into six to eight reels and to tell within that ample footage a complete narrative, there was a general stampede on the part of the producers to rush all they had to market. Some of the output was noteworthy, some was just ordinary, and some was downright dull. Gradually came the leveling. The better pictures increased in numbers, the public learned to turn down its thumbs on the chaff. Now, with the advent of the "talkies," a like situation seems to have arisen. Merely to get a voice onto the screen, to reproduce a knock on a door, a steamboat's or a factory's whistle, the whirr of an airplane, or other sounds of everyday life, many of the producers have shown a tendency to carelessness or indifference in the matter of plots. They perhaps hope that the novelty of sound and of the spoken word will distract the mental faculties of audiences, that preposterous scenarios will be accepted as plausible, that stupid or half-sketched characterizations will be hailed as fine performances.

"Conquest" illustrates this new menace to our screen enjoyment. Here are five experienced players, four of whom have had splendid stage records. Being thus able to act and to talk, they

MADAME BUTTERFLY

An opera in three acts by Giacomo Puccini. Sung in Italian. The cast:

Cho-Cho-San (Madam Butterfly)..... Edith Mason  
Suzuki..... Ada Pasgi  
B. F. Pinkerton..... Charles Hackett  
Kate Pinkerton..... Alice d'Hermanov  
Sharpless..... Giacomo Rimini  
Prince Yamadori..... Vittorio Trevani  
The Bonze..... Desire D'Arce  
Goro..... Lodovico Oliviero  
The Imperial Commissioner.....

The Registrar..... Eugenio Sandrali  
Conductor..... Gildo Morelato  
Stage Director..... Giorgio Polacco  
..... Charles Moor.

The Chicago Civic opera company gave a moving and beautiful performance of Puccini's "Madama Butterfly" yesterday afternoon. The singing was excellent, the orchestral support of the high order one is accustomed to expect from Mr. Polacco, and the acting was, on the whole, very good. It is ridiculous to point out that much of the scenery, surely some of the costumes, and a great part of the acting, were Japanese, for it would be difficult indeed to reproduce an authentically Japanese atmosphere, and of course it would be foolish to try to approximate



Feb 10 1929

By PHILIP HALE

Minnie Hauk, who died near Lucerne, Switzerland, last Wednesday, was a famous singer in her day, and not only by her portrayal of Carmen, though her Carmen was nearer the woman described by Merimee than the heroine of the opera as many have since pictured her: Minnie's Carmen was sensual, savage, fascinating. When she was first appearing at New York in this role, Joseph Keppler drew a striking picture of her for Puck.

Various stories—true or legendary?—are told about her early life. According to the dispatch printed in The Herald last Thursday, she was born at New York in 1852. Her family moved to Atchison, Kansas, where her father worked as a carpenter, and her mother kept a boarding house. Now we hear the voice of an old-time but passionate press agent: "In the evening after Minnie had washed the dishes, she used to sit out on the porch of her rough frontier home, and sing while burly wharfmen and wagon drivers listened. In 1880 her father placed his household goods on a flat-boat, and with his family, floated down to New Orleans. There the melodious darky songs"—any intelligent reader can finish the sentence.

There is a dispute as to the year of her birth. Put not implicit trust in biographical dictionaries. Was the year 1851, 1852 or 1853? At any rate Minnie went to New Orleans—her name was then spelled Amelia M. Hauk—and there she took singing lessons and sang in a concert about 1865. She came back to New York. Listen to a story that might have come from a sob-sister of the press acting as secretary to a prima donna. Christ Church in New York was in need of a soprano, and had heard many applicants.

"One day as their bass singer was passing through the streets he heard in an old wooden house a beautiful voice. He mentioned the fact to Samuel Jackson, the organist, who at once sent to the place with a request to the singer to come and see him at 12 o'clock on the following Sunday. Sunday came, and at noon, after the service, a young girl scarcely 15 walked into the gallery choir with her father and told Mr. Jackson she was the one whom he sent for. Mr. Jackson, after questioning her a little, told her he would like to hear her sing, and asked her what she would try. 'Oh, anything you would like,' was the reply. He got two copies of Cherubini's 'Ave Maria,' and handing her one he took his seat at the organ with the other. He played through the prelude, and the little girl began to sing. Says Mr. Jackson: 'The very first note sent a thrill through me I shall never forget, and I exclaimed with delight: 'It is the finest voice in the world!' Before Miss Hauk again reached the nave of the church, the music committee had made with her father an engagement for a year. Upon hearing the result of her trial, in her delight she threw her arms around her father's neck and thanked God that she was at length in a position where she could earn something with which to assist her needy parents."

Note the circumstantial detail of the story; note the affecting picture of the girl rejoicing at the committee's decision.

Some say that Minnie (as she was afterward known), made her first appearance in grand opera at the Winter Garden Theatre, New York on Nov. 30, 1866, taking the part of Prascovia in Meyerbeer's "Star of the North," once a favorite opera in which Clara Louise Kellogg shone. Others say that she first sang in grand opera on Oct. 13, 1866, at Brooklyn, appearing as Amina in "La Sonnambula." She had studied in New York with Errani and Albites, and taken lessons later of Maurice Strakosch. Having sung in this country in '67 and '68 (Juliet, Marguerite, Inez and other roles), she went to Covent Garden, London (Oct. 26, 1868), where she met with great success. Then she sang at Paris, Moscow, St. Petersburg, and going to Vienna in 1870 she obtained an engagement for three years, appearing chiefly in the opera-comique repertoire. From 1874 to 1877 she was engaged at Berlin. In 1878, having played Carmen in Brussels, she was engaged by Mapleson to appear in that opera when it was first produced in London (1878). She sang at Covent Garden every season until 1881, but was heard at New York early in 1891.

In 1881 she married Baron Ernest von Hessewarte, an author, a correspondent of the Neue Freie Presse of Vienna, and a traveller. With him she made three trips around the world. She did not leave the stage till 1896. Her repertoire included about 100 operas. She had taken the part of Carmelita 500 times and sung Bizet's music in several languages. She received many decorations.

Now for the end of this eventful history:

In October, 1919, Mr. Stovall, the United States minister in Switzerland, wrote to Mr. Penfield, once United States ambassador to Austria, that Minnie Hauk's husband, who had taken out American citizenship papers before his marriage, had died in 1918 leaving his widow almost penniless. "Her home is mortgaged and she is almost blind."

If her Carmen was famous, Bostonians were also delighted with her Zerlina in "Don Giovanni" and her Manon when Massenet's opera was performed here for the first time.

Speaking of Carmen, a subscriber to the opera season was heard to say, "Where in the world did the Chicago company find Mme. Olszewska?"

Dear Madame, it was not hard to find her. She was not discovered in an obscure European village. She has been the leading contralto at the Staatsoper of Vienna; the Prinzregenten Theatre at Munich; Covent Garden, London; the Colon, Buenos Aires. She sang in concert this season with the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra. Her recital programs include Elizabethan love songs as well as Lieder by Schubert, Brahms and Strauss. We hear that she has been re-engaged by the Chicago opera company for the entire season of 1929-30.

Books, too, have their passionate press agents, even the Book League of America, Inc. One learns from its agent that Miss Annette Hardy "almost a master of arts, blond and beautiful" has joined the league. Though she is now in "The Show Boat" she has found time to read "Prima Donna" by Pitts Sanborn. Reading it—and it may here be said that the novel is well worth reading—"tears sprang to her lovely eyes and sobs shook the Ziegfeldian curves." Miss Hardy sighed: "How the public misjudges us!"

We of the chorus must serve as rigorous an apprenticeship as any opera star. Fame does not come easily at the Metropolitan or the New Amsterdam." What does Miss Hardy think of Marcel Proust as a writer?

In the announcement that Mimi Aguglia would appear here at the Fine Arts Theatre, it was stated by the manager that she would then act in Boston for the first time in English. The statement was incorrect, for Mme. Aguglia studied English soon after she came here in the Sicilian company. Mr. Edward P. Goodnow writes to The Herald:

"I had the pleasure of seeing Mme. Aguglia play 'for the first time in English' on May 28, 1915. At that Sunday evening performance at the Tremont Theatre, the piece de resistance was a Sicilian play, 'Malia,' by one Capuana. It was followed by the one-act 'Drifted Apart,' by Sir Charles Young, which was played in somewhat faulty but none the less intelligible mother tongue."

The operatic season—if two weeks can be called a season—ended last night. It was on the whole a greater success artistically than the preceding one when the repertoire was manifestly arranged chiefly, if not solely, with an eye to box-office receipts. This season certain singers were missed, Mme. Muzio and Mr. Baklanoff especially. Mr. Formichi is an excellent Iago, a fine actor and singer in certain other roles, but his Escamillo is only a routine performance. On the other hand the Boston public welcomed the newcomers Mmes. Leider and Olszewska.

Trumpets had been sounded, announcing the coming of Miss Claire; but she sadly disappointed expectation and caused hearers to wonder why so much prominence was given to her; why she was cast for Elsa, Cherubino and above all for Desdemona. The ways of operatic managers are dark and sometimes sinister.

The company is still in want of a heroic tenor.

It was a mistake to give "Don Pasquale"—a delightful opera when it is performed by singers who have been trained in the traditions and are intelligent actors as well as singers; but we doubt if "Don Pasquale" would now fare much better at the Metropolitan or in European opera houses. The race of buffo singers seems to have died with Pini-Corsi. He, with the excellent Tavecchia, showed Boston in the days when it had its own opera company that an actor in buffo roles need not necessarily be a buffoon. What pleasure is there now in seeing that immortal opera "The Barber of Seville" except for a brilliant Rosina and the music itself? There is, as a rule, clowning—as in the shaving scene—instead of light comedy.

As far as singing was concerned, the performance of "La Boheme" with Miss Mason, Mr. Cortis and the others was the feature of the first week. It was a pleasure to hear "Lakme" again. If "Lohengrin" was performed in a lifeless and inferior manner, wholly without the necessary romantic atmosphere, "The Valkyrie," Mr. Gardner, our colleague, assures us, was in brilliant contrast.

Is it possible that Mr. Vanni-Marcoux will not be in Boston next season? He now goes to Monte-Carlo to take part in Fevrier's new opera "La Femme Nue," based on Bataille's drama. The Paris Opera wishes him for a new work by Reynaldo Hahn. He, Mr. Polacco and Mr. Formichi speak discouragingly of singers now in Italy. The leading Italians are in the United States; the younger ones will not study, but wish to jump on the stage after a year's lessons.

It, given music and libretto written by Italians. In fact, it often seems to be a mistake to have a Japanese singer take the part of Cho-Cho-San, for she usually succeeds in making everything about the opera except herself, seem unconvincing, by the force of contrast. A general impression of sincerity, pathos, and simplicity was maintained yesterday, and unusually numerous sound of nose-blowing and self-conscious coughing during the second act gave proof that a large part of the audience was moved to tears at Butterfly's sad lot.

Edith Mason, as Butterfly, sang with simplicity and feeling; the clear, fresh quality of her voice, together with her well-planned and graceful acting, gave the necessary impression of naivete and charm; her Butterfly is childish without being klutish, pathetic without being hysterical. Mr. Hackett, as Pinkerton, did some of his best singing, and he acted, as usual, with conviction. It is an ungrateful part, but the sincerity of Mr. Hackett's remorse at the end of the third act almost made one sorry for him. Ada Paggi, as Suzuki, did notably good singing in the flower duet with Cho-Cho-San, and she maintained an excellent characterization throughout. Giacomo Rimini, as Sharpless, acted and sang intelligently. The other parts were well taken, too, and the chorus did good work. There were many enthusiastic curtain calls for the principal singers, and for the charming child who played the part of Cho-Cho-San's baby.

Much praise is due the conductor. In these days when Puccini is scoffed at on all sides because of sentimentality and emotionalism, Polacco makes the real and telling beauty of the score so vivid, that even hardened Puccini-haters are forced to enjoy themselves. Polacco's fine sense of the stage aids him to bring out the drama most effectively, by vigorous rhythms and by delicate shades of tone in the orchestra; under his leadership, acting, singing, and orchestral support are fused into one. The action never drags, the music never becomes sentimental.

The settings for Butterfly were in the conventional style, but obviously elaborate and costly. The stage direction and the sets might be improved by studying the American opera company's presentation of "Madama Butterfly," especially the latter company's beautifully effective second and third acts. Tremendous applause for the principal singers and the conductor gave proof of the audience's pleasure. E. B.

## "LUCIA"

In the evening Donizetti's "Lucia" with the following cast, brought the season to a close:

Lord Henry Ashton, Richard Bonelli; Lucia Di Lammermoor, Alice Mock; Edgar of Ravenswood, Antonio Cortis; Lord Arthur Bucklaw, Jose Mojica; Raymond, Chase Baromeo; Alice, Alice d'Hermanoy; Norman, Lodovico Oliviero. Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni.

It was an evening of superior singing, led by Mr. Bonelli, masterly in song and dramatic portrayal, and Miss Mock of lovely voice and technique, wisely directed. The sextet, sung for once, not bawled, called forth storms of applause from a very large audience.

performance must be so exploited. The medium happens to be a mechanically-constructed tale of two aviators who seek the south pole in a plane built by the father of a girl with whom both men are in love. One of the men, Don Overton, is engaged to her. When near their goal the explorers' plane crashes. Overton, at the wheel, is injured, his left leg being broken. Farnham, his companion, abandons him as dead, returns to be acclaimed as a hero, and in time marries Diane Holden, his friend's fiancée. Only old Dr. Gerry suspects Farnham of treachery and cowardice. Forcing a confession from Farnham, he sets forth to tell the Holdens, but is killed en route in an automobile crash. That seemed deplorable, for Dr. Gerry, as Tully Marshall played the role, was the one human character in the narrative. Overton meantime does not die. Rescued by natives, he returns to confront Farnham. Still trustful, he undertakes with Farnham a second expedition, this time successful. The one sign of attention by the audience came when the American flag was planted plumb on the spot where the south pole ought to be. Again the plane crashes. Overton cannot abandon the injured Farnham, leads him to safety. On the return Farnham leaps overboard. This expiatory act naturally brings belated happiness to Diane and Don.

The picture shows a huge plane over what seem to me frozen, barren wastes; the plane's cabin, with its two fur-coated pilots; the spot where the planes fall. The rest is routine picturization of interiors. The story leaves nothing to the imagination. It makes each coming event obvious. Miss Wil-



son Mr. Breese. Mr. Blue could not make their characters natural, so did not exert themselves. Mr. Warner seemed like a man learning to talk all over again. He measured his words as is chanting solemn passages. Only his facial play was eloquent. W. E. G.

#### F. KEITH MEMORIAL THEATRE

An 80-minute revue from Broadway, introduced as "Jay C. Flippen" and his "Frolics," is by far the most pretentious vaudeville offering to appear on the stage of this theatre in weeks. It offers all the primary essentials of a regular musical comedy minus the plot, which often slows down the action. The stained glass setting, called "The Reason for Many Broadway Successes," is the scenic background for the specialties or talented members of the cast, while Mr. Flippen discourses in racy monologue as his contribution. The sketches are by William K. Wells, music and lyrics by Jay Gorney, the dances by Jack Connors. The show is staged by Max Hayes.

The Legros present a contortionist skit that is amazing. They make tumbling look as easy as walking. Mary Hay and Clifton Webb, as the headliners, appear in a new dance offering. Assisting them are Al Goodhart and J. Hancock. Miss Hay is as pert and refreshing as she was in "Mary Jane McKane," the musical comedy of that name. The settings for her three dances with Mr. Webb are simple in the extreme. A modernistic, illuminated backdrop, in green on a velvet hanging, forms the setting for their dancing, while two grand pianos, played by Messrs. Goodhart and Hancock, fill in while Miss Hay and Mr. Webb change costumes. The music for the act was written by George Gershwin.

On the screen is the "Great White North," a stirring and interesting story presented by Fox from the motion pictures taken on the H. A. and Sidney Snow Arctic expedition. Herald Island, far up in the Arctic circle, is claimed as a United States possession in one of the scenes. A whale hunt, in Alaskan waters, one of the best ever made, shows the daring and difficult art of capturing the amphibians. The tragic end of the four men lost in the Stefansson expedition is also shown. C. L.

Feb 11 1929

#### PEOPLES SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Yesterday's program, beginning with the Cesar Franck symphony, took in its course Tschalkowsky's B flat minor piano concerto—Katherine Bacon, soloist—and ended with the "Francesca da Rimini" fantasy, also by Tschalkowsky. A very large audience, after the concerto especially, showed every sign of pleasure.

The symphony turned back some people's minds to those days, now many years ago, when first Franck's music burst upon us. This symphony, the quintet, the sonata, for piano and violin, "The Beatitudes," one by one we came to know them, thanks to the offices of Gericke, George E. Chadwick, Harold Bauer, the Knelsel quartet, Mark, pray, the musical quality of those pioneers.

For they, one and all of them, the eminent critics, too, of the time, and other sound musicians, found in the music of Cesar Franck an attribute of unearthliness they found in the music of no other man.

Not all of them, of course, felt this music quite alike. Not everybody could discern in it the mystical ecstasy of the saints. It savored, to some, of medieval piety, as it came to flower in Fra

Anglico; to others it suggested the view of life of Rossetti and his fellow-workers in the "Pre-Raphaelite" age. To all of them, however, it stood clear that to Cesar Franck, as to no other modern writer of music had been vouchsafed a vision of a life transcending the life led here below, a vision Franck opened side to us, if only we could receive it.

Now come the young, and such of the old as must needs keep step at any cost with the young, to deny up and down any such individual quality to Cesar Franck. Beyond doubt, they are sincere; the performances they offer prove clearly enough that they miss the attribute in question. It is a pity they should.

For, as a man may be a saint and still display poor taste in wall paper and Brussels carpets, so Cesar Franck, that seer of heavenly visions, had a streak of the common in his musical nature that damaged his musical output. The musicians mentioned recognized his defects and decently covered them over as well as they could, that his real glory might shine on the world unspotted.

But now those defects take rank as glories. Too often, in latter-day performances, has Franck been forced to tilt, for noise, with Liszt, for emotional

ism, with Tschalkowsky for obvious tunes with the early Verdi who indulged in caletas. And the worst of it is he rose to the occasion only too well.

Yesterday thanks to Mr. Wendt's insight, Franck was allowed to shine by his own glory. For details of the performance there is not space, but attention must be called to the austere loveliness of the introduction at Wendt's hands, the splendor of the great triumphal theme when first it sounded forth; because of the rigorously sustained gloom that preceded it, no over-swelling was needful to produce its effect. All praise to Mr. Wendt for a skilful performance in the spirit that is right.

Quite as securely Mr. Wendt knew his way through the Tschalkowsky concerto. Revelling in its swelling tunes, its bouncing rhythms, he made of it music so full of zest that not a hint of vulgarity came to the fore. Miss Bacon, a pianist of parts, kept him fitting company. R. G.

#### BOBROVITCH RECITAL

Joseph Bobrovitch, tenor, accompanied by Amella Tataronis, sang the following at a recital in Jordan hall yesterday afternoon: M'appari Tutt Amor, Flotow; Vorrei Morir, Tosti; Song of India, Rimsky-Korsakov; Kashmiri Song, Woodforde-Finden; Spanish Serenade, Buzzi-Peccia; Mamye, Vanagaitis; Standchen, Schubert; The Pilot, Protheroe; Agnoneles, I Am No Prophet, Rachmaninoff; Visur Tyla, Gruodis; Kasbek, Matusis; Dissonance, Borodine; The Statue, Cesar Cui; Karveleli, Sasnaudkas; Naktis, Vanagaitis; Creole; The Kiss of a Mask, Psarouda; Nightingale's Song, Rimsky-Korsakov; Softly Nemen River Flows, Petruskas.

Quantity and not quality was the characteristic of the voice Mr. Bobrovitch brought to his audience yesterday afternoon. He does achieve a mezza voice which is somewhat redeeming, a mezza voice fairly well under control and with commendable quality, but in natural voice the tone is spread and, perhaps as a result of forcing, rasping. His phrasing lacked grace, his rhythm might well be more exact and his tones were not always true pitch. Too much dramatic action was used to describe his interpretation. It is sometimes pleasing on a concert stage but Mr. Bobrovitch used it almost to the extent of posing.

Be it said, however, he might have sung to better advantage if his accompanist had played accompaniments more in sympathy with his singing. Miss Tataronis is a better soloist than accompanist. In the two numbers she played yesterday her rhythm was excellent, but her playing lacked depth and her technique was not smooth.

The program was an interesting one, but neither Miss Tataronis nor Mr. Bobrovitch seemed to have it well studied, their interpretation lacked finesse. O. A.

#### WASHINGTON ST. OLYMPIA AND FENWAY

##### "The Wolf of Wall Street"

A screen drama, written by Doris Anderson; photographed by Victor Milner; directed by Rowland V. Lee, and presented by Paramount as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

Jim Bradford ..... George Bancroft  
Dika Bradford ..... Olga Baclanova  
David Tyler ..... Paul Lukas  
Gertrude ..... Nancy Driscoll  
Bob ..... Arthur Rankin  
Sturges ..... Brandon Hurst  
Jessup ..... Crawford Kent

With all due consideration for the title, the background and the primary theme of "The Wolf of Wall Street," first impressions, of this third Paramount all-talking picture somehow seem to linger with the secondary theme, or that dealing with the woman in the case. Bancroft, whether he be the sure-footed, easy-going steamship stoker scanning the waterfront for adventure, as in "The Docks of New York," or as the uncouth, domineering leader of the pack of "big time" financiers intent on cornering the copper market, as in the current picture. One may feel sure that whatever the characterization, and as yet he has had none measuring up to his evident talents—this natural actor will vitalize it, give it human semblance. As "The Wolf," he controls the pack. In all the simulated excitement of stock exchange transactions, of rigging the market for titanic advances or declines, of fellow-plotters panic stricken lest they fail to enlist the financial support of Sturges, a wealthy operator, one sees again what has been set upon the stage frequently and never quite convincingly. This supposedly is the main theme. Its development shows Bancroft as the man of strongest personality; quick to see avenues of escape or relief; removing a shoe to chafe a corn-

tortured joint as the mighty Sturges bears down on him; tearing his neck-band loose when enraged, as if hampered for breath; grinning like a school-boy in his moments of triumph. That is the Bancroft acting among men.

Here enters Baclanova, the woman in the case, the feline element needful to reveal other sides of Bancroft, the actor. His wife, Olga, is dazzlingly beautiful. She is talented, can sing, play the piano, wear a negligee with such careless allurements that the downfall of any man, alone with her, would be immediate and complete. For her "The Wolf" walks out on weighty conferences; buys pearls worth a king's ransom; submits to bites on the ear, apparently a favorite trick of endearment among the ladies of Russia. Scornful of the "suckers" of the street, he himself becomes one in his home. Under his very nose Tyler, smarting at insults, flits with Olga, finds it too easy an adventure. He is the first to tire, yet he dallies until caught. Then comes the big scene of the picture when Bancroft, his eyes opened by his wife's maid, played by Nancy Carroll, tiptoes up stairs, corners the intrigants, locks the door. No shooting, no tossing of furniture, no more words than are needed. Terse orders into a telephone to an agent as to attitude on the pooled stocks, certain ruin courted. To wipe out Tyler, who never was poor, "The Wolf" will sink his own fortune. He can start again. Had the picture ended with Bancroft thrusting his wife and Tyler into the street, it might have been more dramatic. One likes to wonder, leaving the theatre, just what might have happened beyond the curtain's fall. Here, the after scenes were too explanatory. Despite this, "The Wolf of Wall Street" is Paramount's best all-talking box-office candidate to date. Its material, treatment and performances assure that. W. E. G.

#### THE ST. JAMES THEATRE

##### "The Outsider"

By Dorothy Brandon, first produced at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, March 3, 1924. Katharine Cornell took the part of Lalage Sturdee and Lionel Atwill that of Anton Ragatzky.

The cast last night was:

Frederick Ladd ..... George L. Taylor  
Sir Montague Tolemache ..... W. E. Watts  
Vincent Helmore ..... Thomas McNight  
Sir Nathan Israel ..... Lawrence Keating  
Lalage Sturdee ..... Katharine Cornell  
Anton Ragatzky ..... George R. Taylor  
Mme. Floss ..... Ivy Merton  
Lalage Sturdee ..... Ellen Mahar  
Anton Ragatzky ..... Walter Gilbert  
Pritchard ..... Jessamine Newcome  
Basil Owen ..... Don Beddoe

No matter how broad-minded and democratic we are there is a boundary beyond which our prejudices commence.

The privileged have always resented the clever outsider. This is a favorite subject in Galsworthy's plays. In "Justice," "Loyalties," "Old English" and "Escape," he shows the conflict between the interloper and the men entrenched on the inside. Miss Brandon's hero is a surgical instrument maker, who has cured cripples by the invention to which he has given his name, Ragatzky's Rack. He is looked upon with suspicion by the surgeons, as Coue is said to have been by the medical profession.

There was reason to dislike Ragatzky. He had bad manners and a bad temper. He was very grasping in regard to money, and his standard of ethics was different from those in the profession. His training had been in a Chicago slaughter house, and he refused to take the time to study for a degree at the Royal College of Surgeons. He had no inhibitions, and talked about what others only thought of in their sub-consciousness. But he could make the lame walk and cure cases which the surgeons pronounced hopeless. Lalage Sturdee, daughter of the most famous surgeon of his day, is a beautiful and talented young woman, but a cripple. Against all advice, out of her great longing for love and happiness, she puts herself into the hands of this man to be cured.

As faith, the fear of illness, loneliness, and the power of a strong personality are facts in which human beings continue to be interested, they will find this a vivid play. One feels on leaving the theatre as if one had witnessed the painful but somehow ennobling and stimulating experience of a friend. Miss Merton and Mr. Gilbert acted their difficult parts gallantly and were very convincing. No wonder Mr. Gilbert smiled when the curtain went down, he had done a good job, and was well supported by the rest of the company.

The audience at the St. James should also get a write-up. A good laugh ready at the sign of a joke, tears in the sad parts, attention and appreciation all the time. They must give a great boost to those who have the heroic task of learning a new role every week. J. D.

#### B. F. KEITH MEMORIAL THEATRE

Belle Baker, comedienne and delineator of character songs, holds the coveted headliner's position this week. In fact, she is kept on the stage so long by an

admiring audience that to quote her own words: "It seems that I have been out here for a year," after she had given several encores. Not satisfied with her regular repertoire, those in the audience who wanted more clamored for "Ellie, Ellie" and other favorites, but she laughingly told them to come back at the next performance.

The show is opened by Von Grona, creator of a new school of interpretative dancing who really brings something different to the stage. The members of the chorus are well schooled in their parts, which approach modernism through the dance. Lighting and scenic effects match the skill of the dancers. One dance is outstanding, made so by lighting effects from three special stage searchlights which cast the graceful shadows of the dancers' figures on a silver gray curtain, giving it the effect of silhouetted pantomime.

"Versatility," presented by Pat Henning & Company, combines a bit of comedy, some difficult dances, some clowning and juggling, all by this accomplished young man, who is aided, nevertheless, by a lazy father. Harry Fox and Beatrice Curtis, plus six assistants who may have been in a Florida sextet, offer an impromptu skit, but Mr. Fox utilizes the ungainly figures of this sextet in a towel dance that is very ludicrous. Maurice Colleano and family collaborate to produce an interesting act which includes acrobatic dancing and gymnastic stunts and a remarkably good solo, an oriental fantasy, by one of the women.

Robert Warwick, who has appeared in many stage and screen successes, brings to vaudeville a playlet entitled "Her Voice." The setting is the Northwest woods, a radio has its part in the story. Two men who murdered Warwick's wife are hidden in a shack, their only communication with the outside world a radio bought with money stolen from the woman they killed. Whenever a woman's voice sounds through the radio one of the men cries out fearfully. Warwick, in the role of avenger, lives with the men, gains their confidence, and brings them to justice. This is a very effective performance in tabloid.

"Waterfront," a motion picture star-

ring Dorothy MacKail and Jack Mulhall, offers varied opportunities for these two to make love as only this flaming generation knows how. The story centres about the waterfront home of Sally Andrews, played by Miss MacKail, and her father, Capt. Andrews, played by Knute Erickson. Sally falls in love with a sailor, Jack Dowling, played by Mr. Mulhall, and elopes with him. The methods undertaken to cure Sally of her sea-going desire furnish many laughs. C. L.

#### BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Bach—the Brandenburg concerto No. 4, in G major, for violin, two flutes and string orchestra. Liszt—piano concerto in A major. Strauss—"Also Sprach Zarathustra." Could Henschel himself or Arthur Micksch have devised a program better calculated to please?

There was Bach, no less, to lead, and to lend the dash of classicism almost needful. Also Bach, oddly enough, is just at present the composer above all others to add the note of fashion desirable in any program; he has had long to wait, but at last his day has come. Once the symmetrical measure of his Brandenburg concerto had been duly admired and perhaps forgotten. Liszt with his concerto of a quite different type found no difficulty whatever in rousing folk to enthusiasm with his forthright rhythms, sentimentalities and swelling ardors. The romantic, over-bounding Strauss, at the tip of his popular vogue today, encountered less difficulty still in crowning all. This was an evening destined to delight.

If Mr. Koussevitzky showed rare acumen in piecing his program together, real genius he demonstrated throughout its performance. The Bach concerto he guided with a dainty touch that brought the succor of prettiness to musical lengths otherwise plain monotonous.

By laying on and sparing not, either its sonorities or its sentimentalisms, Mr. Koussevitzky set the Liszt concerto to raging and rushing like the Connecticut river at spring flood. In Mme. Yolanda Mero he found a fitting pianist to play "opposite" him and with him. Let him storm as he would with his orchestra, with her piano she held her own. Admittedly indeed Mme. Mero played, with tone ponderous or light as called for, silvery or highly colored, always beautiful, so rhythmically and musically that what she played seemed for the moment well worth playing. Pianist and leader, and orchestra too, were roundly applauded.

His highest feat Mr. Koussevitzky achieved with the Strauss poem. A "poem" they call it, so let us not question the worth of its poetical quality.



THE FLONZALEYS

Tonight the Flonzaley Quartet will play for the last time in Boston, the city where in the early years of its career it found the warmest recognition. Boston had mourned the departure of the Kneisel Quartet; it welcomed the new-comer.

The late E. J. de Coppet of New York, a lover of chamber music, resolved to found a string quartet that would respond to his high ideals. The members should be artists of acknowledged technical proficiency. Each one should be willing to sink his individuality for the sake of the ensemble; there should not be a leader with resistants. The members should dwell, as well as play, together in unity; they should be brothers in daily life as in art. One should have personal engagements; no one should receive pupils. Their instruments should be of the finest.

Mr. Pochon was appointed to select his colleagues. It is said that at first there was the thought of Jacques Thibaud, Georges Enesco, Pablo Casals; perhaps some others. For various reasons they were unable to accept. Mr. Pochon then called co-mates of his years at the Brussels Conservatory: Adolfo Betti, violinist, and Ugo Ara, player of the viola. Iwan d'Archambeau, violoncellist, completed the quartet. Mr. Ara was compelled to leave on account of sickness resulting from his participation in the World War. Mr. Bailey took his place for a few seasons; he in turn was succeeded by Mr. Moldavan.

The reputation of the Flonzaley Quartet grew with the years until its pre-eminence in the realm of chamber-music was gratefully acknowledged in European countries as in the United States. The members shared the high ideals of Mr. de Coppet. The quartet became famous for exquisite cuphony in performance, for a rare sense of proportion; for poetic of impressive phrasing; for sensitiveness and intelligence in appreciating the period in which a composition was written; the character and

environment of a composer. They had in mind the saying of Mozart: music must sound. Years ago John F. Runciman complained of the perfection to which Lamoureux had brought his Parisian orchestra, asserting that a certain roughness was desirable. Mr. Apthorp in Boston once said that a certain scraping in performances by a string quartet was inevitable and not unpleasant. The Flonzaleys proved that there could be sweetness in strength; cuphony in passion.

There are excellent quartets visiting Boston, following the art first shown by the Flonzaleys, who now ending their twenty-fifth season will be relieved from the strain of giving annually 100 or more concerts. Their passing is deeply regretted; their memory will be kept green for many years. Not only as artists are they held in admiration; they are affectionately regarded as familiar friends.

listener, hoping to enjoy them again, need make no particular effort to hear her again in the fall. Playing seldom twice alike, Mme. Ney, 10 to 1, will refrain from bringing at all to the fore those qualities so vividly remembered.

That same listener, none the less, will betake himself, be it in fall, spring or winter, to any concert Mme. Ney may give; though perhaps he may not hear what he went out to hear, he can count on hearing something individual and something well worth while.

If, last night, the listener in question, with the virtuosity on his mind of which Mme. Ney is capable or the high pitch of eloquence to which she often rises, would let nothing else content him, he might quite as well have stayed at home. Of her virtuosity Mme. Ney gave scarcely a hint, though indeed she played with that consummate ease which bespeaks a virtuoso's technique.

Nor did Mme. Ney, at least for an hour and a half or so, except for a splendid moment at the end of the fantasy, let loose that overwhelming temperament of hers which, at times, turns every phrase she plays as rousing as a thesis of Martin Luther's tacked to a church door. Nor—but that is precisely what she did do, a thrilled listener brought report, quite at the end of her program. Piece after piece she added, then, while the enthusiasm of her hearers waxed to heights. A pity the stir came too late for all Mme. Ney's admirers to enjoy.

It did not matter, though; Mme. Ney has always something fine to offer. Last night it was the understanding and gusto she had all ready for the several trivial little tunes Schubert so dearly loved. She did not try to make poetry of them, fine melody, or something naive. Not Mme. Ney; she knows too well their origin, the "Posse mit Gesang," popular in Schubert's time in Vienna, popular today. So she let them run their vulgar way, but, by giving

their rhythm its Viennese due, she took the curse away; she made them bewitching. Who else, by closing eyes to the truth, has ever done so much? R. R. C.

Among the speakers were Dr. Edward Caldwell Moore of Harvard, Dr. Richard Cabot, Prof. Walter R. Spalding, Wallace Goodrich and London Charlton, manager of the quartet. Madame Helen Stanley, soprano, wife of Mr. Charlton, sang several selections. She was accompanied by Jesus Maria Sanroma, well known pianist. The members of the quartet are Adolfo Betti, Alfred Pochon, Nicolas Moldavan and Iwan d'Archambeau.

QUARTET FETED

Flonzaley Group Given Testimonial Dinner After Concert  
Members of the Flonzaley quartet, following their closing program at Jordan hall last night, were given a testimonial supper at the Copple-Plaza Hotel by friends and admirers. Nearly 200 were present.

too are fond of dancing; the Largo because they too, or at least one or two of them, wished to proclaim their own domestic bliss; the Finale because, like poor Smetana, they anticipate deafness. No, in all probability the simple pathos of the last measures appealed to them, with its sadness of farewell. More significant of the occasion were these few measures than an exultant, bolsterously joyful finale would have been, expectant of stormy applause. It will be a pleasure, as the years go by, to remember these great and sensitive players of Mozart's quartet, perfected with an exquisite sense of proportion and haunting harmony by the

FLONZALEY QUARTET

By PHILIP HALE

Jordan hall was crowded last night; many were even seated on the stage, eager to pay tribute to the Flonzaley Quartet, giving its last concert in this city. When this quartet, now about to disband after 25 seasons, gave its first concert here, the audience was pitifully small, for the players were unknown, and the trumpet of the press agent had not heralded their approach. Looking at the great and enthusiastic audience last night, Mr. Betti must have been struck by the contrast. He may even have wondered why in the last two or three seasons people of Boston had not been as anxious to hear the quartet as they were last night. If he were cynically inclined he might say to himself that many have the mania of attending funerals, and are curious concerning the nature of the last rites. But Mr. Betti is far from being a cynic or a lover of irony. He knows that the music-lovers of Boston have held him and his colleagues in the highest esteem these many years.

Nor is it necessary now to deliver a pompous eulogy. Reviews of concerts by the Flonzaleys since they first honored and delighted the city have been a continual eulogy; one might say a serial of praise, with installments, each one ending after a concert with the line, "to be continued in our next."

The program of last night comprised Mozart's quartet, D major (K. 575); Brahms's quartet, C minor, op 51, No. 1; Smetana's quartet, E minor ("From My Life"). It would be interesting to know what governed this decision; what led them to choose Smetana's music, delightful as it is, for the swan song. This quartet is autobiographical. Smetana intended it to be; but no one would say that the Flonzaleys chose the piquant "Polka" movement because they

weary feet, keeping time doggedly to a comber martial tune from the invisible orchestra.

Big scenes, most of these, worthy of a great picture, worthy of Mr. Brown, or any other high-minded director. True, several of equally realistic calibre are introduced later, like the horrible death of Samuel Foote, known as the Worm, victim of his own duplicity; or like the terrific fight between Larry, the hero, and Locasto, the villain, in which Larry, almost worsted, hurls a lighted lamp at his enemy. Locasto, his clothing actually ablaze, rushes into the dance hall and dies.

Halfway through the picture it is that the signposts are picked up. Tokens that Mr. Brown, obedient to instructions or hints, wavered in his heroic purpose, yielded to demand for the melodramatic. So most of the types vanished. Larry and Berna, the lovers, became subjects of agonized close-ups, villainy showed its claws, lust conquered virtue. Not even the humor of Locasto's demand in the restaurant for 10 plantains of beans that he might deride them as he ate his first steak and potatoes in nine weeks; or of Peterson's wrecking of the dishonest gold commissioner's office, could interrupt this lurid plot long. As a result, while the picture as a whole is exceptional in subject, treatment and performance, it is a question if it turned out as its director would have it. For idealism, either fulfilled or frustrated, the average 'movie' fan has slight interest, however. It is quite probable that "The Trail of '98" will go on record as a popular success far beyond the ordinary. W. E. G.

KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE  
"Man, Woman and Wife"

A screen melodrama, written by Charles A. Logue, directed by Edward Laemmle, and presented by Universal with the following cast:

Ralph Brandon	Norman Kerry
Rita	Pauline Starke
Helen Brandon	Marian Nixon
Jack Mason	Kenneth Harlan
Ward Rogers	Gratford Kent

The younger Laemmle as a director of motion pictures evidently believes in beginning at the bottom of the ladder and working up. The ladder in this instance might be likened to the development of the movies. Story, characters, situations, direction, everything connected with "Man, Woman and Wife," hark back to the days when the films were nothing if not theatrical, stiff, wide open to criticism. One saving grace it has, the scene depicting the attempted escape of Brandon, alias Jones, from the prison to which he has been sentenced for life. Here are blended suspense, action, uncertainty to the last instant as to outcome. This climax, worthy as it may be, scarcely serves as reparation for the fatuous proceedings of preceding reels.

Brandon, setting forth for war bravely, with a tallman given him by his wife, turns deserter under machine gunfire, takes the identification tag of a dead soldier and leaves his own. Returning, he is a man without home or name. Not daring to show himself to his wife he drifts to the underworld and there meets Rita, who always has been fond of him but now is living with Rogers, a gang leader who totes his gun in his right-hand coat pocket. Rita quits Rogers, to cook savory dishes for Brandon. When the latter reads that his wife is to remarry, he tries to muster up courage to prevent the ceremony, but fails. Later he shoots Rogers, who has a pretty blackmailing scheme in his mind, and is sent to prison for life.

It is when Rita and her old gangster friends plot to free him that the picture partially redeems itself. Almost clear of his pursuers, Brandon halts, reflects on the mess he has made of his life, and deliberately runs into the machine gun fire of the prison guards. "He's crazy," mutters one of the gangsters, "he turned to the left, instead of the right." "No," answers Rita, "he turned the right way." And there with his wife's tallman clutched in his hand, the picture leaves this unhappy man, and the moral of his passing.

Miss Starke strove bravely to inject a semblance of verity to the role of the buffeted woman of the underworld. Mr. Kerry moved about as a man in the grip of great mental torment. Mr. Kent died like a true studio gunman, smiling and with a gallant gesture of farewell. W. E. G.

Feb 15 1921

ELLY NEY

Elly Ney, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan hall, before an audience of excellent size, an audience worth having:

Sonata D major, opus 53, Fantasy, "The Wanderer," Schubert; Nocturne, F sharp major, Etude, G flat major, Ballade, A flat major, Waltz, opus 34, Polonaise, opus 53, Chopin.

Because a listener enjoyed, of an evening in spring, certain qualities prominent in Elly Ney's art, that

its rhetoric, at all events, its mastery management of color and mass and of accent, nobody can deny. Making the most, and something more, of every master-stroke, of every detail that makes for effect, Mr. Koussevitzky made an effect indeed. He did more: He made that music sound as though he believed in the worth of every note of it. More no man alive can accomplish, not Richard Strauss himself. R. R. G.

ROSA PONSSELLE

Rosa Ponselle, soprano, sang yesterday morning at the Hotel Statler, in aid of the Boston School of Occupational Therapy. As well as the aria "Pace, pace, mio Dio" from Verdi's "La Forza del Destino" and the great air, "Tacea la Notte" from "Il Trovatore," Miss Ponselle offered these songs: Quel Ruscelletto, Paradies; Amarilli, mia Bella, Caccini; Stille Thranen, Schumann; Chanson Norvegienne, Fourdrain; As My Dear Old Mother, Dvorak; The Nightingale, Ward Stephens; Cradle Song, Brahms; Come Unto These Yellow Sands, LaForge.

Her most valuable asset, a voice in beauty unsurpassed, Miss Ponselle brought to hearing yesterday in its finest state. Glorious tone she delivered, tone so superb it sent cold chills shivering down the back, whenever Verdi, Schumann and the rest had furnished her with phrases suitable to her personal method of technique. When, on the other hand, Verdi and Schubert demanded, in the way that was their tone at once rich and soft, not to mention phrases calling for tone of wide gradations of force, Miss Ponselle, at those trying moments, met their requirements less completely.

Where sheer mass of splendid sound would answer, as in the aria from "La Forza," or where a pleasant light tone, once established, could run along uninterrupted—it did very well in the old Italian airs—Miss Ponselle met her best success. To the beautiful melodic line of the "Trovatore" aria Miss Ponselle showed herself inscensible, as well as incapable of the brilliant florid style requisite in the aria's second part.

In two years time or so, nevertheless, Miss Ponselle has made gains. Rarely, yesterday, did she force tone. To some degree she succeeded in establishing an atmosphere for each song, and she enunciated her words with reasonable distinctness. Much applauded by a large audience, Miss Ponselle added generously to the program.

Stuart Ross, as well as accompanying Miss Ponselle, played two groups of piano solos. So delightfully he performed a dance from Schubert's "Rosamunde," that for some persons, it became the feature of the morning. R. R. G.

LOEW'S STATE THEATRE  
"The Trail of '98"

A screen drama adapted by Benjamin Glazer from a novel by Robert W. Service, photographed by Joseph Seitz, directed by Clarence Brown, and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as a sound picture with the following cast:

Berna	Dolores Del Rio
Larry	Ralph Forbes
Jack Locasto	Harry Carey
Salvation Jim	Tully Marshall
Mrs. Bulkey	Emily Fitzroy
Mr. Bulkey	Henry Holtz
Lara Peterson	Teuben Holtz
Berna's Grandfather	Karl Dane
Samuel Foote	Cesare Gravina
	George Cooper

Following attentively "The Trail of '98," it is possible to discern certain signs full of meaning. Signs that indicate that Mr. Brown, a director of unusual intelligence, vision and resourcefulness, had certain objectives in mind when he started this really gigantic film. He sought a roomy canvas on which to stage his spectacles of snow clad mountains and valleys; his avalanche of snow beating down and burying all in its path; his raging streams with their hidden ledges; his oddly assorted army of men and women, old and young, frail and sturdy, all actuated by one absorbing purpose, to reach the fabulous wealth awaiting them in the Klondike. The very first scene gives rich promise of what Mr. Brown had in mind. This short arrival in San Francisco on J. V. 1897, of the Alaskan steamer bringing back Locasto and his armed guards with the first gold. The news spreads. Mr. Brown, by medium of a map, weeps state by state, selecting from each an illuminative scene, assembling its types, imbuing in each breast a sudden greed for gold, with ruthless rearing of all home ties.

Then he starts his exodus. He crowds his Klondike-bound craft with the half-core principals who are to tell the subsequent story and with hundreds of extras who often are the more interesting. Landing at Skagway, all begin the trek across the deadly Chilkoot pass, an arduous journey in itself, after comes the passage of the White Horse rapids, another graphic picture; the water front at Dawson city, room point to point we see the weak collapse and perish, among them an aged blind man, a plucky boy. Many turn back, the majority keep on. Miles and miles of evil winds, stinging snows,umbing cold. Miles and miles of



## PRINCE JOHANN

Prince Johann of Lichtenstein, who had governed for seventy-one years to the joy of his people, will a century hence be a legendary monarch, to be classed with Beranger's King of Yvetot and the King Pausole of Pierre Louys, who administered wisely but surprising justice, seated beneath the huge, traditional tree.

Who will believe in 2029 that there once lived in an overtaxed Europe a gracious ruler, who, rather than see his dearly beloved people taxed, put his hand in his princely pocket? Yes, "princely," for Johann was not like the worthy King Stephen, whose breeches cost him but a crown and thought them dear at that; Johann was a "handsome dresser," a luxurious, magnificent person. Our descendants will read that Johann welcomed brilliant, entertaining, as well as laughter-loving men and women at his court; that he gave feasts worthy of Lucullus and that mad boy Heliogabalus; but, to put guests at their ease, he absented himself that they might eat, drink and be merry; what wonder if the men of 2029 will shake their heads in disbelief, and murmur: "Fairy tales! What? Subjects asked for a constitution and he hastened to give it to them? He was never weary of doing for his people? Nonsense."

And so Johann will go down the ages with good Alcinoos, proud of his garden, Alfred in the poor woman's cottage, Harun al-Rashid (though Johann had no Sword tagging at his heels), the king portrayed by Robert Browning. This Johann was so beneficent a ruler that death himself grew envious of his fame and smote him so that the people of Lichtenstein might know at last that he, too, was mortal.

### BOSTON CIVIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

A concert by the Boston Civic Symphony Orchestra last night in Jordan hall gave pleasure to a rather small, but very appreciative audience. The excellencies of this amateur orchestra are attested by the fact that it performs difficult music with spirit and skill and is able to offer programs that attract and satisfy music lovers. Under the remarkable leadership of Joseph F. Wagner, the founder and conductor of the orchestra, the best qualities of the players are brought out, and good ensemble is achieved. Indeed, it is in thus drawing out the best in an unprofessional body of players that Mr. Wagner reveals himself as a conductor of rare powers, for the precision, the life, the tone-shading, and phrasing of the orchestra might well be cause for envy from more pretentious organizations. Every selection was imbued with rhythmic life, nuance and energy.

After a propitious opening—Weber's Overture to "Oberon"—the orchestra played a suite from Coleridge-Taylor's "Hawatha Ballet." This is colorful music, imaginative, yet unpretentious, and the orchestra played it on the whole

very creditably. Handel's Organ Concerto No. 4 in F, with Harold Schwab as soloist, was very well done, and both the soloist and the orchestra were rewarded with enthusiastic applause.

A "Divertissement in the form of Theme and Variations," by Joseph Wagner, proved to be very well-written and entertaining music of the lighter type. "Valse Romantique," "Burlesque," "Oriental," and "Marche Fantastique" lived up to their names atmospherically and harmonically; Mr. Wagner achieves his effects with assurance if not with originality.

The program closed with Borodin's "On the Steppes of Central Asia," and Boellmann's "Fantastic Dialogue," for organ and orchestra.

There was much cordial applause for the band of young musicians and their gifted conductor. E. B.

### SERGEI BARSUKOFF

Sergei Barsukoff, pianist, played this program last night in Steinert hall: Sarabande, Bach; Capriccio, Opus 78-Intermezzo, Op. 117, Brahms; Aufforderung zum Tanz, Weber-Tausig; Poeme Sombre, Barsukoff; Etude, E-major, Opus 8, Scriabin; Impromptu, Opus 10, March, Prokofiev; Grande Polonaise Brillante, Andante Spianato, Chopin; Chopin's Song, "Mes Joies," Liszt; Künstlerleben, Strauss-Godowsky.

Nerves played this young pianist so shabby a trick that the early part of his concert need be taken into no account. Not as he conceived it, we may feel sure, did Mr. Barsukoff play the piece by Bach or those by Brahms.

Later in the evening, when he had trampled those recalcitrant nerves under foot, Mr. Barsukoff showed indica-

tions of genuine talent. At various moments, in the Russian trifles especially, but also here and there in the polonaise, he set forth a rhythm upstanding as any drum-major's. He displayed a fluent technique, with very deft scales in its favor, arpeggios, too; to passages of florid ornament such as decorate the polonaise sometimes he lent a faint tinge of tonal color. For the pert endings fitting Scriabin's pieces and the Prokofiev march Mr. Barsukoff was right on hand. The young man indeed has talent.

A proper development of it would serve him better, just at present, than concert-giving. Firm rhythm, as yet, he cannot maintain for long. To melody he appears strangely insensitive. Except when exerting full strength he dallies with tone little more than superficial.

This is all too bad, in the case of a young man of talent. Who, hurrying him before the public, can have shown so unwise a dispatch?

An audience of good size expressed cordially. R. R. G.

## SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was assisted at its concert yesterday afternoon by the Cecilia Society, which had been trained by Malcolm Lang, its conductor. The program was as follows: Franck, Psalm 150 for chorus, orchestra and organ. Schelling, "Morocco" symphonic poem. Roussel, "Evocations", three symphonic sketches for orchestra with chorus. Borodin, Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor". The first and the third "Evocations" and "Morocco" were played for the first time in Boston. Mr. Schelling conducted his composition. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted the other numbers.

Franck's treatment of the Psalm is one shout of jubilation, with a full use of the instruments named by the Psalmist. The music is a summons to praise the Lord of the universe, not a tribal deity. What is known as the "Hebraic spirit" is not here to be expected. It would be interesting to know how Ernest Bloch, who has expressed this spirit more eloquently than any other modern composer, would write music for this Psalm. No doubt there would be a wildness in his musical praise, the wildness of a race that would not allow another god and called all other worshippers, idolaters.

Mr. Schelling visited Morocco. As a musician he was impressed by the native melodies, instruments, dances, songs, scenes and customs. His Morocco is not the land that has inspired other composers, who could not forget their own nationality and were bent on "civilizing" what to them were barbaric sounds, chiefly interesting to the ethnologist. If Ossendowski were a musician, he would write in Mr. Schelling's spirit as he has written in the prose account of his north African adventures. Mr. Schelling knew that there must be relieving measures, but he did not stray afar. There are at times the thought of orientalism as known to Rimsky-Korsakov and to Tchaikovsky when he was willing to forget Germany and turn his ear to the East.

"Morocco" is frankly descriptive and pictorial music. The most exotic section is the first with its introductory unaccompanied solo, a recollection of music for the native Raita, now represented by the oboe, beautifully played by Mr. Gillet; with the wild dance and strange encouraging cries of women. In this section there is no suggestion of the accident except for the technical skill which allows the composer's impressions to be shared by an audience. In the following "Lullaby" there is characteristic and pleasing monotony of melody and rhythm, which in spite of ingenious changes preserves the persistent mood peculiar to much oriental music; only broken by the highly original manner in which the Caid and his followers pass in state, musically the most impressive measures of the symphonic poem.

The remaining sections depict a scene outside the walls of Fez, with the teller of tales, the cater of figs, etc., as described by travellers drily or with gusto; The Finale, suggested by the stronghold of a chieftain, and the call to war.

It is not to belittle this work to call

it entertaining. It is especially entertaining in that Mr. Schelling did not try to be more oriental than the Moroccans; that he did not strive to gain effect by bald realism; that he did not deliberately write as he thought a native composer would write, but as an accomplished musician of the West whose imagination appreciated what to others might have been barbaric strains pleasurable only to those accustomed to them from childhood.

Mr. Monteux brought out in Boston Roussel's second "Evocation" entitled "La Ville Rose." Only the third. "By

the Banks of a Sacred River" calls for a chorus. The first "Evocation" was inspired by Roussel's visit, as a naval officer, later as a traveller, to the East, when he saw sculptured gods of love, hate, joy, violence in the shadow of a caravan.

It is a dangerous experiment, this translating a picture or sculptured work into tones, though brave men have risked it, as Liszt, Huber, Reger, Volbach, not to name others. Roussel is more fortunate in the charming introductory measures and those that close than in the musical portrayal of this or that god, music that is perfunctory and too self-conscious. "La Ville Rose," a kind of a Scherzo, is much more to Roussel's credit. Here is true fancy; here he evokes a scene that needs no set description, but may be imagined by any sensitive hearer, from the title itself, without any anxious waiting to hear "Elephants preceding the Rajah"; in different to his or any other Hindoo's hymn. The section with chorus was disappointing yesterday, nor was it the fault of the singers who sang valiantly here as in Franck's Psalm; as in the entrancing and splendidly savage dances from "Prince Igor"; nor was it Mr. McClosky's fault; he declaimed boldly the strange chant of the Priest. No; the music itself is at fault. It is, as a rule, singularly inexpressive of Calvocoressi's prose-poem. For example: what dry measures for the lines telling how perfumes of the night awaken love in hearts; how couples, quivering with happiness, stroll, enlaced beneath the moonbeams! But Roussel's Muse is intellectual, not sensuous.

In the "make-up" of the Program-Book, by an unfortunate transposition and the dropping of a line, the long chant of Roussel's Priest was attributed to the chorus and the translation of two lines for the chorus was put after the chant instead of before it. Books, including Program Books, have their fate.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week comprises Foote's Suite in E major for strings; Bruckner's Symphony No. 8, C minor.

### "Redskin"

A screen drama, written by Elizabeth Pickett, photographed by Edward Cronjager, directed by Victor Schertzinger, and presented by Paramount with Technicolor effects and with the following cast:  
Wing Foot ..... Richard Dix  
Corn Blossom ..... Gladys Belmont  
Judy ..... Jane Novak  
John Walton ..... Larry Steers  
Navajo Jim ..... Tully Marshall  
Chah ..... Bernard Siegel  
Chief Notani ..... George Rigas  
Yina ..... Augustina Lopez  
Pueblo Jim ..... Noble Johnson  
Commissioner ..... Joseph W. Girard  
Barrett ..... Jack Duane  
Anderson ..... Andrew J. Callahan  
Wing Foot (age 15) ..... Philip Anderson  
Corn Blossom (age 6) ..... Lorraine Rivero  
Pueblo Jim (age 15) ..... George Walker

"Redskin" needs no Richard Dix to make it interesting. It could do very well without the inevitable theme song, "Redskin, I Love You." The factor which gives this picture extraordinary appeal is the generous and wholly satisfying demonstration of what Technicolor process, skilfully applied, can do toward enhancing the beauty and realism of outdoor scenes, particularly when these scenes are of the open spaces of the Arizona desert, its canyons and its water pools. In these spaces are assembled at divers times in the course of the film picturesque groups of Indians, Navajos and Pueblos, two tribes hostile to each other for ages. The brilliant lined blankets, beads and headgear of these Indians, set against a sweeping background of mountains or arid tracts, give a remarkable effect. Reds, blacks, copper browns, burnt orange, blues and greens, nearly every primary color is there. For many in the audience it was a first glimpse of the actual beauty of an original Indian blanket.

Even as these colored scenes proved delightful and educational to the eye, so did they give importance to a story which otherwise might have passed as one of those wild westerns which Will Hart, Tom Mix and "Hoot" Gibson have glorified. As it is, "Redskin" reveals Richard Dix in a character similar to one he played in "The Vanishing American." With fine sincerity, dignity and agility, he is seen as Wing Foot, a young Navajo, acquiring a white man's education at Thorp University, winning honors on the cinder track, only to be humiliated and ridiculed at a dance given on the night of his victory. When he returns to his tribe his father disowns him because of his refusal to follow tribal superstitions and practices. He seeks a childhood lover, a pretty Pueblo maid called Corn Blossom, now betrothed to Pueblo Jim, a bitter rival in the days when all three were unwilling pupils at a reservation school. In the end Wing Foot not only wins Corn Blossom but acquires wealth by oil discoveries.

Meantime the picture is crowded with adventurous moments, fights, pursuits, Indian ceremonials, all in color. Such faults as it has seem to lie in inconsistent situations at the university, and in over-emphasis in the titles on the unjust treatment of the Indians by their tutors and officially appointed protectors. Tully Marshall, as a grizzled old trader, guide and friend of Wing Foot, took one's thoughts back to "The Covered Wagon."

## SCHELLING'S CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The third of Ernest Schelling's concerts for children took place yesterday morning in Jordan hall. Members of the Boston symphony orchestra and Mme. Nina Koshetz, soprano, took part. Mr. Schelling conducted. The program was devoted to Russian composers: Glinka, overture to "Russlan and Lucmilla," Tchaikovsky, third movement from the "Pathetic" symphony; Moussorgsky, entr'acte from "Khovantchina"; Rimsky-Korsakov, introduction to a wedding march "Coe d'Or"; Stravinsky, Polka and Galop from Suite No. 3; Mme. Koshetz sang four songs by Gretchaninov: The Willow, Ay-Dudu, Berceuse and Perce-Neige. The composer had orchestrated in a charming manner the piano accompaniment of these songs especially for Mr. Schelling's concerts.

This concert would surely have been enjoyed by any audience; for the music, the performance of it, Mr. Schelling's talk and the pictures shown on the screen were in happy combination. Neither in his explanatory remarks nor in his choice of music to be played does Mr. Schelling act in a condescending, "Now-you-little-girl-in-the-blue-sash" manner. He believes that children, as well as grown persons, are sensitive to good music when it is ably performed. He also believes that they can be interested in the lives of composers, their early environment, their nature and their moods; by talking to the children as yesterday, about Glinka as a child, his curious pets; by telling the characteristics, personal and musical, of the other composers, the pictures shown were not merely for the amusement of the children; they contributed as those showing the life of the people in old Russia, to the understanding and the enjoyment of the music. The orchestral performance was excellent, as if the players were on their mettle in Symphony hall. Mme. Koshetz, singing with taste, humor, and conviction pleased the children and the older one in the audience. "Ay-Dudu" was repeated. All joined in singing an old Russian hymn. The next concert in the series will be the last this season.

### HALL JOHNSON NEGRO CHOIR

The Hall Johnson choir, of 16 soul-ang yesterday afternoon, in Jordan hall, a program of negro music both familiar and unfamiliar, mostly spirituals, but with a secular song or two by the way.

A program note sets forth the choir's purpose: to "reproduce the spirit and fervor of the camp meeting which gave the melodies birth." No attempt has been made, the note modestly continues, "beyond an adequate clarity of diction and a fair precision of attack, to secure a perfect choral ensemble generally accepted."

The extremely good technique, then demonstrated yesterday, must have come about without great effort. A fine choral technique, at all events, it is, so neat in attack, so rhythmically sound, in balance of parts so firm that the ease with which singing highly elaborated could be achieved led sometimes to a nicety of performance not always found, one might guess, at a camp meeting. On this point, however, where only genuine knowledge is of value, let those to the manner born pass opinion; let others be still.

Those others, though, may make so bold as to express their relish of the spirit with which the Hall Johnson choir sang, the warm body of living sound they produced even when singing softly; no thin strangled tones for these lusty singers of voices sweet and juicy like Bartlett pears just ripe.

Others, too, even though thereby they beckon to wrath to fall on their heads, may if they choose, venture the opinion that negro music is on the whole stronger in comedy than in spirituality. Some half-dozen songs or so do indeed exist of real beauty and of emotional fervor, one such the choir sang yesterday, "Nobody Knows," though in an arrangement that did its beauty scant justice. This song aside, however, those others sung yesterday, of a serious nature, tended toward musical and emotional monotony.

There were few such, luckily, to which toucher of comedy, failed to bring brightness. The people who invented—or developed—those spirituals dearly loved a joke. So did yesterday's singers. The afternoon, therefore, went famously, to the pleasure of an enthusiastic audience. R. R. G.



# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Will Emily Charlotte Le Breton, who by her first marriage in 1874 became Mrs. Edward Langtry, and by her second marriage, Mrs. Hugo de Bathe, later Lady de Bathe, for her husband was made a baronet, go down the ages as an actress, or as a beauty famous in her time, and popularly known as the "Jersey Lily"?

She made her first appearance on the stage at the Haymarket Theatre, London, Dec. 15, 1881. She was then in her 30th year. She took the part of Kate Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer." The Bancrofts were then the producers of that comedy at the Haymarket. In their curiously and amusingly egotistical book: "The Bancrofts: Recollections of Sixty Years," they have this to say about their first acquaintance with Mrs. Langtry. It was formed a few years before 1882.

"One evening a few years earlier, chatting happily with Millais at a dinner party, I lingered in his delightful company, not knowing that more people were coming later, and when we went upstairs, a lady was standing in the middle of the drawing room, very plainly dressed in black—one of a small group. We both exclaimed at once, 'Who is that lovely woman?' I asked a generally well-informed man, who said, 'I am told she is a Mrs. Langworthy, or Lang-something; and that her father is the Dean of Jersey.' Later in the year at Lord Houghton's and several other houses we met again. Mrs. Langtry was then famous, with all London running at her heels. The dinner party I have spoken of chanced to be the debut of the lady whose name soon afterwards was known by every one. We have a charming drawing of her given to us by poor Frank Miles, with a pendant, also by him, of Mrs. Cornwallis West in the zenith of her beauty." But though there is on the same page the mention that in a revival of "Ours" by the Bancrofts in 1882 Mrs. Langtry took the part of Blanche Haye, there is not one word in the thick book about Mrs. Langtry as an actress.

William Winter in his "Wallet of Time" devotes a chapter to Mrs. Langtry, who first played in New York in November, 1882. In this chapter he speaks of her arrival when her acting was marred by self-consciousness but possessed distinction and evinced dramatic aptitude. He described her later, in 1886-7. And 1900; at first saying that her achievement was not that of Mrs. Kendall or of Ada Rehan, but it "put detraction to silence and won and held a large measure of public sympathy and critical respect." If Winter's critical estimate was one of moderate rapture, he praised her energy, "not finching from any professional test, however severe;" but his admiration of her beauty was unbounded. He began by saying that, a fashionable beauty, "her circumstances necessitated that she should find employment and she resorted to the theatre. Her choice of a pursuit was ascribed to vanity, and at the outset of her professional career, while she did not lack the encouragement of admiring friends, she encountered opposition and was constrained to endure both censure and ridicule."

Winter did not say—he had no reason for the explanatory comment—that Langtry could not afford the costly entertainments at his house. His remonstrances were in vain. She persuaded him to use his principal. Then there was the intimacy with the Prince of Wales, the talk not only of England but of the Continent. Langtry was ruined financially in 1883. A separation was inevitable. Langtry died, a broken man, in an insane asylum in 1897. He had been found wandering about the country, half-crazed.

To go back to William Winter's little essay on beauty as revealed in Mrs. Langtry.

"Victory at first was largely due to the beauty of the woman—her well-proportioned, lissome figure, shapely and finely poised head, long, oval face, pure white complexion, large gray eyes—innocent, candid and sweet in expression—abundant chestnut hair, and rich, cordial, winning voice. She was incarnated health, luxuriant in vigor and bloom, imparting a joyous sense of buoyant, abounding life—the delight that is exhaled by a field of violets or by the strong fragrant winds of the sea. Criticism can weigh and measure such creatures of loveliness according to its frigid standards—unquestionably wise and just—and can be ever so sagacious in its conclusions and ever so authoritative in its expression of them, but it will never invalidate the power of beauty; that power which has ever swayed, and is ordained forever to sway, with equal cecy, the eager fancy of youth, the stern mind of manhood, and the cold composure of self-centred age; for there is light in beauty for which the world will always turn its back on scholarship and wisdom, and for which even the most solemn philosopher, worn by study and thought and saddened by experience, would gladly barter his wearisome burden of knowledge, his sad patience, his apathy, and his thankless fame."

Winter writing these last lines must have had in mind a famous passage in Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin."

How much truth there was in scandalous stories about her achievements off the stage would not be easy to determine, if it were worth the while. In a collection entitled "Les Amours," published in Paris, there are volumes, "La Vie amoureuse de" this or that celebrated actor or actress of years gone by. These books are written by men of distinction, thus "La Vie amoureuse de Talma" is signed by Andre Antoine. There is no trace in the well-documented volumes of what makes the "export literature" of Paris attractive to the very young and the very old. There are plain-spoken books in English relating the love affairs of celebrated actresses; some of them sold "under the cloak." Was Mrs. Langtry a "grande amoureuse"?

There was the Prince of Wales. Was there any truth in the story that she slipped a piece of ice down his back; was it a silly freak when she was incited by champagne, or did she think to cool his amorous admiration? Did the Earl of Dudley ruin himself, partly by paying her bills? What about his reputed successors, Prince Esterhazy, Baron von Dankelmann, Squire Abington Baird, Frederick Gebhard? In 1899 Lily married Hugo Gerald de Bathe. Justly or unjustly he has been described as a "callow youth," many bars her junior, and their marriage did not prosper.

When she was 76 years old she wrote an article for a newspaper in which she contrasted beautiful women of her time with the girls of today, who in her opinion lack radiance, look too much alike and dress too much alike. She made a good exit according to Mrs. Peat, who had been her companion for many years.

"When I knew she had influenza, we talked together and she felt the

that she never would get out of that bed. You see she knew her heart was weak. I would talk with her after the doctors had left her each day, but always she would shake her beautiful head and say: 'I know I am at the end I shall never get better, dear.' Only last night she said to me, 'I am going dear, I am very, very sorry, but I am going. Good-by.'"

To the Editor of The Herald:

Well, she has gone. The second of my great stars. The Venus of the dramatic firmament has set to rise no more. As well as the world once thought they knew her, she was known to but few.

Three years of intimate association with her in America, in London and throughout Great Britain, endeared her to me, for I learned to know her at her real value, and at a time when her fame was greatest, her beauty most resplendent, and her success at its peak.

A woman of marvellous beauty, of brilliant mental power, and the most abused woman of her time; abuse which she bore without protest.

Vale, vale!

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

Jane Cowl will be seen in "The Jealous Moon" at the Plymouth Theatre tomorrow night; a fantastical play written by her and Theodore Charles. The incidental music is by Hugo Felix, who, although he received the degree Doctor of Science at the Vienna University, has composed music for several plays that have been popular.

This is not Miss Cowl's first attempt at play-writing; with Jane Murn she wrote "Lilac Time," in which she acted, "Daybreak," and "Information, Please," taking the part of Lady Betty Desmond in it at New York in 1918.

"The Jealous Moon" arrived at the Majestic Theatre, New York, on Nov. 20, 1928. Philip Merivale and Guy Standing are still taking the parts of the puppet-maker—Pierrot and Desti—Harlequin. At the beginning of her stage life she was member of Sir Guy's stock company in Washington. In "The Jealous Moon" the maker of puppets, having quarreled with the young mistress of the puppet wardrobe, has a dream that carries him back to the old story of Pierrot and Columbine, which ends in a tragedy. When he wakes up, he has learned his lesson. There must be no tragedy in his own life. As the puppet-maker says in the play: "As far back in my thoughts as I can go, I was fond of it—the oldest story in the world: Harlequin, Columbine and Pierrot. In all ages, all countries, always much the same, yet always changing with the times and the race. It's the story of Man in miniature." Pierrot in the Italian Comedia del Arte was a wholly comic character. Columbine, a confidential waiting maid; Harlequin, a dolt with a taste for knavish tricks. In France Pierrot became a romantic figure; Columbine, a seductive soubrette; Harlequin, light and agile, armed with the lath of pantomime, no longer a club. Miss Cowl is reported as saying that she took from the legend its poignant movements but also its gay ones, and now she is gently pained that few people, if any, seem to grasp what was intended as satire. The balcony scene she insists is a joke. "The legendary characters have been woven into a satire on all plays in the grand manner so popular a generation ago, for it has become quite the fashion for the stage to turn its laugh on one-time earnestness."

"The War Song" with George Jessel will be at the Majestic tomorrow night. The play, produced at the National Theatre, New York, last September, is about the woes of Eddie Rosen who didn't wish to go to war at all.

loved.

## SANROMA RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE

Jesus Maria Sanroma, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. There was a large audience. The program was as follows: Three Sonatas, D major, F sharp minor D flat major by Padre Antonio Soler; Beethoven's Sonata op. 27 No. 1, E flat major; Schumann's "Davidsbündler-taenze." Dance by Lopatnikov; Honegger's "Le Cahier Romand"; Toch's "Der Jongleur"; and Albeniz's "El Corpus Christi en Sevilla" and Triana.

Mr. Sanroma respects the piano and holds it in affection. He is a musician as well as a brilliant virtuoso. He has of course, great mechanical proficiency for in these days technique runs in the street. What is more important he is technically a musician, endowed with sensitiveness, fancy and taste as was shown yesterday by his conception of the various compositions and the resultant interpretation. He should remember, however, that in so large an auditorium as Symphony hall, a most delicate pianissimo runs the risk of being inaudible, as was at times the case yesterday, especially with the last note of a concluding cadence.

With all his excellent qualities as musician and pianist—the two are not always to be found in a fair or heroic body—Mr. Sanroma was not fortunate in the arrangement of his program. In the first place it was far too long. In the second place the pieces that one would gladly hear were put at the end after one had been listening for over an hour. Some day a pianist will have the good sense and the courage if he purposes to play Schumann's "Davidsbündler-taenze," to cut out at least one half of the 18 pieces contained therein. The Suite as it stands is inferior to Schumann's "Papillons" and "Carnaval." And at this late day no one is seriously interested in David's band arrayed against the Philistines. Hearing this suite, one sympathizes with the latter, for there are many dreary instead of dreamy pages, so that by the side of a few lovely dreams of the composer there are stertorous nightmares.

The pieces by Soler, Lopatnikov and Honegger were played for the first time in Boston. The sonatas by Soler (1729-1783) are delightful little pieces in the manner of the younger Scarlatti, who sojourned, and wrote many years in Spain, where he was honored and be-

## WOMEN'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The Boston Women's Symphony Orchestra, Ethel Leginska, conductor, gave a concert yesterday afternoon before an audience that filled every seat, and more, of Jordan Hall. Enthusiasm ran high, and with good cause.

Miss Leginska, to begin at the beginning, offered a program planned with fine judgment. After the classic which ought to grace every program not of a specialized nature—yesterday it was Mozart's overture to "The Magic Flute," played with buoyant spirit—Miss Leginska provided next a feature which never fails to please an audience, whatever individual taste may say to the contrary, a piano concerto, namely, To make assurance doubly sure, she selected a concerto not heard in public once in a dog's age, Mendelssohn's G minor, and furthermore, to leave nothing undone, she played the solo part herself. She played it delightfully, whipping Mendelssohn to the highest pitch of warmth and dash he could soar to in that concerto, but astutely holding her hand just short of the point beyond which, without over-swelling, he could not be driven. This was masterly.

To please herself, no doubt, as well as those in the hall who want to know what composers today are about, Miss Leginska turned next to modernity, as exemplified in her own "Triptych for Eleven Solo Instruments," its first Boston performance.

Its first movement, after a few vague bars in slow tempo, falls into a lively

measure which leads presently to a pretty tune of the folk song order, Irish, rather, in suggestion. The tune, very well in itself, failed to return the emotional significance Miss Leginska appeared to be asking of it. The slow movement that followed, marked "dolentissimo," failed in its turn to make that descriptive marking good; like much of the music written today, its notes fall too haltingly on the ear, in a manner far too sought for, to produce an emotional appeal.

In the third movement, to be played "with humor," Miss Leginska carried her point more successfully. She finds humor, it would seem, above all in the stamping and thumping of aboriginal folk, red skins, quite like, with the type of melody running along that keeps company with a beat as steady as an



engine's. These pounding measures, sounding well, like all the triptych, proved very diverting. The piece was cordially applauded.

Modernity done with for the day. Miss Leginska moved on to music which could not but please—therein she showed her good sense—Dvorak's "From the New World Symphony."

Certain defects in its performance need no comment; everybody could hear them. It is far more to the point to note the marked improvement Miss Leginska has brought to pass in even her weakest choirs. Of still greater consequence is it to call out loudly in admiration of Miss Leginska's consummate musicianship and fine taste. Together they, in combination with fervor, restored to its original beauty and power Dvorak's symphony, music one would have held hopelessly damaged by a long course of extravagant sentimentalizing and over-stress. The indestructibility of true beauty Miss Leginska made clear. R. R. G.

#### PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The 17th concert of the People's Symphony orchestra, Theophil Wendt, conductor, was given before a large audience yesterday afternoon in the ballroom of the Hotel Statler. Lillian Winer, pianist, was the assisting artist.

The program opened with Beethoven's overture to "Coriolanus." A stirring performance, sonorous, rhythmically interesting, and assured, revealed the tremendous progress the orchestra has made since the beginning of the season. Much praise is due the players, and their conductor, for seldom has the People's Symphony given such a finished performance as yesterday's. The Dvorak's Symphony (No. 4, in G major) was also very well played; the Allegro con brio had fire, the Adagio grace, the Allegro ma non troppo a most engaging rhythm and precision.

Miss Winer, who was heard as soloist in Grieg's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in A minor, played with unusual brilliance, assurance, and artistic understanding. Technically she was admirable, too; she has power, brilliance, and depth of tone, and daintiness too, when she wills. She played with vigor, not sentimentally, and with fine rhythm. Only in the second movement of the concerto did one of her faults make itself manifest—that is a tendency to make too prominent the accompanying figures, and to overshadow the line of melody with percussive bass. For her admirable performance Miss Winer was applauded long and loud, and she received floral tributes.

The program closed with a spirited performance of Chadwick's symphonic ballad, "Tam o' Shanter."

Next week's program is announced as follows:

Wagner: "Thanhauser" overture; Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal"; Entry of the Gods into Valhalla from "Rheingold"; Funeral March from "Götterdämmerung"; Prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan and Isolde."

Theophil Wendt: Six South African songs, with orchestral accompaniment. The assisting artists will be Sigurd Nilssen, baritone, and Lucile Brown, soprano. E. B.

#### MODERN AND BEACON THEATRES "The Ghost Talks"

A Fox movie-talking all-talking farce comedy adaptation and dialogue by Frederick H. Brennan and Harlan Thompson from a story written by Max Marcin and Edward Hammond, directed by Lew Seiler, and presented by William Fox with the following cast:

Miriam Holt ..... Helen Twelvetrees

Franklyn Green ..... Charles Eaton

Marie Hale ..... Carmel Myers

Heinrich Heilmann ..... Earle Foxe

Joe Talles ..... Henry Sedley

Peter Accardi ..... Joe Brown

John Keegan ..... Clifford Dempsey

Christopher C. Lee ..... Stepin Fetchit

Isabel Lee ..... Baby Face

Julius Bowser ..... Arnold Lucy

Sylvia ..... Bess Flowers

Miss Eva ..... Dorothy McGowan

Billboy ..... Mickey Bennett

No one following these over-night developments in the motion picture field, from sound to speech, from speech in doors to speech outdoors, and so on to what end none yet know, can fail to be impressed by the fact that some keen minds are at work within the William Fox executive offices. When "In Old Arizona" came out of a clear sky as the first out-doors all-talking picture it established a precedent, and those fortunate to see and hear it are still praising it. Now the Fox folks have scored again, with a loud noise. Frankly, this reviewer was fearful that as an all-talking farce comedy, "The Ghost Talks" would be silly stuff, done in the old routine studio style, only with sound and dialogue for up-to-date trimmings. Few of the names in the cast were familiar; the whole thing looked suspicious. "The Ghost Talks," however, proves to be genuinely funny in lines and situations, and it is performed smoothly, zestfully and competently by the dozen odd

principals. Without doubt or quibble it is another Fox triumph.

Franklyn Green, 16-year-old hotel room clerk in a suburb of Philadelphia, believes himself a detective. He has a diploma, a badge, disguises, and an instructive volume from a correspondence school to prove it. His theories amuse the telephone girls and the bellhops, but they incense old Bowser, the hotel proprietor, who finally fires Franklyn after the youth has questioned the respectability of two male guests, Franklyn, who liked to be called "Camera-Eye," was right, but it took him some time to prove that these two men, as well as another man and a woman, were principals in a \$1,000,000 bond robbery, and that they were trailing an innocent girl to find where her erring uncle, now deceased, had hidden the loot. The uncle, it seems, had been one of the gang, but died repentant, and had told Miriam of the secret hiding place, in a mansion deserted and supposedly haunted.

A masquerading ghost, a comical pair of colored honeymooners acting as caretakers of the mansion, a series of blunders by "Camera-Eye," each of which brings him nearer to solution of the mystery, and a cleverly devised climax make the highlights of the story, which is rich in humorous detail and in ludicrous lines. Mr. Eaton as the conceited youth was natural and likeable, Miss Twelvetrees was charmingly ingenuous as the lipping heroine. It was delightful to hear her say, "Oh, Franklyn! you're the marvellous!" Both these two bright juveniles have had stage experience. The colored players, Mr. Fetchit and Miss Mack, also were very amusing in their encounters with the fake ghost. The cast throughout was good, with a special word of praise for little Mickey Bennett as a bellhop. For wholesome comic entertainment, don't miss "The Ghost Talks." W. E. G.

## WINNERS CHOSEN IN MUSIC FESTIVAL

The sixth international competitive music festival arranged under the auspices of the Community Service of Boston, Inc., was held at Symphony hall last night. Taking part were the following choruses: French Musical Club, Lithuanian Young People, Finnish Kanselles Kuoro, Polish Lira, Norwegian Glee Club, Swedish Viking, Armenian, Latvian, Italian Melodic Club and the Community orchestra.

First prizes were awarded to the Lithuanian, Swedish and Italian choruses which competed in the three classes arranged. G. Wallace Woodworth, directed the ensemble chorus and Russell Ames Cook directed the Community orchestra. Benjamin Loring Young presided and introduced the various choruses as they appeared and stated the aims of the community service in sponsoring the festival. He pointed out that the ideals and folk lore of the various countries taking part in the festival would form a priceless heritage in the future and one which the country would need in order to develop a national consciousness.

The judges were Malcolm Lang, chairman; Randall Thompson and Albert W. Snow. Gov. Frank G. Allen, who had intended to award the prizes, was unable to be present because of illness and he was represented by Lt.-Gov. Youngman.

#### PLYMOUTH THEATRE

By PHILIP HALE

#### "The Jealous Moon"

First performance in Boston of a play by Theodore Charles and Jane Cowl. Prologue, scene 1, the Marionette show. Scene 2, the Marionette workshop. Peter's dream, part 1. Pierrot's sitting room; part 2. Harlequin's house in Venice; part 3. Pierrot's sitting room. Epilogue, the Marionette workshop. Stage settings by Jo Millner; music by Hugo Feltz, produced by William A. Brady, Jr., and Dwight Deere Wiman.

The cast last night was as follows:

Peter Pierrot ..... Philip Merivale  
Desti ..... Guy Standing  
Judy ..... Jane Cowl  
Papa Louis ..... The Puppets

Harlequin ..... Guy Standing  
Panialoon ..... Philip Merivale  
Pierrot ..... Jane Cowl  
Columbine ..... Hale Norcross  
Scaramouche ..... Marion Evensen  
Ophelia ..... Richard Nichols  
Hamlet ..... Leo Stark  
Punch ..... Joyce Carey  
Vermilia ..... Lionel Hogarth  
The Pie-man ..... George H. Graves  
Rag ..... Ben Lackland  
Tag ..... Lewis Martin  
Boh-tail ..... William Randall  
Grimaldi ..... Robert Lowe  
Joey ..... Ben Lackland  
Young Flunkie ..... Gardner Weed  
Condolier ..... Gardner Weed

Because Peter Pierrot forgot Judy's birthday she was angered. Because she accepted Desti's invitation to dine with him Peter scolded her. There were harsh words. When Judy had slammed the door and joined the waiting Desti, Peter sulked, went to sleep and dreamed a dream in which as Pierrot—for Peter made puppets and was interested in puppet shows—he influenced by the

moon, was false to Columbine, forsaking her, replacing her with red-haired Vermilia. In misery for a year, he and his company landed in Venice to entertain, unconsciously the rich Harlequin and his guests in a palace where Columbine queneed it in gorgeous array but with an aching heart; for though Harlequin would marry her, she could not forget Pierrot. The mad Hamlet, angered because Pierrot had robbed him of Vermilia, tried to kill his rival, and when Columbine had found her beloved one sick and destitute, Hamlet killed her, Harlequin standing by. Then of course Peter awoke and knew better how to treat Judy.

It's a fantastic play with charming stage settings, picturesque costumes; it's a romantic play in a fantastic manner, not one for Mr. Gradgrind and his friends, who would at once say "Nonsense," after every scene; but to some and one hopes to many while the play is running, there is a certain fascination in this adaptation of an old story. Miss Cowl has been quoted as saying that the play is a satire. She should know, but the satire is so hidden that "The man in the street" would not notice it. Probably remembering the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet," she introduced one in "The Jealous Moon." Owing to skilful lighting, this scene was again effective, but not by reason of the dialogue. Was the introduction of Hamlet and Ophelia also with satirical intent? Mr. Nicholls made the mad prince a feature of the performance.

An audience must meet Miss Cowl in this play half-way. Maude Adams in "Peter Pan" asked the spectators if they believed in fairies. Miss Cowl might have asked if they believe in the good old characters of the Italian comedy and of pantomime. She has turned Harlequin into a beneficent person, rich, generous, and at the end nobly self-sacrificing.

The chief actors, in fact those who took minor parts, were excellent. Miss Cowl, inclined to be lachrymose, was best of all in the first scenes, where she was unaffectedly playful, pouting, enraged, at last heart-broken when the red-haired girl was chosen her successor in the strolling company. Mr. Standing and Mr. Davenport were admirable in every way, always within the frame. Mr. Merivale, a handsome Pierrot, played with commendable spirit, yielding at times to tragic outbursts.

A large audience seemed greatly pleased. There were many curtain calls—the curtains being repeatedly parted with lightning rapidity. Miss Cowl, effusive in thankfulness, expressed her undying love of Boston. If we are not mistaken she characterized the audience as "darling."

#### MAJESTIC THEATRE

#### "The War Song"

A comedy drama in three acts by the Spewacks and George Jessel. Based on a story suggested by E. Richard Scheyer. Staged by Albert Lewis. Settings by Yellenti. George Jessel in the role of star. First performance in Boston. The cast:

Mrs. Rosen ..... Clara Lanesier  
Social Worker ..... Jean Thomas  
Emily Rosen ..... Shirley Booth  
Sid Swanson ..... Raymond Guion  
Sally Moss ..... Mary Hayes  
Herman Wagner ..... Hans Galle  
Eddie Rosen ..... George Jessel  
Bob Elkins ..... William Garcan  
Dr. Hayman ..... Ted Athey  
First Sergeant, Michael Gilhoolie

Capt. Conroy ..... Chas. C. Cahill  
Mr. King of the Y. M. C. A. .... Edwin Jerome  
Corp. Ringine ..... Paul O'Brien  
German Operator ..... Li Paul Schultz  
Von Bergen ..... Mal. S. Alton Roudan  
Brinkhoff ..... Capt. Sol Dandy  
Maj. Von Stoch ..... Col. Edmund Lowe  
German Sergeant ..... Lt. Henry von Zinda

In the ways of the theatre, so it seems, Mr. Jessel decides to run in parallels. In "The Jazz Singer," the underlying theme was filial obedience. Now comes "The War Song," an obvious variant of the same note. We remember him and his colleagues—the excellent Herman Timberg and Georgie Price—in the trivialities of Gus Edward's "Schooldays" and he appealed to us then as an audacious rather than a precocious youngster. Since his departure from vaudeville he has given unmistakable evidence of the gift of emotional appeal. Let him leave another love, the easiest of these motives to register, and then will come his real test.

The performance last evening was interesting in many ways, there was a certain offhandedness in the give and take of the dialogue, and many of the lines were funny. The vernacular of his army camps was not rubber stamped, and the groupings of the 'ookies off duty were not as though studied. For settings the "Back of the Lines" scene was gripping in its mood of expectancy, the stark trees silhouetted against a bleak gray sky. It was here that profanity as frank as ever heard on a Boston stage had its way.

Again, war is—well, what Sherman said it was—for Eddie Rosen, the pride of Tin Pan Alley, a song-plugger of note, was making life easy for a hard working mother and sister. Then the draft, and Eddie must yield all and answer the call of duty. All this would be easy if it were not for the plight of

to the hearthstone without the slightest evidence of overemphasis. For the others of the cast, much praise. Again we say, by all means let Mr. Jessel turn his emotional talents along a path not so easily greased. T. A. R.

#### REPERTORY THEATRE

#### The "Crocodile" Chuckles

A comedy drama by Elmer Greensfelder, produced for the first time by professionals under the direction of Henry Jewett. The cast:

Evan Orristol ..... Milton Owen

Oliver Orristol ..... Katharine Warren

Sherby Wayne ..... Anna Schreiber

Hugh Orristol ..... Arthur Sircum

Rev. Caleb Jattersol ..... Thomas Shearer

Comdr. Cleveland Tribble ..... Louis Leon Hall

Mercedes Merrimer ..... Edith Barrett

Executive Officer Nightingale ..... Thayer Roberts

The "Crocodile" is the officers' affectionate name for a submarine in which many exciting things happen. A rapidly moving plot, not very new and yet carefully avoiding the stereotyped ending; good lines, some believable characters, and occasional moments of wit make this a very entertaining piece. This play concerns the marital and premarital difficulties of two brothers: one is married (he thinks, happily), but his wife is insanely jealous, and she embarrasses him before the lady who is, not unconsciously, beginning to fascinate him. The other brother fears the dangers he wots not of, and is in a hurry to disengage himself, and stay safely single. A submarine commander, a friend of the married brother, invites him to take a trip with him on his submarine. He invites the wife to come also, but the husband, after a temperamental scene with his wife and the enchantress, asks the latter lady instead. Then the wife, with four other people, pursues her husband to the submarine, and the unhappy captain, having to leave port on schedule, has to submerge with the six aboard. Then, of course, but the rest is too thrilling to retell here. One must see it.

Suffice it to say that there are real climaxes in the play, and many witty lines. One could have done with all the philosophy on the general dreariness of life, and without the continual accentuation of the terrible fact that, after marriage, people seem to stop flirting with each other, but go on flirting with other people. Some of the humor, too, is not too fresh. But there is an unusual ending, and the play is decidedly worth producing.

The settings were excellent. A startlingly modernistic living room really did seem like a living room, after the first few moments of shocked delight, and this in spite of the fact that there were all sorts of triangles and squares on the walls, and very exotic chairs and lounges about. The setting for the second act, inside the submarine, was really an achievement. There was a spontaneous gasp of approval for this, and it was well-deserved.

The acting, on the whole, was very good. Miss Edith Barrett, with her delightfully clear and natural enunciation, and her ease and grace in assuming almost any role, made the enchantress believable, and Miss Katharine Warren, as the jealous wife, was convincingly hysterical. Arthur Sircum, as Hugh Orristol, acted well, and made the most of his "gag" lines. Milton Owen, as the husband, seemed a trifle too stiff, but his lines were not of the best. He was forced to commune with his soul too much. And, of course, to say hoarsely, "You tempt me," and "I warn you, you are too fascinating," or words to that effect a good deal of the time, is difficult at best. Thomas Shearer, as the minister, and Louis Leon Hall, as the commander of the "crocodile," were adequate. E. B.

#### ST. JAMES THEATRE

#### "Lilac Time"

By Jane Marbury and Jane Cowl. The cast:

Hawkins Riffard ..... W. E. Watts

Jacqueline Riffard ..... Adrienne Earle

Madam Riffard ..... Ellen Maher

Simpson ..... George L. Taylor

Madame Berthelot ..... Jessamine Newman

Julien ..... Edwin Anderson

Harrie ..... Percy Williams, Jr.

McGann ..... Jack McGann

Maj. Holloway ..... F. R. Scamman

Lt. Philip Blythe ..... Walter G. Ibert

Jeanne ..... Ivy Merton

Capt. Standing ..... Mark Kent

Lt. George Smylie ..... Don Reddie

Capt. Paret ..... George R. Tassie

Cure of the Village ..... Bradley Martin

Capt. Watling ..... Thomas McKuski

France in spring, love in wartime, virtuous youth, these are the motifs of the play—and there is little development. The scene is laid in a French farmhouse, occupied by English troops. Unfortunately, the conflicting psychology of the two nationalities is not sufficiently brought out. We receive the impression of their being one happy family. The most amusing episode is that in which the Colonel and his aides try to explain by dramatization to the French girl that they need a filler for a fountain pen.

There is romance but no growth of characters. Lt. Blythe, the finest type of Englishman, is fearless and chivalrous. He loved a simple French girl to



fragrance of the lilacs and they parted before their marriage. Did the play originally have an unhappy ending? It would seem more insistent, as in real life news of a death is so seldom followed by the appearance of the person in question. Miss Merton never underplays her part. She gives her best and is natural and touching in the role which Miss Cowl has made so popular. A graceful tribute were the flowers which Miss Cowl sent Miss Merton with a note of regret at her being unable to attend the performance. Seeing Mr. Gilbert week after week as such a convincing hero cannot fail to make a very deep impression on the feminine portion of the audience. The play was well cast, the men's parts being particularly well taken, and the settings were admirable. J. D.

#### B. F. MEMORIAL THEATRE

Gus Van and Joe Schenck, perennially popular singing comedians, make their only New England appearance for this season at the B. F. Keith Memorial Theatre this week. They sing several songs in a lighter vein, including the one called "I'd Rather Be a Milkman than an Iceman." Mayor Nichols comes in for honorable mention as the troubles of Pat and his difficulty in getting a city job are recounted. Schenck sings a sentimental ballad while Van gives several dialect impersonations, and both sing two negro melodies.

The new offering of El. Brendel and Flo Bert, who are teamed together again in a skit called "Beau Night," depicts what pastimes the boy friend and his girl friend indulge in on the night he calls on her. Brendel takes a drink out of a bottle, and when he pours some of the stuff on a plant all the blossoms fall off. In the whoopee which follows Brendel tries to do a minuet in a collapsible dress suit.

Ruth Warren and two young men show how a modern hotel should not be operated, especially Miss Warren, who behaves as we think some telephone operators act when we are in a hurry to get a call through. Other acts include the first appearance of Joe Mendi, and 18-month-old chimpanzee, who carries on much as would a 5-year-old child; the 12 Manhattan Steppers, a youthful aggregation of tap dancers, and Herman Hyde and Sally Burrill, who do a little bit of everything well.

On the screen is Nancy Carroll in the "Sin Sister," a Fox picture which outlines in melodramatic fashion the antics of six castaways in the Arctic who are left alone to face death by starvation and exposure. Miss Carroll and her lover, played by Lawrence Gray, escape from their dilemma in a manner that is plausible and highly interesting. C. L.

#### DALIES FRANTZ

Dalies Frantz, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan hall, before an unusually large and enthusiastic audience.

Prelude and Fugue in F minor, Bach; Gigue (fifth French suite), Bach; Adagissimo (lament), Weber; Rondo (perpetual motion), Weber; Sonata in A flat major, opus 110, Beethoven; Cradle Song, Schubert-Godowsky; Wandering, Schubert-Godowsky; Morning Songs Along the Arno, Pattison; Country Gardens, Granger; Dumka, Tchaikovsky.

Mr. Frantz, it is safe to guess, has been putting deep thought and pains to acquiring technique. His efforts he has made fruitful. He knows how to produce tone, well-sounding always, ranging from very soft to very loud. This tone he can color, though not very highly; he can lend it snap when he wants to. He knows how to make a melody sing, how to set scales to rippling. An excellent technique to be brief. Mr. Frantz has made his own.

To venture, now, a second guess, Mr. Frantz, under the tutelage of some sagacious master, has been forced to learn a deal of music for which he feels no cordial sympathy. Music of gravity, like Bach's prelude and "lament," or Beethoven's cantabile, Mr. Frantz plays best; these movements, indeed, he played well last night, though the prelude perhaps he over-sentimentalized. That he may learn to play them better still, his music master, no doubt of it, has held him steadily to music of brilliancy and high spirits.

That Mr. Frantz can reproduce yet the spring and rush of Beethoven's allegro molto, or can fling himself head over heels into the rhythmic exuberance of a Russian Dumka—so much cannot be said. The experience of trying, however, cannot fail to be of benefit. And what Mr. Frantz did with Grainger's dance show what Mr. Frantz can manage presently when he has tried longer still.

To close with yet a third guess: Mr. Frantz, when quite at his ease, plays more brilliantly than he played last night. R. R. G.

#### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE "Love in the Desert"

A screen romantic drama, written by Harvey Thes, directed by George Melford, and presented by EBO with the following cast:  
Zarah ..... Orlie Borden  
Abdullah ..... Noah Beery  
Bob Winslow ..... Hugh Trevor  
Harim ..... Frank Leigh  
Hassan ..... Charles Brinley  
Fatima ..... Pearl Varrell  
Mr. Winslow ..... Wm. H. Tooker  
Mrs. Winslow ..... Ida Darline  
Sears ..... Gordon Mace  
Houdish ..... Alan Roscoe  
Briggs ..... "Fatty" Carr

A talking prologue serves to remove young Bob Winslow from the blackmailing clutches of a chorus girl in New York and to set him down on that spot in the arid Sahara desert known as Ourgala, where the Winslow engineers, aided by Harim, a friendly and wealthy Arab, are developing an irrigation scheme. Bob, a youth disinclined to take anything too seriously, at once meets adventure. He is captured by Abdullah El Krish, a crafty, lecherous, murderous outlaw who is opposed to irrigation on general principles. When you learn that Abdullah is Noah Beery, you realize what a villain he can be before the hero or some other avenging instrument finally sends him into the presence of Allah. Bob takes his capture as a joke, even when he is plinned to the ground in the outlaw's tent, waiting that worthy's further pleasure, which is to cut him in pieces and send him back to his people. Who cuts the cruel bonds, hides him in her camel-tossed brougham and carries him to her home but the lovely Zarah, Harim's daughter! Zarah had an English mother, therefore she speaks English, which makes it easy for her to fall in love with Bob, and he with her. Abdullah's rage, when he discovers that Bob has escaped, is such that he vows extermination of Harim's town and of all foreigners.

When Zarah realizes that she alone can save the day, she tells her father she will go to Abdullah's tent. Perhaps she hopes Bob will turn about and rescue her. He does, and then the fighting begins. Abdullah and his wild hordes rush the town, with every prospect of victory until the outlaw chief shoots down Harim and seizes Zarah. Then Abdullah and Bob struggle for the deadly knife, but it is Sears, a husky engineer, who pots Abdullah and turns the tide. With Abdullah dead, his followers flee. Peace reigns again. Comes the epilogue, wherein Bob's parents wrangle prior to his arrival home with an Arabian bride. "Probably she is fat and greasy," walks the mother. "If she wiggles her hips I know I shall die." Enters Fatima, Zarah's maid, fat, greasy and hippish. Mother Winslow's horror is short-lived, as she looks up to greet the divine Zarah, slim and modishly clad. Another happy ending. W. E. G.

#### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE "The Flying Fleet"

A screen drama of naval aviation, written by Richard Schayer, photographed by Ira Morgan, directed by George Hill, with technical details by Lt.-Com. Frank Wead, U. S. N., Adm. J. M. Reeves and Byron Morgan, and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Tommy ..... Ramon Novarro  
Steve ..... Ralph Graves  
Anita ..... Anita Page  
Dizzy ..... Edward Nugent  
T. Kewpie ..... Carroll Nye  
Spec ..... Sumner Getchell  
Admiral ..... Gardner James  
Alfred Allen

How pleasant it is to see a picture dealing with the navy and aviation that carries not the least suggestion of war; we can watch the hero take off on a practice flight without having to worry about an enemy plane popping out from behind a cloud to make trouble for him. There is no story to speak of, just the usual rivalry of two boys over the same girl, and even that seems to have been dragged in more or less as an afterthought. What really matters are the pictures of the planes in flight, executing tail-spins, loops, nose-dives, trick landings, and other exciting operations. These manoeuvres were carried out by skilled flyers under the strict supervision of naval aviation officers. As a natural result they bear a stamp of authenticity not common in moving picture aeroplane scenes.

To see squadrons of beautiful silvery machines wheeling and swooping, changing formation and performing the most intricate evolutions, all with wonderful precision, is worth reels of sentimental drama. There are some harrowing moments, such as the dizzy plunge to earth of a plane out of control, and a lightning-struck plane falling helplessly down to a raging sea and its crew floating for days on the wreck. Unable to send for help, but there are plenty of amusing moments to keep these from being too depressing.

The chief characters are a group of pleasant and likable boys who enter the navy to learn to fly. There are six at the start, but the incapables fall by the

wayside, and one is killed on his first solo flight, leaving two friends, Tommy and Steve, who are rivals for the crusty admiral's pretty daughter, Anita. They play various pranks on each other, one of which results in Tommy losing his chance to pilot a great seaplane to Honolulu, Steve going in his place. Half way to its destination the plane encounters a storm and is wrecked at sea, while the small machines on the airplane carrier Langley hunt for it in vain. In the end it is Tommy who, after heart-breaking and fruitless search, discovers the floating derelict with three of the crew still alive. Ramon Novarro made an agreeable and manly Tommy, Ralph Graves an amusing and thoroughly likable Steve, and Anita Page a pretty heroine; Alfred Allen as the admiral was a delight. E. L. H.

#### OUR THEATRE COMPANY

The Our Theater Company, operating at Peabody Playhouse, 357 Charles street, began last night the second week of repertory by its amateur players with Mollere's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," (given in English as "He Wanted to be Gentle"). A feature is use of music and dances of the original production—the former by Lullu. It will be repeated tonight, Friday night, and on Friday afternoon at 3. Barrie's "Dear Brutus" will be the bill tomorrow night, Thursday and Saturday nights, and Saturday afternoon at 3.

#### AT DOMINOES

At certain clubs in town games that were in thought of before the passage of the Volstead act are much in fashion at the cocktail hour. For many years there has been card-playing but now those who find no enjoyment in bridge and prudently abstain from poker, are excited over dominoes and backgammon, or thoughtful in sparking or improving conversation, this devotion is a sad sight. They agree with Robert Burton that chess is "a game too troublesome for some men's brains, too full of anxiety, out as bad as study; besides it is a testy choler game, and very offensive to him that loseth the mate." They remember how William the Conqueror, in his younger years when he lost a match playing with the Prince of France, knocked the board about the Prince's head, which led the afterward to be at enmity.

But dominoes is surely a peaceful indoor sport, almost as peaceful as jackstraws or p. chess. Strutt, writing in 1801, said that the "childish" game was brought over from France into England a few years before that date.

our clubs the click of the bone "cards" on the table has replaced the joyous clinking of glasses to the accompaniment of "Here's how!" or "Happy days!" The French have long been passionately addicted to this handsome box of bones. In beer halls of Boston the game was long a rival of pinocle.

Now the question of questions is not concerning the origin, the reason for the name, or the fine points in playing. An English judge in a murder trial recently expressed the opinion that it was impossible to cheat at dominoes. What do our club experts say to this? How does one cheat? Is the cheating easily detected? It is reported that in many English cities a lot of money is lost or gained by the players. Is there an etiquette of domino-playing, as there was for nice behavior at the free-lunch counter, when one foot rested securely on the brass rail and Malone was at the back of the bar?

Schubert, Schumann, Strauss, Dunhill, Keel, Vaughan, Williams and Deems Taylor.

Mr. Otis proved himself a good musician, by his pure intonation and by his security. He proved also, when he sang Williams's "Silent Noon," how smoothly and intelligently he can sing when at his ease. By his other songs and arias Mr. Otis did not make it clear that he is quite ready yet to undertake a recital in public.

#### By PHILIP HALE

Ralph Smalley, violoncellist, assisted by Howard Goding, pianist, gave a concert at the Hotel Statler yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Frey, sonata No. 2 for 'cello and piano; Bach, sonata No. 1 for 'cello alone; Grainger, "La Scandinavie," suite for 'cello and piano. Palmgren, Landscape. Kreisler, La Gitana. Hollman, Pizzicato serenade. Van Goens, second tarantelle. Emil Frey is recognized in Europe as an accomplished pianist; it is not surprising that in this sonata he gave the

#### 17TH CENTURY

The Seventeenth Century Ensemble. Dorothy Brewster Comstock and Marna Lowell, violins; Anna Golden, viola; George Brown, violoncello; assisted by Guy Maier, Dalies Frantz and Ethel Hauser, pianists, gave a concert last night at the Copley-Plaza. The program: Three part fantasia for strings, Henry Purcell; fantasia upon one note for strings, Henry Purcell; quartet in G minor for piano and strings, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart; Acht Stucke, op. 44, Paul Hindemith; concerto in D minor for three pianos, Johann Sebastian Bach.

It seemed a pity that this exceptionally interesting program should have been presented in the state suite of the Copley-Plaza, where the audience must necessarily be small. Of course, there is much to be said for taking a small hall for ensemble music of the more intimate sort, but at least one number on this program, the Bach concerto for three pianos, might well demand a larger hall, for it contains much loud and jolly music. But the audience was distinguished and appreciative, and the efforts of the players were received with the greatest cordiality.

It was an enjoyable concert in many respects, for the members of the ensemble are all serious young musicians who take delight in playing together. They bring reverence and delicacy to the music they play, some grace of phrasing, and a sensitive feeling for melody. Their serious lack is vigorous rhythm, and precise attack. More tone, and more sturdy strength everywhere, needed. Last night, noticeably in the Mozart quartet, they had reverence for the music where they should have had enthusiasm, and they had delicacy where they should have had vigor. In the Bach concerto for three pianos, the brilliant playing of Dalies Frantz at the first piano held the ensemble (increased to eight pieces besides the pianos) into steady, live rhythm, and skillfully led it into real nuance and climax. The other two pianists, Guy Maier (who played the Mozart beautifully), and Ethel Hauser, did excellent playing. For verve and jollity, the last movement of the Bach concerto, with its three joyous cadenzas, and its exhilarating conclusion, is unsurpassed. This pleased so much that, in response to insistent applause and shouts of approval, the musicians granted an extra hearing of it.

The Purcell Fantasia upon one note for strings was very well played. It is a charming piece, deserving of frequent performance. The sauce piquant of the evening was Hindemith's Acht Stucke, op. 44. These little moments of music sounded like playful arrangements of the sort of pieces children practice on the piano in their first year of study. Short themes, like exercises, wove themselves into patterns together, sometimes humorously, sometimes, it must be admitted, a trifle drearily.

It is to be hoped that these players may permit a larger number of listeners at their next concert. E. B.

#### ELSIE LOVELL HANKINS

Elsie Lovell Hankins, contralto, very well accompanied by Beatrice Warden Roberts, sang this program last night in Jordan hall:

Come and Trip it, Handel; She Never Told Her Love, The Mermaid's Song, Haydn; Im Herbst, Franz; Waldensamkeit, Rezel; Der Neugierige, Wöhlin; Schubert; La blinquette, Thau; Rubinstein; La Marseillaise, Rosses; Frank; Separation, Hillencher; Meniet Chante, Gevaert; La Fontaine de Tsarkore-selo, Cui; Le Temps des Lilas, Chausson; The Day Is no More, Car; L'alce, Rachmaninoff; The Whip, Joseph-Leichter; Grief, Hageman; The Incense, Brockway; Water Boy, Robin.

Miss Hankins is blessed with a very beautiful voice, a true contralto—not a mezzo soprano, that is to say, or yet a woman baritone—a contralto with deep notes to its credit rich like Jersey cream, with a medium register both rich and bright, with high notes very good indeed. And they blend, these registers, into an even scale.

Evidently she has studied to advantage, for she has developed not only a competent technique, which allows of a smooth delivery of uniformly good tone, but a certain feeling for melody and rhythm. Very nicely indeed, Miss Hankins modelled the phrases of Cui's song, delightfully she fell into the measure of Gevaert's. Reger's too, she sang excellently, and Viola's little narrative to the duke, as Haydn saw it, she delivered with becoming simplicity.

Miss Hankins, let us hope, will presently better her breath control till she can produce soft tones as firmly controlled, in respect to pitch, as her full tones are now. With so expressive voice furthermore, at her command, we must hope that she will take some pains to quicken her response to music dramatic in nature, like the great song by Franz.

An audience of good size appeared well pleased. R. R. G.

#### EDWIN OTIS

Edwin Otis, baritone, gave a recital last night in George Brown hall, accompanied by J. Arthur Colburn. He sang several well-known ancient Italian arias, two arias by Handel, songs by Haydn.



78  
 pianist the better part. In the first movement the musical interest and the technical task are not chiefly for the violoncellist, who at times is called on to play as if incidentally. The themes are of little significance; less than the measures of development. The scherzo and the final fugue are more creditable to this Swiss composer, who, having sojournd in various European cities, having held an important position at the Moscow Conservatory, now lives at Zurich. The scherzo is captivating. The fugue, introduced by an expressive short movement, is lively, not too pedantic in form and treatment.

Mr. Smalley had an ample opportunity of showing his technical proficiency and his taste when he came to Bach's comparatively little suite—little in its dimensions, not its contents. Some of Bach's suites—not those for the piano—have thickness as well as length and breadth. For once Bach did not spin out a prelude until the hearer was tempted to cry out when only half of the prelude was performed: "Hold, enough, O worthy Johann!"

Mr. Grainger is passionately devoted to the music of Grieg and throws admiring eyes on the scores of other Scandinavians. In this pretty suite he pays homage to Sweden and Denmark as well as Norway. Whatever the country represented yesterday, its airs and dances led one to think of Grieg, who wrote in folk spirit without actually taking the song and the dance tunes of his people. Mr. Grainger arranged or composed the suite in full sympathy with the Scandinavian muse.

The concert was enjoyed by a large audience. It appreciated the skill and the musical understanding of the players.

#### SONYA LEVINE

Sonya Levine, violinist, accompanied by Edythe Barr, played this program last night in Jordan hall: La Folia, Corelli; Sciltienne, Bach-Auer; Waltz, Dvorak-Ondricek; Danse Espagnol, De-Falla-Kreisler; Concerto A-Major, Saint-Saens; Summer Idyl, Burleigh; Caprice Basque, Sarasate. The time had presumably come when Miss Levine and her counsellors held it advisable for her to test her powers in a public concert. Though the wisdom of it may be open to question, Miss Levine's real right to a public appearance is not to be questioned for a moment. She has talent and, it is evident, she has done solid work and much of it. If, therefore, she craves the great adventure of a public performance, at the least of it she is not presumptuous.

At her best, last night, Miss Levine played exceedingly well. In melodies of breadth she produced tone both strong and sweet. Those same melodies she shaped with excellent taste. Sometimes she made manifest a gratifying sensitiveness to rhythm. Sometimes, too, as in the Dvorak waltz, she displayed a touch of imagination.

Miss Levine, given a little more time for study, will probably banish from her musical equipment a tendency now and again to lose the thread of a melody. Her technique she will undoubtedly better till she can make her ornaments and flourishes so tonally beautiful and brilliant that they really will adorn the works in which they appear; to a non-violinist they sounded, last night, merely careful and accurate.

Work, though, Miss Levine has done, to develop her manifest talent. All credit to her, therefore. And she has already acquired much. R. R. G.

#### FEODOR CHALIAPIN

The famous Russian bass, Chaliapin, gave a concert yesterday afternoon at the Hotel Statler, under the auspices of the Boston School of Occupational Therapy. A large company, the storm notwithstanding, assembled in the ball room to hear him sing.

Be it in ballroom or in Symphony hall, a recital by Mr. Chaliapin runs quite the same course. Yesterday, as on many an earlier occasion, Mr. Max Rabinowitch, Mr. Chaliapin's skillful accompanist, led off the afternoon's proceedings with a pair of piano solos, extremely ably played.

Then came Mr. Chaliapin himself, looking remarkably well, though it soon became clear that he was suffering from a cold. Six Russian songs and airs he sang, all but one, in the Russian tongue, the songs by Tchaikovsky, Flegles, Glinka, Lislin and Dargonzhsky, the air from Borodine's "Prince Igor."

This air Mr. Chaliapin sang so admirably that his performance might well serve as a model of the way a dramatic air ought to be sung. No vaudeville singer bawling a popular tune could have enunciated the words more distinctly than Mr. Chaliapin did. Povla

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Chaliapin in his most extravagant mood could not have characterized the music more sharply than he did yesterday when most becomingly restrained. There was Mr. Chaliapin at his very great best.

Not again did he sing so well. His consummate vocal technique, of course, he had at hand, and, indeed, because of his cold he needed it. Of all his plenteous resourceful means of dramatic expression he made lavish use. Thenceby he produced effects that pleased people who value expression above all else.

Such persons as care nothing for musical expression obtained by unfair, in some cases foul, musical means, took less pleasure in Mr. Chaliapin's performance on the whole. The pity of it! Behold a man fit to sing the air by Borodine and Glinka's ballad as Mr. Chaliapin sang them yesterday, so musically, so stirringly—behold him willing to make a maudlin holiday, of Massenet's unoffending "Elegy"! Again, the pity of it! R. R. G.

#### SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 17th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Foote, Suite in E major for string orchestra. Goossens, Rhythmic Dance (first time in Boston). Debussy, "Iberia." Tchaikovsky, Symphony, E minor, No. 5.

It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Foote's Suite again. The audience showed its pleasure by calling the composer to his feet. This music proves that an American composer can be technically skillful without undue consciousness of the fact, and without being dull; that he can show sentiment without a too obvious and catch-penny appeal to his hearers; that he can write as an individual and not as a disciple of this or that foreign master; that he can write effectively without summoning to his aid a huge orchestra containing an army of drums, xylophone, glockenspiel, cymbals, tam-tam and the full power of the organ. This Suite may well be reckoned among the finest compositions by Americans. A musical work is not to be judged chiefly by its length and breadth; nor by the number of instruments employed. There are composers in Europe, as in this country, who can rage and impose orchestrally, but they would make a pitiable showing if they were asked to write a suite for strings alone. Although Mr. Foote's Suite is over 20 years old, it is fresh; it charms today. This cannot be said of certain pieces written within the last five years. Although strange wild fowl have flapped their wings over musical marshes during the last 20 years, Mr. Foote, having watched them with natural and intelligent curiosity, has not envied them their flight.

Mr. Goossens's Rhythmic Dance was first performed at Rochester, N. Y., two years ago next month. Lively rhythm and lively orchestration are the chief features of this unpretentious music by a well-equipped musician, who would undoubtedly be the last to claim for it great significance or importance. It is an agreeable piece, easy to hear, but not one that will cling to the memory even by rhythm to which the title calls attention.

It is doubtful whether what might be called a miscellaneous audience would or could be quick to appreciate the many exquisite details of Debussy's "Iberia." Say the word "Spanish" in connection with music, and nine out of ten think of a strongly defined, intoxicating, heel-and-toe tune. Subtle hints at the dance music of Spain are lost to them. There is disappointment that the hint is not followed by the rhythmic and highly colored statement hammered out. And what is Mr. Gradgrind to make of "The Odors of The Night"? No more than of Whitman's apostrophe to the "bare-bos'om'd night, Night of south winds, night of the large few stars!"

Still nodding night—mad, naked summer night.

Would he not say, "Why large few stars? why not 'few large stars?'" and laugh fatuously?

Debussy's "Iberia" is not a musical Baedeker. Havelock Ellis has written with understanding of the soul of Spain. Debussy also knew that soul.

Mr. Koussevitzky's reading was poetic. Appreciating the many impressionistic details he did not emphasize them so as to destroy the prevailing subdued romanticism, nor did he vulgarize the joyous street and festival measures by over-insistence.

Mr. Ernest Newman in an acute examination of Tchaikovsky's Fifth symphony wrote: "I can find no trace of a program in the Fourth symphony; but with the fifth and sixth we step upon quite unmistakable ground." Mr. Newman forgot that Tchaikovsky wrote a long program for his fourth symphony and sent it to Mme. Meck. This program has often been published. It is said that Tchaikovsky had a definite program in mind for his sixth, but could

not be persuaded to divulge it. Every composer of a symphony has no doubt an aesthetic as well as a technical plan when he girds up his loins to write, but does this fifth symphony require a verbal and extensive argument? Is not the symphony the self-torturing composer, Tchaikovsky himself, with his moods of darkness, his moods of gaiety soon clouded and turned to sadness? Mr. Koussevitzky rightly saw and heard the symphony as a dramatic poem, with tragic episodes, ending in triumphant exaltation in the jubilant transformation of the early theme that dripped melancholy. Tchaikovsky could scream; Mr. Koussevitzky rightly saw and heard despair. Tchaikovsky had longings not to be fulfilled; Mr. Koussevitzky gave eloquence to these longings. When Tchaikovsky was in the depths of despair, Mr. Koussevitzky let him sob and wail. Thus was Mr. Koussevitzky, not hampered by the coldness, the inexpressiveness of the printed page, alive and sympathetic to the composer's emotions which are only feebly expressed by mere notes; emotions which are beyond the understanding of literal, pedestrian conductors.

The performance was of overwhelming effect. No wonder that conductor and orchestra were wildly applauded at the end. The concert will be repeated tonight.

The program of next week is as follows: Frederick the Great, Symphony, D major, No. 3. Janin, Symphonie Spirituelle, "Alleluia." Sibelius, Violin concerto (Mr. Burgin, violinist). Mousorgsky-Ravel, Pictures at an Exhibition.

#### METROPOLITAN THEATRE "The Dummy"

A screen comedy-drama, adapted by Herman J. Mankiewicz for the stage play by Harvey J. O'Higgins and Harriet Ford; photographed by J. Roy Hunt, directed by Robert Milton, and presented by Paramount as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

Agnes Meredith	Ruth Chatterton
Thimble Meredith	Frederick March
Walter Babbling	John Cromwell
Barney Cook	Mickey Bennett
Peggy Meredith	Vondell Darr
Dorsey Hart	Jack Oakie
Rose Gleason	Zasu Pitts
Blackie Baker	Richard Tucker
Joe Cooper	Fred Kohler
Madison	Eugene Pallette

Names mean nothing in this clean-cut, intelligently written and splendidly acted all-talking picture. The names are there, plenty of them, and the possessor of each has admirable screen or stage records; but it is young Mickey Bennett, with his bright manner, his naturalistic pantomiming, his ready speech and wit, who carries off the bulk of the honors. One feels from the moment he outwits that long line of boys seeking an office boy's job with the great Babbling, private detective, that Mickey is going to do well. He has arrived just in time to be useful. Peggy Meredith, played by the winsome Vondell Darr, the blonde-locked little girl in "On Trial," has been kidnapped by a gang out for big money. The Merediths have been separated, but this calamity bids fair to re-unite them. Babbling has been retained, and there is an extra \$10,000 in it if he rescues Peggy unharmed. So he hires Mickey, who wants to be a detective, promises him a badge as big as a pie plate, and sends him forth as a bogus deaf and dumb son of a millionaire, to be kidnapped by

the same gang and, from the inside, to send out such information as will lead to the apprehension of the criminals. Mickey does a neat job until he talks in his sleep. Even then he covers up cunningly, and in the end he jams the chief villain against a tree by the simple process of backing an automobile on him. Babbling and the police do the rest. Mickey gets his badge, and the \$10,000 reward. "What's the first thing you're going to do with all that money," asks Babbling. "Count it," is Mickey's prompt reply. A shrewd kid, that.

Mr. Mankiewicz deserves much praise for his treatment of this piece. The story is told concisely, rationally, the dialogue has both punch and humor. There are several thrilling scenes, as when one group of the conspirators, through Mrs. Meredith's unwitting blunder, overpower Babbling, disguised as a telephone repair man; when Blackie Baker catches Mickey talking in his sleep and there is murder in the air; when Cooper, scenting the double-cross, burst in and shoots Blackie; and when Mickey, tossed with little Peggy into Cooper's car, backs it into Cooper as he fusses in the rear. Miss Pitts and Mr. Oakie, as the two soft-hearted crooks, share the racy comedy lines. The scenes between Peggy and Mickey, and between Mickey and Babbling, are amusing. Of the adults, Mr. Cromwell as the elongated detective, dry, cool, gave the best performance. In her few emotional opportunities Miss Chatterton was the finished actress as always. The voice recording seemed at first to be at odds with the actual utterances; the sounds were uneven in volume and in timing. Later effects were better. As a matter of fact, engrossing story and performance made any mechanical lapses of no consequence. W. E. G.

#### CHILDREN'S CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

Ernest Schelling gave the last of his children's concerts yesterday morning in Jordan hall. He was assisted by members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; also by Frank Pollock, who sang three of the Kentucky Mountain Song, collected by Loraine Wyman and Howard Brockway. "The Nightingale," "Charming Beauty Bright," and "Noah's Ark." The orchestral pieces were by American composers; MacDowell, "The War Time" and "To a Water Lily" (orchestrated by Frederick Stock Kelley Old New England Hymn. Deems Taylor, "Looking Glass Insects." Skilton Cheyenne War Dance, Schelling, Virginia Reel from Suite Fantastique for piano and orchestra (Mr. Schelling pianist). He put this piece on the program in answer to a letter from a little girl who signed herself only by her first name.

Mr. Schelling began by telling how the early settlers frowned on music even on the use of the organ in church. He sketched rapidly but in a graphic manner the development of native songs and orchestra, reminding his hearer that in years gone by every passing event gave rise to a song or a dance tune. Examples of these were shown, as was the portrait of Hopkinson, the earliest American song composer.

The pictures illustrating this section of the concert were amusing and at the same time of historical value. By a slip of the tongue Mr. Schelling said that Stephen Foster was the author of "Dixie." This was the more surprising as Mr. Schelling uses that glorious tune as a theme in his "Virginia Reel," and on the title page of "Dixie" shown on the screen as he spoke, "Dan Emmet" was named the author, as he was, though sometimes the surname is better spelled "Emmett."

The lecture was agreeably sprinkled with anecdotes. For example, there were stories of MacDowell's childhood, how as a boy-pianist he evaded practicing. Views of the MacDowell Colony at Peterborough, N. H., were shown and Mr. Schelling spoke warmly in its behalf. The children whose papers had reached the highest standard were called to the platform to receive their prizes. (Incidentally, Mr. Schelling presented the concertmaster, Mr. Theodorowicz, with an honorary reward which caused merriment in the audience and among his colleagues.)

"America, the Beautiful," was sung by the audience. Each line was printed on a corresponding picture on the screen. These photographs had been aptly selected.

The series, now the fifth, has been as agreeably instructive as it has been interesting. Children have honestly enjoyed the music of fine quality and learned much from the lecturer. The older members in the audience have profited by their attendance. The word "educational" is too often synonymous with "dull," but Mr. Schelling's concerts have been entertaining as well as instructive. They have been a model of what children's concerts should be.

#### DUCI DE KEREKJARTO

Duci de Kerekjarto, violinist, played this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall, discreetly accompanied by Carl Lamson:

La Folia, Corelli; Concerto A major, Mozart; By the Sea, Schubert-Wilhelm; Burlesque, Reger; Child's Dream, Kerekjarto; Andalusian Romance, The Nightingale, Sarasate; Witches Dance, Paganini.

Had Mr. Kerekjarto, flouting custom, begun his program with his own composition "Child's Dream," certainly he would have increased his audience's satisfaction, very likely his own as well. He played, at all events, that gentle piece so sweetly that the audience would have it again. In Sarasate's piece too, highly showy pieces, the large company present took rare delight.

Mr. Kerekjarto, to be sure, played this type of musical offering amazingly well. Its turn of melody he appeared to feel keenly; the rhythm of Andalusia he met more than half way. And the technical difficulties of Sarasate's "Nightingale" he overcame with an ease and a purity of intonation that made a listener, not knowing in the fine shades of violin technique, stare. Small wonder the audience took pleasure in the performance.

Corelli's music and Mozart's Mr. Kerekjarto approached in other mood. For Corelli he appeared to hold fast something of the "rigour and vigor" Matthew Arnold used to talk about so tartly. Rigidity, rather, one might call it, so firmly Mr. Kerekjarto clung to even, almost unshaded tone, to tempo steady like a metronome's. This not too impressive music, nevertheless, presented unadorned, uncompromising grandeur. At its beginning one would not have expected so much.

In a manner queer as austere Mr. Kerekjarto dealt with Mozart's con-



Feb 24 1929

By PHILIP HALE

"The Jealous Moon," that fantastically poetic play now at the Theatre, Scaramouche is portrayed as, first of all, a mischief maker devoted to Pierrot, even welcoming his kicks and curses. But is this character of Scaramouche in the old Italian comedy? The true Scaramouche was a complex type: he was gay, lively, amorous, amiable, vain, a rather an elegant person, capricious, unscrupulous, a man of infinite resources. When Tiberio Fiorilli took the part in Paris, he was the Moliere carefully studied his acting and profited thereby.

Pantaloon, Columbine, and Harlequin in Miss Cowl's play are not the types of the old Italian comedy, nor of the pantomimes that once delighted the Londonians. The original Pantaloon was made up like an old man, a simple, honest fellow, always in love, always duped by his rival, whether it were his valet or some other servant. Later he was represented as an honorable father of a family, but miserly or capricious in his home life. Columbine was a fine soubrette, richly dressed; Harlequin, a charming fellow, single-minded, graceful, witty, fond of women, a gourmand, incorrigibly lazy in spite of his physical activity. His appearance on the stage always excited derision, provoked gaiety.

These personages were transformed in the old fashioned pantomime as played at the Theatre Comique in Boston with Maffitt, the Clown, and Bartholomew, the Pantaloon. Visiting Boston in the sixties we had the pleasure of seeing Harlequin with mask and wand, escaping the vengeance of the Clown and Pantaloon, by jumping through scenery; discomfiting in many ways his pursuers; rewarded in the grand transformation scene by the hand of the pirouetting Columbine. Later came the inimitable George Fox and his brother.

Columbine. To the eyes of youth she was an entrancing apparition, brought up in a staid New England town, in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord," we looked rather aghast at whirling skirts, and when a thick-checked man in front of us, after gazing intently through an opera glass, remarked to his companion: "She has a fine figure," we were sure he was a very wicked person. Oh happy days of innocence! Poor Columbine! A few years ago the New York newspapers commented on the fact that Fanny Dean, once a famous Columbine, was brought into court on the charge of fornication. She told a pathetic story, so that even the magistrate's heart was turned to water.

Now Pantaloon in Miss Cowl's play, admirably impersonated by Mr. Davenport, is not the silly, stupid buffoon of pantomime, the victim of the Clown's practical jokes and the tricks of Harlequin. This Pantaloon is a lovable soul, by no means a fool, but far-seeing, deploring Harlequin's infidelity, serving Columbine without expectation of reward.

And how about Pierrot so strongly characterized by Mr. Merivale?

Pierrot is not the clown of pantomime. He may be a dreamer, a philosopher, a murderer, a poet. He is anything; he is everything. When Theodore de Banville was asked about the history of pantomime he replied: "It's the history of humanity." There were distinctions in Paris: There was melodramatic pantomime in which Pierrot, white and dumb, walked through scenes of frightful crime; realistic pantomime, created by Debarau, the Elder; fairy pantomime; romantic pantomime. There is the Pierrot imagined by Tombre in Jean Richepin's "Braves Gens": "The New Pierrot, the psychological Pierrot—dressed in a coat; not a trace of linen, face and hands white, but not of a comic white, oh no! Of a pale whiteness, an alcoholic whiteness; a lugubrious whiteness. Pierrot is a phantom. Pierrot makes you shudder and meditate"; but Richepin admits the other Pierrot, the buffoon. "Hamlet and Falstaff are both worthy of Shakespeare."

An idea of the modern Pierrot suggested by the artist Willette was put into words by Paul Arcne: "Pierrot is pale as a lily or a baker's boy. He is the positive incarnation of desires without an aim, mad ambitions, foolish freaks followed by comic despairs of a generation that has voluntarily turned its back on the ideal and is not content with the good and healthy joys of realism. Pierrot is a pessimist. . . . When he looks at the moon, this moon in the shadow of a passing cloud is to him an enormous skull rolling in the emptiness of the sky."

Henri Riviere imagined another Pierrot: The incarnation of Satan in this world; not the stage Pierrot in traditional costume but a pale man with black eyes, tall, well built, with heart of bronze and nerves of steel, who, moving in society where he exerts enormous power, would always work evil, impassible, smiling. Pierrot in evening dress? There are some who say with Baudelaire that a dress-coat has a mysterious symbolic charm, which is "the expression of the universal equality of the individual mind's expression," for the world is "a singular procession of undertaker's men—some of them are politicians; some are amorists; some are smug and honest citizens. Each one in the profession celebrates a burial."

How far all this is from the pantomime played at least two centuries before the birth of Christ. The Roman women were moved to the quick, and to the jealousy of their husbands, by pantomimic art. Demetrius, the Cynic, cried aloud: "O wonderful men who speak with hands! I have not seen a show. I have seen the thing itself."

Suppose that Miss Cowl, taking the old characters, had insisted that she and the members of her company should act her play in pantomime. The dialogue in "The Jealous Moon" is the least essential part of the production. Could these players act effectively as if in pantomime? When the mad Hamlet enters and gesticulates in his hatred of Pierrot, it is not necessary for him to speak the words Miss Cowl has borrowed from Shakespeare. The audience does not need to be told the name of this melancholy man; nor does it need a verbal explanation of his actions. Nor does Miss Cowl need her own words in the first scenes played charmingly by her.

One hears little today of the pantomimes popular in the Paris of the eighties and nineties; yet one would like to see again the Statue Com-

under accepting Don Juan's invitation to supper, eating greedily, flushed with wine, paying more than ordinary and expected attention to the young women at table. One would gladly see again Pierrot, who had murdered Columbine, returning drunk, from the burial. He had killed her by tickling the soles of her feet. He now mimics her death agony. As he steps into bed he is a prey to remorse. His feet begin to shake and shiver as did those of his beloved Columbine. The bed shakes; the portrait of the dead woman shakes. The red bed-curtains grow a deeper red. The portrait is alive. Pierrot rashly touches it. The music screams in horror; the light is dim; Pierrot falls to the floor.

Then there is the pathetic tragedy of humble, domestic life as "L'Enfant Prodigue," first seen here at the Boston Museum in 1893 with that excellent actor Courtes as Pierrot Senior and Mme. Pilon-Morin the scapegrace Pierrot Junior. A nightmare of a pantomime, "Conscience," produced at the Orpheum in 1909 revealed the tragic power of the Frenchman Severin as Pierrot, a crook.

It would be interesting to know the mental process by which Miss Cowl arrived at her conception of Pierrot, moonstruck, a victim of the moon, who could kill the thing he loved in his infatuation for Columbine's rival. Miss Cowl is a woman who reads and reflects; but did she consider this fact: The younger generation of grown-up playgoers are not familiarly acquainted with the characters in pantomime; they have not enjoyed seeing Maffitt grease a sidewalk to laugh at Pantaloon falling; they have not laughed at the elephant trained by George L. Fox and exhibited solemnly by him.

There are unfortunate persons who find "Peter Pan" nonsensical. There are children and even parents who say the adventures of Alice are silly. A fantastical play needs—one need not use that snobbish word "exclusive"—an audience that is poetically sentimental. Perhaps the heartiest laughter aroused last Monday night was the sight of Tony Sarg's marionette orchestra in Peter's workshop. This orchestra was funny; the leader's acknowledgment of the applause was still funnier. The theatre audience looked on as Gulliver watched the movements of the Lilliputians.

It is doubtful whether the pantomime according to the English-hot-poker-and-string-of-sausages variety or the symbolistic French idea would draw audiences in Boston. Even in London there is comparatively little interest in the art about which Thackeray and others wrote enthusiastically. This was shown by the few pantomimes in the last Christmas season. Not many years ago the Daily Telegraph would devote a whole page to serious consideration of these Christmas shows; on the other hand "Charley's Aunt," a standing farce for Christmas, was reviewed last December with gusto.

Pantomimes, burlesques, variety shows, negro minstrels—were theatre-goers who enjoyed them poor, foolish creatures? Would Lydia Thompson's British Blondes draw full houses today? How we laughed at the execrable puns in "Kenilworth," "Ixion" and other burlesques brought across the Atlantic! How even Richard Grant White waxed hysterical in the Galaxy magazine—what a readable magazine it was!—over Pauline Markham and Lydia; yet ungrateful Pauline was reported as saying that Mr. White was a nice old gentleman even if he did bore her by talking about Shakespeare—"ungrateful" because he had said in print that she could supply the lost arms of the Venus of Milo.

certo. Not a note of it, apparently, did he believe vital. So all he ventured was to play the notes with clear, cold tone, precisely as they stand on the page, with every accent where it belonged, with every melody shaped just right—and with never a hint of the vitality and charm that keep Mozart's music immortal.

R. R. G.

#### ALBERT SPALDING

Albert Spalding, violinist, ably assisted by Andre Benoist, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall.

Perhaps the curtain hung behind him, as heavy in texture, to judge by its looks, as it certainly is sombre in hue, worked ill to Mr. Spalding's tone. That tone, whatever the cause, sounded not so surpassingly beautiful as usual. In certain quick movements, indeed, in the Bach prelude above all, it sounded pinched and tight. Although it resumed, when the pace held moderate, all its customary purity and also much of its beauty, not once did it glow with the splendor that heightens it when all is well. Let the curtain bear the blame!

To the curtain, though, if we be honest, we can hardly impute the air of coolness which, at least till 5 o'clock, pervaded Mr. Spalding's performance. Possibly the artist is pushing his love of the classics too far for his own good. A Corelli sonata in A, the prelude and gavotte from Bach's E major partita for violin alone, an arrangement by himself of a Bach chorale, a sonata by Beethoven indeed but not Beethoven at his greatest—here was something too much of a good thing.

Mr. Spalding, when he composes music, is all for an idiom markedly contemporaneous. If he were to venture some of the music written today, or even yesterday, in a concert program, 10 to 1 that absorbing music would rouse him to an enthusiasm he seemed, yesterday, to believe unbecomingly in the case of classics. Probably he shares the view of Mrs. Jarley of wax-works fame, the view she laid so clearly before Little Nell when, in her innocence, the latter compared wax-works with Punch.

Assuredly, Mrs. Jarley would have found perfection in Mr. Spalding's performance yesterday—the unsteady overhasty Bach prelude aside—of his classics. Nearly everybody, for that matter, could appreciate the perfec-

tion in evidence, as well as herself—if only the breath of life had been present too, to make of it a living thing.

The technical feats of Ravel's "Tzigane," tossed off with consummate ease, roused Mr. Spalding to a few minutes of quickened animation. So did Sarasate's Romanza Andaluza, following after two Brahms Hungarian dances set out by Joachim; probably Sarasate's Jota Navarra succeeded as well.

The opinion, nevertheless, holds that yesterday's program, though it inspired Mr. Spalding to playing beautifully musical, failed to stir him to playing of ardor. Pray let him, the next time, bring us something he will have to put his soul to, as well as his mind, to make it "go" at all.

R. R. G.

#### THE PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The 18th concert of the People's Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon in the ballroom of the Hotel Statler consisted of six excerpts from the Wagner operas, and six South African Songs, by Theophil Wendt, the conductor. The soloists were Sigurd Nilssen, baritone, and Maria Conde, soprano.

The Wagner selections included the overture to "Tannhauser"; the "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal"; "Entry of the Gods to Valhalla, from the "Ring-cycle"; the Funeral March from "The Dusk of the Gods," and the Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde." This sequence, well played on the whole, for the orchestra has improved markedly of late, almost became one symphonic poem, for each selection is majestic with superhuman joy and suffering.

Mr. Wendt's South African Songs, based on native themes, seem very Anglo-Saxon; perhaps that is because, as Mr. Wendt points out in his foreword to the published edition of his songs, the themes are so short. The arranger must of necessity interpolate much material of his own. They are pleasant songs, tuneful and rhythmic, calculated to make no undue demands on the singer, and so arranged that they are worthy of place on many programs of the less pretentious sort. Two songs in particular were very enjoyable, "Victory" and "Dancers, Come Up!" These two, with their excellent orchestral accompaniments, were vigorous and characteristic.

The audience, by insistent applause, compelled an extra hearing of "Dancers, Come Up!" Mr. Nilssen, who used his fine baritone voice with ease and intelligence, sang very enjoyably. Miss



## VIRGIL AN IRISHMAN?

"On the occasion of the 2000th anniversary of Virgil's birth, a movement has been afoot not only for the erection of a monument at Verona, with an adequate celebration in October, 1930, but steps have also been taken to embellish the tomb of Virgil at Piedigrotta, on the way to Posilipo, in Naples."

One might ask, why especially at Verona? Mantua, where he was born, put his figure on her new coins with the words, "Virgilius Maro." This was long ago. The statue erected to him there was destroyed in a war of 1397. At Rome there was only his bust on the Pincio, but there were contributions in 1901 towards a monument to be erected at Mantua. Rome had not always been friendly to the poet. The Emperor Caligula would have the poems and images of Virgil removed from all the libraries, with those of Livy. Virgil, as Philemon Holland translates Suetonius, "he carped, as a man of no witte and verie meane learning." And so today there are petty Caligulas in Boston, who would rigidly direct the reading of the people.

Was Virgil buried at Naples? When Artemus Ward visited Stratford-on-Avon, he was directed by a boy—for a shilling—to Shakespeare's tomb. "And this, I said, as I stood in the old Churchyard at Stratford, beside a tombstone, this marks the spot where lies William W. Shakespeare. Alas! And this is the spot where—'You've got the wrong grave,' said a man—a worthy villager—'Shakespeare is buried inside the church.'" Artemus turned toward the boy, who "larfed and put the shillin I'd given him into his left eye in a inglorious manner and commenced moving backward toward the street."

There has been a historic dispute over the tomb of Virgil. Some say that Robert of Anjou, fearing that the ashes might be destroyed during the wars then raging, had them placed in the Castel Nuovo, where all traces of them were lost. Others name Mantua, Genoa, as Virgil's final resting place. In 1840 old Gabriel Peignot of Dijon published his "Quelques Recherches sur le Tombeau de Virgile au Mont Pausilippe," an octavo of 20 pages of which 175 copies were printed. Anatole France classed Peignot's many volumes among books that are not books, but they are full of curious and valuable informations, books that have been of use to many, no doubt Anatole France among them. Any one interested in Virgil's tomb should consult Peignot's essay.

Naples for many years venerated Virgil as a magician, not as a poet. He placed a brass fly on a city gate, so that for eight years no fly entered the town. He constructed a butcher shop in which meat never became tainted. On another gate he erected two stone images, one of Joy and Beauty, the other of Sadness and Ugliness, so that if a man entered by the side of the former image his affairs would prosper. On a high mountain he placed a brazen statue with a trumpet in its mouth, so that when it sounded, the fire and fumes of Vesuvius were directed towards the sea, thus saving the people from injury. He did other wonders: when he was suspended in a basket from the house of a light-skirt, he revenged himself by extinguishing all the fires in the city, to be kindled only by acquiring light to the disgrace of the mocking woman. This was at Rome, not Naples. The good Peignot has nothing to say of all these marvels, but Richard Strauss borrowed the Roman incident, somewhat expurgated, for his opera "Feuersnot." That Virgil was familiar with magical practices is shown by his Bucolics and the Aeneid.

Perhaps, after all, Virgil's tomb is in Ireland. Some years ago the Rev. Charles C. Starbuck of Andover suggested to Dr. Lambert of the Freeman's Journal that the real name of the poet might have been Ferghal. In the eighth century the name of the holy bishop of Salzburg, "Ferghal," was latinized into "Virgilius." Virgil was confessedly a Cisalpine Gaul. "The witchery of his phrase," said Mr. Starbuck, "and the delicacy of his sentiment, and his appreciation of female feeling, are thoroughly Celtic."

Conde contributed a light, pretty soprano to the slow tune of the "South African Lullaby."

The audience was large, and there was cordial applause for the orchestra, the composer and conductor, Mr. Wendt, and the two soloists.

## WASHINGTON ST. AND FENWAY THEATRES

## "The Canary Murder Case"

A screen drama, adapted by Florence Ryerson and Albert Shelby Le-

vine from the novel of that title by S. S. Van Dine, directed by Malcolm St. Clair and presented by Paramount as an all-taking picture with the following cast:

Philo Vance ..... William Powell  
Jimmy Spotswoode ..... James Hall  
Margaret Odell ..... Louise Brooks  
Alys LaFosse ..... Jean Arthur  
Charles Spotswoode ..... Charles Lane  
Dr. Ambrose Landquist ..... Charles Lane  
Gustav von Seyffertitz ..... Lawrence Grant  
Louis Mamm ..... Louis John Bartels  
Tony Skeel ..... Neil Sparks  
Markham ..... E. H. Calvert  
Sel. Heath ..... Eugene Pallette

"The Canary Murder Case" of the screen and the novel are almost as far apart as the two poles. Not that it matters greatly. As a picture it is quite satisfying, likewise its performance. The thousands who have read the novel can devote leisure after-hours to checking up and commenting on the film's alterations and abridgments. Willard Huntington Wright, who once wrote "What Nietzsche Taught" and who became S. S. Van Dine when he created Philo Vance and involved him in murder mysteries, probably was amazed at his first view of the picture, his chief consolation being possession of the fat check accruing to him for film rights. That amazement will be shared by many others.

In the novel, Margaret Odell, known as "The Canary," ex-chorus girl and expert gold-digger, is dead, murdered, as the first pages unfold. Five men, each of whom might have had a motive are legitimate objects of police suspicion. While various officials flounder in a muddy pool of theories, Philo Vance, art lover, philosopher, student of psychology, solves the mystery, partly by deductive processes, partly by chance. The man who murdered Margaret Odell and Skeel, the burglar, was a middle-aged manufacturer of conservative social status and with a respected family. He was actuated by desperate desire to avoid scandals. He planned the murder as a general plan a battle. His alibi seemed flawless.

The picture introduces an alien character, Jimmy Spotswoode, has him in love with the LaFosse girl after an affair with Margaret Odell, has the latter about to insist on marriage, has the elder Spotswoode striving to save the son. The matter of the peculiar approaches to the Odell apartment, or the metal security box is ignored; the psychological experiment of the poker game is dismissed clumsily; it is not clear how the murderer, making only two calls on Margaret Odell, smuggled in the device by which he set up his alibi. Instead of being trapped, confessing and shooting himself, he is killed when his car crashes into a train. There is no confession.

The first scene in the picture shows Margaret Odell in tights, swinging on a trapeze far out over the heads of a theatre audience. This is effective. In the following scenes she is revealed as a cheap, illiterate creature, with the speech of an underworld habitue. The picture itself gives evidence that only two and not five men could have entered her apartment on the fatal night. Mr. Powell, merely by a semblance of restraint and amused detachment, makes Vance an interesting figure, exposing merely the surface of this exceptional character. The other players are secondary following his lead. One or two, like Mr. Seyffertitz and Mr. Bartels, venture on serious characterizations.

## "MET" BREAKS RECORDS

The Metropolitan Theatre, with the all-taking picture, "The Dummy," shattered all existing box office records on Washington's birthday by playing to the greatest number of people and largest gross business, in dollars and cents, in the history of the theatre since the doors were opened on Oct. 17, 1925.

The house record was formerly held by Gilda Gray's picture, "Aloma of the South Seas," with Miss Gray and company in person. This record was set on Labor day, Sept. 6, 1926. The next best was Gloria Swanson in "The Untamed Lady" on the Concord and Lexington holiday, April, 1926. Friday's record surpassed that of the Swanson picture by 1500 paid admissions, and exceeded the Gilda Gray record by 200.

## SCOLLAY SQ. OLYMPIA

## "The Greyhound Limited"

A screen melodrama adapted by Anthony Colclaway from a story by Albert Howson; directed by Howard Bretherton, and presented by Warner Bros. with the following cast:

Monte ..... Monte Blue  
Bill Williams ..... Grant Withers  
Edna ..... Edna Murphy  
Mrs. Williams ..... Lucy Beaumont  
Lindy ..... Ernie Shields  
The Rat ..... Lew Harvey

Races against time, with human life at stake, are always thrilling, on the screen. In five minutes Bill Williams must be hanged for a murder he did not commit. There is much to be done in those precious minutes of grace, and

in "The Greyhound Limited" it is done gloriously, with plenty of excitement.

Those who have been inclined to scoff at Mr. Blue's histrionic powers should bear in mind that in his more recent vehicles he has been unfortunately cramped. He has had little chance to show his wares. This was strikingly true of "Conquest," the rather stupid flying film shown in this city a fortnight ago. But "The Greyhound Limited" is another story. Here Mr. Blue is a stalwart, frank-spoken railroad engineer, loyal to his fireman who also is his friend. A blonde waitress in a railroad eating house flirts with Bill Williams, handsome but weak. He spends his month's pay check in one night of skylarking, wants to marry the girl. His mother is heartbroken and appeals to Monte. With no great effort he steals Edna from Bill, who fights, then takes to drink, meets evil associates, and is framed for a murder in a cheap bootlegger's dive. He is convicted and sentenced to be hanged. It is all grimly regular, even to the moment when the chaplain prays with Bill, when the latter is bound and led away to the execution room. Through an open door you can see the waiting noose. It looks bad for Bill; but Monte has not been idle. One of the murderous gang is caught trying to ride the rods on Monte's train. Monte recognizes him, persuades the yard detectives to put the fellow aboard and to sweat a confession from him. The gangsters, hearing of this, desist in a hold-up of Edna's cafe long enough to plot to wreck the train and destroy the evidence and, incidentally, to give Edna a chance to race ahead in a car to warn Monte.

The picture is praiseworthy for its remarkable shots of speeding trains, with a realistic crash at the end. It is packed with action of good old-fashioned melodramatic sort. Its sound effects as related to the train's movements are realistic, the talking sequences do ample justice to commonplace dialogue. Aside from Mr. Blue's honest acting, Mr. Withers was commendable in the role of the young man whose escapades nearly cost him his life. There are at least two morals: avoid bootleg whiskey when crossed in love and never trust a blonde waitress. This one settled down and had a baby, but neither Monte nor Bill was its father.

## By PHILIP HALE

Shubert Theatre: First performance in Boston of "Manhattan Mary," a musical comedy in two acts and 16 scenes, book, lyrics and music by B. G. de Sylva, Lew Brown, Ray Henderson, William K. Wells and George White. Staged by George White.

The chief parts were taken as follows:

Sam Platz .....	George Mayo
R. C. Black .....	Jack Mollie
Helen King .....	Marguerite Ball
Mary Brennan .....	Doree Leslie
"Ma" Brennan .....	Josephine Dettif
Jimmy Moore .....	George Loff
Al .....	Daniel J. Walev
Bob Sierling .....	Nick Long, Jr.
Crickets .....	Ed Wynn
Mickey .....	Victor Munro
Max Duval .....	Andrew George

To them should be added the Webb sisters, and a large company of dancing girls.

There is a story, a simple one, but it has a beginning and an ending, with intervening episodes. This story of trite material serves to introduce solo and ensemble dancing. The songs, duets and choruses, are of slight importance. The features of the entertainment are the dancing of pretty and ingenuous Miss Leslie, the dancing of the attractive Miss Ball, the handsome stage settings and costumes, the manner in which the many girls are displayed, the jests of the accomplished seller of bonds, and of course Mr. Wynn's delightful idiocy revealed in what he says and what he does. Would that we had heard more about his uncle Foster. Was this the uncle who came near being mayor of New York? Then there was the Egyptian method of choosing a substitute for the leading woman in the musical comedies of 200 B. C. As waiter, chef, leader of a gang of desperate crooks, kidnapper, struggler with the French language, misuser of English, user of English as it should be, Mr. Wynn was most amusing. It takes a man of nimble wit, resourceful in the invention of quips, logical absurdities, verbal dislocations to be a "perfect fool." The folly of Mr. Wynn is preferable to the smug, commonplace wisdom that, bore some as it is, leads to appointments on committees, and sometimes to an honorable place on postage stamps, even to a statue in a public square. Mr. Wynn is, as he proudly insists, a "perfect" fool. He knows how far to go in his folly; hence he is never tiresomely inane. He is not obliged to eke out his lines by grimaces, his actions by clowning. The spectator laughs with him, not at him, for he knows that only a man of marked mental acumen could be so idiotic. And Mr. Wynn does not depend on local and topical gags to raise a laugh.

Does he enjoy his own performances? Certainly he does. He revels in his own absurdity. The incessant and hearty laughter of the audience is a

tribute to his mental superiority should be a happy man, for his nights are spent in making others happy. Whether he would have been a satisfactory King's jester in the old days is doubtful, for those jesters were of bitterly satirical in their jesting; duty they were often melancholy, so times morose. Mr. Wynn is satisfied with being the people's jester. What is not easy to think of "Manhattan Mary" as being so successful as it has been without Mr. Wynn, its prosperity run since it was produced in New York on Sept. 26, 1927, with this comedian is not surprising. Then there a great deal to please the eye in the musical comedy.

## THE ST. JAMES

## "The Shannons of Broadway"

A comedy in three acts by Jar Leason; first time played in Boston. The cast:

"Shorty" .....	George L. Tarr
Pa Swanzey .....	George R. Tarr
Charley Dill .....	Hugh F. Tarr
Her Davis .....	W. E. Wynn
Vance Atkins .....	Jack McGee
Bert Savage .....	P. R. Scam
Minerva Harper .....	Elen M.
Chuck Bradford .....	Dou Be
Emma Shannon .....	Ivy Mer
Mickey Shannon .....	Walter Gill
Ma Swanzey .....	Jessamine Newe
Theresa Sutton .....	Adrienne F.
Charles Bradford, Sr. ....	Mark F.
Newt Eddy .....	Bradley M.
Eddie Allen .....	Thomas McK
Alice Allen .....	Joan Bra
A Guest .....	Clayton Prie
Tom .....	Chester How
Bill .....	Louis Che
Jake .....	James H.
Pat .....	Edwin H.
Mr. Aibee .....	George R. Tarr

We were rather skeptical as to chances of our being amused last night comedy is so rarely humorous. At the curtain had been up five minutes, however, we knew it would not be an evening. The lobby of a drum hotel is an intriguing setting and so the types which gathered around alight stove—the shyler lawyer, hulking greenhorn, the insolent waiter and the bootlegger. The proprietors of the hotel are the possessors of a strong prejudice, they mistrust "p actors." Being faced with bankruptcy they are obliged to sell out to Mr. a Mrs. Shannon, late of Broadway, to buy it on an impulse and change spirit of the place.

This couple and their friends, "Melody Brothers," four saxophone boys, and a pathetic couple with vaudeville act which they can't sell, although it has five complete changes of costume, and an imitation of Ha Lauder, make the play. There is a little plot, the fact that the hotel is source of great profit to its new owners doesn't really matter. The dialogue being only occasionally clever, a great deal depended on the company. Gilbert as Mr. Shannon does a shoe dance and some taps, and Merton showed a real comic sense which we had not suspected. Mr. Knight, who is somewhat unconvincing in his roles of serious lover, is delightful in comedy. It is his forte, he makes just the right distinction between ludicrous and the touching. Miss N. combe as Ma Swanzey was also much better cast than usual. Ellen Ma completely missed her opportunity the waitress.

If any one in Boston has never been to a performance at the St. James Theatre, this would be an excellent play start on. It will soon become a habit.

## B. F. KEITH MEMORIAL THEATRE

Benny Davis, noted composer of popular melodies, aided by a capable orchestra, dancers and singers, brings to stage of the B. F. Keith Memorial Theatre a peppy and versatile group of entertainers. The younger members of revue are popular because of their spontaneity and originality when they are dancing. The atmosphere of the club pervades the act, with Davis as suave master of ceremonies.

Parodied versions of the acts of mous stars of the stage with excellent imitations of their inflections and mannerisms are given by Miss Juliet in turn called "A One Girl Revue." Miss Juliet lives up to the title and she gives many humorous interpretations of foibles of the stage's great and great. A travesty called "Too Much Money" is given by Homer B. Ma and Marguerite Keeler, who are troubled with a Midas touch and inability spend their enormous wealth (st wealth). They become so depressed their plight that they nearly commit suicide. Two former Boston newsmen Steve Freda and Johnny Palace, in their way through several songs varied by several funny Italian characterizations. Other turns include the Orl Honeyboys, a blackfaced troupe of harmonize, and the Bonta Troupe sextet of gymnasts.

Adolph Menjou is starred in the P.



and release, "Marquis Preferred," with  
Lane and Lucille Powers lending  
sex appeal and Chester Conklin the  
comedy relief. The trials of an im-  
perishable French nobleman and the  
farts of his creditors to marry him off  
a rich American heiress make the  
story. Menjou, whose sartorial em-  
bellishments are still the envy of nearly  
every male, is of course the French  
nobleman.  
C. L.

#### EUGENE GOOSSENS

Eugene Goossens, the distinguished  
English composer, gave a concert last  
night in Jordan hall, of his own music  
in many a form. He had a long array  
of artists to assist him. There was Miss  
Ehrhart, the soprano, with  
Nicholas Slonimsky in attendance to  
play the accompaniments to her songs.  
Goossens co-operated with his  
piano. The Burgin string quartet lent  
him assistance, Jacobus Langendoen,  
on his cello, and, finally, the com-  
poser himself took a hand in his sex-  
tets, after he had already performed a  
couple of piano solos and the piano part  
of the oboe concerto.  
This was the program in full:  
Quintet for strings and piano, in one  
movement, Op. 23; Songs, Op. 19, (a)  
The Appeal, (b) Melancholy, (c) Phil-  
el; Concerto for oboe and piano in  
one movement, Op. 43; Fantasy quartet  
in one movement, Op. 12; Piano soli,  
wakening, Folk-Song (from two stud-  
s), The Tug, The Hurdy-Gurdy Man,  
March of the Wooden Soldiers, The  
Arlonette-Show; Songs (a) Epigram,  
(b) Tea-Time, (c) The Curse; Sextet  
for 3 violins, 1 viola, 2 cellos, Op. 35.  
The performance, where Mr. Goos-  
sens had a share in it, proved so ex-  
ceedingly engrossing that the music  
reformed came out the small end of  
a horn. For Mr. Goossens himself,  
he many a composer of the day before  
him, made it clear last night to the dull-  
est of listeners that he founds his music  
on the solid rocks of melody and  
rhythm.

He ornaments, to be sure, his music  
with odd progressions and harmonies,  
as when he might paint a house  
fantastically if he took the notion to  
throw out a balcony here and there  
and fancy seized him, or shoot up  
turret or belfry, if only to demon-  
strate his freedom from tradition.  
The resulting oddity, discordance  
does not signify: the foundation  
there—melody and rhythm—rock-  
solid.

It was the melody and rhythm, not  
the added oddities, Mr. Goossens  
relied on. So did Mr. Leon Goossens  
of the Burgin quartet. The quintet,  
consequently, made itself known as a  
distinctly reasonable composition, of  
reliable melodic line, rhythmically  
free, in the color that harmony  
runs flamboyantly high.

Of a finer imagination, at a first  
sighting, seems the oboe concerto. In it  
Goossens, with his brother's art in  
mind, wrote robust melodies for the  
oob than those usually allotted that  
little pastoral pipe, melodies fitting  
pipies, or the oboes in vogue in Han-  
del's time. In lovely contrast to this  
he stood the quiet slow episode  
toward the middle of the movement.  
The two Mr. Goossens played admir-  
ably, so did the Burgin quartet, with  
common sense that turned possible  
scarcity clear, with splendid energy,  
especially Miss Ehrhart enunciated her  
parts with notable distinctness; Mr.  
Goossens's firm melodic foundation too  
she overlooked.

Lack of space forbids further com-  
ment on Mr. Goossens's other composi-  
tions. A large and most respectable  
audience applauded very heartily.  
R. R. G.

#### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE "Hot Speed"

screen comedy, adapted by Falth  
mas from a story by Gladys Leh-  
man; photographed by Arthur Todd,  
and produced by Joseph Henaberry, and pre-  
sented by Universal with the following

Dist.-Attr. Darrow.....Resinald Denny  
Long.....Alice Day  
Long.....Charles Byer  
Long.....Thomas Ricketts  
O'Brien.....DeWitt Jennings  
O'Brien.....Fritzi Ridgeway

"Hot Speed" starts auspiciously  
comedy, runs for half its length  
to form, and then lapses into very  
a farce. Developed from a theme  
in every person who at one time or  
another has received a ticket for speed-  
cannot fail to find of lively interest,  
it earns many legitimate laughs  
time, with its depiction of petty  
annoyances, its tersely humorous  
bits, its easy-going spoken dialogue,  
Col. Long, newspaper owner, after  
arguing his daughter, Buddy, about  
who persists in speeding on the  
ways, opens a campaign against  
speeding, and enlists the aid of  
Darrow, an assistant district  
attorney, and of Judge O'Brien, sitting  
in traffic court. All the time, Buddy  
and Jones, has a speed ticket con-  
ting which she observes a proper  
pace. On the way to court she  
bumps into Darrow's car  
and even sticks out  
at him, so annoying him

when they face each other in Judge  
O'Brien's court he is fighting mad. Not  
knowing who she is, he is for severe  
penalization. The judge paroles her, as  
Mary Jones, an orphan, in his care for  
90 days. Then the complications set in,  
with the old colonel aiding unwittingly,  
and with a jealous lover not adverse to  
spilling the beans.

Up to the time that Buddy is nearly  
caught by her father in Darrow's rooms,  
whether she has gone to make her  
nightly report as to good behaviour, ex-  
cellent comedy has been served, with  
Mr. Denny as a mercurial young attorney,  
utterly lacking in dignity, but  
quick to find paths out of a dilemma;  
and with Miss Day, a very charming  
and very tantalizing law-breaker try-  
ing to hold to her father's eulogies of  
her as a simple, sweet, old-fashioned  
girl while she bedevils Darrow with her  
fascinating tricks, even cozening him  
into spanking her. It is when the gig-  
gling, mis-shapen slavey, as caricatured  
by Miss Ridgeway, is introduced, that

farce creeps in. Thereafter, with the  
scene laid in the court house, there is  
ceaseless dodging in and out doors,  
pursuits through corridors, imbecile ex-  
planations, even a fight between Messrs.  
Denny and Byer. Suddenly the picture  
stops through sheer exhaustion. The  
colonel catches Darrow and Buddy hid-  
ing in front of the marriage license  
bureau's door. Now he knows what it  
is all about. He smiles fatuously, Dar-  
row guffaws, and Buddy smirks, as the  
young couple open the door and apply  
for their license.

This is Mr. Denny's first venture into  
the treacherous bogs of talking pictures,  
and he emerges creditably. His ten-  
dency, however, to over emphasize and  
to exaggeration is at times irritating.  
Miss Day was a delight to the eye and  
the ear until they turned her into a  
marathoner. Mr. Ricketts, old-time  
player, demonstrated that it can be  
done. He uttered the word "speed" a  
score of times, and not once did the  
fatal letter "s" trip him. So far that  
same letter has ruined more than one  
talking picture.

#### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE "Lady of the Pavements"

A screen drama, adapted by Sam  
Taylor from a story by Karl Volmoller,  
entitled "La Palva"; photographed by  
Karl Struss; directed by D. W. Griffith  
and presented by Joseph M. Schenck as  
a United Artists picture; with the follow-  
ing cast:

Nonon de Ravon.....Lupe Velez  
Karl von Arnim.....William Boyd  
Countess Diane des Granges.....Jetta Goudal  
Baron Pinot.....Albert Conti  
Baron Haussmann.....George Fawcett  
Papa Pierre.....Henry Armetta  
A pianist.....William Bakewell  
Monsieur Dubre.....Franklin Pangborn

With all the interest aroused by talk-  
ing and sound pictures, it is not sur-  
prising that D. W. Griffith, so long in  
the front ranks of our moving picture  
directors, should wish to try his hand  
at this new medium. His most recent  
effort, "Lady of the Pavements," has a  
small amount of conversation, consid-  
erable singing by Lupe Velez, and a syn-  
chronized musical score, including, of  
course, the inevitable theme song. The  
sound effects are of varying merit, much  
of the singing is good, but the conversa-  
tion is not well reproduced. The plot  
is of not very great importance, but  
the atmosphere, that of the Second Em-  
pire in Paris, is very well suggested.  
There are lovely costumes and beautiful  
ladies in profusion, some resplendent  
uniforms and military looking gentle-  
men, a small amount of comedy, and  
two excellent performances by Lupe  
Velez, who is starred, and the fascinat-  
ing and exotic Jetta Goudal.

Countess Diane des Granges, a lady  
of considerable influence and even more  
considerable beauty, takes a fancy to  
Karl von Arnim, a young nobleman  
come to the French court on a diplo-  
matic mission. Her advances are not  
well received; in fact, Karl tells her  
that he would rather marry a woman  
of the streets. The Countess, mortally  
insulted, decides on a thorough revenge,  
and dispatches one of her more pliable  
lovers to the slums of the city to find  
her a clever and attractive girl whom  
she can train to be a lady. This girl,  
Nonon, a dancer in a very undesirable  
cabaret, takes to the refinements of  
society with mixed results, but as soon  
as she sees Karl she falls in with the  
plans of the Countess only too well.  
She finds herself deeply in love with  
Karl; and he, thinking her a Spanish  
girl of good family, wishes to marry her.  
The Countess, only too delighted with  
the success of her scheme, allows the  
ceremony to take place. At the wedding  
breakfast, however, she drops her bomb-  
shell by informing Karl that he has  
taken a woman of the streets for his  
wife. What happens after that must not  
be revealed, but true love, needless to  
say, is rewarded, and malice has its  
proper punishment.

This rather improbable tale is acted  
far better than it deserves; Lupe Velez  
makes the little gamine, Nonon, an  
appealing and lovable heroine, she sings  
very agreeably, too; Jetta Goudal is  
far too lovely to make her rejection  
by any man at all plausible; Albert

Conti and George Fawcett are both ex-  
cellent as worldly noblemen, but Wil-  
liam Boyd as Karl is heavy and un-  
interesting.  
E. L. H.

#### GEORGE COPELAND

George Copeland, pianist, played this  
program last night at Jordan Hall:  
Capriccio, Scarlatti; Bourree, Bach;  
Air—Menuet, Mattheson; Adagio, Gra-  
zioli; Gavotte, Prokofieff; Scherzo,  
Mendelssohn; La Terrasse des Audi-  
ences au Clair de Lune, La Puerta del  
Vino, Reflets dans L'Eau, "Les Fees  
sont d'Exquises danseuses," Prelude a  
l'Apres-Midi d'un Faune, Minstrels,  
Debussy; Silhouettes Iberiennes (Mss.),  
Slonimsky; El Polo, Tango Espagnole,  
Albeniz; Recuerdos, Grovlez.

Most enthusiastic and cordial ap-  
plause greeted Mr. Copeland on the  
occasion of his third recital here this  
season. The excited delight of the  
audience reached its height with Mr.  
Copeland's brilliant playing of three  
Silhouettes Iberiennes by Nicolas Slon-  
imsky. Mr. Slonimsky was accorded  
loud applause for his characterful and  
rhythmic pieces.

Mr. Copeland's abilities as a pianist  
scarcely need retelling; he has a trem-  
endous technique, command of crisp,  
suave, sonorous, and delicate tone, won-  
derful rhythmic verve, and a distinct  
interpretative gift.

In the first group, the Scarlatti was  
notable for life and clarity, the Grazi-  
oli for delicately sensitive phrasing.  
In his playing of Debussy Mr. Copeland  
surely has few equals. He is a master  
of the moody and fantastic, the vague  
and tenuous, the grotesque and dra-  
matic. It is true that Mr. Copeland  
often varies from the written notes in  
a way that seems to reveal a love for  
the deliberate fault, but he is so much  
in command of the spirit of everything  
to which he sets his hand, that faults  
are forgivable.

After Mr. Slonimsky's delightful  
Spanish "Silhouettes," three other  
pieces in the Spanish idiom, and many  
others brought the concert to a close.  
Despite the bad weather, a remarkably  
large audience was present and it was  
very loath to go home.  
E. B.

#### BOSTON SYMPHONY

The Boston Symphony orchestra, con-  
ducted by Mr. Koussevitzky, gave its  
second Tuesday afternoon concert of  
the season yesterday at Symphony hall.  
The program consisted of Concerto  
Grosso in B minor for string orchestra,  
Handel; Symphony in G major, Haydn;  
and Symphony No. 2 in D major,  
Brahms.

Mr. Koussevitzky chose an interest-  
ing program for this second concert,  
and as usual the orchestra played with  
unfailing proficiency. The legato music  
of the Handel Concerto Grosso as-  
sumed a new dignity under Mr. Kous-  
sevitzky's hand, the phrases were  
smooth, finely finished, played with  
delicacy yet suggestive of latent power.  
This was also true of the Haydn sym-  
phony, though the tonality of the  
third movement was inclined to be  
harsh at times. The pensive thought  
and joyous ecstasy of Brahms's music  
was beautifully interpreted, attention  
was given to every detail of expression  
and the last movement of the symphony  
was played with stirring intensity  
which mounted to a powerful climax.  
O. A.

#### JASCHA HEIFETZ

By PHILIP HALE

The fifth of the Boston morning  
musicales in aid of the Boston School  
of Occupational Therapy took place  
yesterday morning at the Hotel Statler.  
Jascha Heifetz, violinist, assisted by  
Isidor Achron, accompanist, gave the  
concert. His program was as follows:  
Handel, Sonata, A major; Bach, Sicili-  
enne. Bach-Kreisler, Prelude, Men-  
delssohn, Concerto, Godowsky, Avowal  
(Poem No. 2). Lili Boulanger, Cortege.  
Grasse, Waves at Play. Ponce-Heifetz,  
"Estrellita," Sarasate, Habanera.

The eccentric Heinrich Pudor, in one  
of his pamphlets, insisted that all con-  
certs should be given in the morning  
when the mind of an audience would  
be fresh, sensitive, receptive, and their  
perceptions would be not clogged with  
food. (Of course he had in mind the  
European breakfast; not the old-fash-  
ioned American, beginning with fruit,  
some cereal, whiskered or flaky—and  
ending with griddle cakes thickly but-  
tered and soaked in syrup.)

But would an audience be in a peace-  
ful state of mind before high noon?  
Many in this age of fret and rush are  
not reasonable beings until late in the

afternoon. How about the pianists, in-  
dlers and especially singers? They shine  
best at night. Perhaps if one of these  
artists rises at an early hour, takes a  
cold bath—shower or tub—practices con-  
scientiously his daily dozen, he may be  
able to do himself justice. This is more  
than possible when he has the placid  
nature of Mr. Heifetz.

Morning musicales have long been  
fashionable in New York. We hear that  
they meet with success in Washington,  
D. C. Musicales in the morning may be  
of pecuniary advantage to charitable in-  
stitutions, or to the promoters of them;  
incidentally to a hotel that has a suit-  
able auditorium; for then the hearers  
may be tempted to lunch there and have  
the opportunity of exchanging com-  
ments on the costumes worn by those  
who are classed by haberdashers as "our  
best people"; and of discussing more or  
less knowingly the music played or sung  
and the manner of the performance.

Yesterday a large audience greatly  
enjoyed Mr. Heifetz and vigorously ap-  
plauded him. It has been said that  
he is chiefly conspicuous for polished  
mechanism, for a technic that is usually  
flawless; that that he is a cold violin-  
ist; as Wilhelm I once said of Joachim:  
"An excellent player for summer." This  
reproach could not justly have been  
made yesterday. In slow movements,  
as in the noble sonata by the great  
melodist Handel, Mr. Heifetz played not  
only in the grand manner; his tone  
was rich and warm; his interpretation  
was expressive. In lively music he was  
not perfunctorily gay; he was spirited  
without allowing his hearers to know  
that there were difficulties which could  
not be easily surmounted by lesser com-  
mates in the art. Perhaps the charge  
of irritating reserve; of indifference  
toward musical emotion, has been  
brought against him, because he does  
not seem outwardly affected by a page  
of beauty or sentiment. There are  
hearers who like to hear a violinist  
gush and sob; to see him "work"; so  
that they may say: "How he feels his  
music!" and "That must be difficult!"  
The serenity of Mr. Heifetz deceives  
them. It may even annoy them.

#### MARGUERITE PORTER

Marguerite Porter, soprano, sang this  
program last night in Jordan hall: My  
Dearest Jesu, I Have Lost Thee, Bach;  
Cara Sposa, As When the Dove, Handel;  
Porgi Amor, Warnung, Mozart; Am  
Meer, Die Forelle, Schubert; Komm, O  
Tod, Schmerzliche Wonnen, Auf ein  
Altes Bild, Wolf; L'Invitation au Voyage,  
Chanson Triste, Duparc; Le Nelumbo,  
Moret; Le Chapelier, Satie; Le Chasseur  
Perdu en Foret, Cloche du Soir, Chanson  
de Pol, Honegger; Now Shines the Dew,  
Rubinstein; Cradle Song, Juon; Love,  
Bleichmann.

Debussy's songs, in early days, suf-  
fered cruelly from the neglect of skilled  
vocalists who, content with what they  
knew already, left them to the tender  
mercies of voiceless singers who, in their  
turn made what they were pleased to  
call "diction" do in place of voice and  
musical art. The snarls and barks we  
used to listen to, the spineless phrases,  
till singers of imagination who could  
sing felt the urge, God bless them, to  
show what they could do!

So it was with Wagner; he had,  
willy-nilly, to put up with shouts when  
he longed for song. In similar case, it  
well may be, stand modern writers of  
songs. If they get their words enun-  
ciated clearly and intelligently, they may  
as well hold their peace in respect to  
their melody, such as it is, their  
rhythm; at present they must not de-  
mand too much.

To hear Miss Porter, therefore, sing  
those Honegger songs—their first per-  
formance, by the way, in this country—  
with as lovely tone as she had on hand  
for Mozart, with as careful attention  
to the shape of phrases—there was a  
pleasant surprise indeed. Though the  
song; appear to be inspired by no pec-  
uliarly poetic fancy, by no rare musi-  
cal, invention, they sounded, as they  
were sung and played last night, very  
agreeable and reasonable.

Is Miss Porter becoming a modernist?  
In Satie's song as well as Honegger's she  
showed herself comfortably at home;  
the humor of its melodic turn she  
brought home to her audience, its words  
she recited with point. The wicked wit  
of Mozarts "Warning" she also pointed  
neatly.

In this Mozart song Miss Porter did  
her best singing, from the musical point  
of view and the technical as well, ex-  
tremely good singing indeed. In all her  
program she produced tone that was  
beautiful throughout her singularly even  
scale, tone delivered with enviable free-  
dom. She sang smoothly; she has  
made gains in the matter of sensitive-  
ness to melody.

Until, however, she has developed a  
stronger feeling for the need of dra-  
matic imagination, a power, too, of vary-  
ing her exquisite voice with a wider  
play of tonal color, Miss Porter seems



unwise to essay too much music that exacts dramatic and musical imagination to a marked degree. In music not so taxing she would make her genuine ability serve her to better advantage than she sometimes did last night.

Carl Lamson aided her with very beautiful piano playing. Miss Porter was cordially applauded.

### SYMPHONY PROGRAM

The program of the Boston Symphony orchestra's concerts this afternoon and Saturday evening is as follows: Frederick the Great, Symphony in D major, No. 3. Janin, Symphonie Spirituelle, "Alleluia." Sibelius, violin concerto (Mr. Burgin). Moussorgsky Ravel, Pictures at an Exhibition.

Janin's Symphony in one movement will be performed for the first time anywhere. The composer is a Frenchman who studied at the Paris Conservatory (1909-1914). He has written an opera "Le Jardin des palmiers," a symphonic poem "L'Oiseau des plus profonds lointains," a quintet for clarinet and strings, a symphonic poem "The Sleeping Beauty," a mimodrama "Aor-Mala," piano pieces and songs. He is greatly interested in the future of the cinema with music. The Symphonie Spirituelle, with organ, has for its theme "Alleluia on Earth and in the Heavens"; the rejoicing of the religious on earth; the mourning of angels over the wickedness of mankind.

That Frederick the Great played the flute and was interested in opera and the ballet is known to all; but he also composed overtures, arias, and four symphonies, three of them for strings only. The one to be played today has, besides strings, flutes, oboes, horns and a bassoon. It was composed probably about 1743. Quantz, the celebrated flutist and teacher of Frederick, says that when the king showed this symphony to him, there were only a few errors in the writing down the notes. Frederick's compositions were not published during his lifetime, with the exception of a few which were published without his knowledge. The symphony on today's program was published at the wish of Frederick's sister, Wilhelmine, the margravine of Bayreuth, as a surprise for her brother. The symphony was performed in Berlin in May of last year.

Sibelius's concerto has not been performed at these concerts since the late Maud Powell played it twice. She was the first to bring it out in this country. Mr. Burgin played it in several cities of Europe before he came to the United States.

Ravel's ingenious orchestration of "Pictures at an Exhibition" was made expressly for Mr. Koussevitzky. It has been heard twice at these concerts.

The orchestra will be out of town next week. The program for March 15, 16 will be as follows: C. P. E. Bach-Steinberg, Concerto, D major for orchestra. Dukelsky, Symphony, F major (first time here). Brahms, Violin Concerto (Mr. Heifetz). Berlioz, Overture, "The Roman Carnival." P. H.

### THE COMPINSKY TRIO

The Compinsky Trio of New York—Sara, piano; Alice, cello; Manuel, violin—came from their home town yesterday to give a concert last night in Jordan Hall. Considering the storm they encountered here they may have wished they had stayed at home, but, storm or no storm, they drew a good audience to hear them, and they sent their hearers home well pleased.

They played first a "Sonata a Trois,"

B minor, by the Frenchman Loeillet, a sonata of charming melody in its slow movements, with something more than scurry and bustle in those that trip and run.

A more suitable introduction from its placidity, to Brahms's robust trio in C major, op. 87, the most ingenious program-maker in the country could not have found. Nor could the Compinsky trio have laid hands easily on music more shrewdly calculated to display their very considerable powers. Each a master of his instrument, the cellist and the violinist are also musicians of outstanding knowledge and taste. The grace and suavity of Loeillet's pretty tunes they knew, by means of accents placed just right and crescendos perfectly gauged, precisely how to reproduce Brahms's melody. In this C major trio forthright and not too distinguished they made sound actually beautiful, so flexibly they drew it forth from the surge of rhythm and sound nine players out of ten would have found alone in the trio's first stormy movement.

Here was admirable playing, full of light feeling, in musicianship sound, The

ensemble was very good, though Miss Compinsky at the piano, if she would equal her colleagues, needs to acquire brilliancy of technique and to develop further her rhythmic sense.

After Brahms the company turned to Russia, giving Cherepnin's trio, op. 34, its first hearing in Boston. This proved very good music, such, surely, as many a Russian might have written, with an allegretto particularly engaging.

In the large of Beethoven's trio in D, op. 70, noble music in Beethoven's noblest vein, the Compinsky three attained an eloquence of poetic utterance not in the reach of every group of players. To hear beautiful music neither underplayed nor over—that enjoyment is not granted every day. Too many performers, even those who "feel" intensely, know their musical principles too inadequately to do their feeling justice. Or else they lack technique. Fine feeling and deep, musicianship and technique—the Compinsky Trio come well equipped.

R. R. G.

### "DREAM PICTURES"

"Dream Pictures of European Wonders" is the very odd title for the travel lecture coming to Symphony hall tomorrow afternoon. Branson DeCou will bring his entirely novel method of presenting travel pictures with comment and musical settings from the classics. "Dream Pictures" seek only the beautiful and picturesque in the countries presented. No controversial material is introduced. The dream pictures of Europe include London, Holland, Paris.

### SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its 18th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Frederick the Great, symphony in D major, No. 3 (first time in this country). Janin, Symphonie Spirituelle, "Alleluia," for orchestra and organ (first performance). Sibelius, violin concerto (Richard Burgin, violinist). Moussorgsky-Ravel, Pictures at an Exhibition.

We all knew that Frederick the Great was passionately addicted to the flute. Louisia Muehlbach in novels of Prussian court and city life that once were popular would write, "The King was playing on his flute" and would supply a footnote: "This is a historical fact." Few of us knew that he composed overtures, operatic arias and four symphonies, of which only the one performed yesterday has a few wind instruments in addition to the strings. Was the royal composer assisted by Quantz, his teacher for the flute? Quantz says "no" and declares that Frederick needed no help in writing the symphonies; and Quantz, although he had a handsome salary and received 100 ducats for a flute concerto—he composed 300 of them—was an honest fellow and surely would not lie about a small matter.

It was natural that Frederick for the slow movement of this symphony should think of his loved instrument. The andante is practically a pretty duet for flute, which were admirably played by Messrs. Laurent and Bladet. Hearing them, no one would have dared to describe the flute as a waterlogged instrument. There was more than vain tinkle-tinkling. There was pure, full tone, musical phrasing; pleasing, not envious rivalry. The other lively movements, lively after the manner of the 18th century, were creditable to Frederick's invention and skill. The symphony was refreshingly simple and agreeable. It would have been better for the world if Frederick had spent his days at Sans Souci, practicing the flute, composing, tinkering librettos and giving an enlightened patronage to ladies of the ballet. As a soldier he slaughtered thousands. Biographers do not record that any one suffered severely from hearing him play the flute.

Jacques Janin, writing his Symphonie Spirituelle, had the ambition to sound a great "Alleluia" on earth and in the sky. At first those brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord are represented as tumultuously joyful. Unfortunately in their shouting songs of praise they are aggressively discordant. And so in country churches when the congregation was requested to rise and sing the 457th hymn, cracked voices, nasal voices, terrifying voices, voices which by their untunefulness could not have delighted the saints in heaven, rent the affrighted air. Dissonances are like words of which Hobbes said they are "wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools." Not that M. Janin is musically a fool; he has studied; he is not wholly without facility, but he uses it aimlessly. He abuses dissonances: they serve for him no aesthetic, impressive, sensuous purpose. There is a "ritualistic lament, the grief of angels at man's impiety." So runs the composer's argument. No wonder the angels were grieved at what they heard. Musical impiety is neither for gods nor men. Nor is the angelic lament what one might reasonably expect from the celestial choir. Nor can

one in this instance employ the cautious phrase when a composition has little or no emotional value. "Yes, but it's well made."

When the Amazonian violinist, Maud Powell first brought into notice the concerto by Sibelius, the music was recognized as difficult for any player; it was also thought by many an ungrateful composition without force or beauty, but that was 22 years ago. The musical idiom of Sibelius is no longer strange and foreign, the great talent—at times genius of the composer is now fully recognized—his strength, his individuality; even the sombreness of certain pages is to many more than the cackling light-heartedness of men that set traps for immediate favor.

Whether this concerto is to be reckoned among his chief works is open to discussion. The brilliant performance by Mr. Burgin certainly brought out all that is in the concerto; a performance characterized by warmth—when the music allowed it—by deep emotion, as well as by technical proficiency; by the wild rhapsodic spirit with which certain pages are charged. All will admit the beauty of the middle movement, a beauty that is more than sensuous, a beauty of pure emotion without a trace of earthliness. There is beauty in the measures for the horns, as a background for the solo violin; as in the first move-

### METROPOLITAN THEATRE

#### "Captain Lash"

A screen drama, by Daniel Tomlinson and Laura Hassel, photographed by Conrad Wells, directed by John G. Blustone, and presented by William Fox, with the following cast:

Captain Lash..... Victor McLaglen  
Cora Nevins..... Claire Windsor  
Cocky..... Clyde Cook  
Babe..... Jane Winton  
Alex Conday..... Albert Conti  
Gentleman Eddie..... Arthur Stone  
Bill Hawks..... Frank Hagner  
Queenie..... Jean Laverty

Some fine day a scenario writer more gifted than his mates will write a motion picture and call it "Stokers Three." In it he will place George Bancroft, Victor McLaglen and Clyde Cook. Bancroft and McLaglen will be the two huskies who can lick the world. The women of many ports will surrender to them at first glance. Cook, weaving on his wheezy concertina, will warn his gladiators of impending danger, cheer them when they are downhearted. It will be a great picture, and it will need neither sound nor dialogue to make it great.

Somehow waterfront films hold a particular fascination. Sydney, Singapore, Liverpool, New York, each is rich in picturesque settings, each lures the imagination with its possibilities of adventure, romance or just glorious roughhousing. This was true of "The Docks of New York," it is true now of "Captain Lash." In each the hero is a stoker. Bancroft in the one, McLaglen in the other. Each loves a fight, each must have women and liquor when on shore leave. The stories behind these two pictures are dissimilar. Each is meaty and each treated in logical fashion, with accompanying photography effectively applied to stokeholes, sociable drinking places, busy docks and what not.

Captain Lash, according to "Cocky," his fidus Achates, has bilgewater in his veins and coal smut on his face. He's a stoker, and never can be anything else. Yet Lash, emerging from an exhilarating barroom fight, spies a trim pair of ankles on a blonde passenger who is about to steal some precious gems from a fellow-passenger. Cora Nevins is the woman, Mr. Conday is the victim. Lash, in the ensuing incidents, forgets all about brunette Babe, waiting for him at Singapore. He suffers a blistered back when removing Cora from the path of a burst steam valve, lies in the ship's hospital and moons about his wonderful "lody," while she, submitting to Conday's ardent embraces, substitutes paste jewels for his genuine gems, literally behind his back. She plays on Lash's infatuation and pledges him to conceal the jewels and to deliver them to her Singapore apartment, where her associate thieves are waiting. In the end "Cocky" upsets her plans, there is another splendid fight scene, and Lash, disillusioned, seeks solace in the more reliable Babe's embraces.

Mr. McLaglen, with his lop-sided grin and two ready fists, is adequately equipped for the role of the hardy stoker who drives his men to the limit, but is soft for the ladies. Mr. Cook is a constantly comic figure, dancing grotesquely in sailors' resorts, frantically playing "The Campbells Are Coming" to warn Lash of rough seas ahead, or hokling audacious little noises on his concertina at those whom he disapproves. Miss Windsor and Miss Winton are satisfactory in roles which admit of little originality in characterization.

W. E. G.

### BRANSON DeCOU

"New and supremely interesting travel lectures," Mr. DeCou characterizes his series of beautifully colored still pictures of selected scenes in Europe. He is, if anything, too modest. It is really re-

freshing entertainment he offers; his photographs are exceptionally well-chosen, they are colored with taste, and a commendable though not undeviating love of accuracy, his musical selections are of the best, and very skillfully timed with the slides, and best of all, he has a good clear voice that one can listen to without the slightest effort, and he has interesting things to say.

In this first lecture, Mr. DeCou elected to take his audience over the beaten track of the summer tourist from the United States, giving many glimpses of London, the Shakespeare country, Holland, the Rhine, with its crumbling medieval castles, quaint Nuremberg, Rothenburg, Paris, the French Riviera, and the French Alps, Mont Blanc, Milan, Lake Maggiore and Como. Those who know these spots were entranced by scenes they recognized; those who had never seen them vowed to save harder than ever so as to be able to buy at least steerage passage to Europe soon.

It is restful to the eye to see merely a succession of stills, though there are many who would not dispense with the realistic touch moving pictures lend. Mr. DeCou's pictures, all excellent photographically, and artistic both from the point of view of color and composition, were very well-selected in the matter of subjects, too; he gave enough of the most outstanding features of the sections and towns on the travel tour to make each place take on its true significance, but he refrained wisely from taking too many interiors of churches, statues, and reproductions of famous canvases. His street scenes especially gave a lasting impression of the characteristic charm of each of the cities visited.

The music was in every case an enhancement of the mood of the pictures. It is no mean feat to select and time phonograph and player-piano music so well. Especially memorable was the way in which the church music from "Die Meistersinger" gave life to the pictures of Nurnberg, dying away into soft closing chords as night descended (in pictures) on the old medieval town.

Mr. DeCou's remarks, enthusiastically appreciative of the beauties he was showing, were spiced with ingratiating humor and with intelligent comment on the historic significance of the scenes.

The title of the series, "Dream Pictures," seems to be an unfortunate one, for it has implications of much gush and poetizing, or even of "faked" photographs. That is too bad, for the series is very worth while... excellent entertainment for those who like travel lectures. E. B.

### MYRA HESS

Myra Hess, pianist, played this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall: Three Preludes and Fugues (Book I, Nos. 21, 22 and No. 3), Bach; Prelude, Chorale and Fugue, Franck; Ondine, Ravel; Soiree dans Grenade, Minstrels, Debussy; Danse rituelle de feu, De Falla; Nocturne, Tarantelle, Ballade, Chopin.

The occasion ran true to form. An overflowing audience of fine people sat, in light, very dim, in rapt attention. They applauded Miss Hess with a spontaneous fervor scarcely any other pianist at present calls forth. And Miss Hess was her usual self, with all the attributes on hand that make for popularity.

Her program was "popular," self-selected, in fact, by her listeners. Those same listeners, by the way, displayed both taste and judgment; they craved good music, and they showed, for the most part, a sagacious recognition of the type of good music in which Miss Hess most excels.

Not too many full length works, apparently, did they desire, works exacting breadth of conception, largeness of execution and clarity of design.

"Cabinet pieces," rather, they asked for, and even so not the miniatures of which Miss Hess is fond—Schubert sonatas, say, or Mozart's, or the Bach of the smaller forms.

Thus discriminating in their choice, the audience yesterday heard two Bach preludes, those in B-flat minor and C-sharp major, delightfully played in the "half-voice" Miss Hess produces so adroitly, also the B-flat minor fugue, delivered, with the sweetest delicacy, in Miss Hess's lovely pianissimo. Because of this same pianissimo, which appears to high advantage in Franck's great piece, the selection jury, maybe, were willing to overlook the heavy-handed treatment which makes Miss Hess's performance of the work unsatisfactory on the whole to some who love it well.

The jury knew in advance the cool, rippling tone they would enjoy in Ravel's "Ondine," also in Debussy's Spanish piece; no fear, in these, of any brittle hardness. They counted, too, no doubt, and rightly, on the sturdy rhythm, visible as well as audible, Miss Hess has ready for music like "Minstrels" and the fire dance. Miss Hess's admirers, to be counted by the hundreds, showed keen judgment. R. R. G.



By PHILIP HALE

Theophile Gautier said in the preface to "Mademoiselle de Maupin," book that, it is said, kept him out of the French Academy—the book that Swinburne characterized as "the golden book of spirit and sense"—that it would be as indecent for a man to appear in a Parisian salon without a book he had written as it would be for him to enter without his trousers.

It seems that today young men and women, possessed with the mania for writing, are not content unless there is a play to their credit. There are books of instruction. Not long ago we spoke of Mr. St. John Ervine's "How to Write a Play." He began: "Neither I nor anyone else can tell the reader how to write a play in terms so exact that after a course of, say, 12 lessons or 12 guineas, he or she may sit down with some confidence to produce masterpieces." He ended: "No one can tell a man how to become a dramatist." Yet in this book of 126 pages Mr. Ervine gives many valuable suggestions, especially concerning what not to do. He spoke in commendation of the books by Archer and Baker. There are more recent books, as the one just mentioned, and "The Art of Playwriting," a discussion by Rachel Crothers, Messrs. Williams, Mitchell, Emery and Lord Dunsany.

"Playwriting for Profit" by Arthur Edwin Krows, published by Longmans Green & Co., of New York, is a stout large octavo volume of 549 pages, with illustrations, sketches, revised pages, etc., a bibliography, and an unusually full index. The frontispiece picturing David Belasco seated near a huge waste basket should not deter a young dramatist: Mr. Belasco uses it, not for plays sent to him neatly tied with a blue ribbon, but for notes to aid him in the construction of a drama.

Mr. Krows's book might bear for a sub-title "The Young Dramatist's Vade Mecum": or "Inquire Within for All You Want to Know." He discusses Ways and Means, What an Audience Demands, The Play Idea, Plot, Sequence, How to Sustain Interest, Detail in Action, Characterization, Dialogue, Production, Sale, The World of Ideas, The Relative Unimportance of Technique, The Outside Source of Ideas and the Development of one's Fancy, How to Please the Public, Hours of Labor. Among the many books included in his bibliography, he mentions as the fewest he would wish for reference, Brander Matthews's "Development of the Drama" and "Study of the Drama"; Barret H. Clark's "European Theories of the Drama" and "Study of the Modern Drama." Four in number; we should add Mr. Krows's "Playwriting for Profit"; it is a veritable storehouse of information; it gives examples of what to avoid and what to study taken from dramas and comedies old and new; sage criticism, with a wealth of footnotes that are not merely entertaining, they are instructive, as when in the section "Irregularities" he puts at the bottom of a page: "A dramatist friend invited me to attend performance of one of his stage plays that was being tried out by a stock company some time ago to see if I might discover faults. To my mind these were primarily that the sympathetic side was lousie; a hen-pecked husband and his abused daughter vs. a cruel step-mother," or the long and amusing foot-note about "the cold scheming and man's inhumanity to man, demonstrated by some popular 'matinee idols' in refusing to permit a single handclap to applaud any merit but their own." Apropos of "continuity of thought" in a play, George Ober's song, a burlesque example of disunity, is quoted:

"She was the only girl I loved—  
Had a face like a horse and buggy.  
I met her while leaning on the lake  
O, fireman, save my child."

Mr. Krows says that his book should not be regarded as anecdotal, yet to give point to statements and discussions he introduces anecdotes. Remark- ing that the dramatist can never know too much in his profession—"its canvas is the whole world; if he has no background of associated ideas for a given fast that he wants to use, he should look it up"—he states that when Mr. Belasco was producing "Deburau" one of his agents was found in the New York Public Library, "ransacking the files to find authoritatively whether or not in the period of the play, they wrapped bouquets in tinfoil." In the section on dialect, Mr. Krows speaks of Laddie Cliff, portraying a Yankee on a London stage; Cliff who really knew better: "He energetically chewed gum, hunched his loose-jointed way around the stage, spat, and loudly boasted with a hollow twang, that he was a 'hundred per cent. American.'" Montague Glass eschewed the broad methods of Jewish comedians in putting Potash and Perlmutter on the stage. "The speeches are not mispronounced words—with exceptions of names here and there—but expressions of character plus misplaced words." An example is "No, a thousand dollars I ain't got it, Mawruss."

Titles. Some dramatists have systems, as Bernstein, who had a regard for titles with six letters. Gilbert had a liking for a title with the letter "P." "Peer and the Peri" was the original title of "Iolanthe." Bayard Veiller a week before the opening of "The Thirteenth Chair" chose that title because here were 13 on the rejected list. He had 13 at the table instead of the original 12, so as to justify the title. How is an audience drawn to the theatre by a title? Playgoers jump to conclusions that promise most. They think that "All the Comforts of Home" will picture all the miseries of home. The further titles get away from the precipitating act, the less specific they can afford to be. As Mr. Brady wisely said: "I put titles on plays to sell them." Augustin Daly's "Pique" suffered because some called it, "Pike," "Pick-wee" or "Pee-kay."

To write adequately about the pages devoted by Mr. Krows to the serious work of choosing a subject, constructing the play, inventing and arranging the dialogue, providing for effects, introducing details to supplement or explain the action, would take much more space than can here be given. W. T. Price, regarded by Mr. Krows as "the greatest dramatic critic since Aristotle," pointed out that the playwright "who seeks a reputation or 'bright lines' may, with exception, be found to be a diligent reader of the comic papers, the witticisms of which he cribbs and paraphrases. His plays are dramatizations of his shirt cuffs." Mr. Krows adds: "Here we think of Florenz Ziegfeld, who is said to spend much of his time away from the theatre, accumulating jokes, gags and incidents for inclusion in his next 'Follies.'"

What about sensation sex plays that are decried? "They do not depend on sensation alone but are careful to arouse a comparative sympathy for their characters. I do not mean that a play should not deal with vice; but

I believe that the implied repudiation of vice at the close of a play is a very helpful step in sustaining the sympathetic interest of its audience. The fact that the plays that have lived down the ages are essentially uplifting plays is to me a conclusive and welcome proof of the great public's fundamental goodness of heart."

Let us end this short review of a valuable and engrossing book—we know of no volume about the construction and disposal of a play that is so readable—with this remark of Mr. Krows: "The great power of the theatre is that it produces that ideal condition wherein the spectator ceases to be a mere witness of events and becomes a direct participant in the action." It was Arthur Hopkins who said: "Complete illusion has to do entirely with the unconscious mind. Except in the case of certain intellectual plays, the theatre is wholly concerned with the unconscious mind of the audience. The conscious mind should play no part." Mr. Krows elaborates this dictum in his chapter entitled "The Force of Aroused Emotion," quoting Goethe as saying: "The contemplative listener is in reason bound to remain in a state of constant sensuous exertion; he must not pause to meditate, but must follow in a state of passionate eagerness; his fancy is entirely put to silence; no claims may be made upon it."

Maurice Martin du Gard of Nouvelles Litteraires in his long review of the French version of "The Trial of Mary Dugan" which met with great success in Paris, says: "To play, for the Americans, means to do. Their drama is a drama of action. Will it be so long? There is a lively movement of reaction over there against the realistic drama; imagination and psychology are asserting their rights. What is particularly American in this play at the Apollo is . . . the importance given to the crowd, the joined movements on the stage and in the hall; call it unanimism if you like: the influence of the cinema on this play is considerable."

It is now Goethe's turn to be the hero of an operetta. The composer of the music is Franz Lehar, of "Merry Widow" fame. There was opportunity for the librettist to introduce even more heroines than figure in Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffmann." Mr. J. G. Robertson in his life of Goethe, recently published, shows Goethe running away from his various sweethearts. As Mr. Edward Anthony's "How to Get Rid of a Woman" was not published until 1928, poor Goethe could not profit by it.

The Theatre Grotesque of Cambridge will give a performance of "Ali Baba, or the Forty Thieves" at the Commander Hotel, Cambridge, on Saturday, March 9, at 3 P. M. The Studio Players will again make their appearance under the direction of Dr. Kasimir A. Kovalsky, formerly of the Moscow Art Theatre and other European theatres. The cast will include Dora Kittredge, Silence Ingraham, Ruth Flynn; Messrs. Archer, Meyer, Bailey, Helms, Allen, Young, Norden, Huckstable, Erlanbach, with an ensemble of male voices from the chorus of the Tonart Singers of Boston under the leadership of Mrs. Clara Page. The scenery is designed and painted by Kasimir Kovalsky and Wanda Petrunkevitch, whose pictures for "The Flying Horse" were selected by the American Institute of Graphic Arts as being among the best illustrations for the year 1928. The costumes are designed by Mrs. Kovalsky on the basis of an old Spanish edition of Arabian Nights. The works of American, French and Russian authors will be included in the next productions of the Theatre Grotesque.

ment there are arresting passages for wind instruments and the lower strings: "ancestral voices prophesying war." Nor can any one deny the exciting, rhythmic savagery of the Finale. Mr. Burglin richly deserved the enthusiastic applause at the end of the concert. He was fortunate, also, in the masterly accompaniment by the orchestra led by a conductor in artistic and emotional sympathy. Yet one might say that the second movement is for our audience; the other movements chiefly constructed for the glory of a virtuosissimo violinist and for those admiring first of all the triumphant surmounting of difficulties.

Ravel's ingenious and delightful instrumentation of Moussorgsky's piano suite is familiar. Yesterday it not only again gave pleasure; it showed the amazing elasticity and euphony of the orchestra which has been brought to its present state of perfection by Mr. Koussevitzky.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be out of town next week. The program of March 15, 16 will be as follows: C. P. E. Bach-Stelzberg, Concerto in D major. Dukelsky, Symphony in F major (first time in this country). Brahms, Violin concerto (Mr. Helfetz, violinist). Beethoven, Overture "The Roman Carnival."

GIGLI

Beniamino Gigli, the famous tenor, left his duties at the Metropolitan Opera House long enough to give a concert yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. He brought with him Margaret Shotwell, who played piano solos to the satisfaction of the audience, and Miguel Sandoval, an excellent accompanist. Mr. Gigli's program read as follows:

O Paradiso from "L'Africaine," Meyerbeer; O del mio dolce ardor, Gluck; Vaghissima sembianza, Donaudy; Tre giorni son che Nina, Pergolesi; Notte Lunare, Selsmit-Doda; Una furtiva lagrima, from "Elisir d'Amore," Donizetti; Le reve, Grieg; Life, Curran; In the Silence of Night, Rachmaninoff; Mirame asi, De Fuenfies; M'appari, from "Mitrha," Flotow.

The occasion yesterday proved not markedly different from earlier occasions when Mr. Gigli has performed in Symphony Hall. He bewitched, as usual, his audience. He could scarcely fail to, so liberally endowed is he with

the ingredients of popularity—above all with a friendly personality, expressed in a beaming smile and an engaging manner of establishing terms with the audience in something less than no time. As well as a manner, Mr. Gigli has also mannerisms that please, a trip to his foot as light as any ballerina's, a way with his mouth in comedy that the best of buffos might envy.

Comedy in plenty Mr. Gigli offered, to the loud content of his hearers; he discovered humor even in La donna e mobile, and he made no bones of conveying it bluntly home. No doubt he showed himself astute; when not busy in comedy vein, Mr. Gigli liked best yesterday tone dripping with tears, deliciously adapted, of course, to sentimental expression, but with the danger lurking in it of monotony.

To come at last to the voice, Mr. Gigli liberally provided the high notes that entrance, some of them very beautiful indeed, and he furnished now and then certain tones, neither too loud nor too soft, of amazing loveliness. Through his actual singing Mr. Gigli delighted many people by the warmth of sentiment he brought to bear on all he sang—it mattered not if a different sentiment would have better suited the words of Gluck's air and Meyerbeer's. Others he pleased with his brightness of rhythm in popular songs, his neatness, in these, of enunciation. With one virtue, in short, or another, Mr. Gigli pleased everybody.

Some persons, nevertheless, Mr. Gigli made stare. In their innocence they had felt a right to expect, from perhaps, the leading tenor of what thinks itself the leading operatic institution of the world, a display of admirable vocal technique, a model of style in the delivery of airs. The public of that institution must evidently be content to do without them. Or does Mr. Gigli hold that voice, personality and fervor are quite enough for the provinces? Some persons, whatever the explanation, could only stare in wonder. R. R. G.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

An unusually large audience attended the 19th concert of the People's Symphony Orchestra in the ballroom of the Hotel Statler yesterday afternoon. Josef Zimble, cellist, was the assisting artist.

Theophil Wendt, conductor, showed wisdom in his rather unusual arrangement of the program. The main dish, Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic" Symphony, instead of being saved up as the best, to be tasted last, was served first; it



the "Second Rumanian Rhapsody" of Georges Enesco, and the other tranquil and sweet "Symphonic Variations for Violoncello and Piano" of Boellmann.

The orchestra gave a stirring performance of the "Pathetic" Symphony. Good ensemble, skillful phrasing, and warmth of tone were there, and Mr. Wendt gave out strong rhythms and moving climaxes.

The Rumanian Rhapsody, imbued with the somewhat mournful feeling of the Rumanian folk tunes, was beautifully played on the whole, though one felt that a more excited pace for the second part of the Rhapsody would have brought out the characteristic flavor, so much like the Hungarian, to better advantage.

Mr. Zimble, cellist, played with smooth, warm tone, graceful phrasing, and delicately restrained feeling. The pensive theme of Boellmann's work, with the variations that follow so logically as to seem more like natural developments, he played with more poetry than fire. There was an effect of monotony in the performance of the work, due somewhat to the fact that Mr. Zimble's tone, while singularly sweet, has not yet enough volume to allow him to vary his dynamics sufficiently, and due more to the lack of contrast and climax, both rhythmic and dynamic, in the work itself.

There was very cordial applause for the soloist, for Mr. Enesco, who was present, and for the orchestra and its conductor.

The People's Symphony Orchestra has improved so greatly during the last few months that it is a pleasure to notice that next week's program, the last of this series, will not terminate its appearances this season. Two extra concerts are announced. These will be given March 17th and March 24th, at 3:30 o'clock, in the Repertory Theatre.

Next week's program is announced as follows:

Hispaniola Suite (Stoessel); Concerto in D Minor for Piano and Orchestra (MacDowell); Fifth Symphony, in C Minor (Beethoven); Overture to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" (Wagner). Lillian Magnuson, pianist, will be heard as soloist. E. B.

## MODERN AND BEACON THEATRES

### "The Lone Wolf's Daughter"

A screen melodrama, adapted by Sig Herzig from the novel by Louis Joseph Vance, photographed by James Van Trees, directed by Albert S. Rosell and presented by Columbia Pictures with the following cast:

Michael Lanyard ..... Bert Lytell  
Helen Fairchild ..... Gertrude Olmstead  
Count Polinac ..... Charles Gerrard  
Velma ..... Lillian Tashman  
Bobby Van Dyck ..... Donald Keith  
Adrienne ..... Florence Alden  
Inspector Crane ..... Robert Elliott  
Miss Van Dyck ..... Ruth Cherrington

The Lone Wolf, master cracksmen, decreed himself dead, professionally. For reasons best known to himself he did not wish his adopted daughter, Adrienne, whom he had educated in America, to know his history. She was about to marry a fine young fellow, son of one of the wealthy and social leaders in New York. Unfortunately Scotland Yard did not believe him, nor, at first, did the New York police, as personified by Inspector Crane. So when Michael Lanyard sailed from England he was shadowed and annoyed by the police and other persons, chiefly a mixed pair of very stupid jewelry thieves. But Lanyard, once alias the Lone Wolf, outwitted the thieves at their own games, received a splendid panegyric combining absolution and eulogy from Inspector Crane, and won the heart of an exceptionally attractive young woman as revealed by Miss Olmstead.

Spoken dialogue occurs only in the prologue, detailing conversation between Lanyard and a Scotland Yard inspector, during which Lanyard pokes fun at the police in general and at the dictaphonic eavesdropper in particular. Thereafter, save for harsh noises supposed to indicate the chatter of a large gathering, and a musical synchronization which is too loud, too strident, the picture runs silently but dramatically and eloquently to its consistent and amusing end. Several superb scenes are shown, as the interior of the Duval art gallery in New York during an auction sale; and exteriors and interiors of a country estate where the subsequent action takes place. The picture has a fine blend of drama and comedy, several neat characterizations, and unusually illuminative and sane titling. The screen performance is admirable. Mr. Lytell played a difficult role with finish and assurance. His scenes with the bogus Count Polinac and his confederate, Velma, with the understanding Crane, with the girl whom he both protected and loved, were a delight to those who appreciate good acting. Of his many clever feats of legerdemain, the most amusing was that in which he hoodwinked the stolid detective set to watch him at his morning tub, turning up a few minutes later as the immaculate chauffeur for the guilty fugitives whom he drives straight

into the arms of justice. Mr. Gerrard and Miss Tashman gave rich performances as these two. So did Mr. Elliott, the best stage and screen detective of these times, barring none. A novel phase of the picture is the introduction of television, as its use may figure in the detection of criminals. Of course for screen purposes it is accomplished trickily, but so adroitly as to be quite convincing. W. E. G.

was the meat—the salad and dessert followed after. This arrangement worked out very well from all points of view, for both the orchestra players and the people who come to listen are fresher, more ready for the harrowing tragedy of the Tchaikowsky in the early afternoon. Then, after intermission

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: "The Other Man," a comedy in a prologue and three acts, by Vincent Lawrence. As "The Ghost Between" this play was seen in Chicago seven years ago. New York saw it later when it was entitled "The Twist," with Arthur Byron, Hale Hamilton and Ann Andrews in the leading roles. The revival with the change of title is of this year. The cast of last night was as follows:

Nurse ..... Edna Mackay  
Ethel ..... Edna Hibbard  
Dr. Dillard ..... William Boyd  
Richard Hunt ..... Pat O'Brien  
Jenkins ..... Harry Stafford  
Mrs. Phillips ..... Jennette Miller  
Rev. Dr. Buxton ..... George Marshall

The Prologue of this comedy, which, as "The Ghost Between," was seen some years ago at the St. James Theatre, does not give promise of mirth to come. A husband is dying off-stage. A doctor, fighting for the man's life, tries to reassure the young wife. He takes the occasion to deliver an essay on sleep. Though the patient does not hear it, he dies.

Two years and a half later this doctor, who has made a fortune as a surgeon and by good luck in purchasing stocks, while he is drinking coffee thinks of the widow whom he tried to console; thinks of her because he drank coffee the nights he watched. A quotable example of association of ideas. He pities her, for she is in a boarding house and working in a store for \$20 a week. Proud, she wishes to repay him. The noble man will not accept a few dollars on account, which is perhaps the most improbable feature of the comedy. He tells her of his love; begs her to be his wife—but only in name. She says she cannot ever marry, she must be true to her dear departed husband; but she finally consents. The mutual understanding is that her chamber door will be closed to him. Here any audience would look forward with eager expectation to the future scenes, knowing full well that there would be a happy ending.

The doctor has a friend, Dick, a bit of a roughneck, fresh, handy with his fists at the athletic club. He sees Ethel and, knowing nothing about her, thinking her a patient, tries to flirt with her; he even asks for her telephone number. An amusing scene, but too long drawn out. Dick becomes a house friend in every sense. The wife, surprised, no doubt hurt, because her husband does not at least knock on her door, welcomes him. He cheers her up, for the doctor, poor fish, resolves to respect his wife's grief. Finally she thinks she loves Dick. The doctor surprises them as they are planning to leave. He thinks that Dick has acted as a warming-pan, to arouse in her more than friendship for her spouse. This disconcerts the wife and her lover. When Dr. Dillard learns that the two are in earnest, he makes them sit down and reasons sweetly with the two. He forgets that he once told Ethel that love was stronger than passion. When the final curtain falls he is embracing her wildly on the conviving sofa, while Dick, like a gentleman, takes his hat in his hand and goes out into the cold night air. That night Ethel's chamber door was at least ajar.

At the beginning of the second act the brother, played by Mr. Stafford, is a long time arranging flowers, a pantomimic scene, well done. The end of this act is in the nature of what used to be known as a "roaring" farce, due to the doctor's tumultuous joy when he thinks that Dick has benefited him by making love to the previously cold Ethel.

After the gloomy prologue, the comedy was played in a spirited manner. The dialogue, as far as Hunt is concerned, consists chiefly of "wise cracks." Miss Hibbard was charming both in her low and in her high temperature. Mr. Boyd and Mr. O'Brien made the most of situations and dialogue, giving interest to a play that would be flimsy if it were not performed briskly. A large audience laughed heartily.

## MAJESTIC THEATRE

### "Chauve-Souris"

Morris Gest presents Nikita Balleff's Chauve-Souris, sixth edition, with the following principals: Mmes. Selinskaya, Birse, Alexandrova, Guerman, Karabanova, Tarassova, Valina, Ershova,

Salonova, Deykarhanova, Komisarjevskaya; Messrs. Dedovitch, Voronoff, Grebenetsky, Zotoff, Tcherkassky, Romoff, Tcherniavsky, Dalmatoff, Gorodetsky, Mostovoy, Avrey, Gairabetoff, Tsvetaeff, Gelikhovsky. The program: Eighteenth Century Fan, Love Waxes and Wanes, The Romance of the Toys, Russian Folk Songs, the Billcting of the Hussars, the Midnight Review, The Knife Grinder, In a Little French Cafe, Boubitchki, The Celebrated Popoff's Porcelains, A Pair of Bay Horses, The Doorman at Maxim's, Les Amours de Jean-Pierre, Fragment of an Etruscan Vase, The Russian Cossacks, You Ought to Hear Olaf Laugh, The Organ Grinder, The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers.

M. Balleff kept his word. He had promised an all-new program, and an all-new program it was, with the exception of that constantly diverting bit of strutting pantomime, "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers." These wonderful Russians, with their restless vivacity, their infinite variety, their artistry, filled the evening with a series of numbers ranging from the noisily grotesque to the mutely pathetic. They sang, danced, mimed, acted, before various large pieces of cardboard on which were daubed dissonant colors, comically, shamelessly. These folk need little scenery. A costume of this or that, lavish facial coloring, that is all they need to set off a sharply sketched characterization.

It is hazardous to venture to single out any particular artist or number for more enthusiastic commendation than others. Yet these may be cited as distinctive each in its way: "The Midnight Review," for its superb choir of male voices, chatting Zhukovsky's dramatic ballad set to the sonorous measures of Glinka's music. This scene suggests Napoleon and his marshals reviewing a ghostly array of the French troops; "The Organ Grinder," with Mme. Selinskaya sullenly singing her routine song the while she shifts the pin which holds her jacket about her, while the old man grinds away and a dejected acrobat tries to stand on his head; and for more rowdy portraiture, that motley gathering on a Moscow street, singing, scolding, gossiping, cheered only by the entrance of the plump and rosy-cheeked doughnut-seller. Also, there was "The Billcting of the Hussars," with the soldiers and their sweethearts gay enough until their pompous colonel and portly general interrupted and disrupted them. A solo in English by Mme. Birse, "In a Little French Cafe," should not pass unnoted. Standing quietly on darkened stage against dark draperies, with a single ray of light focused on her from the opposite wing, she sang as simply, as sincerely as any of our boasted prima donnas. Likewise, in the gypsy song, "A Pair of Bay Horses," the two women, Mmes. Birse and Ershova, sang a duet in exquisitely attuned harmony.

The voices of this year's troupe seem adequate on the whole, though in past seasons the numbers to be sung have been more pretentious and more exacting. There still is rich comic talent on both male and female sides. If there is less dancing, it cannot be denied that such as is offered is perfectly done. The "Fragment of an Etruscan Vase" blended the adagio treatment, no longer novel nor particularly interesting. There seems to be greater desire to air the Russians' mastery of English. M. Dalmatoff, for instance, contributed a topical song about "the Doorman at Maxim's," notable only for finished vocalization. The glibbous B. Balleff, with every appearance of a man who disdains dicting, introduced his performers with his familiar sputtering of disjointed words, punctuated with subtly expressive eyes and curves of the mouth. During the intermission he called on Mr. Gest to speak briefly, and patiently guarded the precious soft black hat and the familiar cane while that voluble impresario discoursed on many things—President Hoover's benefactions for starving Russian children, Boston's beautiful opera house, with no opera, David Belasco's promise to bring "Mima" to Boston in the near future, and so on. During what was left of the intermission the audience studied the bizarre curtain become famous as "The Talking Pictures of 1929."

W. E. G.

## REPERTORY THEATRE

### "Sweet Nell of Old Drury"

This is a romantic comedy drama in four acts by Paul Kester, produced under the direction of Henry Jewell. The persons in the play are as follows:

Tiffin, a harridan ..... Mollie Pillsbury  
Percival, a provincial actor ..... J. Augustus Keoch  
Rollins, a friend of Percival ..... Roger Bristol  
Lacy, an agent of Jeffreys ..... Thomas Shearer  
Lord Rochester ..... Thayer Roberts  
Lord Lovelace ..... Leland Wright  
Olivia Vernon, Jeffreys' ward ..... Anne Schreiber  
Nell Gwynne ..... Edith Barrett  
Sir Roger Fairfax ..... Elmer Hall  
King Charles II ..... Arthur Sircom  
Lord Jeffreys, chief justice of England ..... Milton Owen

Mercer ..... Servants  
Sebuchadnezar ..... William Mason  
William ..... Lois Buell  
Lady Castlemaine ..... Benjamin Osipow  
The Duchess of Portsmouth ..... Olga Birkbeck

1st Alderman ..... Katharine Warren  
2nd Alderman ..... Kenneth Reardon  
Lord in waiting ..... William Castello  
Capt. Graham Claverling ..... Louis Leon Hall

The uneducated, but sparkling Nell Gwynne, the little orange seller beside

the King's Theatre in Drury Lane, and Nell Gwynne risen to royal estate as the mistress of Charles the 2nd of England, is a romance of the 17th century that has ever intrigued the imagination. Nell, whose real name was Eleanor, made her first public appearance on the stage before her 16th birthday. Because of her animation, humor, good nature, and many acts of charity while the King's mistress, she was much loved.

Such is the atmosphere of the play which had its opening last night at the Repertory Theatre. The story starts with a scene outside the theatre in Drury Lane. Here Olivia Vernon seeks the protection of Nell Gwynne at the behest of Sir Roger Fairfax. The latter has been ordered banished from London by the King, who has been falsely warned that Sir Roger is plotting against his life. The entire story hinges on the love of Olivia and Sir Roger and their desire to be married, with the various intrigues to make Olivia the wife of Lord Rochester whom she detests.

Nell, who herself has a tender spot in her heart for Sir Roger, advances in favor with the King because of her saucy wit and cleverness. Her successful scheming to restore the gentleman to the good graces of his royal highness and to promote a happy marriage for Olivia gives a delightful piquancy to the plot. Jealousies and duplicity, such as are supposed to exist in court life, with the small pettiness and fripperies of the time, are appropriately countered by Nell's keen insight.

Edith Barrett proved a vivacious and entertaining Nell Gwynne, about whom the rest of the company played with much vigor. Arthur Sircom was well chosen for the part of the King. The costumes carried out the suggestion of the period, and there was a certain undeniable pleasure in seeing the old-time "chair" takes the place of the ubiquitous present-day taxicab to convey ladies about the city. F. A. B.

## ST. JAMES

### "Interference"

A play in three acts by Roland Pertwee and Harold Dearden. The cast:

Sir John Marlay, M. D. .... Thomas McKnight  
Douglas Helder ..... Don Beddoe  
Philip Voaze ..... Walter Gilbert  
Children ..... J. C. Weber  
Fred A. Hall ..... W. E. Watts  
Dr. Pittcock ..... George L. Taylor  
Inspector Haines ..... Mark Kern  
P. C. Cleaver ..... George R. Taylor  
Detective Sergt. Bourne ..... Ira Harg  
Joseph Grathurst ..... Hugh Fozz  
Al Lavery ..... Jack McGann  
Faith Marlay ..... Ivy Merton  
Barbara ..... Adrienne Farle  
Mrs. Florence Rooke ..... Jessamine Newcombe  
Dennrah Kane ..... Ellen Mahar  
Mrs. Barme ..... Joan Bradlee

"We all have a right to live our lives peaceably and without interference from other people," is the conclusion which Inspector Haines, and perhaps, through him, the law, sets upon an extremely well constructed play. The opening scene shows how the impertinence of the press, catering the vulgar curiosity of the public, irritates the eminent doctor, Sir John Marlay by its intrusions upon his privacy. When the threat of publicity threatens not only his career but more especially the happiness of himself and his wife because an unscrupulous woman tries to use her knowledge of Lady Marlay's past to avenge her jealous pride and rejected love, then each is driven to desperation. he to talk of murder and she of suicide.

But the theme of interference takes a bizarre twist when Philip Voaze, the first husband of Lady Marlay, returns from the limbo of the reported missing. When Sir John warns him that he has but little time to live, this quizzical egotist, this rake-hell Petronius, resolves upon one last beau geste of restitution to the woman whose happiness his thoughtlessness had endangered. Because Deborah Kane interfered with his sense of refinement, he carries out what Sir John had merely threatened in such a way, however, that Sir John suspects his wife, and the police Sir John. Even the final happy solution is naturally motivated by the action of the play and does not depend, as too often in modern melodrama, upon some artificially introduced surprise.

The major characters are on the whole well portrayed. Walter Gilbert gives an extremely convincing presentation of the black sheep who nevertheless still retains some spark if not of decency at least of elegant refinement and of appreciation of the spiritual and innocent. His foil, the woman whose only passions are love and hate, was not overacted by Ellen Mahar. Sir John, despite a generally adequate performance, failed to carry conviction in the crises and occasionally lapsed into distressing Americanisms. And certainly Ivy Merton would have difficulty in passing for a titled lady, even one of obscure origins. In fact, the only one who successfully and consistently maintained the English atmosphere was the butler, W. E. Watts, with that combination of deference and an identification with the family which marks the British



retainer," Dr. Beddoe as the young reporter, unfortunately looks instead like an embryo actor. Such deficiencies as there are, however, do not detract from a satisfying interpretation of a melodrama which merits high praise for the excellence of its plot.

J. M. D. H.

### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE "Alias Jimmy Valentine"

A screen melodrama, adapted by A. P. Younger from the stage play of that name by Paul Armstrong, directed by Jack Conway and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as a part-talking picture with the following cast:

Jimmy Valentine..... William Haines  
Doyle..... Lionel Barrymore  
Rose..... Leila Hyams  
Swede..... Karl Dane  
Avery..... Tully Marshall  
Mr. Ladd..... Howard Hickman  
Bobby..... Billy Batts  
Little Sister..... Evelyn Mills

William Haines, long popular as an ingratiating comedian in broad farce, is now attempting, in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," his first sound picture, something of a more serious nature. His part, that of an engaging crook with cast-iron alibis, was for many years made famous on the stage by H. B. Warner.

Jimmy Valentine was a skillful safecracker who did his work best in the dark; his marvellously sensitive fingers seemed able to discover the secrets of the burglar-proof locks. Forever on his track is Doyle, a hard-boiled but sporting detective, who is never quite able to get the evidence that will send the wily Jimmy to jail. Jimmy and his two pals, Swede and Avery, pull over a baffling job and leave New York. They go to a small town, where Jimmy meets the inevitable pretty girl and has a change of heart. He enters a bank, the president of which is the father of the girl, Rose Lane, and, working on the square for the first time, makes a success of his job.

He believes that his past is safely buried, but news of him drifts to New York and comes to the ears of the observant Doyle, who has at last discovered a certain bit of evidence that is enough to convict Jimmy. He sends warning of his coming, which gives Jimmy a chance to concoct an alibi. There is an extremely interesting scene, made all the more effective by the use of actual conversation, in the course of which Jimmy apparently disproves his own identity, even altering his finger prints, but is forced to give himself away by opening a safety vault in which a child has been accidentally imprisoned. Doyle previously convinced against him will that he has made a mistake, lets Jimmy go, though the evidence against him is completely damning, in recognition of his gameness and fundamental decency.

Apart from the humorous, skillful and pleasing performance of William Haines, the best acting was that of Lionel Barrymore as the wily detective, Doyle. Karl Dane and Tully Marshall provided much amusement as the assistant crooks.

E. L. H.

### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

#### "The Last Warning"

A screen drama, adapted by Alfred A. Cohn, Robert E. Hill and J. G. Hawks from a play by Thomas F. Fallon, photographed by Hal Mohr, directed by Paul Leni, and presented by Universal as a part-talking picture with the following cast:

Doyle..... Laura LaPlante  
McHugh..... Montagu Love  
Quail..... John Boles  
Carleton..... Roy D'Arcy  
Mike..... Bert Roach  
Evelinda..... Margaret Livingston  
Robert..... Mark Swain  
Josiah..... Burr McIntosh  
Barbara..... Carry Daumery  
Inspector..... Fred Kelsey

"The Last Warning" owes its greatest measure of appeal to the resourceful direction of Paul Leni and the brilliant photography exhibited by Hal Mohr. They have taken a currently popular theme, that involving a mysterious murder, with a modern theatre as locale, and have so embellished it that it becomes one of the most enthralling of any of its species. That the camera is to play an important part is evident at the outset, when a brilliant effect is achieved by medium of swiftly dissolving views: Broadway at night, with its glittering electrical display of signs; through these scenes the tight-clad legs of chorus girls, a veritable army of them, marching down or up or across the screen; the whole clearing gradually to the facade and then the interior of the theatre, with its assembled audience. After that, action, thrills, suspense, suspicion, shrieks, shadowy figures, in short all the horrors of a dozen stories coiled into one vivid picture.

Voices are heard at the start, when the stage manager calls for any physician who may be in the audience. There is confusion, a wild trampling. Announcement is made that John Woodford is dead, the house is emptied hastily. Woodford was the star of the theatre which bore his name. He is killed when in the action of the play he is backed by an enraged opponent to a mantel, from which he grasps a heavy candlestick with which to defend himself. The stick, heavily charged with electricity from some unknown source, is the means of his murder. Then the body disappears during a police investi-

gation obviously intended to be satirical. The theatre remains closed for five years, has the name of being haunted. The murderer is apparently safe with his secret. Woodford's body is never found. When McHugh, an old friend of Woodford's, plans to reopen the theatre with the original play and calls in the original cast, the creepy business begins. Players and stage hands alike do things which seem to attract suspicion. Two give tokens of being more or less insane. In the end, following an exciting pursuit and capture, the one least suspected by the audience proves to be the murderer. His motive, involving the younger of two brothers who own the theatre property, is the least plausible element in the entire story. The rest of it is first-rate invention.

Through all the camera leads the way, from below stage to flies. Never was a theatre so raked for pictorial effect. The last shot, in which hero and heroine are dropped through a stage trap as they embrace, seems to be the Leni-Mohr hint that they could keep up that sort of amazing foolery forever. W. E. G.

### HAROLD SAMUEL

Harold Samuel, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan hall before an audience of good size and of wild enthusiasm:

Adagio; Fantasia, C minor; Chorale Prelude, "Wachet auf!"; Prelude and Fugue in G major—Bach. Phantasie, C major, Op. 17—Schumann. Ballade, D minor; Intermezzo, E flat major; La fille aux cheveux de lin; Passepied; Toccata—Debussy. Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue—Bach.

A Spanish musician of high distinction recently told a Boston critic similarly distinguished—who told in his turn a very plain person—that plain people in Spain, peasants even, are partial to Bach; they relish his rhythm.

This music they must surely have heard mostly from Mr. Samuel. Throughout the C minor fantasy, last night, he lent a rhythmic verve to passages that made them flaunt, no less. To his performance of the Chorale any body of men afoot could never have been restrained from marching. And at the giddy pace of the prelude and fugue the most moderate of souls might, quite imaginably, have broken into a run. With rhythm to be had, so notable, perhaps plain people in Spain would not fret too sorely if Mr. Samuel's tone turned hard sometimes, if Bach's melodies, their motion aside, seemed to the player insignificant.

Debussy, too, as well as Bach, Mr. Samuel should be the man to make popular in Spain. For in Debussy's music, quite as in Bach's, Mr. Samuel appeared to find rhythm of primary importance. For this finding let us be thankful, though perhaps he drove it too hard, when we remember the sluggish Debussy performances we too often hear. In these French pieces, too, Mr. Samuel played with finer tone.

In Brahms he played with finer tone still, above all in the Intermezzo, a model of exquisite phrasing. But pray let not Mr. Samuel introduce his view of Schumann to the peninsula. Ten to one the Spaniards would not hold with a manner so extravagant. Noise, indeed, Mr. Samuel produced in plenty, in violent contrast to tone that almost equalled silence. He plunged, he ran—and then he all but stood still. Here was frenzy enough, or at least the motions of it, but where was Schumann's romance? R. R. G.

### HARVARD GLEE CLUB

Last night Dr. Davison, in accordance with what, let us hope, may become a custom, played host, for the second time, to a visiting glee club, that, to wit, of Smith College, conducted by Mr. Ivan T. Gorokhoff. These highly capable choirs, under leadership highly skilled, both singly and in combination, sang so well that they afforded genuine pleasure.

They began not too confidently. If the truth may be told, with Brahms's "Tafelied" for mixed voices. Nor did the ladies from Northampton shine by the brilliancy of their tone in their group by Archangelusky, Chadwick and Holst. Finish, nevertheless, to a high degree, Mr. Gorokhoff has taught his charges. The neatest attack possible he puts his foot down he will have, a release quite as nice. He secures phrasing extremely graceful. An achievement even more notable, he has brought about a smoothness of delivery downright excellent, and at no undue cost, be it marked, of verbal clarity.

In a second group of choruses, Russian choruses, sung in company with the Harvard club, Mr. Gorokhoff drew forth brighter tone; harsh sounds or shrill, by the way, he would not tolerate for one instant. If only he would do away with the nasal defect which proceed from an exaggerated burr of the letter "r," and the weakness resulting from an over-refined pronuncia-

tion of the vowel "i," he would better the tone still more.

The Smith chorus sang so technically admirably, so musically, that Mr. Gorokhoff, it is much to be hoped, will presently see his way to quickening their performance with a warmer vitality, keener zest. They sang, be it recorded, a second group by themselves, two delightful folk-songs and Dvorak's "The Ring."

The Harvard glee club, quite at their best, offered "To All You Ladies," by Callcott, Bantock's "City of Chow," "The Gateway Piper"—the latter with a piano accompaniment so delicious that applause therefor lasted long and loud—the old German carol "In Dulci Jubilo" and Palestrina's "Adamus Te." Together the singers closed the concert with "Then Round About the Starry Throne" from Handel's "Samson."

Pray continue, Dr. Davison, this pleasant custom of "guest" co-operation. R. R. G.

### JOHN THOMAS

John Charles Thomas, baritone, accompanied by Lester Hodges, sang the following program at the Hotel Statler ball room yesterday morning: Invocazione di Orfeo, Peri; Gebet, Marx; Der Sandtrager, Bungert; Der Schmiel, Brahms; O liebliche Wangen, Brahms; Phyllide, Duparc; a Piere du Soir, Mousorgsky; Au Pays, Holmes; Aria from Salome, Massenet; The Time for Making Songs Has Come, Rogers; Songs My Mother Taught Me, Dvorak; Old Mother Hubbard, Hughes; The Sands o' Dee, Clay; Wie einst im Mai, Thomas.

Mr. Thomas chose a program comprising songs which were out of the beaten path usually followed by baritones, and it was well suited to his voice. He sings with a lazy grace, dwelling upon the notes as though he liked to hear them. His voice has a very fine quality, but that alone is not enough to make it interesting and it must be said that Mr. Thomas sings as though warmth of expression were a casual matter meriting little regard. However, he has an admirable technique and in Der Schmiel he sang with excellent diction and rhythm although he disregarded the poetic hint intended by Brahms. In the aria from "Salome" he showed real appreciation of dramatic interpretation. In this, his voice assumed a warmth which was not evident in the preceding numbers of the program and his high notes were his crowning achievement. There are few baritones as fortunate as Mr. Thomas in having such a wide range with each note perfectly even in quality.

Mr. Hodge is not only an intelligent accompanist, but also an accomplished pianist. He is keenly sensitive to all the details which embody beauty in music and he played his group of piano solos with masterly skill. O. A.

### By PHILIP HALE

Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn and the Denishawn dancers gave an entertainment last night at the Boston Opera House for the benefit of the Ellis Memorial House. The first part consisted of "Music Visualizations: Chopin, Ballade op. 47 (ensemble) Schumann, Bird as Prophet" (Miss St. Denis), Chopin "Revolutionary" Etude (Mr. Shawn, Misses Beck, Austin and Chace), Debussy, Arabesque No. 1, Chopin, Waltz No. 4, Rubinstein Waltz (Miss St. Denis), Pindling, Allegresse (Mr. Shawn and ensemble). The second part was devoted to divertissements, Vaughan "White Jade" (Miss St. Denis), Satie Gnosienne (Mr. Shawn), Wachs Nadia (Misses Dennis, Beck and Austin), Mexican Hat Dance (Miss Day), Granados, Spanish Shawl (Miss St. Denis), Cuban Dance (Mr. Shawn and Miss Day), MacDowell, Meccanique (ensemble), Hungarian Dance (Klarna), Josephine and Hippolyte (Miss St. Denis and Mr. Shawn). The concluding section was "Orientalia: Japan, Java, India." Flower Arrangement (Miss St. Denis), Spear Dance (Mr. Shawn), Serimpi—A Court Dancer and Daughter of the Sultan (Miss St. Denis), Three Coolie girls, the Batik Vendor, Daughter of Desire (Miss Day), Dance of the Red and Gold Sari (Miss Austin), East Indian Bazaar Scene and Nautch Dance (Miss St. Denis and ensemble).

The opera house was filled from top to bottom. The dancers in turn were vigorously applauded, and several numbers were imperatively re-demanded. Conspicuous among the numbers of the first part were the savagry of the dancing to Chopin's "Etude" if the wild gesturing and rushing frantically can be called dancing in even the less conventional meaning of the word; the charming apparition of Miss Day, and the final evolutions and grouping of a classical nature with Miss Day borne aloft. The other ensemble numbers were only moderately interesting. The waltz of Rubinstein chosen by Miss St. Denis was not the one that would inspire even a less talented artist.

The second part opened with one of the chief features of the evening, perhaps the one longest to be remembered, the exquisite repose of Miss St. Denis in "White Jade" with exotic

music of Vaughan. Satie's amusing "Gnosienne" was amusingly illustrated by Mr. Shawn. It so caught the fancy of the audience that he was obliged to repeat the eccentricities—graceful in the accomplishment. The Mazurka, coquettishly danced, also gave pleasure. Miss St. Denis in the Spanish "Plastique" displayed a marvellous shawl, which was managed with a foreign skill. Not easily to be forgotten was the Cuban dance by Mr. Shawn and Miss Day with its haunting music. The amorous advances and retreats, the woman's encouragement and defiance. In another manner, the love encounter of the Empress Josephine and her wooer, was equally noteworthy.

In the final section Miss St. Denis and her companions brought memories of her first appearance in this city when her program allowed her to display a calm that was eloquent, an elasticity of body that was as remarkable as the significance of her immobility.

It was a pleasant sight last night—that of her young dancers, well formed, rejoicing, not abashed, in the frank revelation of nature's kindly gifts.

### JAMES MILES BOOTH

James Miles Booth, bass-baritone, sang this program last night in Jordan hall:

January, Hook; How Stands the Glass Around?, Gen. Wolfe; Phillis. Talk No More of Passion, Monro; The Lass of Richmond Hill, Hook; Ihr Bild, him? Nacht und Traume, Aufenhalt, Schubert; La Nuit, Soleil Couchant, La Chanson des Levres, Massenet; Love's Minstrels, Silent Noon, Death in Love, Vaughan Williams.

Mr. Booth will have it he is possessed of a bass-baritone voice. He ought to know, if anybody does, but, to be round with him in the way of the Lady Olivia with Sir Toby Belch, he deals in most unlikely tones to prove his point. The best of his voice, whether it is there he would wish it or no, lies directly in its middle; no crowding down process can make its depths convincing.

For, in the medium register, Mr. Booth rejoices in some very agreeable notes indeed, which tones, by the way, he has strengthened in a year's time or so. The light touch suitable for "Wohn" and "The Lass of Richmond Hill," he has fortunately retained, and to give him credit, in the collection of old English songs, it appeared that Mr. Booth had made some gain in his feeling for the shape of a phrase.

Mrs. Hubbard, a helpful accompanist, if ever there was one, a pianist, too, of singularly beautiful tone, did valiant work last night. R. R. G.

### METROPOLITAN THEATRE

#### "Stark Mad"

A screen melodrama, adapted by Harvey Gates from a story by Jerome Kinston, directed by Lloyd Bacon and presented by Warner Bros. as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

Perce Dangerfield..... H. B. Warner  
James Rutherford..... Claude Gillingwater  
Irene..... Jacqueline Logan  
Cari..... Jacqueline Logan  
Amos..... Henry B. Walthall  
Miss Fleming..... Loretta Belmont  
Prof. Milo..... Louis Fazenda  
Simpson..... John M. Han  
First Mate..... Andre Beranger

The Warner Brothers are so feverishly busy these days in turning out talking pictures that they apparently have no time to pass sane judgment on the quality of the stories behind them. In such manner "Stark Mad" must have had its being, but that seems no reason why the Metropolitan Theatre, where nine times in 10 one may view the best the screen can offer, should have been singled out as repository for such trashy stuff. To waste the time and efforts of one good director and a half score of excellent players on a penny shocker like this, and to affront the intelligence of audiences, seems closely allied to stupidity somewhere.

The story is so wild, so inconsistent, so weakly constructed that it is unworthy of summarization. The scenes are laid in the Carracas jungles of Central America. Rutherford, wealthy leader of an expedition to search for his lost son, is surrounded by slow-witted companions who, having eyes see not, and having ears, hear more than they should. There is a crazed guide, relic of young Rutherford's expeditionary part, a villainous mariner, a gorilla supposed to be a man-killer, but actually tame, a deserted Mayan temple, tons of buried gold. Dangerfield, another explorer, joins the party as it is about to land from a dinky little craft, obviously unfit for deep-sea voyages. Then ensue a series of civil mishaps, creepy noises, sudden disappearances, suspicions and recriminations, a murder. In the end Capt. Rhodes, and not the gorilla, is disclosed as the murderous machinator, who has stopped at nothing to keep the Rutherford party from the gold which he and a sailor had discovered. He had killed the sailor, it seems, so was twice a murderer. His own violent death, at the hands of the gorilla, was not unexpected. Incidentally, all they found of young Rutherford was his grave.

The voice-recording device balked twice during the initial presentation. Lips moved, but no sounds came.



Cramped scenic space and ineffectual photography added to one's distress. The deadly dull dialogue completed the debacle.

Appearance on the stage of Tom Mix, Tony, and a company of eight in a picturesque rodeo scene comes refreshingly. Mr. Mix is a horseman of parts, a dead shot, handy with a rope, and withal a handsome figure in polished leather suiting. Tony is Tom's favorite horse, quite the most beautiful creature one ever saw, with wonderful eyes and perfect manners. The finale to this number, with Indians on the stage apron, and Indian maidens posing in high places above, even in a massive Indian-feathered head lowered to rest over the stage centre, made a splendidly decorative tableaux. W. E. G.

March 10 1929

## BRONSON DE COU

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Bronson de Cou gave the second and unfortunately the last of his "Dream Pictures" this season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. There was a large audience who evidently appreciated the beauty of the colored photographs and the colloquial, informing comments which at times were enlivened with unforced humor. Mr. de Cou's subject was "Mysterious India." Beginning with Bombay the audience was taken to Delhi and Agra, where the architectural wonders with the sumptuous interior decorations were shown, the glories of the Mogul rulers; then Jaipur and Udaipur. In strong contrast were the temples of Mt. Abu and the vale of Kashmir. Cawnpore and Lucknow were visited; as was Benares with its thousands and tens of thousands pilgrims to the holy city. At last Calcutta, Darjeeling with amazing views of the Himalayas and last an exquisitely colored series picturing the Taj Mahal.

Music, chosen appropriately, enhanced the effect; added to the illusion. Among the selections were Cui's "Orientale," Rimsky-Korsakov's familiar Indian air, a movement from Ippolitov-Ivanov's "Caucasian Suite" music by Amy Flinden and Mendelssohn and a native Hindu air. This is not an instance of where accompanying music to pictures was distracting, even irritating.

Mr. de Cou did not confine himself to objects of architectural interest. There were many revelations of street life, commerce, country roads, with just

a glance at the poverty stricken. There were photographs of types from nautch girls to ascetics. The great attraction, however, the unusual feature, was the artistic treatment to which the photographs had been subjected before presentation and the manner in which they were shown. Nothing in this way could be more beautiful than the scenes—one dissolving into another—in Kashmir's Vale, the views one after another of the gigantic snow peaks, and the various revelations of the glory of the Taj Mahal.

This tour in India was not one of the ordinary traveler anxious only to see the traditional sights; it was a tour of romanticism in which the information granted strengthened pictorial acquaintance or nourished illusions. As one regrets that the Moors were driven out of Spain, so one would not have had the Persians descend on Delhi to end the Mogul reign; but if they massacred the inhabitants, they spared the superb temples and other monuments of grandeur.

Mr. de Cou among his remarks on the present condition of India—not boring statistical remarks we are happy to say—gave it as his opinion that if the British left India, the Mohammedans, though a minority of the inhabitants, would soon be in control. He also had something interesting to say about the business shrewdness of Parsees.

## HAROLD BAUER

A large audience, of the friendliest, heard Harold Bauer, the pianist, yesterday afternoon at Jordan hall. They heard much music of weight and significance, for Mr. Bauer, with a mind for the large and generously disposed, played them the Brahms sonata, Franck's Prelude, Chorale and Fugue, the Schumann fantasy and, for full measure, Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exposition."

This was lofty. Something less, however, of sublimity might better have helped poor plain people to scale the musical heights and to stay comfortably above. The great classic masters themselves recognized the human need of variety and rest, else why did they

furnish their great sonatas with scherzos full to the brim of the spirit of romp? A pity it was for the pleasure of many persons that Mr. Bauer flew so high.

The beauty that lies in Brahms's sonata Mr. Bauer, with hand unerringly sure, drew forth from its wrappings of padding. Beautiful music he made, indeed, of the andante, music sweet in tone, and clear, like mountain air, through which the melody floated. The padding itself he so manifestly believed music of import that he all but convinced some of the skeptical listeners he was right. He made it move, at all events; he would not let it lag and ramble.

Franck's great music Mr. Bauer played in the only vein in which it can be played if it is to remain great music. He crowded no drama into it to turn it theatrical, none of the cloying sweetness that can only lead to crass sentimentality. All praise to him!

Never the most romantic of pianists, Mr. Bauer, in the first movement of the fantasy, stressed Schumann's glowing romanticism less than his pure musical loveliness. Although, thereby, he may have played false to the true principle of style, common sense he had in his defence. That first movement thus reasonably treated, made a more potent appeal in this unromantic, clean-cut period of history, than the more cratically performed movement that followed it. R. R. G.

March 9 1929

FRANZ SCHUBERT AND HIS TIMES by Karl Kobald; translated from the German by Beatrice Marshall. Alfred A. Knopf. 277 pp. \$5.

MOUSSORGSKY by Oskar von Rieseemann; translated from the German by Paul England. Alfred A. Knopf. 412 pp. \$5.

ARTURO TOSCANINI by Tobia Nicotra; translated by Irma Brandeis and H. D. Kahn from the Italian. Alfred A. Knopf. 236 pp. \$3.50.

By PHILIP HALE

These three volumes are published handsomely—as is Mr. Knopf's wont—in the series of musical biographies which already included Newman's "Wagner," Rimsky-Korsakov's Autobiography, Bidou's Chopin, J. W. W. Sullivan's "Beethoven" and Henri Dupre's "Purcell," all valuable to the musician, and interesting to the layman. It is to be regretted that two of the volumes just published are not provided with an index. This is especially true of Kobald's "Schubert" with the many sketches of Schubert's contemporaries in the world of art and in the social life of Vienna. This biography contains 17 illustrations; that of Toscanini, five.

Mr. Kobald's purpose was to picture the Vienna of Schubert's time, his surroundings and his friends. There is no attempt to present additional biographical material directly concerning the composer; the critical estimate of his compositions is here of minor importance. Whatever work is mentioned the author is lost in wonder, love and praise. Too often he writes in the manner of Elise Polko, indulging himself in "fine" writing, as when he describes the Trio of a symphonic Scherzo as "the yearning in song of the romanticist who has drained the blissful cup of inspiration to the dregs." But the long description of Vienna in the "Biedermeier" period, the pages about the women and men who were Schubert's friends, especially the artist Schwind, who is regarded by some as Schubert's evil genius, leading him into injurious conviviality, and all the pages concerning Schubert's daily life, his habits, tastes, his intercourse with singers of his songs; the letters quoted—these are of genuine interest and throw more light on the compositions than is given by Mr. Kobald's critical remarks. (It is perhaps needless to say that there is no hint at the disease which, according to some recent biographers, hastened Schubert's death.) In the later chapters the author is often diffuse, writing about persons of slight importance, sometimes repeating what has already been said.

The most engrossing chapter is the first. In it there is a lively portrayal of Viennese life. This life was that in which "Biedermeier," a comic figure, an honest ingenuous kind of Philistine, who figured in the Fliegende Blaetter, flourished. He gave his name to the period when "people with simple tastes cultivated music and art inexpensively." Some would compare this period with Athens in the time of Pericles and with Elizabethan England. Mr. Kobald does not hesitate to speak of this period in glowing terms: "When Vienna harbored a galaxy of genius in every branch of art, in poetry, painting, the drama, and music, the like of which is only met with in the most brilliant flowering epochs of human culture." But who, outside of Austria, knows even the names of certain poets, painters, dramatists who are here named reverently? As regards the theatre Mr. Kobald cries

# MUSICAL BIOGRAPHIES

out at the beginning of his rhapsody: "Let us mount the car of Thespis and enter the Viennese temple of Thalia." He writes with gusto of dramatists, stage people, including dancers; Lanner and the elder Strauss; the furnishing of houses, the joyous life in cafes and the scenes on the Prater with the delights of swings and hoops and wax-works; the climbing of trees and racing in sacks, and there were fireworks. A lively description if naive at times.

The book is readable; one becomes intimately acquainted with Schubert, the man; and so by its anecdotal character it is welcome as a supplement to Deutsch's study of the composer.

Riesmann's "Moussorgsky" is wholly admirable for its biographical details and its sane, discriminative criticism. Here is the explanation of the composer's moral and physical downfall: his passion for strong liquor owing to his poverty after the serfs were freed, his many discouragements, and at last the desertion of his former associates in art. Perhaps there was also an inherent tendency. Yet the man was naturally simple and lovable; faithful even at his cost, to his high artistic ideals. Here is a full discussion of his relations with Rimsky-Korsakov, who has been reproached for his "revision" of Moussorgsky's works intrusted to him after the latter's death. Did Rimsky change and tinker these compositions, "Boris Godunov" etc., as a conservative, priggish pedant or as a true friend? Rimsky in his autobiography sometimes refers to Moussorgsky in a way that seems malicious, but he too had ideals and could not forget or forgive Moussorgsky's lack of thorough training. He held Balakirev responsible in a large measure for neglecting to give Moussorgsky a thorough drill in counterpoint. Though Moussorgsky had great musical originality—he was not technically well educated. Rimsky spoke of "obstinate, bumptious amateurishness," nor could he see that Moussorgsky was far ahead of his time. Rimsky, as Laroche said of him, suffered from the mania of perfection. Riesmann believes that Rimsky's methods in revision were justified by the artistic results: "The revision and orchestration of Moussorgsky's works were absolutely necessary if they were to be generally accessible to the public . . . He made it possible for the two masterpieces of the unfortunate composer, 'Khovanshchina' and 'Boris Godunov' to make a triumphant progress over the whole world. For this he deserves the thanks of every intelligent critic, even if we recognize that his work, like all human work, has its faults."

There is an inquiry into the reason why the first source of Moussorgsky's fame was France, especially Paris. Pierre d'Alheim and his wife, the singer, are given due credit for making Parisians acquainted with the songs; yet Saint-Saens long before 1896 brought with him from Russia the piano edition of "Boris." This is ironical, for in one of Moussorgsky's letters he wrote: "We are not to be led by the nose by any pretty little tunes. The lady of the house may offer her dear friend a box of bonbons—that is no business of ours! . . . Oh, this Monsieur Saint-Saens, who plumes himself on his originality! With every fibre of my brain I loathe him."

One of the many excellent features

of this biography is the inclusion of quotations from Moussorgsky's letters, which were vigorous, and illustrative of his character. He had strong likes and dislikes in literature as in music. He was so affected by "Salammbô" that he determined to write an opera based on that novel. Much of what he wrote was transferred later to "Boris." He read eagerly Gogol and Pushkin. He translated Lavater; also the reports of celebrated foreign criminal trials to add to his small salary as a government official. Darwin influenced his manner of thinking, his beliefs. "In poetry there are two giants, rough Homer and fine Shakespeare. In music likewise we have two giants, Beethoven, the thinker, and the super-thinker Berlioz." He thought the classical school of Italian painting "a dead thing, and as repulsive as death itself." He was a great lover of children.

The chapter describing Moussorgsky's early and comfortable years in the country; his years in military service, where he was a spick-and-span officer, well-bred, elegant, a bit of a fop; then his long days of storm and stress, but of artistic growth, are followed by an investigation into his "realism," his breaking out new paths, elaborate studies of his works—criticism without gush, hifalutin, honey-daubing—and at last the account of his pathetic decline leading to his death in a hospital. "He went through life a lonely man . . . his artistic aims misunderstood in spite of

some superficial successes, which we not concerned with the substance of his art. . . . The short but momentous life of one of the greatest musicians of Russia, nay, of all mankind."

There is a carefully prepared and annotated chronological list of Moussorgsky's works; also a list of literature relating to him; also a good index.

Nicotra's "Arturo Toscanini" is naturally a prolonged eulogy. How could it be otherwise? The eulogist, however, does not wax hysterical; the praise is well considered; it might well be called, analytical, for the reasons of his pre-eminence are given and not merely, as defiant assertions. Other conductors, as Nikisch and Mahler have had brochures written about them, or articles in volumes of musical essays, but Mahler has been considered first of all a composer.

It does not appear that Toscanini as a child gave any indication of his great musical gifts. He hoped as a student, a violoncellist, to find a place in an orchestra. His compositions are only a few songs and a piano piece. It was in 1884, when he was 17 years old, that he led a student orchestra. It was in 1886 at Rio de Janeiro that, when the conductor of a traveling opera company resigned, Toscanini without a rehearsal conducted "Aida" without looking at the score.

The artistic life of Toscanini is followed from that time to the present; there are lists of orchestral works he produced of operas he conducted; there are plenty of dates, and other information about him as a musician; but the most interesting, the most valuable pages to the general reader and the musician are those in which the nature and the training of a great conductor are discussed, and the pages in which Toscanini's views about his art, his manner of rehearsing are revealed. A virtuoso conductor must be an interpreter who brings his own individuality into the recital of the composer's ideas . . . a work of music is like a statue at the instant the quarrier turns the

marble over to the sculptor. Life must be created into the stone. . . . One must find and re-create in himself the spiritual, or rather the imaginative attitude that must have been the composer's when with inward ear he listened to the inward singing." It follows that the conductor must be able to communicate his experience, his meanings, his emotional response, to a hundred performers. A conductor is born; otherwise he cannot be a conductor. These thoughts of the author are elaborated at considerable length. They should be of profit and advantage to all interested in symphony concerts and operatic performances. The statements, clearly expressed, should stimulate concert-goers and teach them to be more discriminating as well as more receptive. There are quotations in this excellent book from Toscanini's "Talks on Music." Is there a volume thus entitled, or were these "Conversations" reported in magazine articles? "Arturo Toscanini" by G. M. Ciampelli was published at Milan six years ago. Did it include "Conversations?"

March 11 1929

## HAMPTON INSTITUTE CHOIR

The Hampton Institute choir, directed by Dr. R. Nathaniel Dett, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, before a very large audience. This was the program:

Gently, Lord, O Gently Lead Us, I Am Going to Travel, Dett; Ave Maria, Arcadelt; Peace, Give Ear, Franck; As by the Streams of Babylon, Campion; Now Thank We All Our God, Cruger; Ave Maria, O Praise Ye God, Tschalkowski; Lord, Our God, Have Mercy, Schvedof; Still, Still with Thee, Demuth; Pierce Was the Wild Billow, Noble; Son of Mary, Don't Be Weary, Traveler, Listen to the Lambs, Oh, Hear the Lambs a-Crying, Let Us Cheer the Weary Traveler, Dett.

Dr. Dett brought with him from the South a body of something more than 60 young singers. He has trained them, from the viewpoint of technique, very well indeed. From them he can depend on clean attacks and releases, on accuracy of time. He need feel no fear of unpleasant tone, especially from his unusually sturdy basses; on a proper balance of tone in the four parts he can count with assurance, also on a commendable smoothness. Of the success of his efforts Dr. Dett may well feel proud.

To teach singers very young indeed to sing so well and precisely is in itself a feat so notable that probably it is not to be expected that singers so young shall also sing with the felicity that comes of ease. They had, these singers, no easy task set before them.



We have already quoted from Maurice Martin du Gard's review of "The Trial of Mary Dugan," in the French version produced at the Apollo Theatre, Paris. Let us further say that one of the adapters of Mr. Veillers's play, Mr. Henry Torres, is a lawyer who was prominent in the Beléngino case at Monaco, a case that in some respects resembled that of Mary Dugan: circumstantial evidence and mystery. The sentence was afterwards made less severe. M. Torres said to a reviewer that if "The Trial of Mary Dugan" could move the public so that it would aid in freeing a man who, as he believed, was innocent, he would congratulate himself on his debut as a playwright so in line with his own profession. The reviewer asks the natural question: What if the assassin through awkwardness did not catch the knife with his left-hand? Would the play fall with the knife? They say in Paris that Galway, the district attorney, is one of Harry Bauer's best roles, and they praise Jane Chevril as Mary for her grace, gentle voice, modesty and innocence.

Seeing the play at the Wilbur last week we were impressed by the performance of two or three who took what are regarded as minor roles: the negro janitor, Dagmar Lorne of the "Follies," May Harris of the "Scandals," and Ferne Arthur of the "Follies," Marie Ducrot, the voluble maid who contributed largely to the detection of the assassin. We doubt if these parts were played better, if as well, in Paris.

Mr. Montrose J. Moses, indefatigable and enthusiastic, has edited "British Plays from the Restoration to 1820," and supplied valuable introductions, a general bibliography, and individual bibliographies. There are many illustrations: portraits, pictures of theatres, scenes from plays, title pages of plays. There are two large octavo volumes, 921 pages in all. The plays are printed in double columns to the page. Little, Brown & Co. of Boston are the publishers.

In his dedication in the form of a letter written last June to Henry Arthur Jones tribute is paid to that dramatist who died in January last. Mr. Moses tells how he was stirred by Jones's "Renaissance of the English Drama" which was issued "when the theatre most needed it"; how he re-read it to learn Jones's attitude towards the Restoration Stage with the acknowledgment that it possessed "splendor of wit and vivid portraiture of Town life." Then Mr. Moses informs Jones that he is a part of the great English tradition; a dramatist who wrote against "the mawkish sentimentality of the sentimental school"; he upheld the drama based on a wide knowledge of life. "You have frowned upon the smug opposition of the Puritan to the theatre; you have helped to send the dramatist on his modern way. . . . Though you may not wholly sanction the Restoration models I have put into this anthology I can relish the fact that in 'Mary Goes First' you have given the recent English theatre a superlative Comedy of Manners." ("Mary Goes First" was produced in London in 1913, with Marie Tempest as Mary. The comedy is included in the fourth volume "Representative Plays" by Jones, edited by Clayton Hamilton and published by Little, Brown & Co.)

The dramatists represented in the present volumes are the Duke of Buckingham, Dryden—whose methods were satirized in "The Rehearsal" by the Duke—Etherege, Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Otway, Cibber, Steele, Rowe, Farquhar, Gay (the airs in "The Beggar's Opera" are included), Home, Goldsmith, Cumberland, Colman, Garrick, Sheridan, Shelley ("The Cenci"). The plays are unexpurgated. When "The Way of the World" was performed here some time ago at the Repertory Theatre, the comedy was "revised" as if for a young ladies' genteel seminary. And so when Augustin Daly produced "The School for Scandal" in 1891 he was praised by William Winter for omitting "coarse" lines, as Crabtree's entertaining anecdote about Miss Letitia Piper and her Nova Scotia sheep. By the way, there has been an animated discussion in London recently over the exact text of Sheridan's comedy.

In his introduction to comedies by Etherege, Wycherley, Congreve and Vanbrugh, Mr. Moses has much to say about the state of the stage in the time of Charles II and the looseness of Court and Town society. The comedians, too, were an "ill-mannered, free crowd, brilliant in dress and looks, course in behavior, yet forgiven their sins because of the comeliness of their bodies and the agility of their minds." Pepys recorded that he went to see "The Lost Lady." "Sitting behind in a dark place, a lady spit backward upon me by a mistake, not seeing me; but after seeing her to be a very pretty lady, I was not troubled at it at all." It should also be remembered that then and for years afterwards women of indisputable high breeding and unsullied reputation often spoke in conversation with a freedom that would shock even the most emancipated society flappers of 1929.

Jeremy Collier's attack on the Restoration drama, Charles Lamb's defence that was attacked by Macaulay—these are known to all those interested in the history of the stage. Mr. Moses insists that the Restoration dramatists were representative of a chaotic state of society: "What is license to us was acceptance to them. . . . their language was that of customary intercourse. . . . to the men of that day life was an adventure—there was no heart in it—only the technique of formalities. Happiness lay in the effectiveness of an epigram. If the male creature was an adventurer, if the female was an intriguer, if the design was without heart, and life was reduced to the interplay of pawns, if—and this is more to the point—audiences hailed such plays as truthful commentaries upon themselves, blushing at themselves when they blushed at the spoken or written innuendo, if the players could give warm verity to the badinage which, while not impersonal, did not play with emotion for emotion's sake—if all this was the accepted theatre, would it not have been contrary to the laws of literary history, if the dramatists had produced other than they did? Such being the case, it is hard to believe that morality as we understand it now—or rather as we did in the 80's and 90's—has anything to do with a study of the Restoration

And so Mr. Moses sides with Mr. John Palmer writing about the "Comedy of Manners"; not with the late William Archer who in "The Old Drama and the New" rages against the Restoration drama as well as the Elizabethan-Jacobean (Shakespeare excepted), has no patience with the eulogies by Lamb and Swinburne, and takes especial delight in assailing Mr. Palmer. Archer even denies wit to the Restoration dramatists. But Archer, in his later years, wrote sourly about many dramatists from 1860 to 1920.

We have referred at some length to Mr. Moses's pages about the Restoration drama, for they show clearly his wide acquaintance with dramatic literature and also the acuteness of his independent criticism. The same might be said of his other introductions, though many of the plays are not in themselves of so great interest today. Would any audience now sit patiently through Home's "Douglas"? Yet for years it acted well; it provoked controversy; it was praised by Goldsmith; later by Christopher North in his "Noctes Ambrosianae." To Goldsmith's remark that it required "some art to dress the thoughts and phrases of the common people without letting them swell into bombast, or sink into vulgarity," Mr. Moses adds that this was before the days of Tom Robertson, further still from the era of Hauptmann's "The Weavers." "It sounds strange to ears that have heard in the theatre the impressionistic anger of Eugene O'Neill's 'The Hairy Ape.'"

Take Otway's "Venice Preserved," for years a favorite play in which great actors and actresses shook the souls of audiences. How many today could tell in what play is the once famous line: "I'm thinking Pierre, how that damn'd starving quality call'd honesty, got footing in the world"? Would not the sight of crazed Belvidera ranting on the stage arouse Homeric laughter? Even the delightful "Beggar's Opera" met with little success in eastern cities when it was brought here by an excellent English company a few seasons ago.

Suppose that 100 years from now a lover of the drama possessing the erudition, the broad sympathies, the critical mind and the sanity of Mr. Moses should edit a collection of English and American plays that found favor in their time, including comedies or dramas produced since 1914. Would he feel called upon to defend them by saying that they mirrored the chaotic state of society, the looseness and freedom of speech in supposed polite circles, the tolerance shown in some quarters toward what we once timidly and euphemistically characterized as "illicit relations," the mania for divorce and annexing or exchanging wives, the grossly materialistic view and conduct of life, the vulgar extravagance, the lack of courtesy and fellow-feeling, the hypocrisy behind the fanaticism in the enforcement of unjust, tyrannical, sumptuary laws, the decline of reverence for things spiritual?

In old days of the French stage, and even the English stage, the costumes in heroic days were laughably anachronistic—laughable to us. Will this editor of 100 years hence note that Shakespeare's plays were performed in the 19th century with ridiculous costumes; that, fortunately, a revolution took place, Hamlet began to wear a gentleman's evening dress; that in the Berlin of February, 1929, Falstaff sported a monocle even when he put himself in the brick-basket; that in London some weeks before contemporary physicians on the stage were dressed in frock coats, whereas they should appear in a short black coat and striped trousers?

But perhaps in 2029 there will be only cinemas for theatrical entertainment; cinemas or ballets.

Dr. Dett's by no means simple arrangements of negro melodies, ancient church music, church music of Russia—to all these varied styles the choir did good musical justice. Not too often, though, did they sing as though the music meant more to them than notes to be sung with unerring accuracy.

In all likelihood, however, they could not have managed more successfully if the music they essayed had stirred them to the depths of their souls. The possessors, in the very nature of the case, of the "fresh young voices" at present deemed so desirable, they must of necessity be limited by the immaturity, both vocal, mental and emotional, which normally accompanies youth and freshness. Their youth considered, the Hampton choir might perhaps be wise to choose music less musically and emotionally exacting than that they undertook yesterday.

To the Demuth hymn and Dr. Noble's anthem, so long as they marched straight forward, the choir rose bravely, singing with full tone and rhythmic pith, with conviction. Very nice shading they brought to the Russian's chattering anthem. When, in short, they felt at home, the choir sang with tone and pith as well as with sound technique.

#### THE PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The last concert in the series of 20 programs offered by the People's Symphony orchestra was given yesterday afternoon at the Hotel Statler. A large and cordial audience was present.

The program opened with a charming suite arranged from the opera ballets of Lully by Felix Mottl. The orchestra played delightfully, with grace, delicacy, and clean-cut rhythm.

Lillian Magnuson, pianist, was heard as soloist in McDowell's Piano Concerto in D Minor. Possessed of a brilliant technique, and with a fine rhythmic sense, she played it admirably. She was accompanied with rare skill by the orchestra.

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was played with warmth and virility; there were spots where graces were missed, and spots where sentiment was exaggerated, but on the whole it was a solid and sincere performance. Mr. Wendt read the score with intelligence, and made an honest attempt to give out its beauties as the composer intended. Perhaps he came closer to doing it than many a polished performer

that bears the heavy stamp of the interpreter's personality.

The concert ended with a vigorous and jolly performance of Wagner's "Mastersingers" overture.

The large audience gave the pianist cordial applause, and by long and enthusiastic clapping endeavored to convey to the orchestra and conductor the appreciation they doubtless felt for the whole series of enjoyable concerts. The work of the People's Symphony has improved steadily and noticeably and there are many who look forward with pleasurable anticipation to their next regular series.

Two extra popular concerts have been announced to take place in the Repertory Theatre on March 17 and March 24 at 3:30 o'clock. Mr. Wendt will conduct. E. B.

#### MODERN AND BEACON

##### "The Girl on the Barge"

A screen melodrama, adapted by Nan Corbana from a story by Rupert Hughes, directed by Edward Soman and presented by Universal as a part-talking picture with the following cast:

Capt. Andy MacCadden . . . . . Jean Hersholt  
Erie MacCadden . . . . . Sally O'Neil  
Francis X. Fogarty . . . . . Malcolm MacGregor  
Huron MacCadden . . . . . Morris McIntosh  
Superior MacCadden . . . . . Nancy Kelly  
Ontario MacCadden . . . . . George O'Herman  
Tug Engineer . . . . . J. Francis Robertson  
Tug Captain . . . . . Henry West

This picture gives evidence of what might have been done with novel pictorial background and fairly interesting characters had it been given expert direction, proper casting and first-class photography. Lacking these elements it becomes merely what in the world of literature would be termed a pot-boiler. The scenes are taken at various points along the Champlain ship canal in New York. Along this tortuous lane we see a lazy tug towing a barge. Of the crew of three on the tug one is young Fogarty, who though no deepsea sailor, has a girl at every landing. On the barge live old MacCadden, bewhiskered, dirty, slave to bootleg whiskey, brutal with his four motherless children, apt at Biblical quotations the while he kicks them about or beats Erie, the eldest, with a belt strap. Fogarty becomes his pet enemy and when the young roustabout and Erie become friendly and later lovers his rage is terrible. Fogarty and Erie, whose favorite resort is "Tell witcha," pass much time in the tug's pilot house, where he teaches this hopelessly illiterate creature her alphabet. It would be bad enough if these lessons



## HAPPY ENDINGS

A bookseller recently told a customer that the great public now demands more cheerful novels than those written by contemporary men and women. In Sir Philip Gibbs's "Darkened Rooms" one of his characters drops dead of heart disease; another walks into a lake. Arlen's "Lily Christine" puts an end to her life with the aid of a motor-lorry. In another novel—Ethel Mannin's "Crescendo"—the chief characters kill themselves; one of them has murdered a third. This bookseller was not referring to the popular detective story in which a mysterious murder occurs on the first or second page.

Our grandmothers revelled in accounts of distressed heroines. They were never so happy as when Lady Gwendolen was kidnapped and cruelly treated by a nobleman having designs on her person or her property. Death-scenes moved them to tears. Dickens gave heed to the popular demand when he disposed of Paul Dombey and Little Nell. He originally left Pip alone at the end of "Great Expectations," but afterward married him hastily to a disagreeable young woman because Bulwer-Lytton advised him not to run counter to popular taste. Trollope did not let Mrs. Proudie die for sentimental effect: he heard some one in a club say that he was tired of her. No doubt Hardy's "Tess" would have had more "appreciative" readers if he had ended the book with the ringing of wedding bells instead of the black flag hoisted on the ugly tower.

The "happy-enders" are undoubtedly in the great majority. They wish to see virtue rewarded; villainy thwarted; meanness and hypocrisy exposed. This is true in the theatre. More than one play, adapted from the French has been ruined artistically by a change of the ending, "to suit American taste." Former generations of our playgoers were more robust. The women welcomed a "moving" ending, nor was Camille's deathbed the only one that brought tears and wet handkerchiefs. Our lovers of the theatre are today first of all lovers of amusement. They wish to be entertained, to laugh. Their laughter is of the hair-trigger order; it follows immediately a jest however poor or stale; a would-be epigram; a speech tottering on the edge of indecency or boldly jumping into the mire; a commonplace oath, especially when it comes from the mouth of the heroine, or an old lady supposed to be a humorous character. The audience is bored by a play that leads to reflection and self-examination; that exposes a social or political evil; that goes its way logically to a pathetic or tragic ending; and the pathos and tragedy may not be dependent on a deathbed scene or a thrilling murder; a character's loss of illusions, or realization of wasted opportunities; of futile endeavor, is still more dramatic, though it may be unintelligible, even boresome to the crowd expectant only of what it regards as entertainment.

were given silently; but the lovers must talk. The effect is soporific.

Love's course does not run smoothly. Twice old MacCadden pummels the husky Fogarty with ridiculous ease. Then comes winter. The barge is tied up at the foot of 96th street. At the height of a blizzard the old hulk breaks away and goes rampaging. In no time it is off a studio ledge in Hell Gate, and studio waves are having high jinks. "I will go after them alone," cried Fogarty, now captain of his own tug, and without fireman or engineer the tug proceeds to the rescue. A very remarkable tug, that. A binnacle lamp topples over and lays Fogarty low, awash in his own scuppers. By all the laws of nature he should have drowned in all that water, but he was able to jump up quickly enough when Erie, after a mirth-provoking trip along a hawser looped to the tug from the barge by old MacCadden, rolled him over once. The fade-out shows MacCadden neatly dressed, benign, playing with the children on the barge, while Fogarty and Erie busy themselves at cheerful tasks.

Mr. Hersholt, woefully miscast, does his best as the sottish barge man. Miss O'Neil, wide-eyed, over-painted, exaggerative in every movement, wins sympathy only when she takes her beatings so gamely. Mr. MacGregor has an ingratiating smile, and talks naturally. His oft-expressed, "You can have anything, do anything, if you want to hard enough," is one of the morals of the picture. Another might be, "Don't try to make a feature picture out of nothing at all."

## SCOLLAY SQUARE OLYMPIA

## "True Heaven"

A screen drama, adapted by Dwight Cummings from a magazine story by C. E. Montague, directed by James Tinsling and presented by William Fox with the following cast:

sent by William Fox with the following cast:  
 Capt. Philip Gresson ..... George O'Brien  
 Judith ..... Louise Moran  
 Col. Marion ..... Philip Smalley  
 German General ..... Oscar Apfel  
 Sergeant Major ..... Duke Martin  
 British Spy ..... Andre Cheron  
 British Colonel ..... Donald MacKenzie  
 Madame Genot ..... Hedwig Reicher  
 Chauffeur ..... Will Stanton

This is not a long picture, yet it is interesting enough to keep one in a pretty state of suspense and wonderment as to its outcome. Any picture, especially one pertaining to that thoroughly threshed topic, the world war, which can so hold an audience need not depend on its length. Mr. Tinsling, the director, has wisely told his story concisely and dramatically, and has shrewdly refrained from padding it with superficial details. He knew he had "the big moment" up his sleeve, and he drove straight to it, and stopped with it.

Several weeks ago Mr. O'Brien and Miss Moran were seen at this same theatre in a story of crookdom called "Blindfold." As in that highly exciting picture, so in "True Heaven" do they approach their tasks with no preliminary frills. O'Brien, a British army officer bearing an important message to the commandant in a little Belgian village, sees a pretty face at a window, and decides to tarry overnight. He seeks out Judith, who is not what she seems. She is a German girl, serving as a spy, eager to obtain from Gresson what information she can. They drink together, flirt, and in a sudden air-raid, take refuge in the cellar, where Gresson is hurt by falling timbers. Judith cauterizes his wound with aid of a knife blade heated over a tiny candle. Both are rescued and both know that love has come to them.

From this point on the action quickens, situations become more tense. Gresson is sent to Hauteville, behind the German lines, to trace treachery of one of the allied agents. Judith has preceded him, with her news for the German general. Meeting Gresson, in a German uniform, monocle, swagger stick and all, she knows him for a spy. She wants him to escape, yet knows that her oath demands that she cause his capture and death. There is a very moving love scene in her rooms. He, believing her to be a spy for the allies, urges her to wait for him after the war. She longs for an end of strife, for peace, rest, true heaven. In the end her patriotic spirit triumphs, she brings about his arrest. Gresson, facing the firing squad, is saved at the last second in a manner most unexpected, when all in the audience had feared a tragic ending. It happened to be 11 A. M., Nov. 11, 1918, and word came in the nick of time.

## WASHINGTON ST. OLYMPIA AND FENWAY

## "Mother Machree"

A screen drama adapted by Gertrude Orr from the story by Rida Johnson Young, directed by John Ford and presented by William Fox with the following cast:

Ellen McHugh ..... Belle Bennett  
 Brian McHugh ..... Philippe De Lacey  
 Boze Giant Kilkenny ..... Victor McLashen  
 Harpist of Wexford ..... Ted McNamara  
 Rachel van Studdiford ..... Eulalie Jensen  
 Edith Cutting ..... Constance Howard  
 Mrs. Cutting ..... Ethel Clayton  
 Robert De Puster ..... Pat Somerset

With no advance tumult in the guise of exploitation, one of the prettiest, most appealing and most finished pictures of the new year has slipped into town. It is called "Mother Machree." The fact that it bears the Fox lail-mark means something. "Mother Machree," however, boasts no great novelty of theme, or treatment or mechanical clap-trap. There is no spoken word, there are few sound effects; but there is a consistently pleasing and appropriate musical accompaniment, having of course as its central motif the restful melody which Ernest R. Ball composed several years ago and which every singer in the land, from John McCormack down, has been singing ever since. That precisely is what entitles this picture to admission to that gallery reserved for the better films.

Opening sequences give splendid glimpses of a corner of Ireland, Galway to be exact, with its errant sheep, chickens, goats, pigs; its peasant types, its hut-like homes, its treacherous waters. Here we meet Ellen McHugh, endearingly termed "Mother Machree" not only by her attractive young son, Brian, but by the neighbors. The quietude of these first scenes is soon broken by a terrific storm, which ensnares several of the fishermen. Ellen finds herself suddenly widowed, and decides to go to America, where the son she idolizes may receive a gentleman's education. Boze Giant Kilkenny, itinerant entertainer, and his inseparable companion, known as the Harpist of Wexford, decide to quit Ireland at the same time. Kilkenny, in his inarticulate, clumsy fashion, loves Ellen. He gets her a job in a New York museum of freaks where he poses as the tattooed man. With her small wage she contrives to enter Brian in Miss Van Studdiford's school. Ultimately Ellen permits the woman to adopt Brian, and effaces herself that he may grow up the gentleman. From that point on the story is cumulative in heart interest. There is a mere flash of

the great war, there is a happy ending. One would not wish it otherwise.

Miss Bennett has added another to her pretentious series of splendid screen characterizations. Master DeLacey as the boy Brian has beautiful features, and acts as an artist unspoiled, while Mr. Hamilton, as the young man Brian, slips easily and effectively into the character thus started for him. If it is not he who sings "Mother Machree" to his beloved Edith, none can detect the ruse of a hidden voice, it is so perfectly done. Mr. McLashen makes the Giant Kilkenny human, likable. Of course he has to have one fight. It comes when in resentment of the epithet, "shanty Irish," he neatly knocks down fellows as big as he. W. E. G.

## THE CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

There were high jinks last night at Jordan hall, when the Chamber Orchestra of Boston disported itself under the direction of Nicolas Slonimsky. Not all the evening, to be sure, was sprightly. Mr. Slonimsky led off with three movements of a Mozart serenade, in D major, not lively music at all as the performers heard it, one excellently played solo for flute aside. They liked it better plain and smooth, flat, to say the truth.

Not too much that was rewarding could they find in an overture by one Earl Friedrich Abel, though the program-book will have it he was somebody in London in his day. Sonority, however, they furnished for Mr. Paul Allen's orchestral accompaniment to two Scarlatti arias, sung by Miss Gertrude Ehrhart.

But the classics mattered not a penny. It was the modernists had the floor last night.

Collin McPhee, a youthful Canadian, served as vanguard, with a concerto for piano and eight—no less—wind instruments. Mr. McPhee, the program book states, "neither tangents into futurity nor succumbs to the necrophilia of the retrovert moderns." If the concerto's first movement, then, an allegretto, cannot buttress itself with its futurity, let it stand or fall by its musical merits, which appear to be of a trivial nature. One outstanding merit its second movement, on the other hand, does possess, that of making its closing chord, a simple tonic chord, sound like the grandest music ever written. The code, quite in the humorous vein young composers of the day affect, moves along in a succession of bumps, and bounces, so exhilarating that the beats, squeaks and bellows—from the eight wind instruments—that clothe it do no harm at all.

Arthur Bliss came next, though not "in person," with "Three Conversations." In "The Committee Meeting," a violin fell into hot dispute with a viola, amusing enough though over-long. "In the Woods" offered pretty music and "In the Tube at Oxford Circus" turned back to humor, of a rather crude kind, but not the less lively for that.

It was Mr. Henry Cowell, though, who gave the proceedings their crown. He briefly lectured—engagingly too, and almost convincingly—on his new way with a piano, before he performed his "Suite for Solo String and Percussion Piano with Chamber Orchestra."

Whoever desires an instrument of this unusual nature has only to open the lid of a grand piano and to provide himself with a pick to "pick" the strings, ten tough fingers with which to "pluck" the same, a knack at "sweeping" the strings, a variety of implements for use in tapping the strings, and implements too, such as drumsticks, a pencil, and a darning egg, for tapping on almost any exposed portion of the poor instrument's inwards, the bars, the lid—what you will.

For two movements Mr. Cowell, absorbed in his infinite variety of noises, bothered not over-much with music. A bullfrog in early spring, a carpenter's plane, a saw that binds, mighty deftly Mr. Cowell imitated these, and other sounds too, not to forget the wind in many moods. His discovery of the piano's potentialities ought to be worth much to movie producers.

When, in the third movement, "The Fairy Bells," he provided a pleasant melody, and dressed it up with silvery sounds from the piano's picked strings, then Mr. Cowell demonstrated that his discovery has possible musical advantages as well.

The concert closed with "A Musical Joke" by Mozart, for little orchestra. Not everybody stayed to hear it, the hour was growing late. R. R. G.

## ST. JAMES THEATRE

## "Twin Beds"

Comedy by Margaret Mayo. The

cast:  
 Harry Hawkins ..... Walter Gilbert  
 Signor Monti ..... Thomas McKnight  
 Andrew Larkin ..... George R. Taylor  
 Blanche Hawkins ..... Ivy Martin  
 Signora Monti ..... Jessamine Newcombe  
 Amanda Larkin ..... Ellen Mahan  
 Norah ..... Adrienne Earle

An excellent way to enlarge one's acquaintance is to live in an apartment house. Mr. Hawkins complained that he had spent years as a bachelor in



the building without exchanging one good-morning, but his wife had made her own, the cause on every landing. Having lost all peace and privacy he tells Mrs. Hawkins they must move further uptown to the latest addition in the phalanx of apartments. In such a way does the first act soft pedal along. The second and third act shows that despite the change Mr. Hawkins has not been able to evade neighbors.

Ideas of humor differ to a large degree but practically every one loves a comic bedroom scene. Mr. McKnight as Signor Monti, the amorous and intoxicated tenor, stops at the wrong floor and gets undressed in the Hawkins' apartment. He puts his collar and tie in his shoes, he ties his trousers into knots and then carefully creases the seams, he keeps on his top hat all through the process and goes to bed with his umbrella to shade the light from the bed-side lamp. This may not seem funny at all when read at breakfast but it was convulsing last night.

Laughter has a great sound when it is not that nervous embarrassed kind which is so often heard at wrong moments among unintelligent audiences. Mr. McKnight made the house laugh almost continuously through the second and into the third act, most of which he spent in a clothes hamper from which he would make furtive and then desperate efforts to escape. Mr. Gilbert as the increasingly bewildered young husband (whose clothes kept disappearing off the sofa taken by the new maid to be pressed) was very satisfying. Miss Merton's voice was rather rasping in the first act, but she looked charming in pajamas and most youthful. Miss Newcombe and Miss Maharely too much on merely raising their voices as a method of registering their emotions. Miss Earle as the over efficient perky maid had a part which suited her. Mr. Taylor was good in his rather slim role.

J. D.

#### B. F. KEITH MEMORIAL THEATRE

Stepping from an Empire boudoir decorated with hangings of old rose and ivory furniture, Gilda Gray of motion picture fame makes her first stage bow on the new RKO circuit at the B. F. Keith Memorial Theatre this week. Supporting her is a company of 10 slim brunettes, youthful dancers to provide a fitting background for her blonde, lithe beauty. The setting for her debut is a background of cool, green taffeta flounced and tiered. She sings as a chorus to one of her dances: "If my singing don't get you then my shimmy must," and she provides the necessary motion and more than fulfills her promise. First, she is the danseuse with pink bouffant frock, dimpled knees, then the dancer in the temple where her dance is intendedly sensuous but never in any of her dances can she be called vulgar. Even when she does her famous shimmy, garbed in the tinselly whiteness of a night club hostess she is the Gilda of the movies, supple hips, and agile limbs, expressing through physical artistry the gracefulness of the human body.

There is no doubt that Herb Gray achieved as much success in his own act as Gilda did in her headliner's position. Bert was a headliner in his own right providing more than a ton of laughs to the carload. The trick piano, the mechanical glibbet, the collapsible oriental costume, the man with the iron head and a dozen other bits of apparatus must have taken a freight car to transport. But the results more than justified the effort.

Joseph Regan, Boston's own Irish tenor, combines sentimental melodies with a very sweet voice. He sings "La Donne e Mobile" to please the opera fans, and delights everybody with "Kathleen" and "Macushla" and "When Irish Eyes are Smiling." The three Lordens open the show with an acrobatic act which has a rubber belt to furnish stimulus for many funny gyrations. Morgan and Stone, two boys, by means of banjos, indulge in red hot harmony, while Arthur Byron, assisted by his wife and daughters, present a new farce called "A Family Affair," in which a mother, misrepresenting her age, places her daughters in a very false light.

On the screen is Booth Tarkington's "Geraldine," produced by Pathe with Marion Nixon in the name part, Eddie Quillan as her youth mentor, Albert Gran as Mr. Wygate and Gaston Glass as Bell Cameron the "heavy." C. L.

#### "CHAUVE-SOURIS" EXTRA MATINEE

Gilda Gray and Arthur Byron will be the honor guests at another special matinee performance, Friday afternoon, of Balleff's "Chauve-Souris" at the Majestic Theatre. As last week Morris Gest has arranged for this event, and this time he includes in his list of guests the "ladies of the ensemble," or more colloquially, the chorus girls of

#### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

##### "Wild Orchids"

A screen drama, adapted by Willis Goldbeck from a story by John Colton; directed by Sidney Franklin and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Lillie Sterling.....Greta Garbo  
John Sterling.....Lewis Stone  
Prince De Gace.....Nils Asther

It is not surprising to find Greta Garbo the base of the usual triangle in "Wild Orchids," her latest picture, but it comes as a distinct shock to behold her as the pursued rather than the pursuer. She spends her entire time running away from the advances of an ardent Javanese prince when she is not trying to convince her obtuse husband that something is very much wrong. It is somewhat difficult to believe that any man, especially when he is played by the acute Lewis Stone, could have been quite as blind as John Sterling was to the intentions of the suave and handsome Prince De Gace toward his young and beautiful Lillie, but such is the situation. John Colton has written a story that does not want for excitement and pictorial effectiveness, but is woefully lacking in the faintest semblance of logic or common sense. It is most disappointing that the author of the tense and powerful drama "Rain," could not have contrived something less hackneyed and melodramatic than this ornate story.

John Sterling, a wealthy tea merchant, is on his way to Java on a business trip with his beautiful young wife, Lillie. On the boat they encounter a Javanese prince, handsome and cruel, who finds Lillie irresistible. She, on the other hand, is very strongly repelled by him and tries to hold him off, but her unsuspecting husband pays no heed to her frightened protests and accepts the prince's invitation to stay at his palace in Java. There things become more and more difficult for Lillie; rebuffed by her husband's seeming indifference, she finds herself in danger of yielding to the prince. A series of suspicious events finally arouses John Sterling to the true state of affairs and he plans a revenge that is appalling. The prince arranges a tiger hunt, and Sterling sees to it that there are no cartridges in the prince's gun when they go out together at night. The tiger attacks the prince and Sterling is about to leave him to his fate when an agonized shriek from Lillie causes him to change his mind. He kills the tiger and it then appears that the prince is not fatally mauled after all. Sterling, convinced that his wife really loves the prince, goes away, but Lillie follows him, for it was he that she loved after all. Greta Garbo is a lovely and appealing Lillie, not as exotic as usual but no less effective and charming. Lewis Stone is as always beyond criticism—his John Sterling is a thoroughly fine performance. Nils Asther makes the Prince De Gace an attractive if rather obvious lover. The photography was imaginative and very beautiful.

E. L. H.

#### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

##### "Weary River"

A screen drama, adapted by Bradley King from a story by Courtney Ryley Cooper; directed by Frank Lloyd and presented by First National as a part-talking and singing picture with the following cast:

Jerry Larrabee.....Richard Barthelmess  
Alice.....Betty Compson  
Warden.....William Holden  
Spadoni.....Louis Natheaux  
Blackie.....George Stone  
Elevator Boy.....Raymond Turner  
Manager.....Gladden James

Algernon Charles Swinburne seems to be indirectly responsible for "Weary River." Once upon a time he wrote a poem to the effect that "the weariest river somehow finds its way to the sea." In this picture, a prison chaplain quotes from the poem as he paints a roseate view of virtue and a depressing glimpse of vicious living. Jerry Larrabee, framed by a gangster leader for a murder he did not commit, serving one to 10 years and, after an initial period of sullen rebellion, accepting his fate and rising to leadership of the prison orchestra, finds inspiration in the rhythmic words. In his cell he turns composer and "Weary River," a plaintive melody which tries to express the gropings of a lonely soul for light and cleanliness is the product. Mr. Barthelmess sings this song several times, to his own

accompaniment at the piano, and he sings it fairly well for a player who never before had been heard to talk, let alone sing, from the screen.

The story of "Weary River" has its start in the underworld, introduces underworld characters, yet is not primarily a gangster tale. It does show how difficult it is for a man, once a convict, to regain decent footing in his community, be it large or small. That Jerry Larrabee, discouraged, disillusioned, did not again become a felon, perhaps a murderer, was due not to the influence of music nor even to the love of a woman. It was because of the opportune intervention of that same benign, humanizing, understanding warden who had first found Jerry's real talent, had stimulated his ambition, had aided him in every fine way possible. Mr. Holden plays this role he takes from the routine character

which we have become inured. Candidly, there are moments when he dominates the picture by his natural, impressive behaviour, his perfect enunciation.

While "Weary River" in itself is not the perfect melodrama by several degrees, it is by far the best medium which Mr. Barthelmess has been offered for some time. His debut as a talking screen star reveals him as possessed of an aptitude for the spoken word not given to all of his compeers. Also, the character itself, that of the young gangster who passes through various moods of sullen rage, eagerness for revenge, realization of what love and loyalty mean, and gratitude for the state official who twice saves him, is worthy of his talents. Miss Compson, as the girl who turned straight after hearing Jerry sing over the radio, was at her best in her scene with him in her apartment, when she strives to dissuade him from seeking out his enemy, Spadoni, for the shown-down which means death to one, perhaps both men.

W. E. G.

March 1929

#### A "ROMANTIC" PROGRAM

For yesterday afternoon's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Mr. Koussevitzky chose the "Roman Carnival" overture by Berlioz; Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony, and Schumann's symphony No. 1 in B flat major.

These works are loosely described as belonging to the romantic school. There are romantic associations connected with them—the trials and tribulations of the flaming Berlioz in the composition and the production of his "Benvenuto Cellini" to which this overture belongs—Berlioz, whose genius is still doubted by those who cannot find "melody" in his works and complain of his harmonic schemes as they appear on paper but sult his thought and invention and sound eloquently when they are played—no wonder, Moussorgsky called Beethoven the thinker and Berlioz, the super-thinker; Schubert with the romantic adventure, in the finding of the "Unfinished" symphony long after his death; Schumann inspired by a poem, the thought of Spring and his Clara.

But these compositions might as well be called "classical." For what is a "classic" work? What a "romantic"? Has any one defined these words better than Sondheim?

"Romanticism" says Stendahl as quoted by Walter Pater, "is the art of presenting to people the literary works which, in the actual state of their habits and beliefs, are capable of giving them the greatest possible pleasure, classicism, on the contrary, of presenting them with that which gave the greatest possible pleasure to their grandfathers." What Stendahl said of literature may well be said of music. Romanticism in music did not come in with Hector Berlioz; it is to be found in music by Scarlatti, Couperin; in music by Handel, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven. For as Pater puts it, "the romantic spirit is, in reality, an ever-present, an enduring principle, in the artistic temperament; and the qualities of thought and style, which that and other similar uses of the word 'romantic' really indicate, are indeed but symptoms of a very continuous and widely working influence." Nor is classic music only that which is "old and accustomed." No, there is no hard and fixed line between music that is classic and music that is romantic. There is only music that is good or bad; music that is still fresh though it was written two centuries ago; music that is dull and tiresome though it was composed last year.

Yesterday there was classically romantic music performed in the appropriately romantic manner: with classic purity of musical outline with romantic coloring—haunting euphony, dazzling brilliance demanded by Berlioz; the melancholy and tenderness peculiar to Schubert; the restless, impassioned energy and the dreaminess that were Schumann's own.

The next concert in the Tuesday series will take place on April 2.

P. H. G. E. M.

#### DAYTON WESTMINSTER CHOIR

The Westminster-choir from Dayton, O., John Finley Williamson, conductor, gave a concert last night in Symphony Hall, before a very large and enthusiastic audience. This was the program: Hodie Christus natus est, Palestrina; Crucifixus, Lotti; Sing Ye to the Lord, Bach; Jesus, Friend of Sinners, Grieg; Offer Thanksgiving, Christiansen; Psalm

51, Brahms; God Is a Spirit, David Hugh Jones; Alleluia! Christ is Risen!, Kopolyoff; Going Home, Dvorak; What Christ Said, Lutkin; The Three Kings (Old Catalan Nativity), arr. by Schindler; Father Most Holy, Christiansen; The Shepherd's Story, Dickinson.

To suggest the quality of this choir's admirable work, let us attempt a little survey of its leader's musical virtues. They are manifold.

Mr. Williamson showed himself last night a musician of genuine parts. The salient points of a melody—whether Lotti invented it or Mr. David Jones—Mr. Williamson distinguishes from mere passing notes with a surety of touch exceeding that of nine performers out of ten: Melodies, therefore, flowed last night, or tripped or ran or danced, quite as the composers had in mind; not once did they lumber or stand stock still.

Rhythm, too, sharply defined but by no means crude, Mr. Williamson holds close to his heart. And he is a stickler for good vocal tone, be it of the softest, or the strongest—for, bear in mind, he holds with strong tone when called for and he can get it—or of many gradations between the two extremes.

Finé tone is not all that Mr. Williamson exacts. A man of imagination, he does not hear "Repent ye!" and "Alleluia!" delivered alike. Not at all. For "God is a Spirit" he demands tone as pure, clear and unhuman as those of the cherubim and seraphim who continually do cry. A tone of singular warmth and sweetness he had at hand last night for the more earthly devoutness of Greig, tone of jubilant brightness for Bach's "Sing unto the Lord." A feat, by the way, it should be accounted to Mr. Williamson, making that Bach chorus sound so vocally well while maintaining unbroken its high spirit of exultation. There, at last, was singing of Bach worth hearing.

A musician, in truth, of notable parts, Mr. Williamson knows how to lead his choir to do his will. Well nigh content it surely would seem, he must have been with their efforts last night. If only he could make their enunciation clearer.

Some people, no doubt, were not completely satisfied with the program. When he planned it, nevertheless, Mr. Williamson showed himself a man of tact and judgment. In his tour—the length of the land and abroad he must please people of many tastes, not only admirers of Bach and Palestrina. Last night, at all events, he held clear of what is dull, aggressively academic. All praise to him, for that and for much more.

R. R. G.

#### THE APOLLO CLUB

At the second concert of the Apollo Club this season, in Jordan hall last night, the assisting artist was Jelly D'Aranyi, popular Hungarian violinist. The club presented an enjoyable concert, in which folk melodies figured prominently, and sang with its customary intelligence and enthusiasm. Thompson Stone, conductor, provided vigorous and authoritative leadership. Pleasant solo singing was done by Ellsworth Blanchard, Melvin Crowell, and Ernest Speth.

Under Mr. Stone's guidance, the Apollo Club seems to have changed the character of its singing somewhat. They now sing with more volume, power, and sonority than before; and yet they seem to have lost the almost perfect ensemble they had previously, when their frequently falsetto singing was so pleasant and gentle to the ear, so precise and finished.

Rousing tone on "The Almighty," of Schubert, preceded the soft and rather dead tone of a choral arrangement of "Thou Art Repose" of the same composer. A disappointing performance of "The Erlking" concluded the Schubert group. Here there seemed to be no dread, no foreboding. This was partly due to the arrangement, which made little use of the dramatic personages in the song, and partly due to the conductor, who did not lead his chorus into climax nor contrast, except in the

two whispered words that end the song.

But if the singing left much to be desired on the Schubert songs, it was excellent on the English and Irish folk tunes that came later, "Calene Custure Me," of lovely melody; "Gently Johnny" with its arch naïvete; "The Hundred Pipers," bring fascinating sounds of bagpipes and the march of a Highland regiment, "The Devil's Awa," jolly and boisterous . . . these were all capitally sung. In the oriental mood, an Armenian folk song, "The Well-Beloved," had charm, and "A Moorish Serenade," by Protheroe, put oriental dress on some very English poetry.

The selections played by Miss



D'Aranyi were well-chosen small pieces, ranging from the stately nobility of the Desplanes "Intrada" to the merry Irish jig of "The Tenpenny Bit" of Herbert Hughes. Miss D'Aranyi played most beautifully, with round tones, gracious phrasing, and with a remarkable command of mood. From the classic purity of a Gluck melody, played as an encore, to the fire of the Hungarian dances she plays so well, she moved with ease and assurance. She was accompanied by Carl Lamson.

There was cordial applause for the singers, conductor, and violinist from an audience that filled the hall. The last concert of the club this season will be given in Jordan hall on April 30.

E. B.

## POVLA FRIJSH

Povla Frijsh, soprano, sang this program last night in Jordan hall:

Peri, Gioite al canto mio; Schubert, Wohin; Dvorak, By the Waters of Babylon, Sing Ye a Joyful Song; Staub, L'Heure Silencieuse; Hahn, Mandoline; Loeffler, Les Peons; Debussy, Colloque sentimental; Dupont, Chanson des noisettes; Gretschaninoff, Nuit de Printemps; Arensky, Erinnerung; Reger, Maria Wiegand; Moussorgsky, La Mort Chef d'Armee; Merikanto, I Kvalen; Backer Grondahl, I Dansen Du Miz Moder; Grieg, Jeg Elsker Dig; Grieg, Eros.

Once more Mme. Frijsh scaled the heights last night. To the world she demonstrated once again what a model program should be. As usual, in these days of her art full flowered, she sang with a mastery of vocal technique not many singers can equal, with musicianship and insight, both poetic and dramatic, none can surpass, with an intensity of mood no other can even approach. At times, furthermore, as in Staub's pretty song and in "Wohin" Mme. Frijsh achieved a sheer beauty of tone such as Mme. Galli-Curci herself could not rival every day.

Where, though, limits of space forbid loving lingering on the remarkable details of Mme. Frijsh's work, to write of her song without the tedium of repetition is no easy matter. Let us, instead, express a wish.

Cannot some practical means be found whereby Mme. Frijsh might sing, say in Boston, a program or two of her most pleasing songs—for the moment leaving aside such songs as make inconvenient exactions of unsophisticated listeners—and presently then, sing these same programs in the remoter suburbs, in smaller cities? It is missionary work we are proposing.

Nine-tenths of our people holding, reasonably enough, the views that song recitals are ill, they shun the concert hall.

But if once they listened to Povla Frijsh, they would find that music chosen wisely and sung aright, even though it suggest, on paper, the "high-brow," is as little dull as anything they ever heard in their lives. Who rouses an audience like Povla Frijsh? Ask anybody present last night. They would find, if once they heard her, rhythm from her as lively as that of Whiteman himself, melody entrancing in its flow, comedy to laugh at, sentiment, the tragedy that stirs to the core.

Droves of people, though, beyond her own fine public, who would actually revel in Mme. Frijsh's singing, cannot be lured to the concert hall or that they are too wary, or else they have not the habit.

If, in missionary spirit, Mme. Frijsh could announce a program of "popular" music, perhaps at "popular" prices, and then could repeat that program in divers cities and towns, consider the results: audiences bewitched with what they heard; people everywhere convinced that fine music is not of necessity a bore. These people, very like, would form the concert habit. To hold them, then, performers would learn perforce to choose their programs wisely, to sing their music well. Missionary work should not be confined to Africa. We need it here. R. R. G.

March 15 1924

## ABRAM SCHONBERGER

Abram Schonberger, violinist, played this program last night in Jordan hall, very well accompanied by Edwin Biltcliffe: Sonata, D major, Handel; Concerto, F sharp minor, Wieniawski; Air de Lensky, Tchaikowsky-Auer; Hungarian Dance No. 1, Brahms; Traume, Wagner-Auer; La Campanella, Paganini-Kochanski.

The most promising musical asset of this very young violinist would appear to be his marked disposition to bring to the fore whatever he finds in a piece that gives it character. In the larghetto of Handel's sonata, for instance,

night he appreciated to a notable degree the stately flow of its melody; not every performer, by any means, vocal or instrumental, feels melody so justly. To a lesser extent, though still not negligibly, he showed himself alive to the dancing jolly measures of Handel's closing allegro.

Quite in different vein, but very intelligently, Mr. Schonberger approached the Wieniawski concerto, as honest a show-piece as ever was written, liberally supplied with violent rhythmic devices to rouse listeners out of languor, with pleasant tunes in variety, with bursts of technical display to make folk stare. As forthrightly as it was written Mr. Schonberger played it, with every air of conviction, in consequence effectively.

Warmth of sentiment he had at call for the Russian air, with phrasing to suit it, the proper lilt and bounce for Brahms's Hungarian dance. If he strayed all abroad in Wagner's "Traume," at least he held as close to the right path as his master Auer, who, in his arrangement for violin, offered the song an affront.

Of Mr. Schonberger's technique let experts speak. To some people it seemed very admirable. At all events it allowed, once the first Handel movements were out of the way, of fine strong tone, attacks nearly always free of a bang, neatness in passages mighty fast, and intonation truer than that of most violinists.

The audience applauded cordially.

R. R. G.

## CONCERT NOTES

The program of the symphony concerts this week will comprise Steinberg's edition of C. P. E. Bach's concerto in D major; a new symphony in F major by Vladimir Dukelsky; Brahms's violin concerto to be played by Jascha Heifetz and the overture by Barloz, "The Roman Carnival."

A suite from Dukelsky's ballet "Zephyr et Flore" was brought out in Boston by Mr. Koussevitzky at a symphony concert on April 29, 1927. This symphony was first performed at Mr. Koussevitzky's concert in Paris on June 14, 1928. It was composed in 1927 in Scotland and Italy. The orchestration

was completed at London in the spring of last year. The symphony is in three movements. The first is more or less in traditional sonata form. The theme—it might be called a cavatina—of the slow movement was invented at Florence, and is said to be in the Italian manner. The first measures of the finale replace the Scherzo that is lacking as an independent movement.

Mr. Heifetz has not played here with the Boston Symphony Orchestra since 1919, when he chose Beethoven's concerto for his first appearance at these concerts.

The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Hill's Symphony, which was performed here and in New York late in the last season; "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" by Dukas and Bruckner's Symphony No. 8.

Andres Segovia will play the guitar tonight in Jordan hall. His program will include music by Sor, Bach (a suite written originally for the lute), Albeniz, and pieces dedicated to him by Moreno-Torres, Turina and Tansman.

Guitar concerts were of frequent occurrence in New York before 1840. It would be interesting to know what sort of music was played, and how proficient the guitarists were. Those who had the good fortune to hear Mr. Segovia last season will welcome this remarkable artist tonight.

Tomorrow afternoon in Jordan hall Guy Maier and Dales Frank, will play music for two pianos by Bach, Schumann, Chopin, Ravel, Frantz, Stravinsky, and Saint-Saens; music for two violins by Vivaldi, Locatelli, Handel, and Bach will be performed by Dorothy Comstock and Mariana Lowell. Mr. Maier will play music by Chopin, Grainger, Weber-Godowski, Liadov, Liszt and Mozart and will speak briefly before each piece on the program.

Concerts next Sunday will be as follows: Symphony Hall 3:30 P. M. Josef Hofmann, pianist. Music by Chopin and Liszt. Repertory Theatre 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra, Theophil Wendt, conductor. Music by Rossini, Rossini—Respighi, Sokolov-Glazunov, Grieg, Johann Strauss, Bizet. Hotel Vendome 3:30 P. M. Boston Flute Players Club. Music by Virgil Thomson, Tchaikovsky. Mr. Sanborn will play piano pieces by M. Albeniz, Solar, Schoenberg and Krenek. Boston City Club 3:30 P. M. Boston Civic Symphony orchestra. J. F. Wagner conductor. Jordan hall 2:45 P. M. Concert of Irish songs by Elizabeth M. O'Connell and assistants. Ford hall 7:30 P. M. Excerpts from "The Pirates of Penzance." Peabody house, orchestra and soloists. Chorus and orchestra.

P H

## THE VASE IN SPEECH

If the "Portland Vase," to be offered for sale, should be purchased by an American, it may, on arrival, provoke a pleasing discussion as to the proper pronunciation of the word "vase."

Our mothers, maiden aunts, grandmothers of the sixties rhymed "vase" with "face," as Swift and Byron, Emerson and James Russell Lowell had found it good. When did dwellers in Boston and its suburbs first pronounce "vase" as if it were spelled "vazh"? Some went far in their effort to be genteelly English—as they thought—and spoke of a "vause," or "vawz." Little by little the new pronunciation made its way westward. It prevailed among "our best people" at the time that drawing-rooms, still called parlors, were decorated after the "Queen Anne" manner—walls were plastered with foreign fans; there was chatter about Eastlake; iron dogs and deer were no longer regarded as essential to lawns in front of mansard-roofed dwelling houses.

At times, distressing accidents attended the change in pronunciation. A lady wishing to shine in social circles would speak of a "vazh" and of "gas" as the latter word was pronounced by the common herd. Another would emphasize both "vazh" and "gaws" giving the broad "a" to each word and then look about her for admiring approbation.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson once wrote that he enjoyed living on Cape Cod because the natives, still uncontaminated in speech by millionaire summer cottagers, rhymed "vase" with "face," and never were at a loss in the matter of pronunciation, neither hesitating, nor correcting themselves in the presence of city folks.

## STORY OF A PRIMA DONNA

Mr. Sanborn's Two-Volume Novel of an American Singer's Career

PRIMA DONNA: A NOVEL OF THE OPERA. By Pitts Sanborn. Two volumes. 615 pp. Longmans, Green & Co. \$5.

By PHILIP HALE

Novels with a singer, pianist, fiddler, composer as the hero and a fellow-laborer in the musical vineyard as heroine have been written, from Elizabeth Sheppard's "Charles Auchester," with its glorification of Mendelssohn, to the novel recently published in which Verdi, discouraged, is in Venice hoping to meet Wagner. There are short stories aplenty: stories by Hoffmann, Balzac and others. Nearly all the novels, while they may have pleased the layman, have excited the laughter of a musician in consequence of gross historical blunders or mistaken use of musical terms.

Mr. Sanborn, a music critic by profession, a writer esteemed for his knowledge, taste and acumen, has added a remarkable study of a singer to the exceptions in this field, novels that can easily be counted on the fingers of one hand, leaving fingers to spare. "Prima Donna" is too long by reason of the fifth book, "Guy," which, containing 15 chapters, might be considered as a story in itself.

"Prima Donna" can hardly be called a study of a temperament, as that word is understood in artistic circles. It may be questioned whether Helma was temperamental in that sense. Foreigners complained of her coldness on the stage. Even after she had triumphed in European cities, when she first appeared as Donna Anna at the Metropolitan Opera House, a New York critic pronounced her "the grandly frozen daughter of a silicated sire, belaboring the evil-doer with icy falls of crystal tone." Helma had lovers; but this was not artistically significant: It is a curious paradox that some of the most morally loose in private life—if a singer can be said ever to have privacy—are icily virginal in operatic roles of a sensuous nature.

The early years of Helma, the household, the narrowness of the college faculty, the manner in which the brilliant Gaines was sent out of town as a corrupting influence, her meeting with

Spiriti the singing teacher, who she had a voice and encouraged her to seek her fortune in New York with letter to the great Maitre Dubosc. Her experiences in that city with fellow students and Manager Gonsalvo—artistically described; in a realist manner that is not too photographic with a humor that is at times cynically ironical.

Mr. Sanborn has not written a "novel with a key." Some may see in Conch Ximeniz, Mme. d'Alvarez; in J. Weale Speakes, Mr. William J. Guard; in Leon-Ferrara, Gatti-Casazza; but the interest of the story does not depend on real or fancied identifications. The great Dubosc, the guide and faithful friend

might be any excellent teacher who puts art above money. Nor are the various characters introduced in the European cities unnatural for the purpose of dramatic narration. If the episode with Gonsalvo, saved years afterwards from poverty by Helma's quixotic generosity, is more or less melodramatic, it is far from being impossible. As for Helma, she said so herself: "Was she not justified . . . in doing with her own body as she chose?" Yet she knew that her home town, Byzantium, was there "vigilant behind the frowning bastion of its conventions."

And so when she arrived in Paris she soon had an affair with the boyish Raymond, an idyllic love. Later she was shocked to find him smugly married, a dull bourgeois, in a provincial city. Then came Ravet, teacher and lover, whose criticisms and artistic interest were invaluable. He died. On her way back from Buenos Aires she met the Comte Guy de Laura, who married her. When she learned that he had children by a dressmaker's apprentice whom he had not wedded on account of family pride, she left him. Returning to New York, applauded at the Metropolitan, she was persuaded by Gonsalvo to sing at Havana, lured by the offer of \$10,000 a night. As she was about to go on the stage as Norma, an influential Cuban embraced her. She knocked out two of his teeth. The high altitude of the city affected her voice. Flasco! Obligated to leave by stealth—the populace was so infuriated—she agreed to wed the enormously rich Ashley,

who had long loved her. A trip to Japan—but how about her career—could she abandon it for hum-drum social life? Her voice was restored. "It trilled like two even hammers of gold. It broke into a glistening cascade of runs." She could sing a top E, "firm and full throated—an astonishing note, she well knew, for a dramatic soprano voice in a woman over 40 . . . Yes, she would marry Ashley; it didn't count. Yes, she would go with him to Japan; it didn't count. . . . She could sing! And life was there; life abundant and continuous. . . . And in November she would be singing again at the Metropolitan."

One might reasonably say that Mr. Sanborn has admirably portrayed a singer, an egotist, accepting lovers without passion, that Helma is better known to the reader as a singer than a woman. Was she a woman or a vocal machine? Perhaps with young Raymond at Paris and at Tours she was almost a woman. Her artistic development is minutely described, never at wearisome length, though young students and old teachers might profit from the precepts put by Mr. Sanborn into the mouths of Dubosc and Ravet. The novel abounds in charming descriptions; in searching analyses of conduct. It is written in a vivid manner, at times poetically, eloquently. There is no "fine writing," no sentimentalism. The men portrayed are lifelike. So is the study of Guy's family, from the energetic mother, the daughter of a Calvinist and a Jewess, to the son-in-law, who had the look, a little disguised, of an amiable Irish policeman. The dinner at the hereditary hotel of the rue de Varenne might have been described by Marcel Proust.



## SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the 19th concert of the 48th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, C. P. E. Bach-Steinberg, concerto, D major, for orchestra. Dukelsky, symphony. F major—first time in the United States. Brahms, violin concerto (Jascha Heifetz, violinist). Berlioz, overture, "The Roman Carnival."

Vladimir Dukelsky's symphony, composed in 1927-8, was first performed at the home of Mr. Koussevitzky's concerts in Paris on June 14, 1928. The name of the composer was not unknown in Boston before yesterday. A pleasing suite from his ballet "Zephyr et Flore" was performed here under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction two years ago next month; three of his songs were sung by Gertrude Ehrhart, in Jordan hall last January.

Mr. Diaghilev has called this composer, who is now in his 26th year, a younger brother of Stravinsky and Prokofiev. He does not seem to be so closely related. Whatever his musical parentage, he does not need any family recommendation. Perhaps he is musically an illegitimate child, a rather unlovely one, but of a vigorous nature as have been many famous men born out of wedlock. What Dukelsky said to Edwin Evans two years ago was amusing; but not to be taken too seriously, for a young composer talking for publication, will be shyly reticent—this is seldom the case; pontifically priggish, or anxious to call attention to himself by epigrams, paradoxes, windy words to make the bourgeois sit up. Mr. Dukelsky indulged in at least one paradox: "I do hate all 'modernism,' and I love being modern." After all this statement, carefully examined, is not so paradoxical as it seems, for he added: "I believe only in construction in the truly classical sense, knowing that it is more difficult to construct a fox-trot than to write a thousand poems on golden fishes, bald Chinamen, or oyster shells as the so-called 'modernists' do."

He went on to say, and sensibly: "We must, and will, undress music; it doesn't need the heavy coat of harmonies any more—winter is gone." The great Couperin, the younger Scarlatti, Mozart and Debussy would have grasped his meaning and approved. And in this symphony Dukelsky is found respecting the sonata form, referring to a scherzo section, and in the finale writing a canon.

The symphony is an interesting work. Like all the compositions of young men who are at all worthy of attention, in their joy of invention, in their desire to strike out a new path, to be individual, the symphonic first movement is yeasty. Here was need of the self-criticism that comes only with greater maturity. The thematic material is not in itself alluring. There are incongruous episodes interrupting noisily and ineffectively any development. It is as if the hearer were subjected to galvanic shocks. Yet even in this movement there is a proud independence—call it not arrogance or a foolish defiance—that wins respect if not whole-hearted admiration. Better this wild irregularity than obsequious following in the footsteps of smug, dull music makers of whose works the damning compliment "Anyhow, they are well made" is all that can be said.

The second movement with its broad, flowing chief theme, ingeniously ornamented shows the Dukelsky of whose future one may entertain reasonable hopes; and the finale with its exciting rhythms, and not too scholastic treatment shows fancy as well as originality, though the rhythmic aggressiveness may be derived from Stravinsky.

The concert was a brilliant one. The slow movement of Emanuel Bach's concerto is nobly beautiful; even its great length does not bring the desire for an ending. The crispness and the virility of the other movements displayed the perfection of the strings and a few wind instruments. The ever-welcome "Roman Carnival" overture again

proved—it additional proof were needed—that Mr. Koussevitzky has created a virtuoso orchestra of virtuoso players. The repetition of the word "virtuoso" is not here misplaced, for players of pronounced excellence do not always make a virtuoso ensemble.

Mr. Heifetz had not played here with the orchestra for 10 years. His technical proficiency was then recognized, but his interpretation was not conspicuous for musical or emotional qualities. Yesterday he gave a truly eloquent performance of Brahms's concerto. For sheer beauty of tone alone his playing would have been noteworthy, but in addition there was a display of musical appreciation of the concerto's contents, a warmth that was not forced into explosive passion, a refreshing absence of sentimentalism in the second movement. Even in passages of mere padding—from Brahms was a master at treading water until he could swim out for the familiar or a distant shore—Mr. Heifetz held the attention and ravished

the ear. His treatment of the first movement will not be soon forgotten. The orchestra shared in his triumph.

This concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week will comprise Hill's symphony in B flat; "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" by Dukas, and the eighth symphony of Bruckner's which has not been played here for 20 years.

## ANDRES SEGOVIA

Andres Segovia, Spanish guitarist, provided an evening of delightful music at Jordan Hall last night. A large and very cordial audience applauded him both as a remarkable virtuoso who reveals the unusual beauties of his instrument with consummate skill, and as a sensitive and poised musician.

At first, one is disposed to wish that this musically gifted Spaniard had chosen an instrument with a greater gamut of expression, but on reflection, one rejoices that he has chosen the guitar, for the world is full of excellent pianists and violinists, but the great guitar player is unique. The instrument too, is charming. It surely is no more limited than a stringed instrument would be, were it robbed of harmonic assistance by the ever-present accompanying piano; in fact, it is almost certain that the guitar, with its numerous possibilities in the way of chords and other accompaniment, is second only to the piano as a genuine solo instrument.

Certainly it was a program full of interest and charm that was presented last night. From the symmetrical patterns of a Sonata and Theme varie by Ferdinand Sor, to the typically Spanish rhythms and Moorish cadences of a Suite Castellana by F. Moreno Torroba, Mr. Segovia carried the audience in his first group. In the Castilian Suite, the mournful sweetness of the "Arada," and the delicate irony of the "Serenata Burlesca" were conveyed with equal skill. As an encore to this group, Mr. Segovia beautifully played a Spanish Dance by Granados.

The second group consisted of six pieces by Johann Sebastian Bach that were originally written for the lute. These, which are familiar enough arranged for other instruments, seemed specially new and lovely, played on the guitar. The dainty patterns of melody, plucked from the instrument, had enough of the sound of the metal string, and enough of resonance, to make them carry, and yet to remain superlatively delicate. The grace of phrasing, and sense of style Mr. Segovia showed in these pieces were as admirable as the virtuosity and skill with which he played the difficult Fugue.

The last group contained three Spanish pieces, "Fandanguillo" by Turina, and "Sevilla" and "Leyenda" by Albeniz and a rather Iberian sounding Mazurka by A. Tansman. The Mazurka was pleasing enough, but it was in the Spanish pieces that Mr. Segovia produced the most beauty. Here, with changing rhythms, varieties of tone color and percussive effects, as well as by fine phrasing, he made enchanting music.

Many encores were demanded by the insistent audience, and granted by the generous Mr. Segovia. E. B.

## GUY MAIER

Guy Maier, in Jordan hall, yesterday afternoon, gave a concert for young people of all ages." With the young of tender years, presumably, foremost in his mind, Mr. Maier, in his comfortable, confidential way, chatted pleasantly of music in general, wisely too, letting fall words, about radio mostly, which it is to be hoped may be long remembered.

Presently, then, Mr. Maier turned practical. He had it in mind to establish a suitable setting of fairy-tale for Ravel's "The Sleeping Princess," played,

on two pianofortes, by himself and by Mr. Dalles Frantz. Elaborately, after, he developed his fairy tale; giants figured in it, laughing to Bach inventions, arranged for two pianos by Mr. Maier. Ghosts took a hand too, creepily presented by the narrator, their suggestion heightened by Saint-Saens "Dance Macabre."

To recall all the features of Mr. Maier's story is not easy to one without skill in shorthand. They gave rise to Chopin's studies in Mr. Maier's arrangement, a little gallop by Stravinsky of a forthright humor that particularly pleased the genuinely young, and a dressing out of "Turkey in the Straw," by Mr. Frantz, which last piece satisfied the company especially well.

With the utmost ingenuity Mr. Maier so managed his narrative as to introduce, right aptly, music for two violins by Vivaldi and by Loelleit, played by Miss Dorothy Comstock and Miss Mariana Lowell. Adroitly, too, he waded Mr. Frantz into the picture, with a Chopin waltz and Granger's Country

## By PHILIP HALE

Edgar Wallace's "The Ringer," which was produced at Wyndham's Theatre in London about May 1, 1926, and had a long run in London, will be played at the Copley Theatre tomorrow night for the first time in this country. The author, known to thousands by his novels of mystery and crime, has written other plays, "The Forest of Happy Dreams," "The Terror," "The Squealer," "The Lad," etc. "The Ringer" is so-called because he, a brilliant criminal, is able to "ring changes on himself." When the play reached the 300th performance in London, the Daily Telegraph said that its success was easily accounted for: "It contains an unusually exciting story, which, arousing one's curiosity at the very start, leaves it unsatisfied almost up to the end of the piece. The characters, also, are drawn with a deft hand." Maurice Meister, played in London by Franklin Dyall, is a solicitor, a dope fiend, a receiver of stolen goods, a libertine—and what else? An accomplished pianist. "The Ringer" has a devoted American wife (Dorothy Dickson played the part of London).

When Stephen Phillips's "Paola and Francesca" was produced in London 27 years ago this month, there was incidental music by Percy Pitt. Will it be used for the revival at the Plymouth tomorrow night?

It is a curious fact that though nearly 30 operas have had Francesca for a heroine, no one of them has held the stage for any length of time; but the success of D'Annunzio's play with Duse as Francesca, led to an exhumation in 1902 at Rome of Cagnoni's opera first performed at Turin in 1878. "In spite of some old-fashioned romanticism, the revival had a great success."

The Macmillan Company has published a "Dictionary to the Plays and Novels of Bernard Shaw with Bibliography of His Works and of the Literature Concerning Him with a Record of the Principal Shavian Play Productions." The compilers of this large octavo of 231 pages are C. Lewis Broad and Violet M. Broad.

There are other dictionaries of this kind: The Dickens Dictionary—yet one will search it in vain for the surname of the Fat Boy in "Pickwick"—did he have one?—there is the Balzac Dictionary in French; we believe some one has compiled a Thackeray Dictionary. Charles Daudet is the author of a "Repertoire" of the characters in Marcel Proust's "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu," but Parisian critics complain that it is incomplete and in some respects misleading.

The Broads say that the only other dramatist honored by a "dictionary" is Shakespeare. (Is there one devoted to Moliere?) They say in their preface that they thus "stamp the ultimate hall-mark of the gold of literature upon Shavian wares." They were led to undertake the task from a personal need of the book. "We had not advanced far before we found that Shaw himself would once have welcomed an index of his works. In the preface to 'The Irrational Knot' he refers to his hero as 'Whatshisname,' explaining, 'I have sent my only copy of the novel to the printer and cannot remember the name of my hero.' If the author forgets sometimes, the reader does so oftentimes. There are also those forgetful ones who, like the professor, could 'never remember whether Mr. Collins appears in 'Emma' or 'Sense and Sensibility.'" (This reminds us of titles invented by the late Frank E. Chase for novels to be written after the manner of Jane Austen: "Colic and Bucolic"; "Seen and Obscene.")

The author of "Sir Charles Grandison" was not dependent on the labors of admirers years afterwards. In the edition of 1754—printed for S. Richardson—the seventh volume contains an extraordinary "Historical and Characteristical" index of over 100 pages—beginning "Absence of lovers, vol. III. p. 274. Promotive of a cure for love, vol. VII. 226," and ending with reference to "zeal"—"religious zeal, says Sir Charles Grandison, is too generally a fiery thing, VI. 207." On page 305 we read "Adam; his complaisance to Eve, according to Milton, animadverted upon, V. 207." On page 308 we become acquainted with "Burnham, Mr., a gentleman in the neighborhood of Grandison-hall, III. 10." As for the doings of the chief characters, their conversations, walks abroad, opinions are minutely described. "Human nature, its characters not to be taken from the overflowings of dirty imaginations, II. 184." "Horses, why Sir Charles Grandison docks not his I. 256, 257, VI. 67. There is even a dictionary of Similes. This huge index is entertaining reading; easier reading than the novel itself.

The Brocks begin with a page about Shaw's life; dates and facts. Would that Shaw could be persuaded to reprint the brilliant articles he contributed as music critic to the Star in 1888-90, and to the World in 1890-94! In 1879 he was employed in London by a city firm to exploit Edison's telephone, his "last sin against nature." Then follows a list with dates of his novels, plays (dates of publication and production) playlets of the war, the Tomfooleries, and the translation from the German of "Jitta's Atonement." Synopses the novels are clear—we are pained to find the Brocks on page 11 spelling "clarinet" with an "o." The plays are alphabetically arranged. One notes that "The Admirable Bashville," a dramatization of Cashel Byron's Profession, was written for protection against unauthorized performances of dramatized versions of the novel. "An American stage version was actually played in New York under the management of the eminent pugilist, Mr. James Corbett." Lists of Shaw's published works, fugitive pieces, reported speeches, lectures, letters, etc. (down to 1927), his translators is followed by a list of the books, pamphlets and articles about Shaw (1894-1927).

Then comes the Dictionary. The references, to acts of the plays and chapters of the novels, are to the first appearances of the characters.

One meets Herr Abendgasse. Where? Who was he? A German Socialist and art critic in "Cashel Byron's Profession." He lectured on "The True in Art" at Mrs. Hoskyn's. Cashel replied to him and knocked down Lucian Webber, "in order to demonstrate that more effort does not necessarily mean more force." Webber naturally comes under the "W's."

Zozim is the last character described in this Dictionary: "Methuselah," Part IV, Act 1. "A long-liver appointed to take charge of the short-liver 'Daddy' Barlow. He is an advanced primary—95 years of age, and the intellectual strain of conversing with him causes Barlow 'discouragement.'"

We are reminded of the "Musician" in "Caesar and Cleopatra." "Engaged to Cleopatra to teach her to play the harp; after she has had a fortnight's lessons he is to receive a flogging for every false note she makes."

The section "Play Productions" includes "The Longest Runs"—"Fanny's First Play" (624 performances), "On the Halls," "Wireless," "In America," "On the Continent," "Banned by the Censor." There is mention of the satirist satirized in "His Wild Oat," a farce by Sydney Blow, in which Row Simpson impersonated Shaw at Portsmouth in 1926.



The selection of principal productions takes no account of performances, by repertory companies or of later revivals of the earlier plays.

These industrious and enthusiastic compilers say that their net has been a wide one, "but we cannot hope to have enmeshed all the fish from the vast Shavian seas, though it will only be Shavian shrimps that have escaped. . . . We have had one regret in our compilation: that it implies that the bulk of Shaw's work has been written. It is not so much that we feel that Shaw's activities will be circumscribed by the normal courses of senectitude—no doubt he will set Nature's Golden Rule at defiance—but that he seems to have become infected by the taciturnity of the Ancients of his own creation. During the past ten years"—the preface is dated November, 1928—"his output in books marks a decline in the prolificity of the two previous decades. He is now verging, doubtless, to the vortex of pure thought, the ultimate Judith—envisaged goal of the sons of Eve. We, the short-livers, are no longer, alas, to be enlivened and enriched by the wit and wisdom of his younger and more loquacious years."

"Do We Agree?" the debate between Messrs. Chesterton and Shaw is listed as published (1928). The Brocks should not be down-hearted. It is reported that Shaw has completed a new play.

One might easily wish that they had written their preface in a simpler manner. One hopes that their valuable work will be reviewed by Shaw himself. Will he disguise his gratitude by speaking flippantly of his own writings or assume a modesty that is not generally thought to be his dominant characteristic?

## "JACK AND JILL"

Untiring correctors of popular beliefs now assert that the first line of the nursery rhyme, "Jack and Jill went up the hill" should read "Jack and Gill." They further say that the rhyme had a political, satirical meaning when it was first invented.

These ingenious gentlemen are belated. John Bellenden Ker, Esq., an Englishman, published in 1834 a curious book concerning these nursery rhymes, and in 1837 extended his essay by inquiring into the "archaeology" of English popular phrases, from "He took the bull by the horns" to "He is in a nervous state," devoting 242 pages to phrases alone. His idea about nursery rhymes was that they were originally in Dutch and of so savage a nature that they came out in England disguised as nonsense jingles to amuse children. Here is "Jack and Jill" in its original form:

Jack end Gijl  
Winnert op de helle  
Tooget'er pelle of waerder.  
Jack fel doe aen!  
End brock 'es gronw in!  
End Gijl gee 'em t' heymelen agter."

Ker explained that "Jack," meaning a surplice, stood metaphorically for a priest; "gijl," meaning fraud, guile, chicanery, represented a lawyer; "pelle" was the burial perquisite; and so on. This apparently innocent nursery rhyme should be read as follows:

"The rector and the lawyer would ply their work in hell itself if they could but get a glimpse of a burial-due or a fee to be gained there. Fall to work, priest, assail your parishioners for your dues, employ all the horrors that belong to your trade; and if you should get into any difficulty, the lawyer will find out some loop-hole for you after all (some means of bringing you off with impunity)."

Charles Reade once wrote that there were men so overflowing with mental power that the Weeklies had to set up a waste-pipe for their intellects; "it is called Acrostic." Mr. Ker's waste pipe was verbal archaeology. What is to be thought of a man who insisted that "the devil to pay" came from the Dutch, "Die't evel toe paije"; meaning "this is the enemy to peace"?

Gardens. Then he ended the tale and the ladies the concert with music by Bach and a delightful Handel allegro, played with delightful spirit.

The concert closed formally, but almost nobody went home, for Mr. Maler had invited everybody to stay to hear "Krazy Kat."

An audience of very good size attended the highly individual entertainment. R. R. G.

## METROPOLITAN THEATRE

### "Chinatown Nights"

A screen drama, adapted by Oliver H. P. Garrett, from a story by Samuel Ornitz; dialogue by William B. Jette; directed by William A. Wellman, and presented by Paramount as a talking picture with the following cast:

Chuck Riley	Wallace Beery
Joan Fry	Florence Vidor
Boston Charley	Wagner Oland
The Shadow	Jack Oakie
The Reporter	Tetsu Komai
Woo Chung	Frank Chew
The Gambler	Mrs. Wins
The Maid	Peter Morrison
The Bartender	

It is said that the original title of this story was "Tong War." That, the picture proves, would have been inept. In a measure is the present title. "Chinatown Nights" has a glamorous

sound, but it does not indicate the full dramatic portent of the story. Here is a perfectly plausible premise,—that a woman of breeding, high social status, refinement of nature, could become infatuated with a burly ruffian, who, despite superficial evidences of scholastic background, chooses to live in Chinatown as a white boss at the head of one of two rival gangs. White women have been known to sink lower than that in Chinatown. At any rate, Joan Fry makes two visits to the sinister district. The first time she witnesses a murder. The second time she insists on entering a Chinese theatre where the stage has been set for the popping of fire-crackers and guns, with "Chuck" Riley, the white boss, and Boston Charley as strategic Tong leaders. Chuck is hit in the arm. When the crowd melts away and the smoke clears he sees Joan, horrified but unafraid. He scolds, she follows. When he slaps her face she knows she must continue to follow.

For a time they live together happily. When she tells him that she realizes that she cannot persuade him to take up a new life with her and that she must return home, he taunts her with a newly coined phrase. He calls her "a hit-and-run thrill hunter," a yellow quitter. Then he throws her out. She already had taken to drink. Now she begs liquor here and there. A youthful vagrant who calls himself "The Shadow" and acts as self-appointed watch dog for Chuck, takes her to his shabby room whence she is abducted by Boston Charley, ultimately to be tossed from an automobile in front of Chuck's dance hall home. That is Boston Charley's idea of revenge for past defeats. His men have just killed "The Shadow." Chuck looks on the dead boy, looks at Joan, worn, emaciated, ready to die. He rushes out, orders the dance hall cleared and closed, and returns to kneel beside Joan and to tell her it's all right, they are going to start anew.

Thanks to Mr. Wellman's superb direction, to truly atmospheric photography, and to virile and intelligent characterizations by Mr. Beery, Mr. Oland, and Miss Vidor, this story takes on the proportions of a great picture. Lavishly decorated as to detail, the picture makes Chinatown vividly menacing. The police raids, the stuttering reporter, who helps to stir up trouble, the Chinese gunmen, the Chinese actors on the stage of the Chinese theatre, all fit naturally into the picture. The talking sequences offer our first hearing of the three principals, and all are satisfying despite a slight unevenness in tonal volume, due to no fault of their own. W. E. G.

## BOSTON FLUTE PLAYERS' CLUB

For the Boston Flute Players' Club, which held forth yesterday afternoon at the Vendome, George Laurent, the organizations musical director, had planned a program quite in accord with what he holds fitting for these agreeable musical functions. The classics, that is to say, shared the best of the day with the moderns; the romanticists had to make shift with what was left.

Bach himself led off, with a "Sonata sopra il Sogetto Reale," a trio, in other words, for flute, violin and piano. Since the work was dedicated to no less a person than Frederick the Great—no mean musician, as we learned some weeks ago—from the title it is safe to guess that His Majesty furnished the sonata with a subject or two.

Which? If he had any hand in the lovely andante or the succeeding allegro, the potentate may well have felt pride in his musical prowess. The two earlier

movements, be they incepted in Bach's brain or in Prussia's, showed forth yesterday little more than workmanship. Or the performers perhaps, doubly oppressed by genius and royalty combined, played the music, though tastefully indeed, over-gingerly.

There was nothing gingerly about the performance of Mr. Virgil Thomson's "Sonata da Chiesa," or about the music either; ginger, instead, burned hot in the mouth. This "church sonata," if one's poor Italian translates correctly, Mr. Thomson wrote for trombone, horn, viola, trumpet and clarinet.

Though it sounds secular in the extreme, Mr. Thomson at least calls the sonata's first movement a choral. If only a listener yesterday, with the freedom of Orsino, Duke of Illyria, could have commanded "that strain again!" When the viola or the trombone played a few reasonable bars, or the clarinet a pleasant passage quite like a cadenza in a Meyerbeer opera, that would have proved helpful, provided only the freedom extended to Orsino's later command "Enough! No More!" for the silencing of excrescences of sound which made it impossible to listen attentively to themes in themselves quite possible.

Such themes there are in the choral, though thickly overlaid. More there are in the tango, if only the misleading title can be ignored. A pity, therefore, it is that a man of genuine talent should follow current musical fashions so slavishly and to such an extreme as actually to hide his talent under the gauds of today.

As for genuineness—let us set forth the facts. Mr. Thomson, in a "church sonata"—it matters not what some ancient usage may have been—introduces a tango. He writes a tango, to go on, with scarce a trace of tango rhythm to bless it. He writes a choral most unchurchly, much or it on the contrary volatile. And in the fugue of his "church" sonata he tosses off music admirably fitted to illustrate that curious race in which Alice ran in Wonderland.

Genuine? It may be. To a plain mind, however, it savors rather of affectation, the pointless affectation that helps a person not at all. Mr. Thomson, by the way, conducted his work in person, and conducted it well.

It being the classics' turn next, Mr. San Roma played, and exquisitely, two sonatas by Albeniz and Soler. Then, to maintain the balance, he revived Schoenberg's "Six Little Piano Pieces." So well he made them sound one could only wish that Schoenberg, calling them sketches, would some day develop them into music really worth while. Mr. San Roma also played a suite of six pretty trifles, by Krench.

The concert closed with Tchaikovsky's string quartet, D major, op. 11. There was a large audience. R. R. G.

## JOSEF HOFMANN

A program of piano music by Chopin and Liszt was given by Josef Hofmann yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The Chopin selections were Andante spianato e Grande Polonaise; Nocturne in B Major; Nocturne in C Minor; Valse in A-flat Major; Barcarolle in F-sharp Major; Scherzo in C-sharp minor. The Liszt selections were Etude de Concert in D-flat Major; Gnomes; Die Loreley; Valse Impromptu in A-flat Major; Don Juan Phantasie. Extra numbers from both composers were added in response to insistent applause from the fair-sized audience.

Mr. Hofmann's playing of the Chopin group was characterized by delicacy, ease, and fluidity. Only in the Barcarolle and the Scherzo was there any attempt to vary the tone-coloring from a predominating pearly gray. It is a pleasure to hear Chopin played with such ease, and it is a pleasure to hear him played with almost total lack of sentiment, for it is too often the case that the performer allows the style appropriate to Chopin's warmer and more romantic works to infuse itself into everything he wrote. But there is danger in just permitting purling notes to flow under the fingers indefinitely, as Mr. Hofmann did yesterday. Long before he reached the heavy surf in the Barcarolle, many of his audience were lulled into a deeper than average concert repose. The Barcarolle and the Scherzo were played with the energy and drama that Mr. Hofmann can command at will. Perhaps it was his arrangement of the program that was at fault; it is certain that he roused his audience by technical proficiency as well as by emotional intensity during the latter half of the program, but it is equally certain that he failed to interest very much during the first half of it, even though he played with good taste and beauty of tone throughout.

Of the Liszt selections, most pleasing were the Gnomes; no enchantingly light and elfin, Die Loreley, of lovely melody, and the Don Juan Phantasie. The Don Juan roused the audience to great excitement, for Hofmann's playing of it again revealed his technical prowess, of almost miraculous proportions. Liszt's familiar Liebestraum, beautifully played, was one of the encore granted to an appreciative audience. E. B.

## PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The People's Symphony orchestra, conducted by Mr. Theophil Wendt, has extended its season to include two additional concerts, the first of which was heard yesterday afternoon at the Repertory Theatre. The soloists were Maria Conde, soprano; Dorothy George, soprano; Joseph Lautner, tenor, and John Percival, baritone.

Mr. Wendt arranged a program of light music for this concert and it was received with enthusiasm. The orchestra played with spirit, achieving shadings of tone which were delightful to the ear. Moreover, they played with faultless rhythm combined with phrasing akin to poetry. The soloists sang the excerpts from "Carmen" exceptionally well, each voice had a pleasing quality and did not lack finesse. However, when this music is sung it needs continuity of thought and action and this is only possible with an entire ensemble, therefore when only certain parts are sung the soloist is sometimes shown to his disadvantage. The concert was well attended and the soloists and the orchestra were heartily applauded. O. A.

## MODERN-BEACON

### "Night Club"

A genuine screen novelty is this three-reel special by Paramount. Derived from a short story by Katherine Brush, it relates mostly in the form of spoken dialogue the passing incidents of an evening at a typical metropolitan night club. Much of this dialogue is racy, several of the scenes are boldly expository of the banal behaviour of the men and women, youthful or aged, who seek in these noisy resorts that which they are pleased to call pleasure. First we see Minnie Dupree, at one time a rare stage favorite in Boston, laboriously climbing the stairs which lead to her domain, the rest room, in this particular night club. As Mrs. Grady she complains of the monotony of her tasks, of the parsimony of her female patrons. She lays out her equipment for the toilet, sets several large coins ostentatiously on a tray, and awaits returns.

The scenes swing to the dance floor, the stage, the tables, where are seated the diners and drinkers. Obese old women hold hands rapturously with sleek-haired youngsters, pig-eyed butter and egg men ogle hard-eyed damozels who may be detected in the act of tucking folded bills into the tops of their stockings. A card stating that no liquors are sold and asking patrons not to ask for any is flashed on the screen, dissolving slyly into views of the mixing of highballs, the pouring of champagne. Jimmy Carr leads his jazz orchestra and introduces the artists, Bobbie Arnst, the two Pat Rooneys, father and son, Fannie Brice, Tamara Geva, the Russian dancer, girls from the "Good News" chorus stomping the "Varsity Drag." These are real stage folks.

Meantime, in the rest room, passes in and out an ironic procession. A girl removes a wedding ring and tucks it in her bosom. A matron in black velvet complains to her companion that another woman is stealing her husband. Another girl furtively takes a dose of cocaine. Another, trying to avoid a disagreeable admirer, waits awhile, then exchanges a \$2 bill for a pair of scissors from the toilet table, and goes out, to a tragedy. Ann Pennington, her own audacious self, asks Mrs. Grady to take charge of a girdle, as it impedes her action, adding that she won't need it the rest of the night. Still another woman complains of the "greasy mind" of her rich escort, yet carries on because her sister is ill and money is needed. Through all this Mrs. Grady is bored. At closing time she confides to Dorothy Tierney, the coat room girl, that they are a stupid, selfish lot, and settles herself in a chair to read a true story magazine. She has missed each and all of the little dramas which have been enacted before her eyes.

The picture is noteworthy, thanks to Robert Florey, its director, for its vivid etchings, its deft presentation of contrasting dramatic incidents, it also is interesting in that it employs a score of stage players who, it is understood, gave their services gratuitously; for the picture was made under the auspices of the Actors' Fund and the Authors' League of America. W. E. G.

## WASHINGTON ST. OLYMPIA AND FENWAY

### "The Redeeming Sin"

A screen drama, adapted by Harvey Gale from a story by L. V. Jefferson, photographed by Byron Haskin, directed by H. W. Bretherton, and presented by Warner Bros. as a talking picture with the following cast:

Fleurbaey	Donna Coste
Dr. Raoul Dubois	Conrad Nagel
Monks Face	Georges Stone
Petite	Phyllis DeLa
Father Colomb	Lionel Belmore
Jettour	Warner Richmond
Mitzi	Nina Quarter

It is doubtful if any picture story re-



lating to the despicable Apaches of Paris has received the remarkable treatment bestowed on that of "The Redeeming Sin." Such scorching hatred, such seraphic love, such sudden transitions from one to the other, never before have been recorded so ingeniously on the screen. Certainly there has been no precedent for the spoken dialogue, so naive, so stilted, so suggestive of the good old days of 10-20 and 30 when they dished up your melodrama in generous portions regardless of quality. And the characters—Fleurette, slim, blonde, fiery, unreasonable, oh, how unreasonable at the most crucial moments! Dr. Raoul Dubois, cold, professional, hero despite himself, beloved by the gods in that though knifed in the back and thrown into the turbid waters of a Parisian sewerage lane, he emerges unharmed. Jettur, known as the knife-thrower, a villain of ugly countenance whose crimes never come home to him; Monkey Fage, a ratty little pickpocket whose sense of loyalty remains to the last; Father Colomb, the portly priest who, when Fleurette, thinking herself a murderess, beseeches him to pray for her, recites the Lord's prayer and is content.

Into surprising situations are thrown these odd personalities. Le Petite, Fleurette's stripping brother, caught by the proprietor of a shop he and Jettur are burglarizing, gets in the way of the latter's bullets and is mortally wounded. Fleurette finds his body in a cab, where Jettur has hidden it, and rushed with it to the apartment of Dr. Dubois. When he tells her the lad is dead, she becomes enraged and vows vengeance. Thereafter, instead of permitting her Apache friends to drop a rock on his head or stick a knife into him, she plots to make him suffer as long as she suffers. She flirts with him, but in the end loses her heart. True, before the final curtain she hates and loves so mercurially that were it not for the captions the audience would not know just what were her feelings. At one point she tells Father Colomb that, though loving Raoul, she has married Jettur. "Marriage without love is sin within the sight of God," he chants. "Is there no redeeming sin?" she asks. So, later, in expiation, when she finds that Raoul is alive, she allows herself to topple from a third story window to the cruel pavements below. She lands on her back, the surface of the street is broken by the impact. Yet she lives, to be completely rehabilitated physically and spiritually, thanks to Raoul's ministrations and Father Colomb's influence. As we have intimated, an amazing picture, amazingly performed. W. E. G.

#### UNA BATES

Una Bates, a soprano from England, sang this program last night in Jordan hall, to very good accompaniments by Beatrice Warden Roberts:

Gia libero, Porpora; Bist du bel mir, Bach; L'Amore (from Il re pastore), Mozart; Chanson Ancienne, Sauzey; Meine Rose, Volksliedchen, Schumann; Lerchengesang, Ständchen, Brahms; Clair de lune, Szulc; Le Martin-pecheur, D'Anne jouant de l'espinette, Ravel; Les Mouettes, Fourdrain; Le Carnaval, Erlanger; The Christmas Carol, Bax; Love on my Heart from Heaven Fell, Clive Carey; The Fairy Lough, Stanford; My Heart is Like a Singing Bird, Parry.

Either Miss Bates is inordinately fond of head tones of the lightest flute-like quality, or else she has made her studies with one of those numerous teachers of singing who, clinging to the easiest way, do not put themselves about to develop tones of stouter substance.

She has them amazingly sweet, those floating tones as light and feathery as dandelions gone to seed. By too constant use of them, however, she turns their sweetness cloying. It is a pity that Miss Bates, in the training of her admirable voice, has not shown a wiser judgment. For when she chooses she gives evidence, in her medium and lower register, of the potentiality of tones of body and warmth.

With a voice so pallid and incorporeal, Miss Bates could not last night make her interpretative intentions good. A pity again, for she displayed excellent intentions in nearly every song she sang. Her best she attained in that very attractive Chanson Ancienne by Sauzey, and in Szulc's "Clair de Lune."

An unusually good musician, Miss Bates gave great pleasure by her exquisite phrasing in Mozart's air, where she had valuable musical help from Baldassar Ferlazzo with his violin. Later in the evening she manifested again a rare sensitiveness to melody, when she sang two songs by Ravel.

She has much to do with musician-ship, intelligence, voice. Why does not Miss Bates develop her voice to its full worth? R. R. G.

#### BOSTON SYMPHONY

The Boston Symphony orchestra, conducted by Mr. Koussevitzky, played the fifth program of its Monday evening concerts last night at Symphony hall. It seems inadequate to say that

the concert last evening was magnificent in its quality of tone and expression, but nevertheless such a meagre expression will have to suffice as words cannot fully express the exquisite musicianship which was shown in the performance of the music Mr. Koussevitzky chose for this program.

Beginning with a Concerto for Orchestra in D major, by C. P. E. Bach, the orchestra played the swift allegro passages with infinite grace and in the second movement the quality of the sustained tones of the strings was of exceptional fineness. The "Gymnopodies" by Satie, might have suffered under a hand less sensitive to tonal effect than that of Mr. Koussevitzky because in truth the shadings and tonal qualities are its salvation. In "L'Apprenti Sorcier," by Dukas, the interpretation was a vital thing, the strings so accentuated the story of the legend that one could almost see the water and imagine the plight of the poor man whose curiosity far exceeded his actual knowledge of proper procedure.

Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5 in E minor is said to have been written in the latter part of his life. The music is turbulent, almost defiant, occasionally subsiding to a strain of futility and acquiescence. The orchestra played this symphony with infinite delicacy of phrasing revealing all the pathos of the beautiful slow melodies and the burning intensity of the allegro passages, finally mounting to a climax of superb majesty. O. A.

#### FRANK SHERIDAN

Frank Sheridan, pianist, gave a concert last night in George W. Brown hall for the benefit of disabled veterans. The concert was presented under the auspices of the American Women's Overseas League of New England, and a distinguished list of patrons and patronesses, as well as an appreciative audience, were present. The program was as follows:

Sarabande, Rameau-Godowsky; Sicilienne, Bach-Philipp; Prelude (from E major Sonata for violin alone), Bach-Leopold Mannes; Prelude, Chorale and Fugue, Cesar Franck; Jeux d'eau, Ravel; Prelude, G sharp minor, Rachmaninoff; Etude, F sharp major, Stravinsky; Poeme, Scriabine; Octave Intermezzo, Leschetizky; Etude, C minor (Op. 25, No. 12), Chopin; Berceuse, Chopin; Polonaise, A flat major, Op. 53, Chopin.

Mr. Sheridan's qualities, both technical and musical, are of a high order. He has excellent rhythm, a sense of the poetic and the delicate that almost becomes effeminate at times, but which is delightful in its place, and a clean, percussive attack when the music demands forceful playing. His interpretations are always very thoughtfully worked out, and carefully played, with attention to detail and to climax. The first group, consisting as it did of pieces of a light and graceful sort, suited Mr. Sheridan's poetic and colorful style while revealing his lack of solidity and warmth. The Franck Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue brought out more vigorous and sonorous playing, and his interpretation was stirring, though not free from mannerism.

The technical skill he lavished on the Ravel Jeux d'eau, the Stravinsky F sharp major Study, the Scriabine Poeme and the Leschetizky Octave Intermezzo roused the audience to great enthusiasm, and they demanded a repetition of the Leschetizky, and an extra number. In the last group, all Chopin selections, Mr. Sheridan did his best playing, for here his poetic and dramatic qualities, as well as his purling passage work and good rhythm, were most at home.

The audience demanded and received more encores before they were content to go home. E. B.

#### PLYMOUTH THEATRE

"Paolo and Francesca"

Tragedy in four acts by Stephen Phillips: first performance at the St. James Theatre, London, March 6, 1902, with George Alexander and Giovanni Malatesta. Tyrant of Rimini: Henry Ainley as Paolo, his brother: Evelyn Millard as Francesca da Rimini. The cast last evening:

Giovanni	Guy Standing
Francesca	Jane Cowl
Paolo	Philip Neville
Lucrezia	Katherine Emmet
Nita	Jynce Carey
Costanza	Helen Wilson
Carli	Ben Lackland
Angela	Jessie Ralph
Marco	Levis Martin
Mirra	Virginia Norton
Sergeant	George Graves
First Soldier	Coburn Gnodwin
Second Soldier	Frank C. Strang
First Peasant Girl	Margen Evensen
Second Peasant Girl	Helen Wilson
Luin Keeper	D. M. Bishop
Corrado	Hale Norcross
Valentino	Robert Lowe
Tessa	William Randall
Pulci	Maren Evensen
	Lionel Hogarth

With many records of past performances we are not now concerned. The merits of this or that version of this tragic tale of two unwilling lovers and their sad passing are not at issue. Rather, it becomes an urgent present duty to acknowledge at this late day the bitter beauties, the heroic proportions of this most impressive play by Stephen Phillips, viewed last evening for the first time, for the most of us, 30 years after it was written. 27 since it was first produced, and 14 years since the death

of its brilliant author. A sweet posthumous fame is that now opened to him, thanks to Miss Cowl and to her admirable company of players.

Last evening's performance, set for repetition through the present week only, was one which will live for some time to come as something precious in the memory. It was played with sincerity, it was evenly leavened as far as each earnest player was concerned. How facile, however, how deft, how sure, was the hand of the playwright. Note the calm of the opening scene, Giovanni, the elder brother, ruler of Rimini, with his wounded back, his dragging left leg, his smouldering eyes, awaits the coming of his bride, Francesca, "dewy from the convent." Paolo, tall, erect, the younger brother brings her. Giovanni is overcome by her beauty, Paolo is restive, must at once away. Then, gradually, the assembling of the tragic elements: the austere, childless Lucretia, with her warning of youth to youth; the blind nurse Angela and her vision of a man and a maid. "Unwillingly he came to woo, unwillingly she was wooed, but woo they must." The twilight faded, Angela could not see the man. Then Lucretia's hints that Francesca might have a lover within the castle, it might be Paolo. Giovanni's visit to the compounder of drugs for a potion to make his bride speak of her lover in her dreams; Paolo's visit at the same time for a suicide's easy weapon. The meeting between Francesca and Paolo in the arbor at dawn, the first kiss, Giovanni's sudden return from battle, his honest rage that Paolo has not killed himself, his ruse to trap the lovers.

Too late, Francesca softens the withered heart of the childless Lucretia, too weakly she yields to Paolo. The double tragedy, inevitable from the first, is at hand. Who will soon forget that closing scene when Giovanni emerges from the curtained chamber, his eyes haunting abysses of grief, his hands red with human blood. His call for lights, for litters, for a grim ceremonial. And as they bear into the light the bodies of those two whose souls with that first kiss had "together flashed, and now they are one flame, which nothing can put out, nothing divide," how soon will be effaced that pitiable figure as Giovanni cries, looking down on them, "Not easily have we three come to this—We three who now are dead. Unwillingly they loved, unwillingly I slew them. Now I kiss them on the forehead quietly!"

As Giovanni is unquestionably the most imposing warrior in this tragedy, so did Mr. Standing's conception of that unhappy warrior become the finest achievement of the evening. His diction, saving an early tendency to inaudible diminuendo, was a delight to the ear, his demeanor was always set to the text and the situation. At the end he was magnificent, nothing less. Mr. Merivale, forced always to be the negative unit in the triangle, acted with splendid restraint, likewise read his lines with a grace which seemed unstudied. Miss Cowl, arrayed blondly like Faust's Marguerite, delighted us with that mellifluous, bell-like voice, charmed in her lighter mood as she first urged Paolo to remain and play with her, or as she sat in spiritual splendor against the arbor wall. Her great emotional scenes were with Lucretia, when begging her to defend her against unseen horrors and thereafter in her last passionate embrace with Paolo. Miss Ralph's Lucretia was another superb portrayal. Her recital in baring her starved soul to Giovanni in the second act was dramatically perfect. W. E. G.

#### COPLEY THEATRE

"The Ringer"

A play in four acts by Edgar Wallace. The first performance on any stage in America. The cast last evening were:

Divisional Detective-Inspector Wemmure	Hannam Clark
D. S. O.	David Clyde
Cnl. Walford	W. H. Sams
Samuel Hackitt	Gerald Rogers
Maurice Meister	Pedro De Cordoba
Dr. Lombard	E. E. Clive
Cora Ann Milton	Gaby Fox
Mary Lenley	Patricia Calvert
John Lenley	Ian Emery
Statin-Sergeant Carter	Herbert Belmore
Claude Benny	Sydney Long
Mrs. Hackitt	Elspeth Dudgeon
Detective-Constable Brown	Lionel Ince
Detective-Constable Atkins	James C. Webber
P. C. Field	Leo Stark

"The Ringer or Arthur Milton" is a much dreaded criminal as he is a killer who has never missed his prey. He has won his name by his ability to "ring changes on himself," for he has worn many disguises and has never been recognized. All peace-loving people hoped he had met his death in Australia where he had been last heard from, but a rumor spreads in Scotland Yard that he has returned to England to pursue another victim. This is Maurice Meister a jackal lawyer who convives with criminals and then betrays them. He had ruined the Ringer's sister who had been left in his charge. When he hears of Milton's return he knows revenge is at hand. He barricades his house, he calls upon the police to protect him, he installs a red light above his door which goes on when anyone ascends his stairs (this is confusing as in hotels and department stores red lights always mean going down!)

Here is a hint for which an audi-

ence demanding to be frightened and thrilled has been waiting. Meister is apparently secure in his own home bolted and barred with all the guarantee of Scotland Yard, yet he is in mortal terror for he feels his destroyer coming, and from the very source to which he had turned for protection. His end came in the last act. The lights went out and when they were turned on again he was seen to have a knife in his heart. Then just before the curtain went down, someone pulled off a most unobtrusive wig and revealed the identity of Arthur Milton alias the Ringer.

Judging from the contented faces of the crowd leaving the theatre no-one had guessed who the Ringer was and yet he had been on the stage most of the time. One man was heard to say he had suspected the right one, and several people jumped on him. The play had fulfilled its purpose.

Mr. Clive, who shines in eccentric character parts, is a Scotch doctor, an expert in criminology, who is called in by the baffled detectives to track down the Ringer. His accent is perfect and he sheds a little gentle humor, tempered by philosophy. Mr. Cordoba makes an excellent Meister, reminding one of George Arliss. He gives the sinister tone to the play which holds it together. The men were all satisfactory, particularly Mr. Emery, who, as an honest young thief, acted with a naturalness and spontaneity which was very pleasant.

Elspeth Dudgeon made a tipsy charwoman just the touching and depressing spectacle that she is. Miss Fay and Miss Calvert had hard parts to put over and they were not very convincing as the wife of the Ringer and the secretary of Meister.

Women are not really needed in detective plays. All they are apt to do is to make love, and that only wastes time. J. D.

#### SHUBERT-MAJESTIC THEATRE

"The Skull"

A play in three acts by Bernard J. McOwen and Harry E. Humphrey, staged by Victor Morley, and presented by Lew Cantor. The cast:

Mary Harris	Frances Brandt
Dorothy Merrill	Winifred Barry
Auna Mason	Carola Pearson
Prof. Vorheese	Edw. DeTiane
Dr. Steve Tolman	Allan Davis
Bob Demarest	Sydney Riggs
Jerry Brownell	John Chubbey
Capt. Vernon Allenby	Paul Hanson
Harry Alsink	Victor Becroft

Here is a mystery play that should titillate the spine of even Boston's most hardened thrill hound. The theatre becomes pitch black, and the curtain rises slowly amidst the flashing of lightning and the eerie rumbling of distant thunder, revealing the stark interior of a deserted church. An owl hoots ominously and the play commences its creepy course. From then on suddenly appear and disappear all the well-known properties and characters of the spook stage, from the ghost in "Hamlet" to the terrific shrieks of a strong-throated twentieth century heroine — a Mephistophelian spiritualist, panel and trap doors, perambulating coffins, stolen jewels, a Jekyll-and-Hyde maniac, a Scotland Yard detective, a comedy-relief reporter, bats, a hunchback, rattling windows, much green and yellow light, several well-timed revolver shots, and a little old-fashioned strangling thrown in for good measure.

The play takes itself rather seriously for the first act. Introducing all the characters who are old friends to the mystery-play fans, and the plot which was also an old friend, although wearing a fairly good disguise. An awful murderer, it seems, was in the habit of running off with people, leaving only a human skull behind as a clue. Several other people thought something ought to be done about him, and so a young district-attorney, the detective, and the reporter set out to trap him in his lair which was believed to be the church. There the three meet the young district-attorney's sweetheart who is studying under the diabolic direction of Prof. Vorheese. It does not require much imagination to guess all the terrible things that happen. The second act is mostly farce, and provides a welcome respite from the horrors of the first.

The production is ingeniously staged, and all the mechanical devices worked last night with appropriately supernatural smoothness. The cast is excellent. A good-sized audience shrieked and laughed alternately in the approved fashion. L. W. Jr.

#### ST. JAMES THEATRE

"The Wooden Kinono"

A melodramatic mystery comedy by John Floyd in three acts, staged by John McKee. The first two acts take place in the Red Owl Tavern and the last is in the cellar of Mullen's house. The cast:

Clara Malcom	Jessamine Newcomb
Sandock	Mark Ke
Sheff Jolt	Genrie L. Taylor
Roger Malcom	Jack McGann
Ethan Malcom	W. E. Watts
Dr. Graham	George E. Taylor
Peter Mullen	Robert Bently
Richard Halstead, 1st	Walter Gilbert
Richard Halstead, 2d	Dnn Beddoe
Mary Maddern	Ivy Merton
Azatha Blonn	Adrienne Earle
John Dryden	Thomas McKnight

A delighted audience revelled last night in hysterical glee over the difficulty of solving the mystery of the death some time before the play opened of three persons who had occupied room



No. 1 at the Red Owl Tavern. Still more exciting was the murder of various other victims as the play progressed, with the reverberating accompaniment of pistol shots, sudden darkness and hair-raising screams. Whether Clara Malcom, the covering mistress of said tavern, or her idiotic husband, Ethan, who flourished a knife and had hallucinations of "ghosts," committed the deeds; whether Dr. Graham with his inscrutable countenance or the much-bearded Peter Mullen was the guilty party; or whether, indeed, the two innocent appearing young women who blew in with the terrible storm when their car broke down were the true instigators of the crime—such were the riddles that had to be solved.

To crown it all, there was the mysterious vanishing of Richard Halstead, 1st, and the appearance of Richard Halstead, 2d, Ethan's "wooden kimono," the coffin for his "ghost"; a grandfather's clock through whose door gaunt hands stretched out, and a cavernous cellar in Mr. Mullen's house, reached by a passageway from the tavern, were a part of the awesome paraphernalia of the play.

Adrienne Earle, as the neurotic Agatha Bloom from Bloomingdale, tickled her hearers into impulsive outbreaks of laughter by her spirited disagreements with everything and everybody. Self-possessed Mary Maddern (Ivy Merton), the one unexcited character in the entire story, looking on with disinterested indifference and missing nothing, furnished a satisfying contrast to the rest. Equal commendation is due each member of the company. F. A. B.

### "The New Henrietta"

Comedy by Bronson Howard, brought up to date by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. The cast:

Hutchins	William Leon Hall
Mitchell	William Mason
Watson	Benjamin Osipow
Mark Turner	Thayer Roberts
Rose Turner	Katherine Warren
Bertie	Milton Oweo
Nicholas	Yao Alstyne
Agnes Gates	Thomas Shearer
Rev. Murray Hilton	Edith Barrett
Mrs. Cornelia Opdske	Arthur Sicom
Dr. George Wainwright	Olga Birkbeck
Hattie	Elmer Hall
Edward	Rosemary Lydon

A request return engagement of this comedy of American high finance, modernized to the extent of ladies addicted to cigarettes and wearing knee length ensembles, pleased a large and intimate audience of Monday nighters. The stock-exchange climax, with its frenzied manipulation of the ticker by the bears and bulls, highly exciting for its bearing on the fate and fortunes of the heroes of the play. Mr. Van Alstyne, the great financier, his clever-in-spite-of-himself son and his villainous son-in-law, but also is very pat in the light of the present antics of the 1929 stock exchange. Perhaps it shows how the thing works today, as well as for the day when the play was written and seats on the exchange only cost \$230.000.

The large cast gave the revival the right touch of comique lightness without spoiling the drama by heavy burlesque. Milton Owen as Bertie was a hero in the sympathy of the audience if his clever father, "Old Nick" as vivified by Mr. Shearer did win the respect for his big business. Arthur Sicom, as the fashionable clergyman, always entertained, and the three girls of the cast, Katherine Warren as the unfortunate Rose, Edith Barrett as the sweet ingenue, and Rosemary Lydon, the beautiful and clever widow, were as modern and well dressed as the adapters could wish.

### B. F. KEITH MEMORIAL THEATRE

The Duncan Sisters, still resembling the quaint portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, are at the B. F. Keith Memorial Theatre for a week. They are dressed in panty dresses which now are their characteristic trade mark, except when they parody the famous quartet from "Rigoletto." The other two members of this group are ordinary dressmaker's forms, one a man and the other a woman, and when Rosetta borrows a man's overcoat from the audience to aid her in giving her impressions of "Strange Interlude," Eugene O'Neill's much discussed play, as applied to a "drama" which she performs with Vivian.

Four grand pianos are used, a black velvet backdrop, and two assistant pianists. Rosetta sings "I Faw Down" in such a funny way that this much abused bit of tuneful nonsense is really given new life.

Jack Norworth and Dorothy Adelphi in their skit, "The Nagger," give a humorous exposition of a jealous couple and incidentally demonstrate a number of reasons why twin beds are ideal sleep producers. Jack, as the husband, kept awake by his wife, who insists on talking about the "other woman" until he is forced in self-defence to sleep under the bed.

Gordon Dooley and Martha Morton slap and fall through a series of incidents called "Doing Their Stuff." Hel Davis tries to organize a wives' club until she learns that her husband is around with a blonde, when

the strike is suddenly called off. The Theodore Bekef Dancers open the show with a series of dances and are followed by Stan Kavanagh, Australian funny man, who juggles candle pins and rubber balls with amazing ease. Milton Sills and Thelma Todd are starred in a picture called "The Crash." C. L.

### BURLESQUE

GAYETY THEATRE—Harry Bentley and his "Step Lively Girls" opened a week's engagement yesterday at the Gayety Theatre. The company includes clever principals backed by a well-trained singing and dancing chorus. Elsie Burgere, co-starred with Bentley, makes a perfect foil for this wild Dutch comedian. Others are Cell Sheldon, Margaret Engler, Jack Le Duc, Ray Crockett and George Levy. "Rio," known as the "Turkish Dream Girl," presents a featured dance.

OLD HOWARD—Another Mutual burlesque show, "Round the Town," is at the Old Howard this week. Wayne McVeigh is its first comedian and he is assisted in the general fun-making by Sylvia Pearl, Jean and Lew LeRoy, Roy Sears and Margie Aramen. The continuous bill offers the Five Mounters in sensational feats of equilibrium, Ray Huling and Seal, and Scanlon, Denno and Scanlon, in a skit in which old ideas are renewed. Two pictures, "The Magic Flame" and "Detectives," complete the week's program.

### THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COLONIAL—"Billie." George M. Cohan's musical comedy: 11th week.

COPLEY—"The Ringier." Edgar Wallace's mystery play: first lines in America.

HOLLIS STREET—"The Other Man," comedy drama, third and final week.

MAJESTIC—"The Skull," mystery comedy with Winifred Barry.

PLYMOUTH—"Paolo and Francesca," Stephen Phillips' tragedy, with Jane Cowell.

REPERTORY—"The New Henrietta," American comedy, revival.

ST. JAMES—"Wooden Kimono," mystery melodrama, revival.

SHUBERT—"Maohattao Mary," musical comedy, with Ed Wynne, fourth week.

WILBUR—"The Trial of Mary Dugan," drama, sixth week.

NOTE—The Tremont Theatre is dark.

### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

#### "The Iron Mask"

A screen romantic drama by Elton Thomas, based on "The Three Musketeers" and "The Iron Mask," by Alexandre Dumas, and the memoirs of D'Artagnan, Richelieu and De Rochefort; photographed by Henry Sharp, directed by Allan Dwan, and presented by United Artists with a spoken prologue and the following cast:

The Queen Mother	Belle Bennett
Constance de Winter	Marguerite de la Motte
Milady de Winter	Dorothy Revier
Madame Peronne	Rose Lewis
Louis XIII	Volfe Sedan
Louis XIV and Twin Brother	William Bakewell
Cardinal Richelieu	Nigel de Brulier
De Rochefort	Ulrich Haupt
Father Joseph	Lon Foff
Planchet, D'Artagnan's Servant	Charles Stevens

The King's Valet	Henry Otto
Athos	Leo Barry
Portos	Staoley J. Sandford
Aramis	Gino Corrado
D'Artagnan	Douglas Fairbanks

Having disentangled the memory from too vivid recollections of the intricate and fascinating plots woven by Alexandre Dumas around the figures of D'Artagnan and his immortal companions from youth to age, with a passing regret that it was found necessary to deviate so far from the original story, it may yet be stated with little fear of contradiction that "The Iron Mask," Douglas Fairbanks's latest picture, ranks among his very best, perhaps even ahead of "The Three Musketeers." The heroic traditions are here nobly maintained and the hand-to-hand combats are stirring, even though there is no fair lady's favor at stake. There are other features that set this picture apart from others that Douglas Fairbanks has made: D'Artagnan grows middle-aged, loses his Constance early in the picture, and in the end dies with his three friends for "the glory of France." This should not deter the Fairbanks fans—a little tragedy is good for the soul, especially when it so stirs the imagination.

The story falls into two parts, one 20 years later than the other. In the beginning comes the birth of an heir to the crown of France, Louis XIV and his twin brother. The existence of this second child is concealed by Richelieu for the good of the state, and those who know of it are silenced. Constance Bonacieux is sent to a convent, where she is murdered by Milady de Winter because she refused to tell her the secret. Twenty years later the Comte de Rochefort, who has obtained possession of the king's younger brother, is plotting to put him on the throne in place of the rightful ruler. The plan succeeds for the moment—Louis XIV is seized, carried off and, with his heart encased in an iron mask, is imprisoned while his place is taken by his vicious

twin. The news is providentially brought to D'Artagnan and, summoning his three friends to his aid, he rides to the rescue. They break into the prison and after a terrific battle release the king, but Portos gives his life to help them escape, and on the way back Athos and Aramis are slain in an en-

counter with Rochefort and his men. Just in time to save the Queen Mother from being poisoned, D'Artagnan brings the young king to the palace, but receives his death wound from the king's brother. Staggering forth to die he sees in the clouds a vision of his three friends and passes away with them to the greater adventures that lie beyond.

Douglas Fairbanks, as the older D'Artagnan, gives a mellow and lovable portrayal of the fiery Gascon. His marvellous agility no whit diminished, he fights and rides, climbs and fences like a boy, but here as never before he seems able to convey the proud and gallant soul of that splendid man—there are fewer flourishes than usual, but far more feeling. It should rank as one of his very best characterizations. His support is excellent, with special mention for the fine-drawn, powerful Richelieu of Nigel de Brulier, the subtly sinister Rochefort of Ulrich Haupt, and the double portrayal of Louis XIV and his younger brother by an attractive and skilful young actor named William Bakewell. There are three brief talking sequences by Mr. Fairbanks that do not seem of much importance, and the usual sound effects. E. L. H.

### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

#### "The Cohens and Kellys In Atlantic City"

A screen comedy, adapted by Earle Snell from a story by Jack Townley; titles and dialogue by Albert De Mond; photography by Al Jones; directed by William James Craft and presented by Universal as a talking picture with the following cast:

Mr. Cohen	George Sidney
Mrs. Cohen	Vera Gordon
Mr. Kelly	Mack Swain
Mrs. Kelly	Kate Price
Pat Kelly	Coroelius Keefe
Rosie Cohen	Nora Lane
Miss Rosenberg	Virginia Sale
A Jailbird	Tom Kennedy

Can it be that George Sidney's rabid tendency to steal the spotlight or the close up, dependent on whether he is appearing in slap-stick burlesque or in equally slap-stick screen comedy, finds dissenters back stage as well as in the audience? It is significant that while this chunky dialect comedian has figured in all three of the series relating to the Cohens and Kellys, in their own back yards, in Paris, and now in Atlantic City, there has been a new Kelly for each picture. Charles Murray was the first, J. Farrell MacDonald the second, and now Mack Swain, out-bulking both his predecessors, has been offered up as sacrifice to the overweening vanity of the sputtering, over-acting Sidney. Two excellent character actresses, Vera Gordon and Kate Price, are practically wasted in this latest film.

The picture shows Cohen and Kelly, partners for 30 years in the knit goods business in New York, squabbling over poor business. Young Pat Kelly and Rosie Cohen, lovers of course, scheme to send their parents on the road while they prepare to rehabilitate the firm by staging a congress of bathing beauties at Atlantic City, with a cash prize of \$10,000 and subsequent universal demand for the Cohen and Kelly goods. When their elders return unexpectedly Pat and Rosie drive to Atlantic City. Cohen wires the police to intercept them, and finds himself arrested, with Mrs. Kelly, just as later Mrs. Cohen and Kelly suffer the same humiliation. Cohen rides in a police van next to a very drunken man, is thrust into a cell with a tough bird, played comically by Mr. Kennedy. The two, handcuffed, escape, Kennedy carrying his companion in a sack over his shoulder. They have adventures. The funniest moment in when Cohen, after burying his wallet containing the \$10,000 prize money in the sand, attracts several dogs when he digs for it. One bright canine finds it and leads Cohen a chase in and out of the water.

Several shots of a board-walk beauty parade break the tedium of Mr. Sidney's agonizing grimaces at close range. The so-called musical synchronization was about the worst yet heard in these parts. W. E. G.

Mar 26 1929

### BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Perhaps it was due to the charm of the preliminary tales such as children love to hear, which were told by Alfred H. Meyer. It might have been purely because of the melodious and imaginative quality of the music. Whatever the influence, it was plain to see that Moussorgsky's four numbers—excerpts from Pictures at an Art Exhibition, arranged for the orchestra by the French composer, Ravel, cast a certain spell over the large assemblage of music-loving youngsters gathered in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon for the Young People's concert, quite unequalled by earlier selections of the program.

It may have been that youth from city apartments could hardly grasp a tonal representation of the heavy-breathing, labored swing of tired oxen and the creaking rumble of wooden carts so vividly described by Mr. Meyer in his interpretation of "Bydlo." But they liked it. And they surely caught the contented barnyard sounds in the "Ballot of Chicks in Their Shells," and

the intonations of the two talkative Hebrews in the number, "Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle." If one might judge by happy chuckles. With a fairy story of an old Russian witch and an ill-treated maiden wandering in the woods haunting their memories, there was nothing for it but to be merry over "The Hut on Fowl's Legs."

The program began with Movements from the Concerto Grosso No. 12, by Handel, Larghetto-Allegro, continuing with the "Classical" Symphony, Opus 25, by Prokofeff and the Arioso by Bach. In the last-named number Jean Bedetti played the violoncello, with Albert W. Snow accompanying at the organ. Mr. Koussevitsky conducted throughout this part of the program. Mr. Burgin was the conductor for the Moussorgsky numbers and the final waltz, "Voices of Spring," by Strauss.

The Boston Symphony orchestra lived up to its high standard of perfection in the performance. Mr. Meyer gave an entertaining and informative account of each composer and the selections which were to be played before each rendition, illustrated with the stereopticon. The program will be repeated this afternoon at 4 o'clock. F. A. B.

### BIRD—GULICK

Elsie Winsor Bird, soprano, accompanied by William Ellis Weston, and Anne Gulick, pianist, gave a recital last night in George W. Brown hall. Miss Bird sang these songs:

"Return, return," Handel; Se tu m'ami, Pergolesi; Come raggio di sol, Caldara; No. 3 poesie persiane, Santoliquido; L'invitation au Voyage, Duparc; Fuyez l'Amour, Giulia Recchi; Recit, et Air de Lia (L'enfant Prodigue), Debussy; South Wind, Titcomb; The Night Will Never Stay, Gordon Bryan; In the Luxembourg Gardens, Paris, Kathleen Manning; Daybreak, Daniels.

Miss Gulick played: Prelude and Fugue in A minor, Bach; Sonata, D minor, Op. 31, Beethoven; Jeu d'aux, Ravel; Three movements from Suite, Milhaud; The White Peacock, Griffes; Bolero, Chopin.

These ladies displayed, in several respects, fine judgment. Recognizing the worth of variety, wisely they combined their forces, thus offering their friends more of that desirable quality than a pianist unrelieved, or a singer, can easily provide.

Because, furthermore, they would presumably attract an audience chiefly of friends, they paid them the courtesy of receiving them in a hall agreeable to the eye, an agreeable meeting place for acquaintances. Since the acoustics of this new hall prove excellent, it is much to be hoped that concert-givers will make use of it, those particularly—the most of them, that is to say—who cannot hope to fill a larger hall.

The concert-givers last night gave their company the credit of believing they would wish to hear good music; they held to a high average. For the benefit of working people, however, they might have planned for shorter groups, to allow such persons opportunity to hear more pieces than they could manage without having to hear too much.

They held also to a good average of musical performance, Miss Bird showing a very good knowledge of the phrasing that becomes a classical air. Miss Gulick describing hearty thanks for not rushing Beethoven's allegretto to allegro.

A large audience showed pleasure. R. R. G.

### AT THE REPERTORY

By an unfortunate omission of one important line, the review of "The New Henrietta" in Tuesday's Herald failed to indicate to the readers the theatre in which it was performed. This modernized American comedy by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes is being played at the Repertory Theatre, for this week only. During Holy Week the theatre will be closed, preparatory to the forthcoming production of Frances Hodgson Burnett's famous comedy of precocity, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," opening on Monday evening, April 1.

### GEORGE COPELAND

George Copeland, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan hall:

Galvotte and Musette, Gluck; Aria pastorals variata, Murschhauser; Aria—Menuet, Mattheson; Galvotte, Prokofeff; Etude, Waltz, Chopin; Minstrels, Canope, Poissons d'or, Bruyeres, "Les fees sont d'exquises danseuses," Le Cathedrale engloutie, Danse de Puck, Debussy; Danza Iberica, Nin; Cants magic No. V, Mompou; A los Toros, Turina; Danse gitane, Infanta; Danse espagnole, de Falla; Malaguena, Albeniz.

For this, his fourth, if you please, appearance in Boston this winter, Mr. Copeland drew a large and enthusiastic company to Jordan hall. Small wonder. "If you can't play yourself," advises Mr. Guy Maier, "pretend you are playing while you listen to somebody else." Wise counsel. He might have added:



"And while you listen to somebody else play, imagine yourself dancing to his music."

To the music of few other pianists could a listener foot it so easily in fancy as to that of Mr. Copeland; every bar of it calls for the expression of rhythmic motion. So clearly, too, he defines his melodies and sets them forth, the dulcet of listeners can feel them aright, and play them, too, arm in arm, in imagination, with Mr. Copeland.

Consciously, of course, not many of us follow Mr. Maier's suggestion; we ought to. But many do, quite likely, unbeknown to ourselves. It frets us, therefore, when melodies fail to flow, when rhythms halt. With Mr. Copeland we feel no jolts, no flattened curves, no sudden bursts; to our hearts' content we can sing and dance in his stirring company.

So reasonable Mr. Copeland makes all music sound, thanks to his rhythm and melodic insight, it matters not if he magnifies "poissons d'or" to codfish, minstrels—from Spain, to a full brass band. For the moment one accepts his over-development as right and proper—and mentally sings, or whistles or marches and stamps, in utter agreement.

Small wonder Mr. Copeland attracts four audiences in one season. He is blessed with the power of making us, every man of us, dance to his piping, let him pipe as he will. R. R. G.

## DULFER-ULLIAN

Yesterday afternoon Ary Duifer, violinist, and Cyrus Ullian, pianist, gave a concert at the Women's Republican Club. They planned their program so judiciously and executed it so engagingly, and so many people appeared to enjoy the occasion, that it is much to be hoped the concert-givers will presently arrange another. They offered the public, all praise to them, something both out of the ordinary and well worth while.

First they played the Delius sonata, C major, in one movement, music culpably unfamiliar in Boston, for music so notably worth coming to know. They played it with gusto, in high romantic spirit.

Bernard Wagenaar then, in the place of Mr. Ullian, proceeded with Mr. Dulfer, to give his own sonata, in D major its first performance in America; it seems curious that a prize sonata should have gone so long unperformed.

So long it would not have waited if the run of violinists were more richly endowed with intellectual curiosity and with energy. For here they have at hand music of quality. Its melody, in the first movement above all, progresses with a freedom, a naturalness that suggests spontaneity. Though not precisely engrossing, it falls into pleasant lines at once uncommon and unsought for. Rhythmic spontaneity suffuses this first movement too.

If, harmonically, Mr. Wagenaar has claimed for himself the liberty that reigns today, he has made no childish use of what the musical law now allows. He has indulged in no folly, no affectation. Why should he, a man with genuine ideas in his head, and the skill to make use of them?

In his vivace, it may be, Mr. Wagenaar pushed whimsicalities of rhythm to the bizarre point. And for his romanza he found melody not so distinguished as that of the first movement. Throughout the sonata, nevertheless, Mr. Wagenaar has written music, unlike the most of what we hear, with life in it. Since it is gratefully and brilliantly written for both instruments, this sonata ought to serve a useful purpose in bettering programs of violin concerts. It was admirably played.

By way of contrast Mr. Ullian followed it with a delightful Brahms intermezzo, delightfully played, and Debussy's "Jardins sous la Pluie." He and Mr. Dulfer closed the concert with Faure's lovely sonata in A major, too late in the day for everybody to hear.

A concert of beautiful music, none familiar, some brand new, in a form, of piano and violin sonatas, not at present in vogue, attracted a goodly company and mightily pleased. A pity more musicians are not blessed with the judgment, fine taste and ingenuity of Mr. Dulfer and Mr. Ullian. R. R. G.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

For yesterday's concert, the 20th of the season, Mr. Koussevitzky devised a curious but, as it proved in the hearing, a thoroughly admirable program: Edward B. Hill's Symphony in B-flat, Op. 34, and Bruckner's eighth symphony, in C minor.

However much some people people, the way, neither lacking in a healthy natural curiosity nor satisfied by any

## WITH A KNIFE

By PHILIP HALE

The arbiters of table etiquette, since the introduction of iceberg lettuce, allow the use of a knife, in reducing this herb to genteel proportions for enjoyment. Here is a return to the good old folkways, when the customary dressing was sugar and vinegar; when the leaves were cut into small pieces; when the vinegar was in a cruet, one of several in the whirling castor. The use of oil was not common. The late Arlo Bates, poet, novelist, teacher of English, prided himself on the fact that his father, living in Maine, was the first of his fellow townsmen to soak lettuce in oil. How far this was from Jones of the old epigram:

"Jones likes his lettuces undrest.

D'ye ask the reason?

'Tis confessed that is the way

Jones likes them best."

The reinstatement of a salad knife to an honorable position among dining tools will no doubt give additional anxiety to those already dismayed by rows of glittering implements to the right and the left of their plates. Confusion will be increased if the neighbors of the perplexed wight pass the salad by and merely nibble at a cheese-stick.

Even with sugar and vinegar, lettuce was not considered as indispensable to a well-appointed meal. Many did not like it; said it was only for followers of Nebuchadnezzar's diet. As for the practice of ancient Romans: the preserving the leaves in pitchers and pots "within some appropriate liquor; as also to dress and seethe them young, fresh and green, in a kind of broth and so serve them up between two platters"—there was simply a shrugging of shoulders at this useless information; yet these Romans thought nobly of lettuce and partook of it freely. It is said that Musa, the physician, cured Augustus Caesar of a dangerous disease by means of the herb. The Greeks, if Glaucias is trustworthy, found that a dish of boiled lettuce was preferable to all other garden products, but the herb in any form cooled the passion of lovers.

Perhaps our forefathers feared, as Englishmen before them, that lettuce dimmed eyesight, yet it was an old belief that hawks touched and healed their eyes when they were old with lettuce-juice. Old Gerard recommended boiling lettuce for the table. In his day it was eaten first before any other meat, for it would stir up appetite. "Eaten after supper, it keepeth away drunkenness which cometh by the wine."

It has not been for some years a social and coveted distinction for a hostess to serve lettuce, even without a knife. That abomination, a lettuce sandwich, is all too common. Perhaps some daring woman, anxious for notoriety, some social leader or social climber, will revive the dressing with vinegar and sugar. All things, we are told, disappear and recur in cycles.

tory does not record that Dr. Muck brought disaster to Symphony hall when he in his day made bold. No more did Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday.

Bruckner, of course, suffered cruelly from the folly of his friends. Admitting, however, freely, that he never learned to curb his prolixity, that he never acquired the fine art of selection and arrangement, could, his circumstances given and his temperament, so much have been expected? A countryman born and bred, a countryman he remained till the day of his death in the Palais Belvedere, after years of life at the conservatory and the university in Vienna. When he acknowledged applause at a Philharmonic concert, he might, from the cut of the clothes on his back, from the awkward shyness of his bows, have come to the stage direct from the remotest upper Austria of the sixties, the village candlestick-maker. The very look of him, nevertheless, the honesty and kindness that showed in his face, won all hearts except Hand-slick's!

In the man you have his music. There is a rugged splendor in it of melody and rhythm, all clothed in a sonority no less than amazing. There is prettiness too, in the form of little engaging tunes, and sentimentality finding expression in song, of the sentimental German type. Violence plays its part, also religious exaltation. All are thrillingly expressed, these many moods, through musical material of rare power and beauty,

or love of tradition—may deplore Mr. Koussevitzky's fondness for exhibiting the efforts, if only they are new, of the mediocre and the immature, everybody ought to thank him for his wise way with new works which prove worth while. Till Mr. Koussevitzky's time new works, though they pleased their hearers mightily, but seldom were given op-

genuine masterpieces, like, say, Debussy's "Faun," could hope to emerge from the obscurity of the library shelves.

Mr. Koussevitzky, in his wisdom managing more reasonably, has enriched the repertory with much agreeable music. For Mr. Hill's symphony, for instance, he has probably made a permanent place. Why not? The supply of new symphonies with musical ideas of charm behind them, ideas developed with all the skill of the learned, but with the easy readiness of youth itself—the supply is scant. Not every symphony, furthermore, turned out today is furnished with an orchestral venture of color that fits its every musical twist and turn quite as nature's own cunning hand lays colors on a stretch of sea or land. Lovely indeed are the closing measures of the middle movement.

The symphony, excellently played, was received with hearty applause, which Mr. Hill gracefully acknowledged.

There was Bruckner to follow, Bruckner at whom the knowing section of the public think fit to shrug their shoulders, whom conductors fight shy of tackling. For many a year nevertheless, not a symphony of his came to hearing in Vienna that failed to raise a riot of approval—not, mind from a special public, but from the customary audiences at Philharmonic concerts. Here in Boston, for the matter of that, Mr. Gerike more than once stirred Bostonians to enthusiasm with a Bruckner symphony. And his through musicianship of the finest.

They jostle each other, these many moods, there is no denying; Bruckner acquired no feeling for arrangement in the usual sense. When he felt trivially disposed, he expressed his mood in trivial song; his sense of selection was never keen. Not many, though, are the composers who have written symphonies so free of dull moments as that C minor symphony Mr. Koussevitzky played yesterday. For it is indeed a very transcript of life and life, whatever else it may be is not dull.

Mr. Koussevitzky, to be sure, played it superbly, with a sympathy that does him credit, with a mastery that does him proud. How did he shorten it so materially? When Richter gave the symphony its first performance it constituted the entire program.

The audience showed enthusiasm yesterday. Pray let us hear another symphony by Bruckner. R. R. G.

## REPERTORY TO CLOSE DOORS

The management of the Repertory Theatre announced late last night that, following the performance tonight of "The New Henrietta," the theatre would be closed for the remainder of the season. Behind this statement lies an involved controversial issue which had its origin in the recent discharge by the management of two union stage hands on allegations of unfitness for duty.

It is understood that the two men in question presented their case to the officials of their local union, who advised them to report back for work, on the grounds that only a verbal notice of dismissal had been given. Thereupon, the management gave the men written notification of discharge and decided to close the house for one week, that of March 25, and to reopen on April 1, with a stage crew of non-union men.

They did this with the assurance at that time from the Actors Equity Association that its member-players would be allowed to perform, provided that they did not handle any scenery.

The theatre management said this assurance was contained in a telegram from the association dated March 19 to the Jewett Repertory Theatre Fund, Inc.

The management added in a statement:

"On receipt of this telegram the notice of closing was taken from the call board and all conditions complied with, and the next production, 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' was continued in preparation and fully rehearsed. This afternoon, Friday, March 22, a representative from the Actors Equity arrived and notified the management of the Repertory Theatre that unless 'patched up' its contract with the Stage Hands Union, on the union's own terms it would be obliged to call out the actors for the rest of this season.

The management of the Repertory Theatre evidently has no choice for the present at least, but to close its doors. On the one hand it has been notified by the union that their contract with it is canceled, on the other hand it is notified by Equity that they must work with the union or have no actors. Consequently although the play of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' is ready for opening, and Shakespeare's 'The Winter's Tale' in preparation to follow, the doors of the Repertory close regretfully for this season with the performance of 'The Day After Tomorrow' last night, March 23.

## SHOW ENTHUSIASM FOR KRASSIN FILM

A cosmopolitan audience, including Russians and Russian sympathizers, and many ardently nationalistic Italians, greeted the display of the Krassin film last night at Symphony hall with great enthusiasm. This film, the reels of which were taken chiefly by Wilhelm Bluvstein, the photographer with the rescue expedition aboard the giant ice-breaker Krassin, sent out by the Soviet government last summer, is the graphic record of the entire effort to succor the survivors of the wrecked driftable Italia and Gen. Umberto Nobile's polar flying project.

Howard Brenton MacDonald, explorer and lecturer, a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, who was in the Arctic a year before the scenes were enacted, gave an outline of the epic events depicted, including the attempts at rescue by the lesser ice-breakers Perseus and Malyghin.

## METROPOLITAN THEATRE

### "The Wolf Song"

A screen romantic drama, based on a story by Harvey Ferguson; photographed by Allen Seigler, directed by Victor Fleming, and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Sam Lash.....	Gary Cooper
Lola Salazar.....	Lupe Velez
Gullion.....	Louis Wolheim
Rube Thatcher.....	Constantine Romanoff
Don Solomon Salazar.....	Michael Vavitch
Duenna.....	Ann Brody
Ambrosio Gutierrez.....	Russell Colombo
Louisa.....	Augustina Lopez
Black Wolf.....	George Rivas

Some may say that "The Wolf Song" is just an ordinary motion picture, with tenuous theme, sluggish action, stock characters and situation, and monotonous performance. It is possible that these are reasonable deductions, yet a first view and hearing of Victor Fleming's latest product left a half-veiled impression that, realizing certain weaknesses in the structure, he ignored them in order to work out something which seemed to him of greater importance. That something was an idea that here could be fashioned a new pattern in pictures, that vocal and instrumental music could be so woven into a romantic theme as to be a vital part of it.

The story sketches the flight of a gaunt, rangy Kentucky youth from his home, where he might have remained to have a farm and a wife. He must wander, and soon we see him entering Taos, with two untidy companions, Gullion and Thatcher. Lola, bored by a native wooer, spies them, eludes her duenna, goes all in lacy white to the baile, and offers to dance with Sam when he stands in the floor's centre and demands a "gal." She loves at first sight, they elope, and at Fort Bent are married. Again restless, Sam deserts her, but her spiritual presence torments him and he turns backward. Wounded in a battle with two Indians, and horseless, he stumbles back to Taos, where Don Salazar waits with retributory pistol. Lola learns that hate is less satisfying than love, and Sam that love is stronger than wanderlust. The ending is happy.

Pictorially, the film is charming, if not fascinating, not so much because of a freshness of scenes as a fine restraint in photography. There is no garish sunlight, no obvious planting of indoor or outdoor properties. The lights are soft, mellow, restful. The scenes in the open spaces, in the sleepy little town of Taos, N. M.; at Bent's Fort, are picturesquely decorative. The characters indulge in no dialogue, but Miss Velez, as the proud and beautiful Mexican girl, sings frequently; and twice we hear the strains of the mountaineers' "Wolf Song," once in the open and once in the distance as it calls Sam to the saddle, the while Lola strums her guitar and, with her plaintive "Yo Te Amo," pleads with him to stay. Throughout the musical accompaniment is delightful, appropriate. Such effects as these

Mr. Fleming achieved, deliberately, skillfully. They made the picture worth while.

Mr. Cooper was not an eloquent lover. Only his brooding eyes spoke for him, beating down Lola's pride and scruples. Miss Velez, by mobile expression, by deft nuances, made Lola wholly to be desired. Her singing voice is thin, but appealing. It was evident that she took her osculatory exercises very seriously.

W. E. G.

## LIFE

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Mumford has written at great length about Melville, the author. There are 50 pages about "Moby Dick" alone, twenty odd pages about "Pierre"; many pages about the poems; but concerning Melville, the man, comparatively little is added to one's previous store of acquaintance with him.



no satisfactory explanation of the final coolness of Hawthorne toward Melville; there are only hints and suggestions. Did Melville draw a portrait of his mother and label it Mrs. Glendinning the haughty snobbish woman in "Pierre"? Did any particular incident compel Melville to embark on the Highlander and gain the bitter experience that led him to write "Redburn"? How much that was imaginary entered into that book, which John Masefield puts next to "Moby Dick" among Melville's writings? Contemporary critics spoke of it as "outrageously impossible." Did the young American in London really see Lord Lovely "throwing himself into an interesting posture with the sole of one boot vertically exposed so as to show the stamp on it—a coronet"; did he have the melodramatic adventure in a London gambling hall, that place of "opulent entertainment"?

The missionaries and the absurdly prudish were shocked by "Typee" and "Omoo," which first gave Melville international fame. It was his misfortune to be known for years as the man that had lived with cannibals. There is no doubt that when he went on the whaler Acushnet, he was already embittered by poverty, neglect at home, lack of warm-hearted friends; that he thought himself the Ishmael who was afterwards to tell the strange tale of the white whale. In "Mardi," after the opening chapters of what promised to be a lively, entrancing sea-story he turned satirist of what were then considered respectable institutions, governments, life and manners. It was plain to all reviewers that he had read and remembered Rabelais and Sir Thomas Browne. In "White Jacket," there was a return to sobriety of thought and expression. Then came "Moby Dick."

Many have read that book, which Mr. Mumford classes with the Divine Comedy, Hamlet, The Brothers Karamazov and War and Peace, only as a rattling good tale of adventure. Others interested in the whaling industry welcomed the chapters about the pursuit and capture of whales. It was in later years that "Moby Dick" came to be described as an allegory, a symbolistic work that might drive those grasping

its full significance to despair, even to suicide. The sea is life; Moby Dick is "a presentation of the demonic energies in the universe that harass and frustrate and extinguish the spirit of man. . . . 'Moby Dick' is a labyrinth, and that labyrinth is the universe."

As Sir Thomas Browne, writing "The Garden of Cyrus," found quincunxes in heaven above and earth below, in the mind of man, in every thing, so Mr. Mumford finds symbols in Melville's characters and descriptions. Captain Ahab is "the story of the eternal Narcissus in man, gazing into all rivers and oceans to grasp the unfathomable phantom of life—perishing in the illusive waters." Queequeg brings "a wild odor from another continent of the soul," by his idol, harpoon and human head in a bag giving hints to Ishmael of "that horror in the universe which he is quick to perceive and be social with, since it is well to be on friendly terms with the inmates of the place one lodges in." Starbuck is the conscientious, prudent man; Stubbs is a happy-go-lucky, competent, matter-of-fact; Flask is happy because he is ignorant. Captain Ahab identifies Moby Dick who had bitten off his leg on a previous voyage with his intellectual and spiritual exasperations; the whale is the "monomaniac incarnation of all the malicious agencies which some deep men feel eating into them, till they are left living on with half a heart and half a lung." Mr. Mumford finds that Melville embodies under

these symbols the full universe. The book is "a challenge, an affront to all the habits of mind that typically prevailed in the 19th century, and still remain, almost unabated, among us." "The spirit of man pits its puniness against the brute energies of existence fatal, overpowering," and Ahab

might also be the man that stands for human purpose in its highest expression. These ideas, explanations, call them what you will, are developed at great length.

Beginning his discussion of "Pierre," Mr. Mumford speaks of Melville on "The north porch that faced Mount Monadnock," dedicating the romance to that mountain his one solitary and steadfast companion. For "Monadnock," read "Greylock." "Pierre" is a strange story with many pages of crude melodrama, a failure as a work of art, but it gives, according to Mr. Mumford, a certain license to deal with it as biography; a book largely influenced by a "hiatus in Melville's emotional and sexual development." Was there any more to sex than marriage? "Marriage meant a household and a tired wife and children and debts." Was Elizabeth, patient as a wife, timid and irresponsible as a lover? Mr. Mumford treating Melville's married life is reticent. Elizabeth, the daughter of Chief Justice Shaw, had much to endure. She disliked housekeeping; her knowledge of cooking was slight; she was not

a good manager. On the other hand Melville was not what New Englanders called a good provider. He was a trying husband. She was perhaps too easily irritated. Their relations were necessarily prosaic and commonplace. He was never quite happy in her company; he was not quite happy away from it. He clung to her and needed her, and though he longed for a heaven in which there was the marriage of true minds, he was driven back as Mr. Mumford has it to the "wiser folly and not turning easily to any other woman, he kept his faith with Elizabeth," who never knew such happiness in her marriage as Sophia Hawthorne, who had also faced dire poverty, had known. The biographer asks, if Pierre stands for Melville himself, may not Lucy, taken by some as a sexual symbol, signify the naive writings of his youth which promised him happiness; the mysterious Isabel, his half-sister, who had goaded him to his more heroic efforts, but left him balked; he had defied the world for this girl, "and what she was ready to give him in return the world regarded as an abominable sin."

The writing of "Moby Dick" well-nigh exhausted Melville's physical and mental strength. "Pierre" left him in still weaker condition. That his mental power recovered—and here Mr. Mumford writes shrewdly about insanity and art—was shown by pages of "Israel Potter"—the magnificent description of the sea fight and the vivid portraits of John Paul Jones and Franklin in Paris—the two remarkable stories "Bartleby" and "Benito Cereno," and the sketches "The Encantadas" (The Galapagos) which show Melville at his best. "The Confidence Man," a puzzle to many even now, is a bitter satire not without savage humor; an indictment of humanity, as Mr. Mumford calls it. It was the final outburst of Melville's "Timonism." Timon himself could not have railed more rancorously at the world, and its illusions, and proved "the emptiness of all the sweet professions of civilization."

In 1856 a pilgrimage began. Melville's notes about what he saw and felt in Europe and the East—his strange renouncement of a passionate experience in Italy and his regret—his humble attempts at lecturing—the vain efforts of his friends to secure for him a consular position; the shock of the civil war, and the excitement that inspired a volume of verses—are discussed. He found peace as an inspector in the custom house, characterized by R. H. Stoddard as "an asylum for nonentities"; but there were ships arriving, the smell of tar and hemp. The manly captains. He wrote his long narrative poem "Clarel"; he enjoyed his grandchildren—"this is not the tense, harassed man his own children bitterly remembered from their youth"—he refused to join the Authors' Club; he found W. Clark Russell sympathetic; he still wrote prose and verse; he was happy; no longer a Pierre or a Timon. He probably would have smiled at the scanty attention paid him as a writer by Messrs. Barrett Wendell and George E. Woodberry, content to say with Landor that he would dine late. Did he when he died in 1891 remember wistfully Typee? "No wife who wore stays and petticoats and flannel nightgowns, and who was laden with household cares, could be as free."

## PLUMP OR THIN?

Mr. C. B. Cochrane, who has labored earnestly, one might say patriotically, to glorify the English girl in his revues, now resolves to show only plump young ladies in his next show. To avoid thinning in consequence of the violent terpsichorean exercise, a luncheon will be daily provided at rehearsals, a luncheon that will be "scientifically prepared"; food that will contain "all the elements which provide flesh tissues." Good Mr. Ziegfeld lays stress in his glorification of the American girl on her taste for literature, her ability to criticize intelligently the latest novel or work on economics. He wisely allows her to eat what seems good to her, not for her, so that her mind may not be affected by undue attention to vitamins and calories.

Although Mr. Cochrane was born in 1873 and so never saw the "British Blondes" when they ruled the stage in burlesques and extravaganzas, he respects the old tradition that girls who appear before an audience should have their bones thickly upholstered. Look at the photographs of the young women who were applauded in the late Sixties and in the Seventies, women who sang, danced (after a fashion) or strutted in the "Grand March of the Amazons." To borrow a western stockyard phrase of enthusiastic approbation, they were "beef to the heels." When Emily Soldene, still remembered gratefully in Boston, returned to London from her years as a

journalist in Australia, she was shocked by the comparative thinness of leading ladies and young women of the chorus. She commented in her amusing book of reminiscences on the deplorable change in male taste. How could theatregoers put up with scrawny figures and pipe-stem legs? Emily herself was not a sylph; her features were not classical; her mouth was more than generous; but her good humor was contagious. She was spirited, amusing, and she sang much better than some of her sisters in grand opera. Her co-mates—the majority of them—were rich in flesh, so that Mr. Cochrane, seeing them, would have held up his hands in horror.

But will the London girls obey Mr. Cochrane the dietetic? They may eat his luncheon, but will they not indulge themselves with sweets at other hours, with rich and heating dishes, especially when Stage-Johnnies invite them to supper? Just as Mr. Ziegfeld's girls no doubt throw down a novel by Galsworthy, or a discussion of the Einstein theory, to devour the latest detective story. Then there is the question of the prevailing fashion. If it is to be lean, they will be lean. If it is to be fat, they may be willing to appear on the stage as belonging to the class held fascinating by the French, the falsely thin

lover of Melville can afford to ignore in style; but here is a book that is a monument; perhaps there are extraordinary exceptions which lessen the force of the original statement; there are unaccountable exceptions; Mr. Mumford is occasionally wordy.

ack 24 1929

Miss Braggiotti's pupils right those shown in the Braggiotti, Eleanor Doe,

Francesca Braggiotti presented a number of her pupils in a program of dance creations in the ballroom of the Hotel Statler yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock. In a few preliminary remarks Miss Braggiotti explained that the whole program was the work of her pupils. They originated their own dances, designed their own costumes, and selected the music. Heretofore programs of this sort, consisting as they do of the efforts of pupils to express themselves in finished dance creations of their own, have been presented privately; but now it is certain that both the young dancers, and a necessarily select and sympathetic audience, can gain much from a public performance such as yesterday's.

Certainly excellent qualities were to be noted in the work of all the dancers, and some real talent for stage groupings and individual dance expression by many of them. All, with occasional minor exceptions, exhibited good technique and a real feeling for rhythm. The dance creations of some of the students in the advanced professional class were beautifully thought out, well-synchronized with the music, and presented with grace and skill. Notably well-done were a group-dance called "The Enchanted Lake," and a duet which might be titled "The Young Maid whose Lover was drowned." An excellent solo, "The Clothespin Doll," was danced with exceptional skill and a delightful sense of the grotesque by the only male dancer on the program, Forest Thornburg.

Although characteristic dances and humorous dances were presented, as well as a few simple interpretations of music

in dance movements without any underlying "story" most of the dance creations relied on impersonation—of flowers, butterflies, pearls, etc.—for their motivating spirit. This, the most usual type of "interpretative" dancing, seems to call into play more grace of pose than abandon of movement. And enthusiasm, zest, joy in movement, were the most obvious lacks in the dancing of the young students. There were a few, notably Dana Sieveling, who danced with some joyous freedom.

The dance pupils who participated in the program were: Rosamund Higgins, Cynthia Sortwell, Eleanor Doe, Jean Ferguson, Helen Ruth Bornstein, Polly Powers, Patricia Pierce, Harriette Blake, Rosamund Pierce, Ida Karger, Gertrude Blunt, Virginia Macleod, Forest Thornburg, Polly Godfrey, Margaret Little, Olive Cousins, Margaret Huntley, Lillian Duncan, Lillian Siblo, Agnes Boardman, Jessica Allen, Miriam Winslow, Eugenia Frothingham, Beatrice Allen, and Dana Sieveling. E. B.

ack 4 1929

## ELLY NEY

Elly Ney, pianist, played this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall, before a large and enthusiastic audience: Sonata F minor, Opus 5, Brahms; Sonata, C minor (Pathétique) Opus 13, Beethoven; Variations in B flat, Moments Musicaux, C sharp minor—A flat major—F minor, Schubert; Impromptu in F minor; Two songs without words, Rondo Capriccioso, Mendelssohn; Etude, O sharp minor, Barcarolle, Chopin; Hungarian Rhapsodie No. 8, Liszt.

If the Brahms sonata must needs be played, let Mme. Ney by all means play it. She at all events does not let it wander, in the way some pianists who ought to know better, nor does she, in an attempt to keep Brahms right up to his new reputation for songfulness, try to set music to singing which has no song about it.

The storms, on the contrary, through passages of thundering chords where Brahms, as plain as the nose on any man's face, felt moved to violence of speech. She storms rhythmically, however, and so the sonata, from Mme. Ney, holds shape.

Exquisitely yesterday, when Brahms permitted, Mme. Ney let his melodies sing, in beautiful, floating tone. And in the finale, because she had laid out a design, she held the interest, although to be honest, to help herself out she kicked over the total traces and fell into tone too harsh.

Though probably the world could do very well without Beethoven's pathetic sonata, the lovely song 'Mme. Ney made of the adagio made amends for the rest of it. In the quiet vein this woman of many moods sometimes relaxes into, Mme. Ney played delightfully the Schubert variations and the musical moments. Or it may be she was holding back, the better, presently, to jump; in the impromptu she gave way to a wildness of mood both amazing and exhilarating.

Extravagant she may become at times, sometimes subdued and sober to a puzzling degree. But Mme. Ney is never dull, any more than her illustrious predecessors were dull, Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler and Teresa Carreno, reno.

Not to be dull—can performer attain to higher excellence? Of course, Mme. Ney frequently attains more herself. Never, though, to grow dull—that is much. R. R. G.

## FENWAY COURT

This afternoon the New England Conservatory Chorus, Wallace Goodrich, conductor, will sing at the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, at 2 o'clock. Palestrina, Kyrie from Missa Papal Marcelli; Corsi, Motet, Adoramus te, Christe, Palestrina, Motet, Tenebrae factae sunt. Gibbons, Motet, Hosanna to the Son of David.

The museum is open free on Sunday afternoons. When this chorus sang in the museum two years ago it delighted many.



From which it

Managers produce "thrillers," knowing that when they bring out or revive comedies of every-day life with entertaining dialogue, they run a great risk of losing money. Their audiences wish to be excited by strange sights and strange noises, lights that are turned on and off while the desperate villain is at his dirty work.

Stage ghosts are no longer in fashion. The age is sadly material. Yet what would the Elizabethans have done without them? What would "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" be without ghosts as they were then portrayed, and not as too often in modern days as mere creatures of a heated brain? What would "The Corsican Brothers" have been without the ghost and "The Ghost Melody"?

J. R. Planche adapted Nodier's and brought it out in 1820 at the English Opera House, London. Later came Boucicault's "Vampire." Other stage representations followed, and at last came "Dracula," which has been seen in Boston.

Mr. Odell notes "the rise of Gothic horrors beginning in New York on May 12, 1798, with "The Mysteries of the Castle." Villains ruled in ruinous castles whose lawful owners were imprisoned in vaults below; the heroines were seeking a clue to a mystery; "the hero was always prowling around, mysteriously entering or mysteriously escaping"; there were humorous valets and waiting maids; mysterious monks, hired assassins, sinister men conspiring; at the end the castle would be blown up by an explosion or ruined by a lightning flash from an avenging heaven.

Mr. Summers says that for Planche's adaptation the vampire trap was invented, consisting of two or more flaps, usually india rubber, through which the sprite can disappear almost instantly, where he falls into a blanket fixed to the under surface of the stage. Another piece of [redacted] is fitted close to be removed at the signal of the

Mr. Summers has written down everything that pertains directly and indirectly to vampires from the beliefs concerning cross-roads as ominous to Necrophilia (the case of Henri Blot in 1886). There are 125 notes to the first chapter alone. It is perhaps not known by some that a sign of vampirism is blue eyes. Red hair of a peculiar shade is another sign. Look out for any one born with teeth in his head. The vampire is one who has been in life more than ordinarily immoral, wicked, delighting in cruelty. He is not always, as a few believe, the son of a witch and Satan. Remember that Arthur Machen wrote: "Sorcery and sanctity are the only realities. Each is an ecstasy, a withdrawal from the common life."

Boccaccio describes Giunciotto as rude in appearance and a cripple; Paolo "a handsome man, very pleasant, and of a courteous breeding." As he was passing over a courtyard, a damsel pointed him out to Francesca through an opening in the casement, saying: "That is he that is to be your husband," and so indeed the poor lady believed. . . . She became not aware of the deceit till the morning ensuing the marriage, when she beheld Giunciotto rise from her side, the which discovery moved her to such disdain, that she became not a whit the less rooted in her love for Paolo. Nevertheless, that it grew to be unlawful I never heard, except in what is written by this author (Dante), and possibly it might so have become; albeit I take what he says to have been an invention framed on the possibility, rather than anything which he knew of his own knowledge." According to Boccaccio, the husband ran with dagger in hand to kill Paolo, and put the whole force of his arm into the blow. "There came to pass what he had not desired—namely, that he struck the dagger into the bosom of the lady before it could reach Paolo." (Francesca had run between them.) "By which accident, being as one who had loved the lady better than himself, he withdrew the dagger and again struck at Paolo and slew him."

Dante probably heard the story from his friend Guido Novelli of Ravenna, the son of Francesca's brother, though some have thought that Guido was her father. Nor is the suggestion of Thomas Carlyle wholly fanciful: "Dante was the friend of this poor Francesca's father; Francesca herself may have sat upon the poet's knee, as a bright, innocent little child."

When the wrist watch first made its appearance in this country those daring to use them were regarded by the great mass of free and independent American citizens as effeminate. The thrusting forward of the wrist to find the time of day was no better than the "cuff-shooting" of matinee idols on the stage, or of tea-hounds on entering a drawing room. Some of these bold innovators were semi-apologetic when they became the subject of ribald jests; others brazened it out, and gloried in their shame.

It is therefore the more surprising that French watchmakers have brought out a watch

But will it not be extremely inconvenient for a modest man to consult a belt watch in winter; will it be easy for a fat man in any season to ascertain the hour? Then there is the risk of injuring the watch by thoughtless removal of the belt at night. Nor is it for every one to wear a belt. In summer many worthy persons prefer suspenders: they dislike the frantic endeavor to check the descent of nether garments, just as they discard pajamas for the old-fashioned night gown.

With women the belt watch would also be inconvenient: it would serve chiefly as an ornament. Before the death of Henry III watches were so considered and suspended from the neck. There was a time in New England—fortunately it has passed—when some women wore a watch pinned high up on the bodice. There was a cheap ostentation about it, nor was it a convenience, though the watch were open-faced. For a howling swell the fob, with the bunch of seals is the only wear; or, to go to the other

extreme, there is the mock modesty of the multimillionaire who sports a "turnip" with a leather shoestring for watch chain.

Since the orchestra had drawn an unbroken flow—where can its like be found? A splendid sonority, of course, if many an orchestra can achieve, if smeared from strings and flutes from one end, it was meet and right that they wind and are tolerated, mostly they must show their well-wishers what be, and indeed they do slight actual harm. Beautiful tone, however, and clarity, that rejoices in the transparent, strongly of a perfect solo instrument, say, that is gloriéd in Mr. Griek's day, that is not so frequently come by. We hearers were treated to it yesterday; the entire band, thundering through Wagner at his fullest scoring, came out clear as Mr. Laurent, played his flute alone.

For the pension fund concert of the

For the pension fund concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra Mr. Koussevitzky arranged this Wagner program: Overture to "Rienzi"; Prelude to "Lehengrin"; Ride of the Valkyries from "The Valkyrie"; Wotan's Farewell and Magic Fire Music from "The Valkyrie"; baritone, David Blair McGlosky; Forest Murmurs from "Siegfried"; Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde"; Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."



More admirably, even, than their wont, the players shaped melody yesterday. Like the greatest of singers they sang, violins, the flute, horns, trumpets too, and cellos. Like the greatest of singers, mind. What could not lesser singers learn from these players, if only they had ears in their heads, of the proper way with melody! Of the quickening power of rhythm they could also learn much, of the contentment, too, that lies in a perfect attack, the charm inherent in a skillful release. Hats off before Mr. Koussevitzky, the restorer of the orchestra, technically and musically both, to its highest estate.

Not a bar did he play yesterday that failed to give, by both sound and sense, delight. Granting him his premises, the afternoon long he offered performances no less than perfect. Those premises, however, with Wagner's work in question, not everybody can grant. So robust a voicing of the Lohengrin prelude ill suggests the supernatural. The Valkyrie ride, if too heavily played, hints at dray horses, not winged steeds. And music of potions and Isolde's love is surely not to be proclaimed too forthrightly.

To the early pages, on the other hand, of the "Rienzi" overture, Mr. Koussevitzky, through sympathy and imagination, gave a touch of Wagner's quality of which the master in his best years might well have felt proud. Meeting the triumphant vulgarity of the military measures—militarism has always expressed itself vulgarly, in the days of the tribunes, no doubt, certainly in Wagner's time and in our own—meeting them at least half way, powerfully Mr. Koussevitzky appealed to the vulgarity that, of one sort or another, lurks in every man and woman, be it admitted or not. This was lofty in its way.

Here was a concert to give great pleasure to a hall-full of enthusiastic listeners. The orchestra showed what it could do.

R. R. G.

#### PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The People's Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Thcopphil Wendt, played the following program yesterday afternoon at the Repertory Theatre: Overture "Le Roi l'a dit," Delibes; Ballet-Suite from "Cephale et Procris," Gely-Mottl; Piano Concerto in C Minor, Rachmaninoff; Overture "William Tell," Rossini; Among the Wild Flowers (MS.), Arthur E. Harris; Legend, Liadov; and Capriccio Espagnole, Rimsky-Korsakov. Mr. A. Josef Alexander, pianist, was the soloist.

It was a pleasure to hear this last concert of the People's Symphony this season, not only because of the noticeable improvement since their first concert, but also because Mr. Wendt has succeeded so admirably in making his musicians not only respond to but appreciate his interpretation. He is a musician of no small merit and his work with the orchestra this season is ample evidence of the fact.

The outstanding number on the program yesterday was the Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto. The orchestra played it with remarkable poetry of rhythm and intensity of feeling. Mr. Alexander is an accomplished pianist. His technique is smooth and clean and he plays with a firm touch, bringing out tones that are rich and of beautiful clarity.

The concert was well attended and the audience showed their regret that the season was over by calling Mr. Wendt back to his stand time and time again at the end of the concert.

O. A.

#### THOMAS JOHNSON

Thomas Johnson, tenor, accompanied by Elwyn Barrow, sang the following program at a recital in Jordan hall yesterday afternoon: Nina, Pergolesi; Una furtiva lagrima, Donizetti; L'arlesiana "Lamento di Federico," Gilea; L'invitation au voyage, Duparc; Nell, Faure; A Dream, Greig; On Away, Awake, Beloved, Coleridge-Taylor; O Vision Entrancing, Thomas; Old song, Buchanan; Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal, Quilter; Hymn to the Night, Campbell-Tipton; and a group of negro spirituals arranged by Burleigh.

Mr. Johnson's voice is purely lyric and in spite of the fact that he does not let the tone flow freely he sings with amazing smoothness and finish. The quality is fine, rich and mellow and the tonality is even. Surely, with so much to his credit, he is a singer with possibilities. However, he does not realize the natural beauty of his voice and by carefully premeditated the tone makes it sound pinched, especially in his high notes and mezzo voice singing. He seems to suffer from nervousness and was not at all sure of his vocal abilities, but in any event, he has an excellent sense of rhythm and an appreciation of the beauty of music. If Mr. Johnson masters the art of singing with ease and freedom he will need nothing further to insure his success as a singer.

#### MODERN AND BEACON THEATRES

##### "Napoleon's Barber"

##### "The Diplomats"

##### "Homecoming"

Three comparatively short but effectively contrasted pictures are on view this week at the Modern and Beacon theatres. Two are Fox Movietone all-talking condensed features, the third is a UFA silent picture with musical synchronization, issued by Paramount. Collectively they offer unusual and interesting entertainment. The first is a conscientious transcription of Arthur Caesar's one-act play, with Otto Matieson as Napoleon, Frank Reicher as the barber of the little town of Dijon, Helen Ware as his wife and Phillippe de Lacey as his patriotic son. To Dijon comes Napoleon with his staff en route to the field of Waterloo. He would be shaved, incognito as it were.

The barber, with a weakness for making atrocious verses and a tendency to neglect his trade to preach revolution and to decry Napoleon as a tyrant and murderer, had often boasted of what he would do if he ever had Napoleon in his chair. The ensuing dialogue between the two is rich in dramatic and humorous deprecatory turns. The barber must recite his seditious verses. When the Emperor discloses his identity in a moment of rage at deprecatory mention of the Empress Josephine, he returns to the chair and bids the barber to finish his work. The barber dares not. He cringes, cries for forgiveness. Napoleon warns him to stick to his trade. "I can forgive revolutions, and even poor barbering; but I cannot forgive bad poetry," he declares, and takes his departure. Mr. Matieson and Mr. Reicher give splendid performances. So, in a minor role, does young De Lacey, to whom the Emperor gives the legion of honor when he finds him training some school boys to become soldiers. Helen Ware, as the exasperated wife of the wretched barber, was excellent.

Mr. Caesar likewise had a hand in shaping the second picture, "The Diplomats," but the Messrs. Clark and McCullough undoubtedly supplied most of the dialogue, characteristic of the clowning of these two comedians of vaudeville and musical comedy repute. The scenes are laid on an ocean liner and in a mythical Balkan kingdom. The story is trivial but the lines and situations are very amusing. The cast includes Marguerite Churchill, Cissie Fitzgerald, Andres de Segurilla and John Sainpolis. Miss Fitzgerald has several lively and ludicrous scenes with Mr. Clark, who virtually carries the comedy burden of the picture.

"Homecoming" was made in Germany from Leonhard Frank's novel, "Karl und Anna," and is acted by Lars Hansen as Richard, Dita Parlo as Anna, and Gustav Froelich as Karl. It is a Teutonic variant of the Enoch Arden theme, with two men as war prisoners interned on the frontier of eastern Russia. They plan an escape, but Richard, Anna's husband, is captured. Karl, single, gets away to Hamburg and seeks out Anna. Richard, returning after the armistice, finds them together. From here the picture becomes of absorbing psychological interest. Will Richard shoot one or both, or kill himself, or go away? "It was nobody's fault," he finally decides, and ships for foreign ports. The narrative is at times exasperatingly lethargic, yet it possesses tremendous dramatic qualities developed with gripping poignancy, especially by Mr. Hansen and Mr. Froelich.

W. E. G.

#### FRANCES GETTYS

Frances Gettys, soprano, sang this program last night in Jordan Hall, with the assistance of Mme. Pieretto-Bianco, accompanist, and Harland A. Richer, flutist: Mozart, "Mia speranza adorata"; Wolf, Elfenlied; Brahms, Sandmannchen; Liszt, Die Lorelei; Rimsky-Korsakov, Aïmant la rose, le rossignol; Debussy, Fantoche; Fourdrain, Chanson Norvegienne; Gounod, Air des Bijoux (Faust); Nin, Montanesa, Granadina; Sadoro, Fa la nana bambin; Santoliquido, Riflessi; Lieurance, The Red Birds Sing O'er the Crystal Spring; Bumstead, Too Young for Love (Manuscript); Hageman, At the Well.

Though containing plenty of good songs, this program had a casual air about it. Miss Gettys, one may surmise, feeling a fancy to sing, wrote down a list of what songs and airs she had under way, and concluded they would do very well. By the same argument, most likely she determined that she might as well sing now, when the singing impulse stirs her, as to wait till she

counter with Rochefort and his men.

really dependable instrument. No doubt she is wise in taking her musical pleasure in her own way and at her own time. Let her, however, make no mistake: artlessness, very well in its place, can never fill the place of art.

Miss Gettys stands well endowed, if ever the ambition strikes her to strive for art. She has an extremely fine natural voice awaiting development, of quality, range, and volume; in songs like Sadoro's little lullaby it sounded smooth last night, warm and rich, brilliant in "La Giromette." A certain intensity she is blessed with, as demonstrated in "Die Lorelei." Her program she sang securely, with true intonation, with very good phrasing. In Italian she enunciated distinctly.

If some day she elects to master the fundamentals of technique, quite probably Miss Gettys may become an excellent singer. A large audience applauded her heartily last night. Mme. Pieretto-Bianco added much to the pleasure of the evening by her admirable playing of Liszt's "Lorelei." R. R. G.

#### ST. JAMES THEATRE

##### "The White Sister"

A play in four acts by Marion Crawford.

The cast: Captain Giovanni Severi, Walter Gilbert; Lieutenant Severi, W. E. Walters; Monsignor Saracinesca, George R. Taylor; Doctor Piero, Thomas McKnight; Lieutenant Basil, Don Beddoe; Bresca (Basil's Man), George L. Taylor; Giovanna, Ellen Merton; The Countess Chiaromonte, Jessamine Newcombe; Madame Bernard, Adrienne Earle; Portiers, Jessamine Newcombe.

Seeing a book of Marion Crawford's dramatized brings one back to one's youth, when a novel of his came out every year. They were all somewhat alike. Concerned with the most exclusive Italian society, and steeped in sentiment, they usually contained some exciting situation, mingled with morbid unpleasantness, but there was never any study of character; people were just black or white. Perhaps that is why with excellent material for drama "The White Sister" succeeds only in being a mediocre play.

In the first act a nun who has taken the final vows of the church believing her soldier lover to be dead sees him before her. The next three acts are chiefly taken up with a discussion by the nun, the priest and the soldier as to the sanctity of a vow. It is rather an interesting discussion because many people today do not believe in vows at all. The soldier, after he has kidnapped the nun, becoming convinced of her allegiance to the church, commits suicide as a method of clearing her of blame. So the play ends on a sad note which is so unusual that we expected the hero to come to life again until the very moment when the curtain went down, yet because they were not really people, only qualities, and only made to further an argument, we didn't feel very badly.

The stage settings were well done. A nun's coil is as becoming to a woman as a soldier's uniform to a man, and Miss Merton and Miss Earle looked ravishing. Miss Merton acted with dignity and restraint. Even her voice was pitched lower and given an impersonal quality. It was a difficult part, as the nun never showed any signs of giving in which would have made her so much more interesting. Mr. Gilbert was more himself than a highly excitable Latin fighting for his bride. When he announced between the acts that this was his last week with the St. James company this season it was heard with the greatest regret, especially as he is leaving to make a "talkie." The St. James audiences are like members of a club. Their loyalty and affection for the company even outweigh their critical sense. Miss Newcombe was very satisfactory as the pessimistic sweet old governess. Miss Mahar, the villainess, was being constantly shown the door, out of which she did not exit well. The men's parts were all sufficiently well taken. J. D.

#### B. F. KEITH MEMORIAL THEATRE

Jack Sharkey exhibits his speed and skill in the main act at B. F. Keith's Memorial Theatre this week. He boxes three rounds, punches the bag and gives an exhibition of skipping rope to show how a boxer trains. Yesterday afternoon, he showed Lou Bogash a straight left hand for the major part of the three rounds, and last night demonstrated his skill against Joe Monte, a Brockton heavyweight.

Bob Hall, the Extempore Chap, who has no trouble in singing songs about any conceivable subject and who can't be befuddled by any suggestions for subjects, pleased the audience with an ingenious patter, and demonstrated his skill by singing a song combining mention of Coolidge, the Jones law, the flood, whoopee and the Mexican war, with Lydia Pinkham and Harry Thaw thrown in for good measure.

Mary Lawlor, late star of "Queen High" and "Good News," and Bobby Watson shone in a shining and dancing act, during which an unnamed youth stepped out with one of the cleverest dances seen here this year. Other

## UNPREPARED SINGERS

By PHILIP HALE

Newspapers of New York are publishing letters protesting against the nature of the performances at the Metropolitan Opera House asking why voiceless singers are retained, who would remind the audience of the days when the de Reszkes, Plancon, Maurel, Mmes. Sembrich, Nordica, Melba, Eames delighted the eye and ravished the ear. The impresario might reply, if he thought it worth while: "Find me singers of the same quality, and I'll engage them."

Mr. Polacco says there are no singers in Italy who give promise; that the best are already in this country. Mr. Newman in London deplores the absence of well-trained singers, male or female. The reason why there is this operatic poverty is simple: the young will not study for any length of time. Mr. Formichi, the baritone when he was in Boston with the Chicago opera company, said: "I studied seven years before it was thought I was qualified to appear in public. Now young Italian singers go on the stage after a year's study."

This lack of preparation, this impatience to shine in public, is also seen in our concert hall. Too many teachers urge their pupils to give recitals when they are only half-baked; when their tone-production is crude and uncertain when their ability to interpret is nil. Teachers are thus at fault; audiences are too tolerant, since there is and has been a swarm of mediocre or wholly unprepared singers, they are simply good natured and have lost the ability to discriminate.

It is so no doubt with the audiences at the Metropolitan Opera House. A western chamber of commerce will pitchfork a young singer on the stage before she has acquired the rudiments of vocal art. The audiences are told she should be applauded because she is an American. No matter what competent critics may have said, if she has the ability to shout or squeak out a few high notes, she is enthusiastically welcomed. Nor are these instances exceptional; nor are they confined to the United States.

Few pupils have the courage and the perseverance to travel the only road that leads to genuine success. Few teachers have the honesty and the devotion to art that would compel them to check vaulting ambition, and insist on patience and untiring study. Few audiences recognize true artists and distinguish them from the crowd blessed by nature only with a more or less agreeable voice.

In a skit called "A Man About Town," the Lester and Irving trio, in athletic features, and "The Undercurrent," prize winning playlet of the Chicago Little Theatre Tournament. Written by Fay Ehlert, this compact, dramatic study of characters proved a refreshing contribution to the more or less hackneyed routine of a vaudeville program.

The feature motion picture is "Children of the Ritz," featuring Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall, in which a spendthrift daughter of wealthy parents learns from a modest and handsome family chauffeur that "money isn't everything."

mc 27 1929

#### RUTH SHUBOW

Ruth Shubow, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan hall: Sonata, E flat major, Op. 122, Schubert; A Cradle Song, Dance of a Puppet, Leginska; Pictures at an Exhibition, Moussorgsky; Papillon, Schumann; Nocturne M major, Op. 32, Polonaise A flat, Op. 53, Chopin.

She being a very young person, it is safe to assume that Miss Shubow is still under guidance. Her counsellors, if the assumption is correct, did the girl no service when they encouraged her to come forward with last night's program.

Her artistic equipment consists at present in a facile technique—her fingers are well developed—a certain vigor, and an evident sympathy with, and dexterity at yanking out, the tones which convey Miss Leginska's notion of a puppet dance. She has talent, no doubt of it, both musical and technical.

Given her manifest tastes in music, unquestionably she is wise, for her best development, to work hard at Schubert's music, where a singing tone is requisite, rhythmic accuracy and verve, sensitiveness to melody. But to venture an entire Schubert sonata in public, before these attributes have become her own, such is not the way of wisdom.

In trying, furthermore, to acquire the characterization exacted in Moussorgsky's set of pieces, Miss Shubow of course will learn much. Till, however,



She has achieved the... Miss Shubow should avoid Moussorgsky's company on the platform.

As though these two great efforts were not sufficient, Miss Shubow also undertook a third work of great length, Schumann's "Papillons." Few pianists, even great ones, would essay so much in a single program; they recognize their audiences' limitations, if not their own.

All this is too bad. For Miss Shubow was not only talented, but talent of an individual order. On another occasion may let her show her paces in a program less hard on herself and her public alike.

R. R. G.

#### NEW LEADING MAN AT ST. JAMES

Walter Gilbert, leading man at the Keith-St. James, closes his season at that house Saturday evening. Previous contracts prevented him from finishing his season out at the St. James. Beginning Monday evening, April 1, a new leading man, Harold Vermilyea, opens in "It's a Boy." Mr. Vermilyea has a notable New York and London record. His last Broadway appearance was in the dramatization of Hugh Walpole's novel, "The Man with Red Hair."

March 30, 1925

#### A German Novel Based on the Amazing Career of Cagliostro

**CAGLIOSTRO**, by Johannes von Guenther, translated by Huntley Paterson from the German; eight illustrations by Paul Wenck; Harper & Bros., 1 the series "Harper's Romantic Biographies." 445 pp. \$3.50.

By PHILIP HALE

What is to be said of a man who, when the Comtesse de Brienne asked him to explain the mystery of his origin, replied: "All that I can tell you is that I was born in the midst of the Red sea; that I was reared in the ruins of an Egyptian pyramid. There, abandoned by my parents, I found a good old man who cared for me. All that I know I owe to him."

He made more extraordinary statements in Paris. What is still more extraordinary, many believed that he could work wonderful cures; that he could turn base metals into gold, lengthen human life—had he not himself known Christ's first disciples?—foretell the future. The "Correspondance Littéraire" of Grimm and Diderot informs that in 1781 Cagliostro was believed to be the son of a Peruvian mine director fabulously rich; or had he been the valet of Saint-Germain? Four years later Luchet's "authentic" notes to serve for a life of Cagliostro were published. They told a different story. Here were recounted the adventures of a charlatan, a mesmerist, a libertine, whose adventures in certain European cities were as fantastic as any described in "The Thousand Nights and a Night"; now curing the sick, without pay, in St. Petersburg; now reviving Egyptian Freemasonry and the mysterious rites of Isis and Anubis; now involved with his friend Cardinal Rohan in the diamond necklace to the injury of Marie Antoinette; at last dying in a Roman dungeon.

The life and adventures of Joseph Balsamo, for that was Cagliostro's name, excited the fancy of the novelist Dumas the elder. Carlyle wrote his brilliant essay "Cagliostro" in a semi-ironical manner. The adventurer has been the hero of operas and plays.

Guenther has taken him for the hero of a novel, if any work of fiction could be more fantastic and exciting than the life of the rascal narrated with rigid accuracy and in a matter-of-fact manner. The German novelist acknowledges no predecessors except Carlyle. Adding Cagliostro farewell, Guenther is his last page: "To this great author, and to thine own mighty shadow,

which stood out in wondrous contrast amid the soap-bubbles of thine Age—O thee, thou brightest of the myths of thy century, this book is indebted for its being!" In this epilogue Guenther rather timidly denies that his picture of Rohan shows hostility to the Church; that he himself is a "hierophant" of esotericism; that he had the intention of

assailing Freemasonry. From which it would seem that Guenther expected to be taken seriously and not as the author of a sensational romance.

Guenther follows closely as a rule the authentic story of the rascal's exploits, from the time that, as a youngster, he escaped from the monastery where he shocked the monks by reading lewd stories to them at their meals, to the Swiss Guard knocking at the door in Rome and taking him to the fortress-prison of San Leò. Like Livy, he invents sonorous speeches for some characters, is fancifully anecdotal concerning others. Did police inspectors in London click their heels together giving a military salute? Was poker played in the Debtors' Prison in London when Cagliostro was a lodger there? Guenther can be fanciful in the matter of details.

There are sinister figures that might figure in a modern detective story

Reynolds, the London lawyer, who pursued Cagliostro relentlessly and malevolently; the mysterious Spanish Ximenez, who as a Freemason plotted to overthrow all rulers and the Papacy, who appeared when least expected after the manner of Count Dracula, quietly but inspiring terror. Guenther deals gently with Lorenza, the young and beautiful wife of Cagliostro, representing her as the victim of her husband, sacrificing her honor to aid him, at the last trying to save him from his fate.

The chief incidents in this novel are the scenes in St. Petersburg with the attempt of Cagliostro to win the favor of Catherine the Great, and the scenes in which Potjomkin is ensnared by Lorenza; the intrigues, plots and counterplots in the story of the diamond necklace, and the incredible schemes of Cagliostro to put himself at the head of the Freemasons. There are graphic sketches of minor characters, carefully drawn portraits of Catherine, Rohan, "Countess" de la Motte, Althetas, who taught Cagliostro secrets of alchemy on the island of Crete is introduced when the youth is still at home with his mother.

At times there is the swollen speech befitting the man who, boasting in London that he was a friend of Alexander the Great and went with him to India, astonished the lawyer Reynolds, whose pale gray eyes were as cold as his voice, and Mr. Scott with a pasty skin by shouting: "In Medina I was the guest of the Mufti, in Mecca I lived with the Shereef. In Egypt the priests conducted me through the labyrinths of the Pyramids; in Malta I became a friend of the Great Master; in Rome I had daily converse with the Cardinal of York, through whom I soon became intimately acquainted with Clement XIII; in Constantinople I explored the gardens of the Grand Turk with him as my guide, and in Tibet I fell into disfavour with the Dalai Lama because his good-natured, simple people wished to raise me to the throne in his stead."

The amazing part of the whole story is that many, among them men and women of rank, believed the lying rascal; believed in his magic powers. He undoubtedly could make use of mesmerism; he undoubtedly succeeded in curing patients whose cases had baffled the physicians of the day. That he was a thief, forger, murderer, accomplished in forms of villainy, did not open eyes dimmed by credulity. Even Catherine the Great said to him when she dismissed him: "I shall miss you, Cagliostro. But it is best that you should go," and she was no mean judge of men.

This romantic biography, or biographical novel, is good melodrama, with its scenes of unbridled passion, plots and pursuits, imagined mysteries of Freemasonry, women's intrigues and men's weakness and baseness, dungeons ever yawning for the archvillain. If Guenther's story of the diamond necklace may seem too long drawn out, page after page hurries the characters with a breathless pace, planned to excite the reader. If he wishes to "check up" the incidents as here related, there are Carlyle's famous essays, "Cagliostro" and "The Diamond Necklace," and the historical writings of Funck-Brentano. There is also Goethe's account of his visit to the mother and sister of Cagliostro.

#### BOSTON SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the 21st concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, comprised Beethoven's First and Ninth Symphonies. In the performance of the latter the orchestra was assisted by Ethyl Hayden, soprano; Devora Nadworney, contralto; Charles Stratton, tenor; Frazer Gange, bass; the Harvard

#### IN THE MARGIN

Mr. George Bernard Shaw tells the world that he never disfigures books by underlining passages. If he wishes as a student or reviewer to recall a statement deserving comment he makes a light dot in the margin with a pencil and notes the number of the page on a slip of paper.

There are marginal annotators who are a pest, as patrons of circulating libraries who write "Too True," "Nonsense," "The author is an ass." Thackeray drew a picture of Jones at his club "flushed with his joint of mutton and half pint of wine," taking out his pencil, underlining some of Thackeray's words in an early number of "Vanity Fair" and adding his own remark "quite true"—all to the supposed advantage of the novelist.

But there are annotators whose comments enrich the text. Keats's copy of Shakespeare is a case in point. What became of the books borrowed by Coleridge, who used the margins for his own notes, "tossing about with such lavish profusion," to quote De Quincey—"from such a cornucopia of discursive reading, and such a fusing intellect, commentaries so many-angled and so many-colored that I have envied many a man whose luck has placed him in the way of such injuries."

What would not one give for the memoirs of Casanova annotated by the late Anthony Comstock? For the novels of Captain Marryat with Conrad's notes—for Conrad preferred them to other tales of the sea. Mr. Dibble's life of John L. Sullivan might lead Mr. Dempsey to illuminating pencilled comment. Has Mr. Edgar Guest expressed his views on the poetic art in his copy of Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads"? One would value beyond rubies a copy of Rabelais annotated by Harriet Beecher Stowe or, before her, by Maria Edgeworth.

Glee Club, which had been prepared by its conductor, Dr. Davison, and the Radcliffe Choral Society, prepared by Mr. Wallace Woodworth, its conductor.

It might be said that the feature of this concert was the beautiful, the incomparably beautiful performance of the First Symphony for which Mr. Koussevitzky reduced the size of the orchestra. We are speaking of performances, not of the two symphonies themselves. That the Ninth Symphony was not so perfectly performed as a whole was the fault of Beethoven, not of Mr. Koussevitzky, not of the players, not of the chorus singers who were valiant in their endeavor to perform a well-nigh impossible task and achieve musical or even musically-dramatic results. The performance of the purely instrumental movements of this Symphony was eloquent in understanding, expression and spirit; mysterious and dramatic in the opening allegro; riotously joyful and inspiring in the scherzo with fine delicacy in the details of the trio; poetic, deeply emotional in the wonderful adagio. Would that Beethoven had written the finale without the introduction of voices, or if he thought that a chorus could express what instruments could not, had regarded the limitations of human voices.

That the singers at the first performance rebelled against Beethoven's cruelty is an old story—and what soprano today could hope to rival Mme. Sontag famous as singer and musician?

Is it blasphemy to say that the music given to the solo singers is for the most part ugly and inexpressive of the text? Mr. Gange declaimed vigorously his opening recitative; Mme. Nadworney with a fine, rich voice, gave the audience the desire to hear her in music, not in vocal contortions.

And the chorus. There were one or two great moments—by the permission of Beethoven. For the rest of the time there was choppy, hurried hurrying out of necessarily unmusical sounds; at times one was reminded of the noises coming from an irritated kennel. Now these singers have naturally good voices, at least the great majority of them are so blessed; they rehearsed diligently, no doubt, under their own conductors; they were probably as sure of their notes as was possible. It was Beethoven that handicapped them in their laudable endeavor.

And it is not sacrilegious to say that the music of this finale, except for one or two sublime moments, falls below that of the movements preceding. There is more frenzied joy in the scherzo; there is greater world-embracing humanity, a loftier, nobler spirit in the adagio. Better to leave the hall with the memory of that adagio than to depart with the vocal hurly-scurry and shouting of the final measures assailing ears and nerves.

Before the first symphony the orchestra played a portion of the funeral march from Beethoven's "Eroica" in honor of Ferdinand Foch, field marshal of France (1852-1929).

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Tchaikovsky, overture Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet" (after Shakespeare), Hanson "Nordic" symphony, E minor (conducted

by the con. Strauss, "De

PA.

Last night 1 society, Thompson sang Bach's Passi to St. Matthew. The nette Vreeland, soprano. Der Veer, contralto, Ari Rulon Robison, tenors, bass, and James R. Houghton, etc. A boy choir from the County, Day school lent its assistance, also a small chorus from the Wellesley Hills Woman's Club and the Apollo Club, trained by William S. Self and conducted by Lawrence White. Boston Symphony orchestra players set in attendance, and the organist was William Burbank.

For this, the first large-scale performance of the Passion in Boston since the ill-fated occasion at which Dr. Muck failed to conduct, let us be duly grateful to Mr. Stone and the other authorities that be. Let us also hope that Mr. Stone has it in mind to revive the decent custom of an annual production of this music, on Good Friday; how, otherwise, can the day be so fittingly commemorated?

Mr. Stone, without a doubt, would be the last man in Boston to feel that he has done more than make a promising start toward the performance of his aspiration. He has taught his chorus their notes, they sing them accurately and with assurance, with vigor, too, in the dramatic moments of response to Pilate or the Evangelist. In the opening chorus, furthermore, they displayed

last night a feeling for accent and for the rhythmic flow of melody which makes clear the standard Mr. Stone would wish to attain.

That he attained it last night cannot be affirmed. The ill-balance of his chorus weighs him down too heavily. So does the untidy playing which probably because of inadequate rehearsals, seems to be the best he can secure from an orchestra. His judgment to speak it bluntly in the choice of solo singers, is not invariably an asset.

Certain remedies Mr. Stone has at hand. If he cannot increase his tenors and altos till they balance his sopranos, he can cut the sopranos down till they balance the altos and tenors. Until it is possible for him, and practicable to secure accuracy from an orchestra and the euphony that presumably was Bach's, it would prove more satisfactory if he would engage a masterly organist to furnish the accompaniments, with the necessary instrumental soloists to help.

Since, to go on, Mr. Stone is not apt at dealing with solo singers, surely he could to great advantage take counsel with those who are. Mr. Houghton, last night, showed himself fitted, by voice and vocalism, better qualified to deal with Bach's difficulties than his more experienced colleagues, Mme. Van Der Veer excepted. If Mr. Houghton and other able young singers could only be coached in the rightful Bach style, and a uniform style at that, the problem of soloists would be solved, perhaps reasonably satisfactorily.

Though no two persons will ever agree as to what shall be omitted from the Passion, did not Mr. Stone make a mistake last night in retaining so many repeats, and also so much recitative?

At a church service where the gospel is to be read the recitative does very well; it serves. To sing it, though in place of "Ah Golgotha" and certain airs—it may make for coherency, but it does away with some of Bach's sublimest music.

The Passion is long; its variety ought on no account to be diminished.

An audience of good size showed pleasure enough to indulge in applause, though requested to do nothing of the sort.

R. R. G.

#### METROPOLITAN THEATRE

"Sonny Boy" A screen farce-comedy, adapted by C. Graham Baker from a story by Leon Zuerdo; directed by Archie Mayo and presented by Warner Brothers as a part-talking picture with the following cast: Sonny Boy... Davey Lee Winifred Canfield... Betty Bronson Crandall Thorpe... Edward Everett Horton Mary... Gertrude Olmstead Hamilton... John T. Murray Mulcahy... Tommy Duran Thorpe, Sr... Edmund Breese Mother Thorpe... Lucy Beaumont Phil... Jed Prouty

For a few moments it seemed likely that Aunt Winnie, obliging sister of a young woman who had quarreled with her husband and feared that he would kidnap their pudgy cheeked little son, was going to take him to Watonsville, a quiet country place where Sonny Boy could have been his natural self, played with the cows and the chickens and the dogs and the children of the neighborhood, and allowed to give unprompted expression to his childish thoughts and fancies. Instead, after a bit of comedy in getting him out of the warring parents' big city apartment, Aunt Winnie whisks him plumb into the middle of a tangled bed-room farce. Learning that Thorne, bachelor-attorney for the husband, has planned a fishing excursion, she boldly in herself to the apartment-hotel, no-



By PHILIP HALE

"Let me shake the hand that shook the hand of John L. Sullivan."

The man to whom this speech was attributed was not alone in his wish to be vicariously acquainted with a mortal ranked among the great. This man still lives; his name is Legion. If Mrs. Leo Hunter is found giving receptions in our cities, ensnaring an actor, musician, visiting author, to fill her drawing room with persons who may feel obliged to aid her in climbing the society ladder, there are males who are lineal descendants of Mr. Blowhard. This Mr. Blowhard was known to Artemus Ward living in Cleveland and was portrayed by him in the Cleveland Plain Dealer seventy years ago.

Mr. Blowhard knew all the actors, intimately and went to school with some of them. "Knows how much they get a month to a cent and how much liquor they can hold to a teaspoonful. He knows Ned Forrest like a book. Has taken sundry drinks with Ned. . . . Knows Dan Rice well. Knows all his men and horses. Is on terms of affectionate intimacy with Dan's rhinoceros, and is tolerably well acquainted with the performing elephant."

It was over a hundred years ago that William Hazlitt wrote: "Actors belong to the public; their persons are their own property. . . . I conceive that an actor, on account of the very circumstances of his profession, ought to keep himself as much incognito as possible. He plays a number of parts disguised, transformed into them as much as he can 'by his so potent art,' and he should not disturb this borrowed impression by unmasking before company, more than he can help. . . . He is the centre of an illusion that he is bound to support, both, as it appears to me, by a certain self-respect which should repel idle curiosity, and by a certain deference to the public, in whom he has inspired certain prejudices which he is covenanted not to break."

And so it should be with singers and players on musical instruments. Paganini was a man of mystery. There were wild legends about him. He took care not to make himself known as a mere human being. Too many actors and musicians in these days are eager to allow themselves to be led into company by a self-appointed elephant in the hope that the persons invited to meet them will spread their fame and rush to the box office. The elephant gains temporary glory by persuading his elephant to go through his parlor tricks, to be recompensed by tea and cinnamon toast, sandwiches and frosted cakes.

The unfortunate who are not invited to meet these wonders of the stage and concert hall find pleasure in reading about them. They welcome books of reminiscences, as Muriel Draper's "Music at Midnight," published by Harper and Brothers, and it must be confessed that in spite of the latent aesthetic snobbery in some of the pages, Mrs. Draper has written an entertaining book, which shows a keen sense of observation, a power of description, a lively sense of humor and occasionally a malice that is not displeasing. She was the first wife of the late Paul Draper, a singer, who, not blessed with a sensuous and appealing voice, was a brilliant interpreter of songs. She was devoted to him in the early years of his professional life, aiding him in every possible way.

The account of their life in Florence should especially interest Bostonians, for there is much about the Braggiottis. "Imagine a man who carried in his veins, through some vagary of fate, a stream of pure New England blood mixed with a murky Turkish strain. Then imagine a woman who was born from the union of a bourgeois German Jew to a highly civilized lady of France. Having accomplished this difficult feat, contemplate a moment the progeny this combination might produce, and you will approach the Braggiotti phenomena." Mrs. Draper, appearing in this family, speaks of the members with amazing frankness: "at was not served at dinners except for invited guests and unregenerate how Mr. Braggiotti, adoring his wife, 'though given to silken raiment, fine linen, spices and wines, as well as slavish obedience from servants, in deference to her ate nuts and fruits washed down with water. . . . Only occasionally, under the protection offered by a long dinner table heaped with flowers in the centre, would he surreptitiously snatch an aromatic squab and quickly swallow a glass of wine, or speculate wittily on the effect his life and family would have on a New England ancestor arriving fresh from Boston." As for the children they were "the flowers growing about the feet of those two beautifully unique people." There are notes about the Spalding family with Albert playing with violin—Mrs. Draper misspells "Spalding" inserting a "u." In Florence there was Duse. "She spoke with a voice of wings. She moved with unfathomable rhythm. She permeated the air with the ethereal assurance that she was inhabiting her body, but could leave it if she chose."

It was in London that music was heard at midnight in the rooms of the Drapers. Arthur Rubinstein, the pianist, is the first to be described—and vividly: "Eyes pale with intensity seemed more like hieroglyphics of intelligence than eyes in a face and a sombre Semitic nose carved with chastening Polish delicacy supported them. Pale, firmly-full lips, smiled with nervous sadness over strange teeth"—etc., etc. There was Jacques Thibaud; "when he is at the top of his form, few can equal him. Uneven, mercurial, melancholy, cynical, he often disappoints and falls far short of his capacities." The Baroness von Hutten, "born in Pennsylvania, if I remember," came in with the very beautiful English actor, Henry Ainley. "She could be a very trying woman in the long run, particularly when surrounding herself with all the time-honored conventions of unconventional relationships. . . . She could drink port alone, and that made it tiresome, because she got so controversial." When Harold Bauer played with Thibaud, even Baroness von Hutten obeyed the imperative demand for silence. When Casals had finished playing his choice of refreshment was a long glass of milk and a long cigar. There was Emerson Whithorne, the American composer, for a time the husband of Ethel Leginska; "his skilful saturnine, sulkily beautiful face was a still flag of silence for many evenings. And then one night he spoke: 'Why so damned much Beethoven?'" As for his wife Leginska: "Her head that was large in proportion to the tiny body that supported it, wore a face of furtive dissipation, pools of eyes lying shadowed under shags of hair. Diabolically strong, small fingers sprang out of hands that hung inertly from

slight shoulders. She spoke little, but was eager to play. No first-rate artist that I have known is ever loath to." She, like Ainley, the actor, came from Yorkshire—Ainley, whose voice "vibrated in your spine and echoed on the roof of your mouth." The Goessens, Landon Ronald, Moisevitch, Kochanski, Irene Scharrer—and many others made this midnight music. No wonder neighbors were disturbed; violent in protestation, "even staging a public demonstration from window to window on one night, by blowing policemen's whistles, shooting off torpedoes, and filling the night air with hootings and rattles." They were answered by Warner and Rubinstein playing a Bach prelude and fugue for four hands on the piano.

For 237 large octavo pages Mrs. Draper writes with unflagging gusto, giving pen portraits of musicians, praising to the skies, now and then criticizing shrewdly, occasionally unsheathing her claws. There are many amusing anecdotes; some that are not amusing. There are several pages about Henry James, when she told him how Elizabeth Cummings read to her and her mother from "What Maisie Knew"; how her mother exclaimed "How does he manage to bring about such a thing?" and Elizabeth Cummings answered "He doesn't manage; he is a genius," James listened, "with a laboring that began stirring in the soles of his feet and worked up with Gargantuan travail through his knees and weighty abdomen to his heaving breast and strangled column of a throat, hoisted up by eyebrows raised high over the most steadily watching eyes I have ever looked into, he spoke."

"My dear—if I may call you so, my dear—my even now—if I may yet further without permission so invade your, to be sure, passing years—child, my dear child. How right and yet how perfectly—if perfection can so enter, how perfectly wrong they both were, you were, all of you were." Listening to music, observing gestures, expressions of all in the room and each object or article of furniture in relation to them, James "seemed to be possessed of an inner secret delight. It was as if he were playing a powerful game of the intellect, a game the rules of which he had himself invented, the honors of which were unalienably his. It appeared to absorb, amuse and frighten him a little as well. Fright could have been lessened only at the cost of diminished absorption and amusement, a price he would not pay."

When Montague Vert Chester was presented—"Chester, this is Mr. James." Chester gave a slight nod, said "Good evening Mr. James," and began to talk across him to Mrs. Draper. "I added 'Mr. Henry James, Chester.' He bounded up from his seat and shouted with excitement: 'What, not the Mr. James? Not the great Henry James?' offering his white-gloved hand in clumsy respect, eyes popping from his head. From under benevolent eyebrows the Mr. James looked up and said soothingly: 'Take it gently, my good man, take it gently.'" John Sargent making charcoal drawings of Ruth Draper. "A shy, big, gentle, blood-filled face, black eyes, constantly moving hands that drew volutes in the air, an advancing-retreating walk."

Mrs. Draper met Norman Douglas at Capri long before. She asked him if he would take tea. "You shouldn't sit up in that cold hole drinking tea. Tea, my God! Who let you come over here with those two old women? American parents don't know the first thing about bringing up children. Have you read Plutarch's Lives? Do you learn a column of the dictionary every day by heart? Well, you should. Tea, indeed—come along." There are lively pages about Douglas, who years afterwards told her that D. H. Lawrence had a fine talent. "If he doesn't break down. Devilish poor, you know, in bad health and all that, needs help; in love with some woman, German, I believe. . . . Yes they love each other so much they throw chairs at each other." There is talk of musical comedies—"there were, thank God, the English music halls!" There was the Russian ballet—"of all dancers I have seen Nijinsky alone could use his body as a symbol of imponderable ideas which it moved in fluid physical intensity." Which, being interpreted, means? It's a pity that this book has no index. There are eight illustrations.

## On Broadway

By ST. JOHN ERVINE

NEW YORK, March 30—By the time this article is published, I shall be almost half way across the Atlantic on my return to England, and it seems to be right, therefore, that my last words to my readers should be words of thanks for the kindness and forbearance with which they have submitted to my judgments on their theatre during seven months I have been in America. I cannot hope that they have enjoyed me as much as I have enjoyed them, but at least I can hope that they will believe me when I say that I leave America with regret, although I will not pretend to be sorry that I shall soon see my own country. I have received so much generosity from Americans that I should be the scurviest churl if I were not now grieved at going.

To those who did me the honor to accept my criticisms and opinions as they were intended, as the unbiased beliefs of a visitor who was as eager to find occasions for praise as some ill-disposed persons imagined he was to find fault, I give my thanks. Their letters were comforting and consoling, and the memory of them will not fade from my mind. To those who abused me, I send my sympathy. I must have tried them sorely, and I am not insensitive to the loyalty which made them rush to the defence of those whom I attacked. I wish that they had been more willing to ascribe a little honesty or intelligence to me than they were, and I wish, too, that they had read more carefully than many of them did. But even to those I say my thanks. Even to Mr. Barrett H. Clark, who distributed an "Open Letter to St. John Ervine" to nearly every person in New York, but singularly omitted to send me a copy—I would not have known of it had not a copy been mailed to a friend with whom I was staying when he received it—I make a pardoning gesture.

It is not pleasant to be called an intellectual snob, cruel, unfair, unsportsman-like, dishonest and even rich—which heaven knows I am not!—by a gentleman who merely means to say that his opinion is different from mine, but these things happen and cannot be helped. And who am I that I should mind what I am called when I am satisfied with my own honesty of purpose and intention? I will not permit myself to be humbugged by the pretentiousness of Washington square and Greenwich Village any more than I will permit myself to be bulldozed by the nabobs of Broad-



way. When I see a head that deserves to be smacked, I will smack it without stopping to inquire whether its owner means well or ill. And I take the liberty of imparting to the pseudo-intellectuals of the downtown theatre a little knowledge that I lately acquired. Greenwich Village is the one part of New York that is built on sand. The rest is built on solid rock. Let them draw what conclusions they may from that remark.

My business as a critic has been to say, as fully and as faithfully as I could, what I thought of plays that were put before me for judgment. Useless to tell me, as an excuse for a play's badness, that its author was the only support of his aged mother and invalid sister. That fact, admirably though it may be, has nothing to do with the case. The author's intentions are undoubtedly good—no one deliberately writes a worthless play—but the critic's one only concern is with his achievement. By all means let sons be good and brothers kind and authors well-intentioned, but let us also remember that the critic has to judge what is put before him and not what was intended to be put before him, nor is it any of his business to inquire whether the author had kicked or kissed his mother or been considerate of his sickly sister.

I sometimes hear people complaining of a critic that he does not pay any attention to what the author is trying to do. Why should he? Every author is trying to produce an immortal work, but few authors succeed in doing so, and if a critic were to spend his time praising what was intended to be done instead of judging what has actually been done, then, indeed, all criticism would be a long, continuous piece of praise. The reason why an author is rarely a good judge of his own work is that he knows what he meant to do and is not always able to distinguish between what he has done and what he intended to do. He believes, in brief, that he has done what he set out to do, and this fact accounts for the rage into which he falls when critics adversely judge his work. An author, it has been said, is not a fit person to judge any plays, because he immediately begins to think of the way in which he would have used the theme had it occurred to him and is not content to examine the way in which the author to whom it did occur has used it. I doubt if there is much in this theory. After all, the critic, subconsciously, at all events, dramatizes the theme in his own mind and judges the author's dramatization by the degree to which it resembles or differs from his mental vision of it.

The late Charles Frohman, it is said, once proposed to Bernard Shaw, Sir James Barrie and Sir Arthur Pinero that they should each write a one-act play on a theme to be set them by him. The idea was never realized, but how interesting the result would have been if it had, how totally different each play would have been from the others. An English author, the late Stanley Houghton, and Mr. Shaw—the first in a piece called "Fancy Free," the second in a piece called "Over-Ruled," wrote plays remarkable alike in theme and situation and form, yet there is no possibility of confusing the one piece with the other because the personality of the author of each is indelibly impressed upon it.

The critic, in my belief, plays an important part in the creation of literature. There can be no drama or fiction or poetry or music or painting or sculpture worthy of notice in a country where criticism is poor in quality. Any artist, whatever his kind may be, desires recognition. He must have recognition, otherwise he will not work. Money he can, if necessary, do without, although I have seldom known artists who were indifferent to it, but recognition from somebody is essential to him. Recognition, however, postulates a group of people capable of recognizing. It would be idle to play the Fifth Symphony to a herd of hicks. When Romeo and Juliet was lately performed before a country audience somewhere in these United States, the bright lads of the village ruined a beautiful tragic scene by loudly smacking their lips whenever Juliet was embraced by Romeo. Un-outh people generally behave in that fashion, partly, no doubt, because they are embarrassed by intimacy of any sort in public. Nervous girls will giggle through scenes that call for tears, and louts will cat-call and develop yokel humor in the presence of high human emotion for much the same reason that an hysterical person will burst into laughter when a man unexpectedly drops dead in the street.

Civilization is a matter of training, and untrained people, when they are suddenly asked to behave in a civilized manner, invariably misbehave themselves. It is the business of critics not only to judge the work of an author, but to create an audience for him; and we enable authors to live and to grow and increase by making more and more people capable of appreciating him. The better we are, the better the authors will be. What an insult to the aspiring spirit of mankind it is when some editor permits the office boy to sit in judgment on authors. He would not permit the callow lad to report the proceedings at a meeting of the local town council, although heaven knows the best method of reporting them would sometimes be a decent silence, but without a qualm, he will permit him to pass what is presumably an expert opinion on the work of his betters.

The standard of criticism in New York seems to me to be high, and I am going home with great respect for the ability and rectitude of my colleagues who have to judge plays on Broadway. The standard outside New York, so far as I am able to judge it, is poor, and there are people judging plays in places of great importance who ought to be selling newspapers instead of writing for them. The ideal of newspaper proprietors should be to establish a body of criticism in the provinces equal, if not superior, to the body of criticism in New York. There ought to be a C. E. Montague or an Allan Monkhouse in Chicago, which is a far larger city than Manchester. But there is not. If a critic of quality appears in the provinces, such as Percy Hammond, he is drawn to New York. I look forward to the day when the metropolis will perform its proper function, that of fertilizing the provinces, instead of draining them dry, and when that time comes, Hammonds will not come to New York: they will be sent to Chicago. Imagine how different would be the quality of the audience throughout this or any other country if there were a Hammond in every city of importance.

And now, good-by and thank you. I have had a very happy and exhilarating seven months in America. Your stage, despite the faults I found in it, remains the supreme stage, although, I hope, Europe will presently surprise you by a swift recovery from the wounds of the war. My chief complaint of your theatre is that access to it for young authors of quality is not easy, is becoming less and less easy, with the result that they are driven into corners and crannies where they turn sour and cranky. The immeasur-

able vitality of America must be expressed in works of art. Expression is everywhere most possible than it is in the theatre, which is why the theatre is now in a parlous plight. But something presently will appear.

The Marlowe of America has already taken the stage, and the Shakespeare cannot be far behind. If we, in Europe, seem to be excessively critical of you in America, please remember that we are so, because we are intensely interested in you. How you develop may have tremendous importance on us. We are compelled to watch you and to criticize you, for we do not know how soon it may be when we shall be compelled to behave as you behave. With that, I take my leave.

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#### KOSHETY-GRETCHANINOFF

Alexandre Gretchaninoff, the popular Russian composer, appeared yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall, in the role of accompanist for Nina Koshetz, soprano.

Mme. Koshetz sang his widely known "Over the Steppe," a very pretty song called "Dew Drops," a setting of Helne's "Hoere ich das Liedchen," "Snowflakes," "Snowdrops," and the program announced, two children's songs, nurse's lullaby "Garkota" and a folk song "I'll Go, I'll Come."

These compositions she preceded with "Deh Vleni" from Mozart's "Figaro," accompanied by Pierre Luboshutz, Bach's "Komm, suesser Tod," two Spanish songs arranged with a vengeance, too—by Nin, "Les Baladins" by Migot, and Deems Taylor's version of "Nineteen, Twenty."

An audience of good size applauded both composer and singer heartily. No wonder. Mme. Koshetz, equipped with a system of technique which bears a small hall better than a large, was able to make good her natural, forthright intensity, especially when singing in her native tongue, without too great damage to her natively beautiful tone. Mr. Gretchaninoff, in turn, could scarcely fail to please with his songs of pretty sentiment, graceful melody, and catchy rhythm; they are calculated to please.

The greater the pity, therefore, that Russians in greater numbers could not have been present, Russians who scarcely take concerts into account. For they dote on songs by Gretchaninoff, those Russians who sing but have not lived in this country long; Rachmaninoff himself they hold less high. A pity, again, they missed a treat, because, most likely, they knew nothing about it.

R. R. G.

#### BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

##### "Double Trouble"

Musical comedy by the Dartmouth Players.

The Dartmouth Players came to the Boston Opera House last night with their 1929 musical show, "Double Trouble," in which American college students are delightfully transported to the mythical kingdom of Bemonia, with humorous and melodramatic results. A young man named Charles B. Gaynor is chiefly responsible for the unusual series of happenings, the lifting music, and the somewhat Gilbertian lyrics which make up this amusing amateur musical farce. Mr. Gaynor has had previous experience in writing a college musical play, and his work is at times worthy of a professional.

As for the plot, one Timothy Hayes, "whose ideas," according to the program, "have been destroyed by courses in Citizenship, Evolution, and Physical Education," goes abroad, and falls in love with one American Peggy, who is saturated with b. u., which one learns is "biological urge." Peggy's mother wants a title for her, so when Tim exchanges places in musical show fashion with the Crown Prince of Bemonia, she falls hard for him. He is unmasked, of course, and there is a mournful scene of departure. But you know the rest.

It is much more to the point to get enthusiastic about a quaint old daguerreotype scene reminiscent of the Paris act in "This Year of Grace," in which a Victorian bewhiskered roue weepingly regrets that "he became a swine and a varlet, and deserted his beautiful Charlotte and made her a woman of scarlet." There was hardly a dry eye in the house when the remorseful rake rejoined his waiting mate and the sweet and doting twins. The snatch of lyric inaccurately quoted above is a good sample of the happily careless rhyme schemes which this clever Mr. Gaynor has pressed into service. All in all he must be careful, or he will grow up to be another Noel Coward. He and Mr. Longhurst, who directed the piece, must learn, however, that it is bad stage technique to split a couple to different exits after a duet.

First honors go to Mr. Milton Lieberthal as Tim, Mr. D'Esopo as De Youssef, and Mr. Yellin as the incorrigible 11-year-old who furnishes much of the comedy. Mr. Addison Roe, the "leading lady," labored manfully with his part as the sweet and simple Peggy, and

received approving sympathy from the feminine part of the audience. Tomorrow night the play will be given in Melrose under the auspices of the Phi Xi Sorority. H. F. M.

his wife, demands the keys to his rooms, and proceeds to put Sonny Boy to bed. When the elder Thorpes arrive unexpectedly from the Philippines, Aunt Winnie hides Sonny Boy under the bed. No youngster of any initiative could stand that very long, so he sneaks down a

fire escape, trots across the street to hear Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool," then scrambles back through a chamber window in time to sing the refrain of the now fairly familiar song, "Sonny Boy," to the plaudits of his re-united parents and various other onlookers.

It takes several reels to concoct and to untangle the complications which follow Aunt Winnie's tenacity of Thorpe's rooms. The old folks, for instance, believing Aunt Winnie and Thorpe to be man and wife, try fussily to pour oil on what seem to be troubled waters. When they learn that they are not married, they telephone for a minister. There hadn't been a scandal in the Thorpe family since Uncle Ed ran away with the laundress's daughter. There are several amusing situations; but after all this was intended to be Davey Lee's picture, so he deserves chief consideration. He is still a cute little chap despite triumphs which might well make him self-conscious. He trots about in a becoming sailor suit or in his nightie, and makes some funny remarks earnestly. "Little boys should not ask questions," reproves Aunt Winnie. "But I have to ask questions to know about things," he retorts. He begs old Thorpe not to ask him to say his prayers again, as he has said them once; and when promised a chocolate ice cream soda in the morning he asks, "Can I depend on that?"

"Sonny Boy," for adult audiences, is not over-bright entertainment. It is not particularly aided by Mr. Murray's hay fever sneezes, by Mr. Dugan's low comedy wheezes, or by Mr. Horton's pointless antics in a role which called for more dignity and less buffoonery. But for juvenile audiences it will pass muster because Davey Lee is in it, talks in it, and is his own delightful self as far as his misguided tutors will permit him to be. W. E. G.

#### MARIAN ANDERSON

Marian Anderson, contralto, extremely well accompanied by William King, sang this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall, to the pleasure of a very large audience:

Care Selve, Handel; Gla il sole dal Gange, Scarlatti; Plaisir d'amour, Martini; Air from "L'Enfant Prodigue," Debussy; Der Zwerg, Wiegand, Schubert; Der Schmied, Brahms; Zueignung, Strauss; Night on Ways Unknown Has Fallen, Griffes; The Soldier's Bride, Rachmaninoff; Dream Valley, Quilter; Song of the Open, La Forge; Jesus Walked This Lonesome Valley, De Gospel Train, Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child, Dere's No Hiddin' Place Down Dere, negro spirituals.

Before Miss Anderson had sung many songs, she had demonstrated to her Boston public the possession of a notable voice. She has at command a very long range, for a true contralto, with tones of amazing beauty in every zone. These beautiful tones, furthermore, she can produce when singing both softly and with full strength. She sings in tune, she sings in time. In songs like that of Quilter's and the Wiegand of Schubert, she employs a smooth legato.

Having received so much from nature's hand, it is to be hoped that Miss Anderson presently will come to recognize that she is not using nature's beauty wisely. Because of her ill-usage, indeed, already she has allowed thin places and hard to mar the rich texture of her voice; she forces tone, she pinches it, she hollows it unduly.

While she is learning to manage her voice prudently and to full advantage, Miss Anderson ought to devote sound study to the fundamental principles that govern phrasing. The emo-

April 1929



significance, too, of songs and the rightful expression thereof. Through music, these too must Miss Anderson profoundly study if she hopes to become a singer of consequence. Hard work she has before her, but there is no other way, and Miss Anderson is blessed with a voice of a thousand.

R. R. G.

#### MISCHA LEVITZKI

Mischa Levitzki, pianist, opened his concert yesterday afternoon at Symphony hall with a series of crashingly sonorous chords as an introduction. Those very chords, played with something of the grand manner, good to listen to, and yet not really musical, for they prepared no mood and awakened no special artistic response, revealed the self-confidence of the player, and were prophetic of the concert to come. Mr. Levitzki's command of all the resources of the piano is unquestioned; he has a technique that few can equal. He has also an appreciation of effect, particularly dramatic effect, that he makes much of, and he has, within certain limits, the ability to convey a sustained musical mood.

A tendency to exaggeration he still has, though it is much less prominent than at a concert he gave in Jordan hall two years ago, and, as it manifests itself in dynamic contrasts, it has almost metamorphosed itself into a virtue. In miraculously light and delicate passage work Levitzki excels, as well as in speeding octaves and thunderous chords. He has all the makings of a great pianist of the spectacular type, but he is a little too sophisticated . . . not quite sentimental enough to attain great popularity. But it was on the whole an afternoon of exceptionally well-played, and well-chosen, music that he gave. The concert, under the auspices of the Denison House, was unfortunately poorly attended, but those who came were enthusiastic, and they asked and received many encores.

The concert opened with a Bach organ Toccata and Fugue (arranged by Tausig), a Beethoven Andante, and the Beethoven "Appassionata" Sonata. This last, so suited to Mr. Levitzki's dynamic and dramatic abilities, was very well played, though an inherently impetuous temperament might make its furies seem less calculated and more sincere.

Mr. Levitzki played delightfully his second group, which consisted of music by Chopin. There were the O Minor Nocturne, three Preludes, a Study, the Waltz in A-flat, and the Polonaise in A-flat. He played these simply and tastefully, with grace and delicacy, letting the charming melodies speak, unpretentiously, for themselves.

The last group included the first Arabesque of Debussy (played a little too slowly, and without very suave phrasing, but poetically none the less), Ravel's "Jeux d'Eaux," Rubinstein's Staccato Etude, Liszt's D-flat Etude de Concert, and "La Campanella." These, especially the last three, were splendid vehicles to reveal anew Levitzki's virtuosity. The audience was roused to great enthusiasm by his prowess and his never-failing accuracy.

E. B.

#### OLYMPIA-FENWAY THEATRES "Close Harmony"

A screen romantic comedy-drama, written by Elsie Janis and Gene Markey, adaptation and dialogue by Percy Heath; directed by John Cromwell and presented by Paramount as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

Al West	Charles (Buddy) Rogers
Marjorie Merwin	Nancy Carroll
Max Mindel	Harry Green
Ben Barney	Jack Oakie
Johnny Ray	Richard "Skeet" Gallagher
Bert	Matty Roubert
Mrs. Frosser	Ricca Allen
Sybil	Baby Mack
George Washington Brown	Oscar Smith

That music, instrumental and vocal, is destined to play an important part in sound pictures of the future is being demonstrated with startling frequency. The week finds on local screens three first-run pictures which count musical accompaniments and interludes, even musical programs, as an integral factor in any success which each may achieve. "Close Harmony" is one. When the curtain rises on a midnight rehearsal of Al West's warehouse boys' jazz band, one feels that this is to be no ordinary talking picture. As it proceeds, with text and situation matched perfectly to theme and character, with every player entering into the performance with a zest and spontaneity admirable to behold, "Close Harmony" shows itself quite able to meet all criticism jauntily, and to disarm it with ease.

Essentially a back-stage tale, the picture has what so many of its kind have lacked, namely verisimilitude. Miss Janis and Mr. Markey know their vaudeville; Mr. Heath, who is credited with the adaptation and the dialogue, knows his theatre; its lingo, its house managers, its knockabout teams, its

top-notchers and its lowly novitiates. Therefore, every line these characters utter is precisely what one would expect from such characters in any given situation. Nothing funnier has yet come to the screen than the vaudeville team of Barney and Bay, as Messrs. Oakie and Gallagher play them. Until their entrance, Mr. Rogers, as the ambitious young jazz band leader; Miss Carroll, as the pretty head-liner who has snatched him from an irate landlady crying out for overdue rent, and Mr. Green, as the slyly wise theatre manager who is constantly scolding about his bothersome eyeglasses—these three have held the stage. But when Barney and Bay do their opening song and dance, they begin to steal the laughs of the audience. Their dressing room bickerings, their treachery toward each other when the conniving Marjorie tells them on, their fisticuffs in a public dining room and their easy resumption of harmonious relations, all are extremely comical.

Meantime, Mr. Rogers plays almost every instrument in the band, despite the song which Joe Cawthorne once exploited. He has several delightful scenes with Miss Corral, and his manly through it all. Miss Carroll also sings and dances in a tremendous, appealing fashion, and is altogether charming as the much-sought Marjorie. In fact, with such a well chosen cast, with such a neat story, and with such competent direction by Mr. Cromwell, who likewise knows his theatre, "Close Harmony" should hit the popular fancy with a bang, whether you know who George Spelvin was or not. W. E. G.

#### MODERN AND BEACON

##### "Hearts in Dixie"

A screen comedy-drama with music, written by Walter Weens, photographed by Glenn McWilliams and George Meehan, directed by Paul Sloane and A. H. Van Buren, and presented by William Fox as an all-talking, singing and dancing picture with the following cast:

Nappus	Clarence Muse
Chinquapin	Eugene Jackson
Gummy	Stepin Fetchit
Chloe	Bernice Pilot
Ramsey	Clifford Ingram
Trilla	Mildred Washington
Beacon	Zach Williams
Emmy	Gertrude Howard
Melia	Dorothy Morrison
Violet	Vivian Smith
Truelove	Robert Brooks
Voodoo Woman	A. C. H. Billbre
White Doctor	Richard Carlyle

Richard Carlyle, the only white actor in "Hearts in Dixie," appears in a prologue to tell in well-chosen phrases and finely modulated voice something about the intent of those who fashioned this fascinating picture. Happiness and sorrow, comedy and tragedy, walk hand in hand everywhere. "Hearts in Dixie," he added, was planned not as a story with plot or climax, nor as propaganda. It simply was and is a series of audible, pictorial characterizations, scenes and episodes evolved from a careful, intelligent study of a section which may be encountered anywhere south of the Mason and Dixon line.

The picture proved all that he had predicted, and more. Scenes in the cotton fields, on the levee, at the steamboat landing, in the humble cabins of the colored folks are photographed with a fine fidelity and beauty. The musical accompaniment is actually a part of the pictured incidents. A song is started, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," or "Swanee River." As the scene shifts for a moment for a bit of pantomimic action or a few lines of dialogue, the voices carry on, but in modulated volume, softer and softer, to pianissimo. And there is dancing, on platforms, on greensward, on dirt, to such steps as only colored folks can create.

Nappus, born in slavery, dwells with his married daughter Chloe, his little son, Chinquapin, his grandchild, True-love and Gummy, Chloe's shiftless, ludicrously lazy husband. When Chloe takes to her bed with swamp fever Nappus follows the custom and allows a Voodoo woman to come in. Little True-love too is stricken. "Brain, bring the heart back into the body," chants the Voodoo woman, and claims victory over death, but the white doctor whom old Nappus finally brings, declares both victims have been dead for hours. "We didn't know, doctor, we didn't know," replies old Nappus piteously. Then he decides that young Chinquapin, all he has left, shall have his chance, and he sells his farm and his mule that he may send him North to gain a medical education. The final scene showing the homeless old man, bravely waving to the youngster on the Nelly Bly as the craft swings off, is sublimely tragic and pathetic.

Mr. Muse was very human as Nappus; Eugene Jackson was natural as the boy. To Stepin Fetchit, that promising successor to the late Bert Williams, go the honors for comic characterization. Work he abhors, but victuals and dancing come easy. His remarks on various matters are very funny, likewise his experiences with his second wife, Melia.

W. E. G.

#### By PHILIP HALE

Hollis Street Theatre—First performance in Boston of "All the King's Men," a comedy in three acts by Fulton Oursler. Presented by Lew Cantor. The cast last night was as follows:

Mrs. Rhodes	Mrs. Jacques Martin
Junior Fairchild	Neal Malloy
Walter Fairchild	Grant Mitchell
Florence Wendell	Mayo Method
Gilbert Saylor	Hugh Hunter

The playbill describes this piece as a "comedy-drama." The piece might better have the sub-title, "A sentimental comedy." Mr. Fairchild, in spite of occasional "wise-cracks," is amazingly sentimental for an advertising man who has become rich and famous by his ingenuity. Florence, his second wife, is a jealously sentimental as a betrothed and married woman. Mrs. Rhodes, the faithful retainer, devoted to the two wives in succession, is pleasingly sentimental in recollection and in her desire to bring Walter and Florence together after the "scene-a-faire," in which he leaves her to see his son by the first wife, the boy sick in Switzerland, although Florence is about to be confined.

Women in the audience sympathized with her, and asked why he didn't send Mrs. Rhodes as Florence had previously suggested. The boy Junior is not sentimental; nor is Saylor, who warned Florence against her marriage, and in the last act tempts her to run away with him to some sunny clime where he is interested in the rubber industry. When she asks if the climate will favor her own child, he abandons his plan and speaks injurious and profane words. He is a cad, sentimental only in his soft talk which, when he grows passionate, is dropped for frequent "damns" and "hells," which, as ever, excite the audience to giggles and guffaws.

It's an artificial play, natural in only a few respects: the desire of the second wife to put out of her husband's mind all thought of wife No. 1. So there is a new apartment, new furniture, a disappearance of the old pictures, especially the portrait of the late Caroline. One hopes, for Fairchild's taste, that the artist did not do her justice. She has a rigid, disinheriting countenance; and Fairchild wishing to appease Florence tells her in a fine burst that his first marriage was a sad mistake, he never really loved her, they simply lived together and tolerated the one the other. Nor was Florence to be blamed when Fairchild rushed away to Switzerland leaving her alone when she most needed him. If he had only refused at first to go, she would have compelled him to leave her. So Mrs. Rhodes told him afterwards when Florence showed steadily a frozen face. At any rate his behavior gave Miss Method the opportunity of showing genuine dramatic force, and this without ranting, without wild gesturing. There was a fine intensity in her reproaches.

The dramatist missed his opportunity. Having two ideas in his head, material for a comedy, also a drama, he fell between and mingled warring ingredients. His dialogue is not conspicuous for humorous or witty lines; Mr. Mitchell replaces them by smart answers, and comments, but the dialogue drips sentimentalism. Mr. Mitchell is associated justly with amusing situations and funny lines; with delightful cheek in forwarding himself; imperturbable, though as in one of his comedies he was obliged to find refuge by hanging from a chandelier. An excellent comedian is Mr. Mitchell when he is called on to be "the cool of the evening." Last night he was obliged to play out of his line.

Mrs. Martin gave a capital portrayal of the devoted, shrewd, humorous family retainer. Miss Method often lent plausibility to Florence's behavior and gave consistency to her character. Mr. Hunter was sufficiently caddish as the would-be seducer, with his cheap sneers and flowery protestations.

At the end of the play the audience applauded heartily.

#### TREMONT THEATRE

##### "The Silver Swan"

An operetta in three acts, music by H. Maurice Jaquet, book by William S. Brady and Alonzo Price, lyrics by Mr. Brady; produced by Herman Gantvoort at Werba's Brooklyn Theatre March 15, and presented last evening for the first time in Boston with the following cast:

Adolf	Marshall Vincent
Lt. Eric	John M. James
Lt. Berthold	Robert Rittner
Deuse	Lane Blair
Lt. Walther	Paul Largay
Seppie	Franker Woods
Gen. Von Auen	Florenz Ames
Gabrielle	Bonnie Emerie
Alexandrine	Nalwei Bunya
Hortense Gerstinger	Myrtle Clark
Gurilt	Georges Romani
Capt. Richard von Orton	Charles Purcell
Tiger	Eugene Faulkner
Madame von Auen	Georgia Caine
Hubert	Joseph Greene
Lt. Karl	W. E. Dillon

The scenes are laid in the Inn of the Silver Swan, in Vienna, in 1840. The first and final acts show the garden of the inn, the second act a room in the tavern. The time lies between June and September. Austrian army officers and members of the Gurilt opera com-

pany are the chief patrons of the inn. There are flirtations, escapades, rivalries and jealousies—professional and amorous. Hortense Gerstinger, prima donna of the troupe, and Gabrielle, who proves to be the Princess Ernestine in disguise, are in love with Capt. Richard von Orton who, unknown to Hortense, has been pledged to marry the Princess. Gabrielle, arriving at the inn, soon finds it politic to keep her eyes and ears open. Happily possessed of a good singing voice, she agrees to join the opera company when a vacancy occurs. Complications ensue. Hortense, it seems, had been flirting with Von Auen, and Mme. von Auen found it out. In final compromise, Hortense gives up the handsome captain to Gabrielle, her reward being the friendship of Mme. von Auen and the honor of singing at the Emperor's ball.

Here is a beautiful, bountiful production, with a score rich in musicianship, a book quietly humorous, a cast of admirably trained vocalists and players. Not in many moons has a Boston audience been privileged to sit under the spell of such music, set to words and action. Mr. Jaquet, composer of the operetta, was present but indisposed because of a cold. Rupert Graves conducted, therefore, and with each entrance was given warm applause, a tribute to his sympathetic reading of the score, a reading aided by a selected band of musicians.

Miss Clark, as the temperamental prima donna, a mezzo soprano, has a full-toned voice, intelligently and dramatically employed. Miss Emerie, as the unworried princess, sang in higher range, clear, but not piercing. "The Trial Song," which earned her entrance to the opera company's ranks, and her duets with Mr. Purcell, tested her talents, and found them true. Mr. Purcell, after a first act which revealed a nervous state due doubtless to the newness of his role, hit his stride. He has the name of being one of the stage's few good dramatic baritones. Mr. Ames, as the gay old general, pitched his performance to true opera comique style. His was not the humor of a Cantor or any forceful comedian. Miss Blair, in the soubrette role, danced with spirit. Miss Caine was delightfully caustic as the general's all-seeing spouse.

Two of the most charming numbers come in the third act, the serenade, by mixed voices, and "Merry-Go-Round." The costumes of the period, full-skirted gowns, narrow bodices, piquant bonnets, for the women, and many-colored uniforms for the men, were richly varied as to colors. Mr. Gantvoort, in his courageous effort to restore life to the operetta of other days, deserves the applause and the attendance of all who appreciate music which has no spurious taint, a story and dialogue which intrigues but does not affront, and a performance which has all the graces and most of the perfections of a pattern too seldom viewed.

W. E. G.

#### SHUBERT APOLLO THEATRE

##### "Luckee Girl"

A musical comedy adapted by Gertrude Purcell from the French "En Ron Garcon" by Andre Bards and Maurice Vain, with music by Maurice Vain. Lyrics by Max Lief and Nathaniel Lief, and staged by Lew Morion; dances and ensembles by Harry Purcell and the Kelley Dancers, arranged by Marie Kelley. The cast is as follows:

Arlette, a Minorette	Lois Lane
Colette, a Model	Lorraine Weimar
Lucien DeGravere, a Young Law Student	Eric Titus
Tampon, an Artist	William Dorbin
Lulu, Dancer at Coco's	Gertrude McGushion
Lili, Dancer at Coco's	Dorothy McGushion
Celina, a Cashier at Coco's	Elizabeth Whitehead
Pontaves, a Lawyer	Lou Powers
Hercules, a Walker at Coco's	Billy House
Camille, Mme. Falloux's Daughter	Doris Violon
Mme. Falloux, a Provincial Widow	Maude Allan
Jean, Mme. Falloux's Servant	Clifford H. Smith
Paul Fechar, Nephew of Pontaves	Harry Puck
Mme. Pontaves, Pontaves's Wife	Lorraine Weimar
DeGravere, Lucien's Father	Harold Viard
Four Diplomats	Andy Hamilton, Lenny Nelson, Johnny Ferrara, Hal Saliers

In rededicating the old B. F. Keith Theatre, the Shuberts would not have gone far wrong had they called it "The House of a Thousand Laughs," if last evening's performance might be taken as a criterion. While the lively-stepping company on the stage, to the tune of the merriest of music and in the gayest of apparel befitting night life in Paris, "made whoopee," the audience was enthusiastic in its applause and shouts of approbation. Mayor and Mrs. Nichols were present in a box, the former extending the greetings of the city of Boston, and paying tribute to Messrs. Lee and J. J. Shubert for the fine dramatic productions which they have staged.

With a well-sustained plot to please, songsters capable of putting over what they had to tell, and dancers trimly perfect in every flick of the toes, this Broadway hit moved nimbly on from start to conclusion. To tell the story briefly, Arlette, a shy minorette of the Montmartre, outside Coco's in Paris, is befriended by Lucien DeGravere, a young law student from the Provinces. The latter, discovering that Arlette has taste for the wild life of the cabaret,



ces her to his flat where she occupies tiny room and lives in chastity. They fall in love and he plans to marry her. But at the end of six months his father demands that he return home and marry Camille, a slangy, sophisticated country girl, daughter of adame Falloux. Lucien leaves reluctantly, not telling Arlette of his plans, which she discovers later. She follows, accompanied by Hercules, the derisive but good tempered waiter at co's.

The various other characters from co's also arrive at Madame Falloux's due time. Camille herself is in love with Paul Pechard, a poetic soul who has no fancy for her. The plot takes an accelerated interest when Paul becomes enamored of Arlette.

Billy House, as Hercules, rotund and continuously joyous, is inimitably ludicrous in his songs, his dancing and his sombre moments. Leota Lane has winning charm of her own, and while voice is not of marked sweetness, pleasing. Harry Puck is a convincing lover of the poetic, temperamental and the others play their roles with vivacity and attention to detail. Acts which won particular favor were "About Music," the "Magic Melody" at the conclusion of the second act, Camille's rakish "Bad Girl" and, of course, Billy House's famous "Whoo-oo" number.

F. A. B.

#### ST. JAMES THEATRE

**"A Boy"**  
A play in a prologue and three acts by William Anthony McGuire. The cast: Judith Blake, George R. Taylor, Mary Gray, Jessamine Newcombe, Chester Blake, Gold Vermilyea, William O'Toole, Thomas Knight, Phyllis Blake, Ivy Merton, Marie Fletcher, Adrienne Earle, Rev. David Bot, Bradlee Martin, R. W. Pendleton, E. Watts, Rita Pendleton, Ellen Mahar, Judith Holmes, Jack McGowan, Maurice Emmendinger, Geo. L. Taylor.

This play is not a farce as its name implies, but is a rather truthful portrayal of married life. The central figure is Chester Blake, a young man of self-confidence, which is reinforced by his father's affection and love. Everything is going his way. He is happily married and has become the father of a boy who will perpetuate the line. The scene around the baby's cradle when he shows him off to admiring friends is very cunning. One almost smells the baby's satchel under.

A successful business opening also appears at this time, which necessitates the Blake family moving from their home town to New York. Of course their unhappiness begins. We can trace the causes one by one as they occur. From our entrenched position in a smaller metropolis. Mr. and Mrs. Blake live in a non-housekeeping apartment, which threatens the spirit of home, and Mrs. Blake in her efforts to emulate her more prosperous friends, shops too much and neglects the baby. Chester, out of love for her, is induced to spend more money than he can afford. Thus cumulative trouble piles up in quite a life-like way and reaches a climax for this couple at the moment when a bachelor friend makes the long journey from their home town to New York to witness their success and happiness. He finds a nervous and strained but undereated little man who has been turned away from the company for which he was working and also faces the disillusion which his selfish wife has caused him.

Mr. Vermilyea, the new addition to the St. James company, is younger than Mr. Gilbert and is a less experienced actor. He makes up for this however by a naive serio-comic quality which suits the part perfectly, making of it a personality. Miss Merton, as the wife, did not overact, as she might have done. She used restraint in her big scene showing her emotion by other ways than by raising her voice. The other parts were all adequately taken, but three stand out especially. Mr. Taylor, the loving parent and grandpa, expressed sentiment and gentleness. Mr. G. Taylor, the jeweller who sold diamond bracelets on the instalment plan, had a dialect and displayed a mixture of servility and deference which was convincing. Mr. Watts as Mr. Pendleton was just what we imagine an unscrupulous New York business man to be like. The play had a happy ending. J. D.

#### B. F. KEITH MEMORIAL THEATRE

At the B. F. Keith Memorial Theatre this week Ethel Parker and Fred Barb, acrobatic dancers, perform amazing feats, resulting from double-jointedness and other unusual qualifications of the body. Margaret Schilling, young and pretty, sings several popular airs with a well-trained voice. Mr. and Mrs. Earle Weldner perform duets on two organs. The words of the songs they play are put on the screen.

The Lomas troupe do difficult gymnastics.

There are three comedy numbers. James Barton, who impersonates, among other things, a tipsy man; Roger Imhoff's farce "In a Pest House," which has to do with seeking sleep in an uncomfortable bed, and Ann Codee, assisted by two men, makes what might be described as whoopee.

Boh Colleen Moore and Neil Hamilton are too good for the senseless film

"Why Be Good?" which is the feature motion picture.

It seeks to depict the youth of today which provides such excellent material for excitement or humor, but beyond a faint stab at the wrong-headedness of parents it makes no sense at all. The marine picture of life under the sea, showing octopus, seahorses and sea-anemones, is very charming and like the aquarium at Naples.

The audience yesterday afternoon was large and extremely enthusiastic. What cafeteria or excellent home table had been supplying their lunch, one wondered, from which they arrived at the theatre in such good spirits and with such an uncritical sense of enjoyment

which they kept during the entire performance. J. D.

#### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

##### "The Broadway Melody"

A screen drama by Edmund Goulding, with dialogue by Norman Houston and James Gleason; lyrics by Arthur Freed, music by Nacio Herb Brown; directed by Harry Beaumont and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as an all-talking, singing and dancing picture, with the following cast: Anita Page, Hank, Beale Love, Charles King, Uncle Jack, Jed Prouty, Jock Warriner, Kenneth Thompson, Zerkow, Edna Kane, Stage manager, Edward Dillio.

Soon will come the time when motion picture reviewers will be asked to approach their task as if about to sit through a musical comedy performance. They will devote so much thought and space to the score, to the book and lyrics, to the performance, "The Broadway Melody" gives amazing hint of this.

It is not the story itself which commands attention or applause, but the manner in which it is handled. The authors knew the chorus girl type, and how to make them talk. They knew all about the hard-boiled producer, the little flock of "yes-men," the harassed stage manager, the effeminate costumer, the conceited tenor with his call for the spotlight, the sarcastic orchestra leader, the wealthy patron of the theatre ever in search of a new face and figure provided it be pretty and youthful.

The Mahoney sisters, Queenie and Hank, quit the security of small-time bookings for a chance on Broadway under sponsorship of Eddie Kern, a song plugger who has written some songs for a new revue. We are given to understand at first that Eddie loves Hank, but soon learn that Queenie is his choice. The sisters fail to make good as a team, but Queenie, because of her blond beauty, is given a place in the show, while Hank is relegated to the chorus. Then comes Queenie's affair with Warriner, the man who can give her diamond bracelets, an apartment. There are stormy scenes between the two sisters, with Eddie generally milling around as peace-maker. In the end Queenie chooses Eddie and quits the stage, while Hank, brave little trouper that she is, hides her love for this same

Eddie and goes to Florida to start 30 weeks in the four-a-days.

There are two theme songs, "The Broadway Melody" and "You Were Meant for Me." There are scenes of rehearsal with chorus girls picking up new dance routine; of hair-pullings, dressing room spats, dress rehearsal changes and confusion. One number, done in color, is worth the whole picture. It is called "The Dance of the Little Painted Doll," and in sheer artistry, beauty and rhythmic perfection it vies with anything seen in a stage revue this season.

Miss Love as the plucky, self-sacrificing Hank, surprised us by her vocal ease as well as her several emotional scenes. Miss Page likewise was good as the girl who, discontented with her lot, nearly went to ruin by the Broadway route. Hitherto known as silent actresses, these two were astonishingly effective. So, too, Mr. King, as the song plugger. His task was easier, for the musical comedy stage is his home.

W. E. G.

#### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

##### "Strange Cargo"

A screen drama adapted by Benjamin Glazer from Melchior Langslet's play. "The Missing Man," directed by Mr. Glazer and presented by Pathé with the following cast: Diana Porter, Lee Patrick, Ruth Barclay, June Nash, Bruce Lloyd, George Barraud, Paul Hungerford, Russell Gleason, Sir Richard Barclay, Kyle Bellew, Dr. Stecker, Frank Reicher, Mrs. Townsend, Josephine Brown, Captain, Claude King, First Mate, Ned Sparks, Boatwain, Charles Hamilton, First Stranger, Andre Beranger, Second Stranger, Otto Matiesen, Short, Harry Allen, Stoker, Warner Richmond.

"Strange Cargo" goes to sea for its thrills. A yacht makes the single setting, the early disappearance of its owner makes the mystery. Sir Richard Barclay, of vicious temper and tongue, pursuer of women and in ill repute because of his cruel treatment of his former wife, is host to a small group of men and women, including his sister Ruth. Just before his mysterious departure he had intimated that he knew of the previous shady career of his ship's physician, Dr. Stecker. He had

## SUPPERLESS TO BED

By PHILIP HALE

Mrs. Rose Berger of Brooklyn sent a boy to bed without his supper as a punishment for running across a street and being nearly killed. Supreme Court Justice MacCrate commended her. "Mrs. Berger is the type of woman that we need. Old-fashioned methods of enforcing obedience are salutary and her sending the child to bed without his supper shows that she can exercise a firm hand. I know all about that penalty. It happened to me many times and never hurt me. I think it did me good."

In boyhood it was not the lack of supper that hurt, for many would gladly go without it to sport out-doors; it was the enforced imprisonment; it was the joyous shouting of a boy's companions without at tag, duck, or yard sheep run; the knowledge that other young barbarians were free and unconfined.

Parents in those days believed in the precepts of Solomon or whoever compiled the Book of Proverbs. The slipper was not merely for tired feet; it was an instrument of punishment. Sometimes a hair brush took its place. What did good Dr. John Brown of "Spare Hours" say to parents of refractory children? "Warm the bot." There were whippings. In the town where Calvin Coolidge is now taking the role of Cincinnatus there was a father who in his effort to bring up his sons in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, put his faith in three whips: a riding whip, a rawhide and a carriage whip for long distance application to the urchin's legs. The other whips were for more intimate reasoning. Boys seldom resented this chastening, but they were skeptical when father said as he was laying on the lash: "This hurts me more than it does you, my son."

Are children better now because corporal punishment is thought to be inhuman? There is chatter about the necessity of allowing girls and boys to develop their own natures, to let them grow up without correction, or if they should be chided to dose them with moral suasion. It is true that there were parents and teachers with a streak of cruelty in their composition; some were even semi-Sadists. They were the great exceptions. A little spanking makes for righteousness. Judges within the past year have recommended it in the case of impudent, disobedient, lawless children. The young of this generation, more frequently the rich than the poor, are sadly in need of something more drastic than "I wouldn't do that, Willy," or "Susie, that isn't pretty."

quarrelled with Bruce Lloyd over Diana Foster. There, then, were two who might have killed him. Then there was a lithe, shadowy stranger, who turned out to be Sir Richard's brother-in-law, bent on vengeance. Short, the steward, knew he was on board.

The ship's lights had an eerie way of going out at critical moments. There was talk of spirits and spiritualism, particularly by Mrs. Townsend, a plump matron who insisted on taking the second mate up to the crow's nest for a seance, and who climbed the ratlines like a mariner-born. That was after Lloyd also had vanished, and the tension was high. The seance wasn't particularly successful, save that strange noises led the couple to a dark corner, where they found Lloyd. Some one had knocked him on the head. Finally, young Hungerford applied mathematics and a tape measure to the mystery and thus ferreted out a white-robed yogi, hiding in a locker. It seems that Sir Richard's sins included pilfering. He had taken some sacred vases or something from an East Indian temple, and the priests had doomed him to death. The yogi had done a neat job. It was he who had manipulated the ship's lights, had stabbed Sir Richard, and hidden the body in a suit of armor. Suspicion which had fallen on at least half a dozen others thus was removed and the love affair between Lloyd and Ruth was accorded an unblemished conclusion.

W. E. G.

#### ELIZABETH TRAVIS

Elizabeth Travis, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan hall: Sonata quasi una Fantasia, Op. 27 No. 2, Beethoven; Harmonious Blacksmith, Handel; Allegro Appassionato, Saint-Saens; Concert Etude, Dennee; Waltz in A flat major, Etude Op. 25 No. 11, Balade in G minor, Chopin; El Bufon, Sequeira; Gnomengelgen, Liszt; Scherzo in B minor, Chopin.

The time had come, presumably, when Miss Travis's friends and well-wishers felt a fancy to note her progress for themselves. In the singular beauty of her tone in slow-moving music they must have taken keen satisfaction. With the prettiness of her tone in quick passages they probably found themselves content, its shallowness notwithstanding. They probably deplored a certain hardness that obtained sometimes, not by

any means always—when Miss Travis played both fast and loud.

With her rhythmic brilliancy in the Dennee study, with her delicious pointing of melody in that same piece, Miss Travis's admirers must surely have been delighted. With Handel's theme and the first in Beethoven's sonata, Miss Travis may well have pleased them too, also with Chopin's theme in his study. Not always, rhythmically, can she have satisfied them quite completely; sometimes, as in the study and the waltz, she scampered imprudently. In the matter of technique she had only good to show.

Before her friends summon her again to the front Miss Travis will probably try hard to hear music more poetically than she hears it now, to plumb a deeper note. An extremely agreeable player of the drawing room type she proved herself last night. With further study she will no doubt develop further. R. R. G.

April 1929

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, gave the fourth of its Tuesday afternoon series yesterday in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Franck, Symphony, D minor; Wagner, "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfried"; Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde"; prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

The placing of compositions by Franck and Wagner on the program to the exclusion of other works might easily lead one to revive an old discussion. Although Franck excelled in symphonic works, for his two operas are not praised even by his most enthusiastic admirers, and the dramatic pages in his "Beaumonts" and his "Wild Huntsman" are the weakest; although Wagner was a man of the opera house, it was the fashion in Paris with many writers to pit the naturalized Frenchman against the maker of music-dramas. And so in Vienna the rabid Wagnerites praised Bruckner in the hope of lessening the fame of Brahms.

Even now it is not easy to assign Franck his proper seat in the Temple of Music. There were Frenchmen who, recognizing the excellent qualities of his music, insisted that it was not distinctively French in spirit. His pupils did him harm after he died by the extravagance of their adoration. Only a short time ago Camille Bellaigue complained that Franck's disciples were too professional, too affected in their dislike of romanticism and departure from strict form. He excepted Castillon and Lekeu, who died young, and Chausson, who recalled "the most tenderly the mystical outpourings of his master; but the majority have paid greater attention to the technic than to the sensitiveness of Franck; they have been less simple, less human than he was."

And of this symphony, Bellaigue says that it has been surpassed in mathematical strictness, and in its orchestration; "but there is nothing in music more beautiful in its exaltation, the upsoaring of the soul, the marvellous abundance of emotion."

One may well ask why the opening section should be repeated at length; why in the course of the symphony there should be other repetitions; and hint at the near approach to cheapness in pages of the finale. This approach is often due to some conductors who take the finale at too fast a pace and thus strip it of its joyous majesty and dignity. Debussy was right in saying that Franck was one of the great composers in that tones to them had an exact significance in their sonorous meaning; "they employ them in their precision without ever asking of them any other thing than that which they contain. And here is the whole difference between Wagner's art, beautiful and individual, impure and seductive, and the art of Franck which serves music almost without demanding glory."

When Wagner borrows from life, he dominates it, puts his foot on it and forces it to shout the name of Wagner. What Franck borrowed he restored to art with a modesty that is almost anonymousness.

And to think that when this symphony was first heard in Boston many found it uninspired, dull, or unintelligible. Letters of protest were sent to Mr. Gericke, the conductor of that first performance. Even the scintillating Humaker, not knowing of Franck's life, found in the symphony the flavor of Liszt and the perfume of a Parisian boudoir.

The performance of the symphony was most poetic and impressive. Mr. Koussevitzky did not make the mistake of regarding Franck only as an angelic disembodied spirit. His Franck was of flesh and blood, mystical at times, a compassionate soul whose doubts gave way at last to an exultant faith. The symphony and the excerpts from the Wagnerian music dramas were enthusiastically applauded by the great audience filling the hall from top to bottom.

The last concert of this series will be on April 23.

#### HARRINGTON VAN HOESSEN

Harrington Van Hoesen, baritone, sang this program last night in Jordan



## KNOWN BY THE DRESS

By PHILIP HALE

The late Lord Haldane was not famed for his attention to dress. He tells with a chuckle in his Autobiography of King Edward meeting him at Marlenbad and saying to the assembled company: "See him arrive in the hat which he inherited from Goethe." This led a reviewer of the Autobiography to say that a certain slovenliness in attire is in the tradition of high statesmanship. It might also be said that a certain slovenliness in dress is often an affectation; sometimes a deliberate attempt to gain popularity among the common people.

Disraeli for many years was conspicuous for his foppish dress, for his delight in shrieking colors. He reminded his opponents of the Devil visiting his snug little farm, the Earth, to see how his stock went on:

"And how then was the Devil drest?

Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:

His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,

And there was a hole where the tail came through."

Gladstone, orthodox in his attire, was famed for his high, aggressive shirt collars, though in spite of photographs a descendant lately insisted that the height and the flare of the collars were grossly exaggerated.

In our western states the leaders in politics were often careless dressers, though they were usually given to long-tailed coats and the leg-boots worn by others in more prosaic walks of life. Luxurious whiskerage sometimes concealed the absence of a cravat. A black string tie was favored by those who were recognized as orators from their ability to introduce the words "eagle" and "bugle" in one sentence. Southern statesmen wore broadcloth coats, with shirt fronts ornamented with a stick-pin or tobacco juice. They often sported a wide-brimmed planter's hat instead of the ill-brushed stovepipe. One western statesman won renown by discarding socks. Senator Everts was known on the street and in political cartoons by his shocking bad hat. In the East for many years the blue coat with vivid buttons, sprigged waistcoat and yellow nankeen trousers marked a man of commanding intellect.

Not only the rich often affected shabby dress. Holman Hunt, the artist, once lectured Ford Madox Hueffer on his frequent visits to a tailor. "Young man," said Hunt, "observe this overcoat. I bought it in the year 1852, giving £140 for it. It is now 1894. This garment has lasted me 42 years and I have never had another. You will observe that it has actually cost me per annum something less than £3 10s., which is much less, I am certain, than you spend on your overcoats." To which Hueffer might have answered: "But I could never have afforded a £140 overcoat. It seems to me a preposterous sum." There was a man in Boston, a man who cut many coupons. When summer drew nigh he would purchase a straw hat, choosing one in a barrel on the sidewalk, in Hanover street; and he would laugh at fellow clubmen who patronized hatters then in fashion.

One may regret, however, that so many Americans are standardized in dress, whether they be brokers, poets, bookkeepers or physicians. If there were a distinctive costume for each trade or profession, the streets would be less drab; identification would be easy. Even musicians now have their hair cut and dress like the less aesthetic.

mail, to the accompaniments of Frank La Forge:

Waken the ardour, Hear Me, Ye Winds and Waves, Handel; Gia il sole dal Gange, Scarlatti; Mio ben ricordati, Non t'accostar all'urna, Schubert; Im Kahne, Grieg; Auf dem gruen Balkon, Wolf; Ruhe, meine Seels, Heilmliche Aufforderung, Strauss; Stornellatrice, Ludir talvolta, Ma come patrei, Ballata, In alto mare, Respighi; Extase, La manoir de Rosemonde, Duparc; Yo paso la vida, Into the Light, La Forge.

This new young singer, Mr. Van Hoesen, comes richly blessed. Of prime importance, he has it in him to please the people; they "rose to him" last night, those who heard him deliver Marie Correll's lines as set by Mr. La Forge. A second valuable attribute he also possesses, temperament; what Mr. Van Hoesen feels he can make his hearers feel, too.

He is not, to go on with the array of his assets, debarred by shyness from employing their full extent all means he finds useful in rendering his feelings and meanings clear. He calls freely on

bodily pose and facial play for help in self-expression, he summons sounds to his aid of widely varying character.

To his credit, furthermore, be it said, Mr. Van Hoesen has made of himself a sound musician, with an excellent sense of rhythm and a certain feeling for melody. Distinct enunciation he has developed in four or five tongues, in some of them fine pronunciation. He sings in tune.

To turn to the other side of the ledger, it must be admitted that Mr. Van Hoesen has not at command a voice of unusual quality or power, nor has he followed a system of technique fitted to remedy his deficiencies. By song alone, therefore, Mr. Van Hoesen can scarcely hope, as it present equipped, to give adequate utterance to the emotions that stir him. Hence, no doubt, the extravagance of musical style and of manner which, while pleasing some people, offend others in their sense of good taste. With roguish songs and sentimental he had best luck last night. His extravagance seems needless. A person of Mr. Van Hoesen's genuine temperament could easily learn to produce strong and fine effects without indulging in what is unbecoming.

R. R. G.

## PLYMOUTH THEATRE

### "The Vincent Varieties of 1929"

Staged by Eugene F. Ford.

The Vincent Club this year presents a straight musical revue. Some will undoubtedly feel that the lack of even the usual shred of a plot detracts from its excellence. Furthermore, where the actors and audience are so intimate, it resorted to smirks and leers for effect might be better to introduce more bits of comedy and current comment, like the "Those Two Boys" and less of the purely spectacular, such as "Lady of My Dreams," where in the display of magnificence, unrelieved as it was by singing or dancing, left the audience rather cold. The staging, however, merits high praise. Colorful curtains and skilful lighting effects afforded a sumptuous, yet never obtrusive or over-decorated, background for the gorgeous costumes or graceful dancing. Mr. Ford's music contained several catchy tunes, but the lyrics were both themselves weak and, save with notable exceptions, often inaudible. This appears to have been as much the fault of inadequate voices as of too loud music.

It is a relief, after the mechanical perfection and artificial expressions of the professional stage, to see good-looking choruses well drilled without, however, entirely suppressing the individuals in the whole. Nevertheless, this pleasure was too frequently tempered by sympathy for the dancers whose set expression betrayed their intense concentration and made it seem "too much like work." Perhaps with practice there will come greater ease as well as smoother execution, until there supervenes that highest art, which is to conceal art.

While it is an invidious task to single out particular acts for special mention, the Braggiotti sisters stand in a class by themselves for their dances, notably for the passionate Spanish dance and, in contrast, the slightly melancholy interpretation of a harvest love. Of all the performers, however, Mrs. Cochrane made the most direct appeal to masculine romanticism in her song "Mary Make-Believe," and "got across" the footlights to her audience. Mrs. Thayer had in considerable measure that comic witfulness which makes the world laugh with, not at, Charlie Chaplin. In her dialogue of timely hits with Mrs. Whitman ("Those Two Boys") and in clever parody of the well-known song, "Touring," she offered the type of humor which best suits the musical revue, and of which more would not have been out of place. A similar scene, and that which drew the most sincere applause, was Miss Parker's song and dance entitled "Gertie's Galoshes." "Sweethearts of Yesterday," sung by Mrs. Bradley and Mrs. Butler and danced by a beautiful chorus of hoopskirts, was an exception to the general and unhappy over-emphasis on mere costume. It was marred, however, by the all too visible ropes supporting Mrs. Butler. In these days it should be possible to employ less obvious wires.

Two of the light comedy acts, "Roxy Service," a parody on the efficiency of the modern movie palace, and "Let the Public Decide," wherein a member of the audience gave voice to the suppressed desire which every one sometimes feels that all the actors be taken out and shot, were quite amusing despite wooden acting.

The song and dance act "Get a Friend" was among the best of the smaller scenes. Finally, the opening and closing choruses kept admirable time, but the ambitious end of the first act, "One Step to Heaven," will be better after the performers are more familiar with a rather difficult set. Old-timers, moreover, will regret that the traditional "Vincent Drill" did not this time contain the complicated evolutions of former years. Passing the hat, though the hospital might appreciate it, was a poor substitute. Incidentally, the brief motion picture of the work of the Vin-

cent Memorial Hospital should bring home more forcibly than heretofore that the primary purpose of this annual performance is to aid one of Boston's most deserving and serviceable charities—a charity which can and should have the assistance for which it makes a special appeal this year. J. M. D. H.

## SUSAN METCALF CASALS

Susan Metcalf Casals, soprano, well accompanied by Lester Hodges, sang this admirable program last night in Jordan hall:

Aria from Orpheus, Gluck; Amarilli, Caccini; Arietta, Paradisi; Das Veilchen, Mozart; Neue Liebe neues Leben, Beethoven; Dein Angesicht, Schlegel; Veneizianisches Lied, Liebeslied, Roeselein, Schumann; Von Waldbekraenzter Hoehe, Wenn du nur, Es traume mir; Ach Wende diesen Blick, Brahms; Seguidilla, Nana, De Falla; Ireland, Moor; Fantoche, Debussy; Phydile, Duparc.

Let us admit, with the very first stroke of the pen, that Mme. Casals takes a way with her strong, high tones one might wish bettered; she pinches and forces them, too, at the cost of their quality. This defect, however, once granted, only words of gratitude are due the singer for her notable performance last night.

If the woman could scarcely sing two notes, some of us would feel grateful to her for singing those two as well as she could and achieving there-with what results she could, with no actors and audience are so intimate, it resorted to smirks and leers for effect might be better to introduce more bits of comedy and current comment, like the "Those Two Boys" and less of the purely spectacular, such as "Lady of My Dreams," where in the display of magnificence, unrelieved as it was by singing or dancing, left the audience rather cold. The staging, however, merits high praise. Colorful curtains and skilful lighting effects afforded a sumptuous, yet never obtrusive or over-decorated, background for the gorgeous costumes or graceful dancing. Mr. Ford's music contained several catchy tunes, but the lyrics were both themselves weak and, save with notable exceptions, often inaudible. This appears to have been as much the fault of inadequate voices as of too loud music.

Mme. Casals stands in no need. She knows how to sing. And she is a consummate musician.

Why simmer and mince through, let us say, a Schumann song, when Schumann himself has provided melody and rhythm which, if accurately observed, inevitably suggest brightness, lightness, mirth? By the same token Gluck has furnished the note of pathos in Orpheus' air. If a singer, therefore, sings his music rightly, she need not draw down the corners of her mouth and moan; Gluck will serve.

Gluck's music, Mozart's, Brahms's, too, and that of modern Spain, Mme. Casals knows how to sing with musicianship surpassingly fine. She knows, furthermore, the meaning of their texts. A singer in short, a musician and a dramatic interpreter—with a noble voice, at its best, at her command—small wonder Mme. Casals last night offered her hearers a treat of high order.

To comment on every song would be a pleasure, but space won't have it. "Das Veilchen," though, was too delightful to pass by, also "Fantoche"—a rare example of skilful characterization and song—and the Spanish "Seguidilla" with its chatter as brisk as castanets. But the program must not be repeated in detail. Hats off before the work!

R. R. G.

## BELGIAN BAND AT BOSTON GARDEN

The Royal Belgian Guards band, comprising 85 musicians conducted by Capt. Arthur Prevost, gave a concert last night at the Boston Garden under the auspices of the Boston Lying-In Hospital and the Infants' Hospital. The appearance of this famous band, which is under the patronage of Albert, King of the Belgians, developed into one of the most brilliant social events of the season. Present were nearly all of patronesses who with their parties occupied boxes reserved for them. The total estimated attendance was more than 8000.

The first part of the program included typical symphonic selections which were: Overture—Le Carnaval Romain by Berlioz; Sonata, No. 6 Pour Orgue by Mendelssohn; Rhapsodie No. 2 by Franz Liszt and Danses Polowiennes by Prince Igor by Borodine. It was a list less start and the players did not waver up to the task in hand until the third number which brought out the fullest capabilities of this remarkable band.

Following the intermission Mozart's Menuet and Weber's Mouvement Perpetuel paved the way for the closing number, three military marches: Marche de la Garde Consulaire a Marengo (1800); Naval Brigade, and Royal Belgian Guards. The audience responded to this stimulating music which seemed to fit the conditions more than the other type of music including the minuet, which was also well received. In these marches the percussion instruments proved invaluable in overcoming the resistance of the wide open spaces and furnished sufficient overtones as a foundation for the music of other instruments.

## CHORAL ART SOCIETY

The Choral Art Society of Boston University, conducted by Mr. Gladstone Jackson, with Mr. Jean Bede as soloist, gave the following program at Jordan hall last evening: "How Lovely is Thy Dwelling Place," Brahms; "Jesu, Dulcis Memoria," Vittoria; "Bone Jesu," Palestrina; French, German, Scotch and Russian folk songs; "Must I Forever," Arensky; "The Stealing Rill," Arensky; "The Silver Swallow," Gibbons; "Dainty, Fine, Sweet Nymph Morley and 'Hallelujah, Amen,' Handel. Mr. Bedetti played "Adagio," Bach; "Minuet," Mozart; "Adagio Allegro Schumann; "Spanish Dance," Grandos; "Dragon Fly," Delune and "All gro Furioso," Boulanger.

There was nothing lacking in technical proficiency at last night's concert. Mr. Jackson has achieved a finish in choral singing which might well be envied by many conductors. His chorus sang musically, with perfect rhythm and diction. The tonality was clear, but the soprano section was scarcely strong enough to balance the other voices. However, the voices blended perfectly and the pianissimo were especially fine and well pointed. The neat attack and completion of phrases invited admiration, never once did a single voice emerge from the ensemble to break the even tonality. It might be said that the program was little too long, but the excellent singing and vivid interpretation relieved of monotony which might well have existed.

It is not necessary to relate the qualities of Mr. Bedetti as a cellist. He has been heard many times before and is always a pleasure to hear him again. He is a cellist of distinction, not only because of his true musicianship but also because of the beautiful rich tone which he brings from the cello. The warmth and vitality of his interpretation give an intensity to his playing which holds the audience spellbound and at the end of each number there is a pause before the applause. Mr. Bedetti is an artist.

O. A.

## KEITH-ALBEE

Stars of the leading shows in Boston appeared on the stage of the Keith-Albee Theatre last night to aid the Crosscup-Pishon post, American Legion in their midnight benefit performance. Prizes were awarded to holders of lucky seat tickets.

The entire cast of "Luckee Girl," stars of "Billie" and the "Silver Swan," E. E. Clive, Mickey Alpert, Marjorie Ponselle, Grant Mitchell for "All the King's Men," more stars from "The Skull" and "The Trial of Mary Dugan," four jazz orchestras, Jim Malone and Keith, Metropolitan, Loews State and Orpheum vaudeville acts, Franklin Collier of the Boston American, George C. MacKinnon of the Record-Advertiser and several other well-known performers were included on the bill.

An added attraction was the appearance of some of the Boston Bruins carrying with them the recently captured Stanley cup, the emblem of the world's championship hockey team. Carroll Swan was master of ceremony.

For a few moments before the show started, the audience paid tribute to the memory of Marshal Foch. After the showing of a news reel with pictures of the funeral, a detail from Crosscup-Pishon post fired three volleys from the stage, "taps" was sounded and echo from the wings and the band played military march.

## "WHOOPEE NIGHT" AT THE MET

Ted Claire, new master of ceremonies at the Metropolitan Theatre, inaugurates his first nightly "Whoopie Party" this evening at 9 o'clock. For this, the last show of the evening, new acts, new faces, and the regular Met stage show artists in additional numbers, will be presented. All-request numbers will be played, provided Mr. Claire is given sufficient time in which to arrange his music. Patrons are asked simply call out their requests or to drop a line to the master of ceremonies.

## METROPOLITAN THEATRE

### "The Divine Lady"

A screen drama adapted by Forrest R. from the novel by E. Rieu, directed by F. Lloyd and presented by First National. The following cast:

In face of what supposedly historians have done to the character of Emma Hart of Paddington Gr.



rose to become the inspiration of William Hamilton, the portrait painter, and the paramour of Horatio Nelson, captain, admiral and lord. Corinne Griffith, one of the most beautiful of screen stars, has made noble endeavor to display only the finest attributes of that remarkable woman. To Miss Griffith's noteworthy delineation add Frank Lord's brilliancy of direction, Mr. Metz's pictorial embellishment, and capable performance by Messrs. Varconi, Varner, Keith and Love. The grand result is a silent picture, one of the few of distinction and rare beauty of form.

The film traces the career of Emma Hart with much detail from the moment when she arrives with her pachydermic mother, briefly portrayed by that apt stage comedienne, Marie Dressler, to look and serve the foppish Greville; through her meeting with Greville's uncle, Lord Hamilton, the latter's immediate infatuation and his tender of marriage; Emma's first encounter with Nelson and the instant kindling of the spark of passion which was to possess both; her intercession with the Italian queen to obtain open ports for Nelson's curvy-stricken ships; their love scenes on the flagship, at her villa in Naples, at a little English village to which they fled after Lady Hamilton had been barred from their majesties' court, and their final parting when Nelson is recalled for the battle of Trafalgar, in which he met his death. These scenes are pictured movingly. For spectacle we see two stirring naval battles between the English and the French fleets, off Tripoli and Trafalgar, and scenes of pomp and ceremony in the Italian and English courts. Through it all there is no haste; rather a leisurely pace of performance and picturization, striving for perfection. Miss Griffith was first the hidden Emma, inclined to scamper when she should walk in dignity; then the young lady, acquiring poise, charm, knowledge, and finally the woman, bitten by a great, sacrificial love. Hers was a steadily satisfying achievement. The picture makes her seem to sing. Deceived in other instances, we now take a sceptical attitude. As to "The Divine Lady" in its entirety, we have only praise, for those who made it, and those who shaped its characters.

W. E. G.

## SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 22nd concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's 48th season, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Tchaikovsky, Overture—Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet" (after Shakespeare). Hanson, Nordic Symphony, E minor. Strauss, Death and Transfiguration.

Mr. Hanson, who conducted his symphony, which was played for the first time in Boston, was born at Wahoo, Nebraska, in 1896. He studied composition in this country and at Rome, having won a fellowship in the American academy of that city. He is now the director of the Eastman School of Music of the University of Rochester, N. Y.

This symphony, the first of his larger compositions, was first performed at Rome by the orchestra of the Augusteo under his direction. It has been played by leading orchestras of this country. It has a motto: "To him that overcometh will I give, To eat out of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God." There is little in the music that suggests the fields of the blessed, but the strenuous character of his composition, one may fairly say its tolerance, may be intended to portray a struggle after the manner of Jacob wrestling with the angel, though they perhaps were quieter in the control of their breath. There were boisterous moments yesterday when the composer almost overcame the audience.

He was a young man when he wrote his symphony. Young composers often mistake noise for strength and constant feverishness for emotion. It has been said that the first movement is strongly Nordic in character, singing of solemnity, austerity and grandeur of the north, of its restless surging and strife, of its sombreness and melancholy. It was a large undertaking to express all this in tones. One wished that Mr. Hanson had chosen to "Mediterraneanize" his music (to borrow Nietzsche's pet word). It is not necessary to ask whether the workmanship displayed the thematic invention and development is of an individual character; it is enough to say that we found little that is imaginative, poetic or eloquent in this first movement or in those that followed; and in the second movement, inscribed to the composer's mother and in the third dedicated to his father there is little that is truly emotional. The whole symphony is easy. It lacks significantly contrasting pages. There is little relief from the prevailing storm and stress, either in the musical contents or in the orchestral dress. The symphony was admirably received by the audience and was no doubt impressed by the

orchestral bombardment by the Boston bastes Furiore spirit of the composer. Mr. Hanson was placed between the superb fantasia of Tchaikovsky and the dramatic tone-poem of Strauss. Perhaps the latter has aged a little. The death of the sufferer is long delayed; the fever chart shows surprising variations in temperature. The "Transfiguration" section is nobly planned; yet this tone-poem will no doubt be forgotten in the concert hall when "Till Eulenspiegel" and "Don Juan" will still be fresh, brilliant and entrancing.

"Romeo and Juliet" has been performed here many times since Arthur Nikisch brought it out in 1890. Even his interpretation was less poetic and compelling than Mr. Koussevitzky's yesterday, an incomparable performance by its dramatic intensity; by its singing of the appealing, haunting Love Theme, from its announcement to the amorous frenzy that took no heed of earthly woes and inevitable death; by the sombreness of the introductory foreboding measures; by the fiery street scenes in Verona with the clashing of rival houses and their sword thrusts; by the overwhelming climaxes so skillfully prepared by Mr. Koussevitzky. There was infinite care in the treatment of details, without interruption of the tragic development to the simple, pathetic final measure.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week. The program of April 19-20 will be as follows: Josten, "Concerto Sacro" for

strings and piano (Mr. Josten is of the music department at Smith College); G. Faure, Elegy for violoncello and orchestra (Mr. Bedetti, violoncellist); Loeffler, "La Bonne Chanson." Schumann, Symphony No. 3, E flat major "Rhenish."

For the final program of the season (the Boston Symphony concerts of Friday afternoon, April 26, and Saturday evening, April 27) Mr. Koussevitzky will repeat those pieces, played in the course of the season, which the public of these concerts signify as their choice. The program books of yesterday and tonight contain classified lists of the works performed. Those wishing to vote should check one number in each list. The slips will serve as ballots—they may be signed or not as the voters please—and may be dropped in a box which has been placed in a box which has been placed in the corridor for the purpose, or may be mailed to Serge Koussevitzky, Symphony hall, Boston, not later than April 13.

## FRANCIS RILEY

Francis Riley, baritone, admirably accompanied by Margaret Hubbard, sang this program last night in Jordan Hall, before a large and enthusiastic audience:

Amarilli, mia bella, Caccini: Come raggio di sol, Caldara: Che Fiero Costume, Legrenzi: Verborghenheit, Beethoven, Nun Wand're Maria, Fux: Hugo Wolf: All Things That We Clasp, Bridge: The Pipes of Gordon's Men, Hammond: Before the Crucifix, La Forge: Love Went A-Riding, Bridge: Erl Tu ("Masked Ball"), Verdi: Irish Folk Songs: Foggy Dew, arr. by Fox; Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms, The Leprechaun, arr. by Fisher; The Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow, ar. by Johnson; Killarney, Balfe; Cavatina (The Barber of Seville), Rossini.

Mr. Riley, more fortunate than the run of young singers, has a model of his own making to work toward. Last night he sang the little tale of the Leprechaun with enunciation so clear and diction so neatly pointed, so rhythmically too, and melodiously, and with such excellent tone withal, that there in that song he has set up his own model—and an extremely commendable model at that.

His way, therefore, stretches before Mr. Riley, plain for him to follow. The nature of the Irish peasant who ran counter to an elf and got the worst of the encounter—that, Mr. Riley vividly feels, and as well, the music expressing that nature.

Let, then, Mr. Riley exercise his imagination till he feels as vitally the mood of the Italian who, some centuries ago, sang to his Amarillis, or of Joseph saying words of comfort to the Virgin Mother. Let him, also, set his fancy to work till he realizes the sorry plight of him who sang "Erl tu."

When this he has accomplished, Mr. Riley has next to study the Italian's way with Amarillis, Hugo Wolf's with Joseph, Verdi's with the husband betrayed. He will not find this study too difficult, his imagination once stirred. Until, however, he can picture other men as definitely as he pictures his Irishman and the fairy, Mr. Riley can scarcely hope to do justice to the music of great men who do so picture them, Wolf, to wit, and Verdi.

What he can accomplish in one case he can accomplish in another, if only he will fully use his mother-wit. And Mr. Riley is fortunate in the possession of a very good voice.

R. R. G.

By PHILIP HALE

The obituaries of Brander Matthews stated that he married "Ada Smith, daughter of Dr. Walter Smith, a London physician and an actress with a traveling English company. She died in 1924."

Thus a charming actress, Ada Harland, is disguised as a Smith. This "traveling English company" was the once famous Lydia Thompson Burlesque company, which made its first appearance in the United States at Wood's museum, New York, on Sept. 28, 1868. The burlesque was Burnand's "Ixon, or the Man at the Wheel." The players were Lydia Thompson, Ada Harland, Lisa Weber, Pauline Markham, Alice Logan, Grace Logan, Harry Beckett, George C. Davenport, Louis J. Nestayer, Sol Smith, Jr. and James Barnes. "Ixon" was preceded by "To Oblige Benson."

Ada Harland took the part of Jupiter, "King of the Gods and the most finished gentleman in Olympus." Here are her opening lines. Ixon is in Jove's temple. He appears to the Thunderer.

Ixon: "Come, Jupiter! (music—rumbling noise). What have I done? Pale fear

My cheek begins to blanch.

Jupiter (suddenly appearing): "Blanche! I am here."

(Chord—Jupiter appears on the ruined altar in the C of the temple.)

Who summons us by journey atmospheric?

Who's bawling has made Juno quite hysterical?

Is it this worm? (examining Ixon through an eyeglass) What means this stupid dolt?

I've half a mind to hurl a thunderbolt?

Ixon: Don't be excited, Jupiter, and pray

Apologize for me to Mrs. J;

I feel, before your royal carriage, humble.

Jupiter: Carriage? I came in that volcanic rumble—

Whose is the cry raised by gross mortal fears—

That reaches from our Temples to our ears?

In the printed book, "carriage," rumble," "temples," "ears" are in italics so that no one can miss the side-splitting humor of the puns. Is there a drearier playbook than "Ixon"—except possibly some other burlesque by Burnand? Yet "Ixon" was extraordinarily popular in London when it was produced in 1863 with Jenny Wilmore as Ixon, Harriet Pelham as Jupiter and Felix Rogers as Minerva; also when it was revived in 1866 and, partly re-written, in 1870; and what did Burnand do but bring it out as an opera bouffe "Ixon Re-wheeled" in 1874. Were the other plays produced at Wood's Museum by this English company headed by Lydia Thompson any better? Ada Harland was seen in "Ernani," "Dora Bella," "Alonzo the Brave" (entitled "Little Faust"—not Herve's), "The Bohemian Girl" (a burlesque) and other supposedly amusing entertainments.

Lisa Weber died at Buffalo in 1887. She had grown too stout for burlesque, but she was seen in variety theatres. She married W. S. Mullaly, the musical director. Pauline Markham survived her, living in New York, for many years, Lydia Thompson, the most charming woman in the history of burlesque, previously applauded as a dancer in London and on the European continent, died in 1908. It is said she was the first to sing "His 'Art was True to Poll'" in this country. Mrs. John Wood had made a hit with it in London; Rosina Vokes sang the song in later years.

We happened in the fall of 1868 to be a pupil in the Yale School for Boys in New York, kept by one Colton a brother of the poet George H. Colton, whose "Tecumseh" won temporary fame in the Forties. This school was a few doors below Wood's Museum, which was situated at 1221 Broadway, on the West side, just below Thirtieth street. It was our delight to gaze at these British blondes as they entered and left the Museum for rehearsals. They were a joyous, laughing set of women, with huge chignons, pork-pie hats, and voluminous skirts. Some of the critics pooh-poohed their performances. Richard Grant White came valiantly to their rescue. His articles in the Galaxy—what an excellent magazine it was! to be ranked with Putnam's of the Fifties—were eulogistic to the point of extravagance. He called on all his fellow citizens to hear the English language as spoken by Lydia; as for Pauline Markham, she could restore the Venus of Milo's missing arms. A little life of Pauline is attributed to him. Years afterward when old, she remembered past triumphs, she told a New York reporter that White was a nice old gentleman who rather bored her by talking about Shakespeare.

It was at Wood's Museum that Giuseppini Morlacchi, the "peerless Morlacchi" first danced in this country. This was in 1867 when the Museum was known as Banvard's Museum and Theatre. Morlacchi, who married "Texas Jack," danced often in Boston, and died at East Billerica in 1886. An accomplished graceful dancer, she was respected and loved by all who knew her.

The revival of "The Black Crook" at Hoboken reminds us that Pauline Markham once delighted all eyes as Stalacta leading the March of the Amazons. But there are no Majiltons now at Hoboken. What became of them? We saw them at the Boston Theatre when "The Black Crook" was playing in 1872. There was the tall one, Charles, the extraordinarily eccentric dancer, whose legs seemed to stretch across the stage; the short man, Frank, with a curious make-up; and the fascinating sister, Marie. In that revival—for "The Black Crook" was first seen here at the Continental Theatre—Kate Santley led the Amazons—an actress and singer of brains and great personal charm, who afterwards managed the Royalty Theatre in London. She was 86 years old when she died six years ago.

It is not surprising that "The Ringer" is packing the Copley Theatre. Many were turned away on Good Friday, of all days in the year. We saw the play last Wednesday night and were surprised, not to say shocked, when the identity of the accomplished villain was disclosed. We had made a wrong guess, because the one we thought was "The Ringer" certainly had a sinister countenance and behaved in a suspicious manner. Mr. de Cordoba and Mr. Clive were especially excellent in their respective roles and not simply because they had the fattest parts. We have seldom seen so admirable a portrayal of an ingenious, resourceful, heartless, smooth, plausible scoundrel as that given by Mr. de Cordoba. And in the scene where he is haunted by an unsavory recollection, he was powerfully dramatic with extravagance in speech and gesture. Mr. Clive was rich in dramatic quality, especially as the questioner of Cora Ann. The play was quite taken.

F. A. B.



One might ask, when did Cora Ann first know the identity of the disguised man? What was the meaning of the light over the second back door to the right in Meister's room? How did the villain have the opportunity of donning a policeman's dress? At the end was there an aeroplane in waiting? But why ask foolish questions about incidents in a mystery play?

The author of "The Ringer," Mr. Edgar Wallace, recently said in London that he "doesn't give a damn about actors and their moods" and has no use for theatrical managers. He also said that in 1928 he made more money out of racing than out of plays. There is a story that, borrowing a sovereign from a friend to attend the races at Ascot, he returned with £1700. He is quoted as saying that he never thinks out his plots; they pour into his head; but he has the aid of a dictaphone and a "squad" of secretaries. "He keeps a man servant on duty all night in case he wakes up and wishes to work. When Hannen Swaffer, his good friend and severe critic, wrote an article headed 'Too much Edgar Wallace,' Wallace went to his dictaphone and started three more plays."

A "ringer" has a peculiar meaning in American slang, on the race track and elsewhere. Is this specific use of the word known in England? One does not find it in English dictionaries, slang or orthodox. In curling, a ringer is the stone that lies within the ring that surrounds the tee; in quoits it is a quoit that incloses the pin aimed at; in mining, it is a crowbar; it is also a hammer for driving wedges; in hunting, a ringer is a fox that runs in a ring when hunted. In Australia, he is a man who shears the highest number of sheep per diem. One does not find the American use of the word in even the great Oxford Dictionary.

#### THE PURISTS

(From the Manchester Guardian)

"Actors and actresses taking part in B. B. C. dramas are to become 'disembodied from their own personality.' The B. B. C.'s action in forbidding the announcement of the names of dance tunes has been followed by a new regulation that the names of actors in wireless plays shall not be announced.

"Their names will not be announced over the ether, and will not appear in the radio papers or in the daily papers."

"Let not the ether be profaned

By idle sound of actor's name;

Let not the same pure stream be stained

By fox-trot titles and their fame;

Let not the announcer's name be heard,

Nor yet the giver of the 'falk'—

We have in these directions erred,

But now more righteously we walk.

"Let all be equal and obscure;

Straight challenge to a vulgar world—

'Art for art's sake' will then be sure,

And all Philistia's banners furled,

Self-advertising we deplore

(A truly horrid form of pay);

We lend ourselves to it no more,

For silence is the better way."

So spread this truly noble cult,

This higher and celestial tone.

Until the ultimate result

Had swept away the microphone;

And nothing came. The programme's start

Was there, but faith supplied its sequel—

Surely the highest form of art

To which the human soul is equal

LUCIO,

#### BRUCE SIMONDS

A program of music admirably suited to his poetic gifts as an interpreter was played by Bruce Simonds, pianist, yesterday afternoon at Jordan hall. A fair-sized audience enthusiastically applauded him, and demanded encores.

Opening with Bach's Italian Concerto, Mr. Simonds played with a rare appreciation of the characteristic beauties of the concerto, for he made it, not a rattling exercise in speed with the Andante thrown in for contrast, but delightfully joyous and graceful, with a tenderly moving central section. One might question Mr. Simonds's tempo in the Andante (to some it seemed a little too slow), but there is no questioning his innate sense of beauty, even though it seems sometimes exaggeratedly idyllic.

The second Sonata of Arnold Bax brought Mr. Simonds's more robust qualities to the front. The five sections—slow and menacing, brazen and glittering, whispering, very still and concentrated, and recapitulation—he played with rhythmic energy, and with a symphonic sweep that revealed the essential unity of the composition. And Mr. Simonds was appropriately menacing and glittering and concentrated (though scarcely brazen).

The Kinderszenen of Schumann he played with unaffected charm, and very expressively.

The last group contained three selections from the music of Chopin . . . whose works suit Mr. Simonds's delicately imaginative playing so well. The Scherzo in E major, the sweet and sleepy Berceuse, and the octave-infested Polonaise in F sharp major, he played with technical excellence, and unflinching good taste.

It would be a pleasure to hear Mr. Simonds more often, and in ensemble. His sensitiveness and dependable musicianship should make him very valuable to small groups of players of chamber music.

E. B.

He is not, to go on his assets, debarred by employing their full extent he finds useful in rendering his law and meanings clear. He calls freely to

#### SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

Sergei Rachmaninoff, pianist, played this program yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall: Sonata, opus 109, Beethoven; Papillons, Schumann; Sonata, opus 35, Chopin; Barcarolle, No. 5, Rubinstein; Fairy Tales, opus 51, Medtner; Etude-Tableau, Rachmaninoff; Toccata, Ravel; "La fille aux cheveux de Lin," Debussy; Etude, D-flat major, opus 8, Prelude, F-sharp minor, opus 12, Etude, D-sharp minor, opus 8, Scriabin.

There are those among us who wish that Mr. Rachmaninoff, who always does as he pleases, would be pleased to do some things differently. Not everybody, to give an instance, hankers to hear, above all of a hot afternoon, a late Beethoven sonata and a Chopin sonata, too, with Schumann's "Papillons" thrown in for full measure, the three of them in a row, with scarcely two minutes between them in which to catch fresh breath. That we ought to be equal to a program so stout may very well be, those of us who set up to be musical, but the fact remains that most of us are not. Some folk also, to touch on another point, would have been glad to hear Mr. Rachmaninoff's way with Scriabin, Debussy and Ravel before satirically inevitably set it.

Certain points in performance as well as in program-planning a listener or two yesterday might have preferred otherwise. Mr. Rachmaninoff, for example, played the funeral march, if something dramatically, still nobly, with that beautiful tone one expects of a fine instrument at the hands of a master pianist. But too often, yesterday, one expected it in vain, for Mr. Rachmaninoff asked, in many loud quick passages, no more of his pianoforte than an instrument wherewith to mark rhythm sharply and pactly melody. Of both sonatas, therefore, Mr. Rachmaninoff, presenting all the facts, in large measure ignored the beauty and the musical significance. With the "Papillons" he showed himself more sympathetic.

In however many respects, though, one might crave Mr. Rachmaninoff dif-

ferent, for one virtue of the highest value let us all salute him, hat in hand: to public low taste he will not pander. He offers only what he believes good. To offer them less, we must admit, he has no excuse, since audiences flock to hear him whatever he plays. Others, however, popular as Mr. Rachmaninoff, fiddle and sing their people trash. The more shame to them, and the more credit to Mr. Rachmaninoff, R. R. G.

#### MODERN-BEACON THEATRES

##### "Queen of the Night Clubs"

A screen drama by Murray Roth and Addison Burkhardt; photographed by Ed Du Par, directed by Bryan Foy, and presented by Warner Bros., as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

Tex Malone	..... Texas Guinan
Eddie Parr	..... Eddie Foy, Jr.
Bee Walters	..... Lila Lee
Phil Parr	..... Jack Norworth
Don Holland	..... John Davidson
Ally Grant	..... John Miljan
Andy Quinn	..... Arthur Housman
Asst. Dist. Atty.	..... William Davidson
Crandall	..... Lee Shumway
Nick	..... Jimmie Phillips
Judge	..... James T. Mack

##### "Queen of the Night Clubs," may be

divided into two parts. One consisting of noise, unnatural voices, cheap dialogue and dull entertainment, intended to give graphic revelations of the gay and wicked goings on in a typical side street night club in New York, will do well enough in the villages, where everyone from the town barber to the church deacon dreams of a some-time visit to one of these seductive resorts. In this picture they will see and hear the original "great big hand" hostess, Texas Guinan, as she sits on a table or stands, waving plump arms aloft and declaiming on the merits of this or that dancer while she holds an appraising eye on the number of bottles being served. As a matter of fact, in this particular film, there is very little drinking. Shouting, cheering and throwing of confetti seem to be the chief bent of the customers.

Waving aside this scene of tumult, we come to the second part of the picture, the trial of Eddie Parr, vaudeville hooper, for the murder of Don Holland, associate of Tex in the night club venture. Here are found the real drama, the real suspense of the story, admirably developed by the Messrs. Davidson and Miljan as the attorneys for the state and the defence. Even this has a fictitious climax when Quinlan, the actual murderer, shoots the witness who betrays him and is in turn shot down by a court floater. "Bring two stretchers," the latter telephones to headquarters. That really is the end of the picture.

When Texas Guinan, years ago, made her first screen appearance in a wild western called "The Gunman," she was necessarily silent. Now she is vociferously audible. However, she acts honestly, conceals nothing, mentally or physically. That other remarkable stage celebrity, Peggy Joyce, could do no more, nor less. Eddie Foy, Jr., as the song and dance man whose split with Bee Walters, his fair partner, started the altercations which culminated in a murder, showed surprising ability in emotional scenes. The others were acceptable. Few pictures have shown such lack of continuity, such evidence of careless cutting. Eddie presumably was Tex's son, and much of the interest is supposed to centre on that relationship, yet the picture almost ignores that fact.

W. E. G.

#### BY PHILIP HALE

Plymouth Theatre: First performance in Boston of "Young Love," a comedy in three acts by Samson Raphaelson. It arrived from Chicago at the Masque Theatre, New York, on Oct. 30, 1928. The play is presented by Kenneth Macgowan and Sidney Ross.

The cast last night was as follows:

Fay Hillyar	..... Dorothy Gish
David Hallowell	..... Tom Bracken
Peter Bird	..... Frank Conroy
Nancy Bird	..... Catherine Widell

Mr. Raphaelson has based his comedy on a preposterous premise. If he had taken companionate marriage for a motive, it might not have been surprising, for men of substance have advocated that form of matrimony from Marshal Saxe to the present day. But here are Fay and David. They are in love; to prove their love, or for some other reason—this is not made clear by the dramatist—she gives herself to him one night. He wishes to marry her. She shrinks from wedlock, fearing that, from her observations, their love would thus be ruined. She cites as an example of mutual infidelity the Birds with whom they are stopping. David is about to take a consular position in Africa. Peter tells Fay that if she marries David, she will hamper his career, be lonely and unhappy. Now Peter is a gay boy with the ladies. Nancy has not kept herself unspotted. The two live in agreeable understanding. Peter makes love to Fay. Nancy insists that David should kiss her and more than once. Fay admits to David that Peter's wooing had a kick in it. David admits that kissing Nancy had heated his blood.

So what do these poor little fools decide to do? Change partners, for a time, and on with the dance, until Fay and David have thus tested their love

and will know whether their future wedded life will be happy. Fay visits Peter in his studio and is not ashamed, for as she says, she was loving David all the time. David loved her so dearly that he would not meet Nancy. This cowardice on David's part vexes Fay sorely. She accuses him of infidelity in not carrying out their agreement. One is reminded of the suicide pact in Bourget's "Le Disciple," when the man having finally seduced the high born woman fails to kill himself though he had sworn to do so. But Fay is ready to kill David because he was faithful to his love.

Of course at the end after David has abused Fay, called her all sorts of hard names, sworn at her, the two leave for Africa. Peter no doubt will go on philandering, and the eminently desirable Nancy will probably add to her corps of temporary affinities.

The play consists chiefly of talk. The subject of conversation is one that has for centuries inspired arguments, sermons, jests. In the comedy the talk is often decidedly frank, but when Fay joins in it is as if the remarks, comments, propositions came from the mouth of an innocent maiden. Nancy is more sophisticated. She is a born pursuer of the male, as her husband is pursued, or at least he thus excuses himself for his escapades.

The women were skillfully portrayed by Miss Gish and Miss Willard. Miss Gish after her adventures in the film world showed none of the mannerisms of the screen; neither in gesture nor in facial play. She was natural, graceful, giving a consistent appealing portrayal, so that one accepted Fay as a possible creature in spite of her extravagant idea about love tests. What a delight it was to hear her voice, her clear enunciation, her significant diction. Add to all this her attractive personality, her intelligence, her attention to important details, her unexaggerated outbursts, and the effect of her silence when deeply moved.

It was also a pleasure to find Miss Willard again on the local stage. A well-graced actress, she has the ability to forget herself in the character she assumes, whatever the nature of the dramatist's woman may be. One forgets that she is acting; one only sees Nancy or whoever she may—her name last night was Nancy.

The men were not so successful. Mr. Douglas was often unintelligible, mumbling and chewing his words, often dropping his voice when the line called for emphasis. He was most audible when he was inspired to pepper his speech with unmeaning "damns" and "hells," thus inciting the women in the large audience to shrieks of laughter. Mr. Coproy, giving a more careful portrayal, putting clearly before one a jaunty, cynical, man of amourettes—he, too, was not always distinct in his speech.

The audience was greatly amused.

#### ST. JAMES THEATRE

##### "The Champion"

A comedy in three acts by Thomas Loudon and A. E. Thomas, staged by John McKee. The cast:

Jane Burroughs (William's Mother)	..... Jeannine Newmbe
Mary Burroughs (younger sister)	..... Adrienne Earle
John Burroughs (father)	..... George R. Taylor
George Burroughs (elder brother)	..... H. E. Lovell
David Burroughs (younger brother)	..... W. E. Watts

Lady Elizabeth Galton, Ivy Merton, Lord Brockington, Thomas McKee, William Burroughs, Harold Velmley, Antonette, Ellen Mahay, Simmons, Clayton, President, Mr. Mooney, Jack McGowan, Mr. Cuckanell, Gordon H. Worth, Earl of Buthfield, George L. Taylor, Marquis of Harrowden, M. Griffin, The Mayor of Knotley, Bradley Martin, Frank Smith, Edwin Anderson.

"Gunboat Williams" champion light weight prize-fighter of the world as well as the prodigal son of the Burroughs family of Knotley, England, comes into his own as gracefully as Gene Tunney ascended from the ring to precincts of the socially elect. "Gunboat," more correctly known as William Burroughs, at odds with his stern father in his youth, departs surreptitiously by night and a window from the Burroughs mansion, to reappear unannounced and unexpectedly after 15 years. Meanwhile he has risen from the pugilistic ring in America—getting his training by the way, at the Y. M. C. A.—to the dignity of being a prosperous lawyer, and also a Congressman from Connecticut.

His arrival once more in the Burroughs household with a full complement of American slang, just at the time when his brother George is about to run for Parliament throws the family into an uproar, the more so when Mr. Mooney of the Blue Cow Inn recognizes him as the famous American pugilist. Mr. Burroughs senior vents his wrath in vociferous demands for an explanation and a loudly-voiced refusal to accept his son.

Lady Elizabeth Galton enters on the scene as the unexpected person of title with a silver mine in Mexico which her lawyer, Lord Brockington, assures her is valueless. It is the part of the champion to rescue the lady from her difficulties, put into play a new pre-



ing tactics with the unfatigable Lord Brockington, set himself right with his family, and become affianced to the air lady.

To George R. Taylor, who played the part of John Burroughs, the father, must go much of the glory for last night's performance. Austere dignified, unrelenting, in voice and action he conveyed the character of the forbidding head of an English household. No less careful did he appear in the final scene when the felicitations of the Earl of Chuffleigh, the Marquis of Harrowen and the Mayor of Knotley in regard to his famous son transforms him into an adoring parent.

Harold Vermilyea, taking the part of the Champion, a role in which Grant Mitchell previously starred in Boston, was nonchalant and amusing, with somewhat of a lack of perfect assurance, which doubtless will be overcome as the week progresses. George L. Taylor, M. Griffin and Bradlee Martin, as the Earl, the Marquis and the Mayor, respectively, added much to the Eng-

sh atmosphere. The feminine characters were more distinctly American in English. Ellen Mahar, however, giving a piquant French slant to the overness, Antoinette. F. A. B.

#### SHUBERT THEATRE "Lovely Lady"

A musical comedy in two acts, based on a French farce, "Dejeuner au Soleil," book by Gladys Linger and Cyrus Wood, lyrics by Wood, music by Dave Stamper, and Harold Levey, produced by the Messrs. Shubert, at the Sam H. Harris Theatre, New York Dec. 20, 1927, with Edna Leonard in the role of Polly Watteau and Gus Robertson as Paul de Morlaix. Presented for the first time in Boston at the Shubert Theatre last evening with the following cast:

Emil de Tramont	Charles La Torre
Decoy	Gene Laue
Decoy	Maryann Lynn
ord Isolation	Frank Greene
emiere Danseuse	Mona Moray
as DeMorlaix	Jack Squires
as	Wesley Pierce
line Beaumont	Doris Patson
Miss Farrell	Jack Sheehan
onsieur Watteau	Clarence Harvey
olly Watteau	Mitzi
as	Janet Mordock
ette	Hazel Harris
ome	Teepa Lucille
ette	Marce Lucille

After an absence of two seasons Mitzi bit reduced but still plump and pleasing, has returned to the scene of her earlier successes in the musical comedy field. Her present vehicle fell to her after she had tried and found unsuited to her comedy with music. It has turned out to be a happy exchange, for a Polly Watteau, a nimble-witted, attractive young woman who borrows a husband in the person of Prince Paul de Morlaix in order to outsmart an uncle who controls her estate, Mitzi is able to air those many piquant mannerisms which have helped to make her one of the distinctive comedienettes of the current stage. She actually is what golden days would have been called a serio-comic actress, in that she can give witticisms composedly, demurely, point a serious line with a sly twinkle in her eye or a provocative pucker in her lips. Moreover she is well endowed with physical charm, and she can wear a look which on many women would be least trying. If her voice is not rosy, it has a sweet, appealing quality; and she can utter lines of racy import innocently as to purge them of their wry naughtiness. These abilities were demonstrated abundantly in the first scene of the second act, the boudoir suite in the Royale Hotel, in which the mystery all of the action takes place.

Next to Mitzi, praise is due to her dancing ensemble, to the 12 Albertina Masch Girls, and most of all to Wesley Pierce and Hazel Harris. This pair have brought down the house with their novel numbers, a waltz and a sort of pache dance travesty, in each of which Mr. Pierce nonchalantly tossed and swung his agile partner from various curious angles. "Lovely Lady," in fact, is decidedly a dancing show, and most of it is done by the girls of the chorus. There are less than half a dozen chorus men, who do not count anyway. The music is not wholly original. Some of the tunes smack of other recent musical comedy scores, but two songs, "Lovely Lady" and "Breakfast in Bed," have a dainty lilt. The supporting cast is for the most part competent. Mr. Sheehan and Miss Patson pair off amusingly as the motion picture agent and the hotel decoy. Mr. Greene is mildly comic as an English lord, and Mr. Harvey is a sufficiently tempestuous uncle Polly. Mr. Squires, scarcely the type or the role of the youthful and impecunious Prince Paul, played him heavily. Nor in voice or singing methods was he particularly ingratiating.

The sets, showing the screen room of the Royale Hotel, on the island of Caprice, off the coast of France; the boudoir where Mitzi revealed much more than charming lingerie, and the rendezvous, or gardens of the hotel, were brilliant in coloring. So were the costumes, and the girls who wore them.

W. E. G.

#### BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

"La Gioconda," opera by Ponchielli; National Opera Company; conductor, Gabriele Simeoni. The cast: Gioconda, Clara Jacobo; Laura, Elizabeth Hoepfel; La Cieca, Florilla Shaw; Enzo Grimaldo, Fernando Bertini; Barnaba, Mario Valle; Alvisi, Miguel Santacana; Isopo, Costante Sorvino; Zuan, Eugenio Prosperoni.

Last night the National Opera Company, pleasantly remembered from its visit here in January, began a second engagement at the Opera House. An audience of excellent size sat in attendance.

The powers in charge showed no good judgment when they tried conclusions with "La Gioconda." How could they, with meagre resources, do justly by an opera planned for La Scala or its like, in the blessed days when singers took the trouble to learn how to sing?

The opera, furthermore, falls between stools. Plain people, musically, fancy it none too well, bored by the innovations which Ponchielli undertook but could not always put through. The learned will not have it at any price, because, perhaps, of very frank tunelessness here and there. So only odd people, one in a hundred, revel in it.

Victor Hugo romance of spies and dogs, singing women and blind mothers, sailors, fishermen, Dalmatians, noblemen in disguise, the dogessa who loved too well. They love the songs of the people, the measures the dancers dance to. They find beauty of line and a lovely rhythm in the tenor's "Cielo e mar," fine melody and real passion in many a passage belonging to Gioconda, and a tunelessness by no means disagreeable in the airs of the blind woman and the spy.

Though the National Opera Company might more wisely have tackled an opera more widely appealing and less exacting of performance, the results last night were by no means negligible.

Let us try to estimate them, for the information of persons who have a liking for opera but who admit no duty whatever in sustaining it unless they feel so disposed.

Mr. Simeoni, the conductor, holding his forces firmly together, a small orchestra but capable, a small chorus also capable, kept the performance lively; he tolerated no dullness. The stage management helped him not at all. There appeared for two acts, to be none beyond the merest routine.

There were singers, however. Mr. Bertini, though his beautiful voice was not at its best, sang admirably, with an elegance and a sound musicianship very few operatic tenors recently heard in Boston can equal. Of the rare quality of imagination he showed himself the possessor.

In the frequent way of baritones at present Mr. Valle sang extremely well, and he brought to his impersonation of the spy a keen sense of character. Miss Hoepfel contributed a mezzo-soprano voice of the luscious opulence high in favor; Miss Jacobo a grand soprano voice of the type of those two Rosas, Raisa and Ponselle; Mr. Santacana a very good bass voice, indeed. The Braggiotti-Denishawn ballet, with Lillian Duncan at their head, danced charmingly.

To repeat a recommendation made in January: let people who like opera scan the scale of prices, then consider if they are not getting the worth of their money, as well as excellent entertainment. R. R. G.

#### KEITH MEMORIAL

The vaudeville program at the Keith Memorial Theatre this week is made up of several amusing acts, the best of which is the comedy team of Lester Allen and Nellie Breen. This agile and diminutive pair go through a series of songs and dances with a light-hearted abandon and infectious gaiety that wins hearty approval. Lester Allen's imitation of John McCormack singing a sentimental ballad with the assistance of an enormous pair of shoes that he was forever forgetting, was particularly well done; his unruffled dignity and entire seriousness add immensely to the mirth provoked by his antics. The Lamys, an acrobatic team of considerable merit, won applause for their difficult and sometimes breath-taking feats. Gordon and King, possessors of the most incredibly nimble feet, go through a series of dances both comic and lively. There is a fine band from the Indian Reservation that plays spirited jazz and popular tunes. Irene Ricardo has an amusing group of comic songs.

The accompanying film is "The Leatherneck," with William Boyd, presented with the R. C. A. photophone. This new sound device seems successful. The voices of the characters are clearly reproduced and far more agreeable than is usually the case, and synchronization is good. The picture is the story of three marines let loose in Russia after the war. They fall in with a family of Russian exiles, one of whom is a pretty girl named Tania. Tex, the most susceptible member of the trio, played by William Boyd, falls in love with her and marries her. Everything seems serene, when a thoroughly unpleasant person, Captain Heckla, starts a small revolution, kills Tania's father and brother, and carries her off. One

by one the three friends go in search of her; they find Heckla dead but no trace of Tania. Buddy is killed and Fuzzy goes out of his mind, so when Tex is brought to trial as a deserter he has no witnesses to corroborate his story. He is saved by the opportune reappearance of Tania. William Boyd was a pleasant and likable Tex, but the honors of the picture go to Alan Hale as Fuzzy and Robert Armsstrong as Buddy. E. L. H.

#### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

##### "Syncopation"

A screen comedy drama, adapted by Frances Agnew from Gene Markey's story, "Stepping High," directed by Bert Glennon and presented by R.K.O. as an all-talking picture with the following cast: Flo ..... Barbara Bennett; Benny ..... Bobby Watson; Winston ..... Lou Hunter; Peggy ..... Morton Downey; Rita ..... Dorothy Lee; Hummel ..... Verree Teasdale; Henry ..... Osmond Perkins; Mackenzie Ward.

"Syncopation" rings one more change on the theme which has made "Excess Baggage" the hope chest of the numerous motion picture directors since the MacGowan play became popular and profitable. It is the story of two humble hoofers in vaudeville in which the male end of the team is content to go along as his agent wills, while the female factor elects to follow the lure of ambition, bright lights and jewels, a Park row apartment, and almost everything. Flo, the selfish girl, was unwilling to pay the price, though twice she had shown no compunction and little remorse in dumping her loyal partner on a hard, cold floor. The first time Flo walked out on Benny she found it convenient to return in time to help in acceptance of an offer of \$800 a week for the act in Winston's night club. The second time, after Winston had opened a resort in her honor and had heaped diamonds on her and finally had suggested Paris, without marriage, Flo again enters Benny's

modest quarters and hears him turn down an offer of \$1500 for his act, with another dancing partner. "Won't I do?" she asks, and Benny, the poor simpleton, answers "yes" rapturously, and they embrace for a fade-out, as always, ad nauseam.

The picture shows every sign of in-expert photography. Most of the scenes are cloudy, the night club shots are scaled down to irritatingly diminutive figures. It is obvious that doubles are used for the principals in the dancing specialties. The much vaunted Photophone synchronization process failed to be as impressive as had been expected. Waring's Pennsylvanians, a popular jazz band of hotel and record fame, fared best in the efforts to make brass and strings and piano sound natural, but in other instances the results were less happy. Mr. Downey's piano playing, as he twiddled a song or two in a thin tenor voice, evoked from the instrument a dull, toneless sound. The speaking voices for several reels were so faint and blurred as to be almost unintelligible, then they suddenly would boom out like cannon on the Common on Ancient and Honorables' day.

Miss Bennett, cast as a dancer of the three or more a day, seemed indifferent, incapable of getting into the part. She affected an English accent, and emotionally was as plastic as mortar that has set. Mr. Watson was more natural and at ease, was more the typical hooper, careless of grammar, scornful of the graces of manner. Mr. Downey as Lew, the song-writer, had some comic lines, and Miss Lee, as his girl, was interestingly pert. W. E. G.

April 10 1928

#### BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

##### Bizet's "Carmen"

The National Opera Company. The cast:

Carmen	Elizabeth Hoepfel
Micaela	Lucretia Goddard Bush
Frasquita	Marjorie Berry
Mercedes	Margherita Villa
Don Jose	Fortunate de Angelis
Escamillo	Giro de Ritis
Zuniga	Peter Chambers
Morales	Eugenio Prosperoni
Conductor	Gabriele Simeoni

There were features last night. Mr. Simeoni, for instance, made features of the orchestral preludes, and, indeed, he made most of the accompaniments sound well. Their dramatic significance he also gave them, and their full rhythmic value. The performance, therefore, had life.

The chorus, singing lustily the evening through, furnished another feature by their excellent performance of the cigarette girls' pretty melody. The smugglers and the gipsy girls provided yet one more, so neatly they sang their quintet, they acted it so brightly.

Miss Hoepfel, of course, had the heat and burden of the day to bear; and she bore it bravely. Of her Carmen, more plausible than most to the eye, she made a plausible creature, not a shrewish hussy who would have repelled any man she spoke a word to. Deeply into Merimee's psychology she may not have

deived; but nevertheless Miss Hoepfel set a gipsy girl forward vividly, a girl calculated to please, a lively light-of-love. In her own way, that of most operatic contraltos, she sang very well, rhythmically, and with a full appreciation of the music's dramatic points. In the dance she footed it deftly, holding her own with the best, the accomplished Braggiotti-Denishawn ballet.

For Miss Hoepfel Mr. de Angelis proved no fitting singing partner. Mr. de Ritis, an admirable singer and actor, though not last night most happily cast, rose to the occasion more adequately. Also Miss Bush rose to her two occasions. Avoiding for the most part even that hint of pressure which her fragile voice will not bear, she sang very musically indeed.

An audience of fair size showed every sign of contentment. "Lucia" will be sung this afternoon; this evening, "Rigoletto." R. R. G.

June 11 1928

#### BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

##### "Rigoletto"

Opera by Verdi. The National Opera Company. The cast:

Gilda	Diana Milleva
Maddalena	Elizabeth Hoepfel
Giovanna	Margherita Villa
Compassion	Beatrice Altieri
Duke of Mantua	Fernando Bertini
Rigoletto	Mario Valle
Sparafucile	Miguel Santacana
Count Monterone	Peter Chambers
Borsa	Costante Sorvino
Marullo	Eugenio Prosperoni
Count of Ceprano	William Grimaldo
A Page	Lisa Bonito

Conductor, Gabriele Simeoni.

Even as at earlier performances of this opera troupe, there were features last night that made attendance worth anyone's while. Mr. Bertini, to begin at the top, Mr. Bertini, aspiring high, put by for the moment dramatic roles to try his powers in music exacting much in the way of musical and vocal elegance, not to forget vocal technique. On the whole he stood the test triumphantly.

Not yet to be sure, if one may speak plainly, has Mr. Bertini acquired, in the high medium register, soft tone that still has body. Such tone, however, he is obviously on the way to achieve, and already, under all other conditions, he delivers tone both rich and singularly pure. Not once last night, to his eternal credit be it set down, did Mr. Bertini force his lovely voice.

His three famous airs he sang with charming grace of phrasing, most musically indeed, with full understanding of their meaning, and with ingenious, though simple, action to accompany them. Unusually apposite business he and Miss Hoepfel devised for their well-sung contribution to the quartet. If only this young tenor keeps his head and continues to use it, he ought to develop into an artist of rare quality.

Next him in song, though not too near, stood Mr. Valle. In better voice than sometimes, he sang very well and with fervor. Along lines conventional in the extreme, he acted the hunchback vividly enough. Also Mr. Santacana sang excellently, significantly too, and Miss Milleva showed honest musical intentions which her very slender voice too often refused to make good.

Mr. Chambers and Mr. Prosperoni had character at hand for their respective impersonations. Miss Villa her clear dark voice. The chorus not only sang well but showed interest in what went on. The Braggiotti Ballet added a touch of distinction to the ball scene. And Mr. Simeoni gave the delightful dance music all its due. Many a dramatic stroke, furthermore, in Verdi's orchestration he made tell. Not once did he let his spirits flag.

The opera tonight will be "Il Trovatore." R. R. G.

##### Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor"

The National Opera Company. The cast:

Lucia	Hazel Price
Alice	Margherita Villa
Sid Edgard	Ugo Martinelli
Henry Ashton	Giro de Ritis
Raymond	Miguel Santacana
Lord Arthur Bunklaw	Costante Sorvino
Norman	Eugenio Prosperoni
Conductor	Gabriele Simeoni

An appreciative, if somewhat small audience, found much to afford delight in the matinee performance of Donizetti's opera yesterday. The music was given with spirit and feeling, and the acting was not overdone. There were voices that were pleasurable, and while the performance was staged without any pretence of splendor, the simplicity of setting perhaps left the greater opportunity for attention to the beauty of the music itself.

In any event, there was stimulating applause for the fineness of the climactic episodes. Singing with naturalness and fervor, Miss Price proved an admirable Lucia, reaching her high notes with sweetness and clearness. Moreover, she was pleasing to the eye as well as to the ear. Not less worthy of approbation was Mr. Martinelli. Their duet in the love scene was one of the highly satisfying moments of the afternoon.

F. A. B.



## CAMILLE GIROUARD

Camille Girouard, baritone, accompanied by Margaret Hubbard, sang the following program at Jordan hall last evening: Resignation, Silently Floated the Spirit, the Banks of the Don, After the Battle, by Moussorgsky; Lebe Wohl, Der Tambour, Und Steht Ihr früh am Morgen auf, Liebesglück, by Wolf; La Lettre, Les Yeux, Rimes Tendres, Chanson Espagnole, by Aubert; The Sea Dirge, The Stranded Ship, by Ayres; Over the Mountains and Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind, by Quilter.

It must be said that Mr. Girouard did not choose a program with due respect to his voice. The music was interesting and provided ample opportunities to display vocal qualifications, but only for a singer who has dispensed with difficulties of technique and can sing with freedom of expression. Mr. Girouard has a voice of fine quality, and in full voice the tonality is even and well rounded though it lacks flexibility. He has not yet achieved a graceful mezza voice, the quality loses

its vitality and lacks point. This inability to make contrast in his singing greatly hampers his interpretation, but in spite of it he sang with spirit which together with very good diction and rhythm did much to make his recital enjoyable. He is a singer with possibilities and would do well to cultivate ease of tonal production. Mrs. Hubbard gave Mr. Girouard excellent support in her accompaniment, responding unerringly to his interpretation. O. A.

## SCHUMANN-HEINK

By PHILIP HALE

"Schumann-Heink: The last of the Titans" is that singer's autobiography as dictated to Mary Lawton. Illustrated with portraits, the book of 390 pages, large octavo, is published by the Macmillan Company. There is no index, though there is need of one.

It was on Washington's birthday—this year—that Mme. Schumann-Heink, having taken the day before the role of Erda in "Das Rheingold" at the Metropolitan Opera House, told a reporter that she would not sing in opera or concert after the end of this season; "I shall sing sometimes—yes—but only for my soldier boys. It is time I should retire. I begin to feel my age. I do not want the day to come when someone should say 'Schumann-Heink should not have sung again.'" She is now in her 68th year.

Her autobiography is conspicuous for frankness in the relation of her early struggles, her poverty, her indomitable will. Her ability to see the humorous side of life even when she was in sore distress was equalled by the artistic modesty that inspired her to learn from others on the stage, to profit by their errors and their glorious accomplishments. Her good nature is revealed on every page. She speaks of her colleagues without malicious side-references. In this she differs from some singers who, writing about themselves, lose no opportunity of throwing stones at the public's anointed men and women of the stage.

Singers and actresses have sometimes employed writers for an autobiography and, without acknowledgment, have signed their names to the volume. This autobiography is Mme. Schumann-Heink's own: one can hear her voice as she dictates to Miss Lawton; one can hear her chuckle or sigh; there are occasionally German idioms; there is freedom, informality of speech without anxiety for literary grace. The autobiography is more than an interesting account of the singer's career; it sheds light on operatic conditions and social life during the years of her adventures.

The book is without petty malice. When Mme. Schumann-Heink describes Marie Wilt as bad-tempered—"a big woman, fat and disagreeable as could be, but what a voice! Nearest to her voice was Nordica," there is only a statement of a fact, acknowledged by the Viennese concerning Marie's size and disposition. There is justifiable irritation in her answer to Mme. Melba's saying in her memoirs: "Schumann-Heink had a face which was possibly more interesting for character than remarkable for beauty, and I am afraid that she did not at that time pay very much attention to her dress."

As soon as she came on the stage, my heart sank! I bit my lips with pain at the fear of what the French people would think of her. Why this biting of the lips? Mme. Schumann-Heink wore an evening dress to an afternoon concert. She writes: "Oh, yes, she (Melba) was afraid of what those spoiled darling people of Paris would say, and she actually trembled for me, but she didn't tremble long, for she

herself says—and I am going to quote here again, because it makes me so happy, that my art triumphed not only over the spoiled Parisian audience, but over the great Melba herself."

Young singers who jump on the stage without due preparation and with aggressive self-confidence, should read of Mme. Schumann-Heink's laborious days and nights; her humble beginnings; her cruel poverty before and after children came, so cruel that she was once about to kill herself with them. When her little Lotta, seeing her mother's face as they stood near the railroad track, cried in the freezing cold, "Mamma! I love you! take me home!" These young singers might also profit from her sketches of the artists with whom she was associated; for the book is richly anecdotal; shrewd criticism points many sketches of her colleagues. She must have been the despair of managers; for more than once when she was about to fill an important engagement she found herself with child. No wonder Grau was upset when she was to sing for the

first time in this country (Chicago, Nov. 7, 1898, as Ortrud). But she laughed: "You know nothing about babies. I have had them many a time. I shall sing. You shall see. I shall make a grand success for you. This baby is nothing." A characteristic speech from this courageous, great-hearted woman. She liked Grau, but she cannot resist quoting Jean de Reszke: "Mr. Grau is very generous. Very kind but while he gives you a cigar that costs him two dollars, at the same time he refuses you the match to light it."

The book abounds in valuable criticism of singers, comments on operatic conditions, descriptions of famous men and women whom she met, personal opinions, scenes in the world war—a book that is not for hasty reading or a scanty review. It is a pity that there was careless reading of the proofs.

## BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

Verdi's "Il Trovatore"

The National Opera Company. The cast: Leonora ..... Helene Trolsaas  
Azucena ..... Elizabeth Hoepfel  
Inez ..... Marchesita Villa  
Manrico ..... Fernando Bertini  
Count of Luna ..... Mario Valle  
Ferrando ..... Miguel Santacana  
Ruiz ..... Costante Sorvino  
Confidante, Gabriele Simeoni

Thus the program read. But the program read not too accurately. It announced, for instance, "incidental dances" by the Braggiotti-Denishawn ballet. If these ladies danced at all, incidentally or otherwise, they must have disappeared themselves in the prison scene, or possibly as a prelude to "Di-quella pira."

Also the program would have it that Mr. Bertini sang Manrico. Mr. Bertini if so must have lost over night some six inches in height, and gained a prodigious weight. Vocally, in the same space of time, he had taken on an

amazing resemblance to the energetic tenor who impersonated Don Jose in "Carmen." Why did the management fail to make a correction?

Mr. Valle, to go on with the program's marvels, developed in the course of the evening a voice of remarkably bettered quality, an astonishing smoothness of song. But gossip had it that Mr. Valle, laid low with a sore throat, gave place midway to Mr. de Ritis. So much for the program.

"Il Trovatore," thanks to its vitality, can stand these vicissitudes better than most operas. It had many such last night to contend against. The stage management—even an operatic optimist apt at facing facts felt disposed to protest. Mr. Simeoni, quite likely worn out at last, all but gave up the ghost; he held things together, but more he scarcely attempted. The chorus did not attain its best. Miss Trolsaas, though the most generously endowed by nature of the week's debutantes—a singer of beautiful voice, of temperament and it may be guessed, of musicianship—will rise to Leonora's opportunities more adequately when she has devoted more thought to the technique of song.

Miss Hoepfel remains to leaven the lump, with her forceful, picturesque Azucena, her very good singing, too, both musical and convincing. There was also Mr. Santacana to help matters out with excellent singing. And Miss Villa brought light with her finely individual voice.

The largest audience of the session showed enthusiasm.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" will be sung tonight, with Carmela Ponsella, and "Pagliacci" with Mr. Bertini.

R. R. G.

RABELAIS by Anatole France. Translated and with an introduction by Ernest Boyd. Illustrations. Published in quarto by Henry Holt & Co., New York. 254 pages. Price \$5.

By PHILIP HALE

Anatole France went to Buenos Aires in 1909 to lecture on Rabelais. Brousson, the discharged secretary of France, gives in his "Itinéraire de Paris a Buenos-Ayres," a malicious account of the journey. According to him, Rabelais did not interest the South Americans, who preferred Blasco Ibanez, lecturing at the same time, having various subjects, and a better delivery. France, near-sighted, read his notes to a small audience. "One would have believed one's self at the College de France on a rainy winter's day." France was obliged to talk on other subjects and read some of his short stories. No doubt Brousson exaggerated the failure, but France did not shine as a lecturer. The substance of his talks about Rabelais is contained in this volume, of which France said in the dedication of the manuscript to Madame Roussel: "The biographical material is exact, the citations abundant: two things in its favor."

That the biographic material is "exact" has been denied, but this is a matter for those who have made a careful study of Rabelais's life and the times in which he lived. Examining the authenticity of the Fifth Book of "Gargantua and Pantagruel," France says nothing about the reported discovery by Ludwig Rosenthal at Munich in 1900 of that book's original text. The chief importance of France's study of the great master lies in the description of the times in which Rabelais lived; how he fought, at the risk of imprisonment and even death, for the cause of knowledge "which in an upright soul, teaches real duties and gives happiness, at least so far as the latter is attainable in this world." The Oracle of the Holy Bottle replied to the questioning of Pantagruel and his company at the end of their pilgrimage: "Drink." That is, drink at the fountain of knowledge. "To know, in order to love, is the secret of life. Avoid the hypocrites, the ignorant, the cruel: free yourselves from vain terrors; study man and the universe; learn to know the laws of the physical and moral world, so that you may obey them and them alone; drink, drink knowledge; drink truth; drink love."

Beginning his first lecture France said he would perform the perilous task of bringing the true Rabelais before his hearers without offending chaste ears; that if by some impossible chance his own convictions and faith should be attacked, his only response would be a tranquil silence, for "calm is the only true sign of reason, and disdain, of intellectual independence."

After the biographical details come:

an extended commentary on the famous book of which Coleridge wrote: "Rabelais was among the deepest, as well as boldest, thinkers of his age. . . . I could write a treatise in praise of the moral elevation of Rabelais's work, which would make the church stare, and the conventicle groan, and yet would be truth, and nothing but the truth. I class Rabelais with the great creative minds of the world, Shakespeare, Dante, Cervantes, etc."

Describing the education of Rabelais, his early years in a monastery, his subsequent adventures, France shows the abuses and the evils of the times; how there was a revival of learning, with efforts to crush it by the Sorbonne and ignorant monks; how Rabelais was suspected on account of the very depth and variety of his learning: he became a philosopher, theologian, mathematician, jurist, musician, geometer, astronomer, painter, poet; he was profoundly versed in anatomy and botany; he made dissections, "a practice condemned by the church, and disapproved of by custom." He framed a course of education that might well be followed today so that others than Pantagruel might profit by it. He was temperate in his life, loved by many, far from being the legendary Rabelais invented by a slandering monk, one Puy Herbault. And so for many Rabelais, the man, the scholar, was confused with his book, but as Charles Whibley remarks in his thrice admirable introduction to the Rabelais in the series of Tudor Translations, Petronius is not the same as Trimalchio, Shakespeare is not Shylock, Fielding is not Jonathan Wild. As for the prejudice against Rabelais for his "foulness," he does not incite his readers to "a filthy

curiosity." One should remember that the French of his century "spoke boldly as they acted freely. . . . the literature of the time, was not confined within the limits that we feel today." Mr. Whibley wrote this in 1900. He might say that in 1929 Rabelais is safer reading for the young than many novels sold openly or under the cloak and discussed freely by matrons and maidens even in the presence of men.

The extracts on which France comments, often learnedly, often delightfully, are taken in this book from the marvellous translation of the fantastical Sir Thomas Urquhart, to whom the first three books are credited, and from Peter Motteux, one of a band "which may be described as the small change of Dryden"; Motteux an industrious hack, singularly versed in street slang, who met a mysterious and squalid death in London.

Others than France have written as well about Rabelais, if not better. He contributed little that is new in the way of biographical detail; but, reading his "Rabelais," one becomes better acquainted with France himself. His obiter dicta might be grouped in a short chapter.

"King Francois had no more obedient and respectful subject than Frar Francois." (This with reference to Rabelais's remark on the decline of royal families.) "I say this so that we may be careful not to take a commonplace for a novelty, and also that we may notice how commonplaces are sometimes very daring."

"What is great, what is small in this world? All depends upon the feelings of the observer and the tone of the speaker."

"Philosophy, like clothing and head-dress, is subject to fashion, and there is nothing which better marks a place and an epoch than the idea entertained of the absolute and the infinite. We even represent eternity itself in our own image and to our own taste."

Under Francois I, uneasy and in bad health, humanists, philosophers, scholars, all who favored the reformation of the church were persecuted. Marot, poverty-stricken, was in exile; Desperiers had killed himself; Dolet had been hanged and burned; at Meaux, 14 stakes were lighted. "In this melancholy atmosphere," says France, "in this smell of burning flesh, the voice was heard of this buffoon (Rabelais), full of wisdom."

Concerning a slip in Rabelais's memory, the transportation of characters in three days from Utopia in the north of China to Chinon in France: "A delicious lapse, a sweeter sleep than that of old Homer. Cervantes makes Sanchez

ride on an ass which he has lost and for which he is searching with tears. How adorable is the negligence, the carelessness of genius!

"Let us be truthful, when it is agreeable."

"We like to interpret things in a sense which flatter us."

Dolet was hanged and burned in Paris for three words translated from Plato. "But he was a serious man. The jokes of Rabelais were not of any consequence. He could say everything. Nevertheless I think that he believed in the immortality of the soul, I think that he believed in it, at least five days out of seven, which is a lot."

Judge Bridlegoose, who decided cases by throwing dice, excused himself for an unjust decision by saying he was old and his eyesight not being so good as it was, he mistook a four for a five. "There was nothing so reprehensible in this, as the infirmities of nature should never be imputed unto any one for a crime."

"Poets very often think in puns and word play, and many men are poets in this respect."

"It is one of the great charms of the book that it means different things to different minds, according to their curiosity and their genius." Compare with this Mr. Whibley's remark: "Every man, I take it, is either born a Rabelaisian, or he is not. If he had the good fortune to be a wise Pantagruelist, let him appreciate his master with a stout heart, and never thrust a like appreciation upon his fellows."

"Great thinkers see far ahead, prepare the future and set the task for the statesmen who accomplish it, while bearing blinkers, or sometimes blindfolded, like horses in a riding school. Of course, I do not refer to any existing European statesmen."

"Lamartine has said many harsh things about Rabelais. Victor Hugo speaks very well of him. Neither of them had read him, but each of them had a species of intuition. . . . Each of them, while talking of Rabelais, was thinking of himself."

In Brousson's "Anatole France en Pantoufles" he represents his employer as saying that the bottle served Rabelais for an alibi. "But our humanist, physician, theologian, jurist, diplomat consumed more oil than wine. Drunkards are always sympathetic. They have a special god. Laughter is a terrible weapon. The old ultramontane catechisms put melancholy among the deadly sins. They were right



Rabelais is our greatest writer he is the gayest.

The name of the illustrator whose pictures are here reproduced in inky blackness is not given. Gustave Dore was more fortunate as a pictorial interpreter of Rabelais.

**ARMOUR WHEREIN HE TRUSTED: AND SOME STORIES,** by Mary Webb. Introduction by Martin Armstrong. Portrait of Mrs. Webb, with a reproduction in writing of a letter sent to her by Stanley Baldwin and her answer. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co; 253 pp., \$2.50.

By PHILIP HALE

The earlier novels of Mary Webb were appreciated by discriminating readers of fiction. The great public was not awakened to her uncommon descriptions of scenes and phenomena of nature, her portrayal of character, her dialogue, now quaint, now eloquent in its simple force; her revealing the influence of superstitions and legends over supposedly prosaic men and women, until Mr. Stanley Baldwin, premier of Great Britain, wrote a letter to her in praise of "Precious Bane," a letter that appeared in print.

It is not often that a governmental leader takes the trouble to acknowledge openly his enjoyment of a novel. Gladstone praised George Moore's "Esther Waters"—did he use one of his favorite postal cards?—and fondly believed that the novel would put an end to betting. There is no record before us of Disraeli trumpeting in honor of any rival among novelists.

But Mr. Baldwin knew Shropshire and the dwellers therein; Shropshire, where, to quote Mrs. Webb, there is "a richness on the world, so it looked what our parson used to call sumptuous." This richness, known and felt by her as a girl, was remembered by her with "lyrical intensity," as a woman. To Mr. Baldwin the strength of "Precious Bane" "lies in the fusion of the elements of nature and man, as observed in this remote countryside by a woman even more alive to the changing moods of nature than of man." (Thus he writes in his introduction to a new printing, the seventh of that novel.) "Almost any page at random will furnish an illustration of the blending of human passion with the fields and skies. 'So they rode away, and the sound of the people died till it was less than the hum of a midge, and there was nothing but a scent of rosemary, and warm sun, and the horse lengthening its stride towards the mountains, whence came the air of morning.'"

Mrs. Webb was working on "Armour Wherein He Trusted" when she died. Armstrong, in his introduction, points out that by breaking off a few pages before the fragment ends, there is a story complete in itself. He would have this ending for the short and "complete story." "And so in the grey dawn we departed, leaving the castle all blinded and folded in mist, and the little grey garden blotted out, and those three beloved ones weeping and groaning at the door where I was to go in and out no more until many a year was fled. But in the wan light of morning

I saw that the Christus on the rood wept no more, nor batted his eyes, but seemed more at ease, satisfied as a child at some promise long withheld but at last given." The story is of England at the time of the first Crusade. The gallant young Gilbert woos and weds Nesta, a golden girl from a hold that was once Merlin's. Gilbert's Aunt Gudrun did not welcome her: "Nine witch-women, she has, and nine witch-men, and they make simple, unguents and nards enough for all the queans of the world. And they sell them not for lumps of gold nor pearls, but for unhallowed things—gibbet-men, two-headed puppies, green plants that spring with leaves raddled with blood—and worse things." Gilbert loved her passionately although on his wedding day, vexed because she "loll'd so wanly on a tree, arms out, head hanging, all dabbled in tears and sweat, it was as if the Crucified hung there," in his rage he smote her on the mouth. He triumphed, thinking she could not escape him: "Such wiles has Satan! So he catches our feet with wrathes of love and lust, and tumbles us in all our youthful pride." Riding home, she gave a long, strange cry, "the long, mellifluous, unescapable ulalatus of the witches," and from the forest came the answer "Ah lu-luc."

"Then the night wind arose cold and walling from the marsh lands, lifting the boughs as though it sought something there hid. Owls stirred, creatures of the night crept from covert,

wolves whined beneath Breidden. The black pine tops lifted and lapsed as in some ancient despair." In their garden Gilbert thought he had security of joy; but he knew that "the hours were glass, bright glass to crackle inward when God pleased."

He had visions of the Crucified calling to him. One night a gaunt man of great stature, half-naked, wild, thundered at the door. He came from Peter the Hermit to take Gilbert with him. Nesta smote him on the face with a litten torch. The Christus on the wall shuddered and wept. When Gilbert saw the Lord God so weeping he knew that he must go. "My heart turned in my side and my soul uttered a cry."

Gilbert tells of his wooing and the call from on high after his journeyings and fightings were over and he, a monk, is housed in God's hands. "Looking backward I find nought in those stirring days like the guerdon of my present peace." Telling his story he constantly asks pardon for dwelling on the fleshly spell worked by Nesta and describing with warmth and minuteness the body with which she drew all men towards her. It is all very well for Mr. Armstrong to say that by omitting a few pages there remains a complete story. One would know more of Gilbert as a crusader, and the life of Nesta after Gilbert left her. His mother wrote him that his wife had brought from Tochswilla a little yellow witchwoman to be her tiring-maid. "She is most strange, and I am feared of her." When Peter's messenger had fallen at the door, Nesta cried, "Maybe it is some great lord in golden armour." Was she thinking of Jorwerth who longed for her, whose coat of chain mail was all gold. He on her wedding day bit her hand and Gilbert saw scarlet blood upon the white and the marks of teeth. Some may deplore the forced labor of the antique style of writing that Mrs.

Webb thought necessary to a story of early England, and say with Mr. Armstrong that the novel is a "brief excursion into a narrower and more self-conscious form." It is as if a modern painter of the country, such as Constable, were to have devoted himself for once to the illumination of a missal. But there are vivid scenes of outdoor life, as well as the description of the struggle between the flesh and the spirit. The story holds one by its beauty and its force.

Perhaps the short story was to Mrs. Webb of secondary importance as Mr. Armstrong suggests, but the men and women in these stories are alive, even the fantastic son of the bread-man. There is reticent pathos in "The Prize"; the cruel irony of "In Affection and Esteem" would have delighted Maupassant. No, these short stories are not unworthy of Mrs. Webb.

E. P. Dutton & Company have recently published her poems with an introduction by Walter De La Mare followed by the Nature Studies in prose, which were first printed in book form 12 years ago with the title "The Spring of Joy."

"Cavalleria Rusticana" by Mascagni, and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci."

The casts:

Santuzza	Delfina Calzolari
Lola	Bettina Lee Hickson
Mamma Lucia	Marchetta Villa
Trifido	Fortunato Di Angelo
Alfo	Ciro de Ritis
Nedda	Lucretia Goddard Bush
Canio	Fernando Bertini
Tonio	Gino De Ritis
Benpe	Costante Sorbino
Silvo	Eugenio Prosperini
Conductor	Gabriele Simeoni

Let the musical classes—what there are of them—look scornfully down as they will on the masses, the fact remains that the masses know good singing when they hear it. They applauded Mr. de Ritis so hard last night, after his masterly singing of the "Pagliacci" prologue, that he had perforce to repeat the final measures, and after Mr. Bertini had sung Canio's big air they would not take no for an answer till Mr. Bertini had sung it again.

The masses showed discrimination, the more gratifying because Mr. Bertini sang the air in the manner in vogue in pre-Carusio days, with beautiful tone, to wit, and really musical phrasing, with a restraint that led to a pathos more moving than the hysterical spasms that wrack most Canios who bawl today. More than the air, Mr. Bertini sang well—all the first act, indeed, and presumably the second as well. He acted also with ingenuity and imagination, likewise with the same fine restraint which marked his song. Admirable work!

That of Mr. de Ritis equalled it, both as Alfo and as Tonio, from the dramatic point of view and the musical alike. Mr. de Ritis, like Mr. Bertini, reverted to a better way than that now in taste: He did away with flamboyance.

Delfina Calzolari, the ablest of the unduly unfamiliar or inexperienced singers who have trod the boards this week, allowed her genuine intensity of feeling to lead her into a reckless use of a naturally noble voice. In her acting, nevertheless, as well as in her singing, she made evident a very good notion of the usual way with Santuzza, a notion effectively carried through.

By PHILIP HALE

"Young Love," now playing at the Plymouth, provoked discussion in New York. That served to advertise the play. The critic of the Sun thought that Fay was treated too well by Mr. Raphaelson, the author; that Fay was a force for evil and should be spanked. Mr. Raphaelson replied that he spanked her cruelly throughout the play; that her "despairing fantasy" ends in a crushed and miserable defeat of her impossible ideas. "The very object of 'Young Love' is to show that there is a limit to experiment, a limit to 1928 adolescent logic." The Sun countered by saying no one can believe Fay is crushed or miserable at the end. "She seemed to me at most a little subdued. . . . The whole objection to people like her is that they are artificial; that they are too self-conscious to be human."

Writing to the World, Mr. Raphaelson freed his mind. He allowed that his comedy was the result of his wish to put on the stage a play "about a perfect romantic couple, model 1928." "Every once in a while I run into some one who tells me I built 'Young Love' for the box office. Such people are liars. They have no right to tell me what my intentions are. They don't know and cannot know. There ought to be a law which would permit an author to belt such people in the jaw and not have to go to jail for it."

It is a pleasure to know that in this grossly commercial age there is one dramatist, Mr. Raphaelson, who writes with a high and noble purpose; with both eyes on the statue of Truth; without even one eye on the box office.

"The cynicism about fidelity which fills the intellectual atmosphere of today is an armored warrior, sinister."

But no one should stay away from the Plymouth thinking that "Young Love" is stuffed with moral precepts, a sermon in dramatic form. "Young Love" is a comedy with amusing characters who are all the more amusing when they take themselves seriously.

Some one has made bold to say that the characters of the more serious-minded modern playwrights—those of Ibsen, Strindberg, Shaw, Chekov, O'Neill, for example—do not generally call for handsome actors and beautiful actresses to interpret them. For "plain looks—ugliness, that is, which is not grotesque—do not obtrude themselves, while loveliness may act as a barrier and disturb the illusion." The writer goes further: "All great tragic actresses who have been good-looking have been great in spite of, and not because of, their looks. They are implying as they act: 'Forget that I am beautiful; remember only that I am suffering.' Less attractive actresses have an easier task because their appearance is not constantly reminding us that we are watching a play." The writer points to Los Angeles as illustrating the moral of this. The heroes invariably look heroic, the heroines are attractive, the villains are villainous. "We enjoy these films perhaps, but we cannot take them seriously. We are not moved by them as we are moved by some film from Russia or from Germany, where the characters are ugly and commonplace and none the less interesting for that."

Dear sir, is it unreasonable to wish that an actress should be good-looking either in tragedy or comedy. Suppose, for instance, that Miss Gish and Miss Willard were replaced in "Young Love" by plain-featured, bow-legged, skinny-armed women would there be any excuse for the behavior of the men as portrayed by the dramatist? It is true that Miss Gish and Miss Willard do not rely solely on their personal attractiveness, but would an audience be interested in their dramatic ability alone?

On the other hand, actresses of slight ability have often drawn audiences solely because they were good-looking. Lady Macbeth was surely a fascinating woman physically, not a shrieking virago with masculine features, strutting like a man. How many actresses in tragedy or comedy, ill-favored in face and body by Nature, have triumphed gloriously?

John Drinkwater's comedy "Bird-in-Hand," now playing in New York and about to be produced by an English comedy in Paris next Monday, is published in book form by Houghton Mifflin Company. It was first produced at the Birmingham (Eng.) Repertory Theatre on Sept. 3, 1927.

Last month Mr. Amner Hall complained in the London Times that the custom of printing the original casts of plays was growing unfashionable. Barrie and Shaw, he named as in the forefront of these offenders, "the actor's fame is short-lived at its best. Is it not unfair that those they have served well should deny them on their title pages?"

The cast for the first performance of "Bird-in-Hand" is printed in full, but the names are unfamiliar to our play-goers.

It has been said that a drama, like a symphony, does not exist, until it is performed. This is not wholly true. Good plays have been marred by unintelligent actors. Readers in advance, expecting increased pleasure, were disappointed and led to doubt their enjoyment. As many good plays are late in coming to Boston, or come not at all, we must often be content with reading instead of seeing.

"Bird-in-Hand" is good reading on account of its dialogue, which characterizes so vividly the men and women in the comedy, that one can see them in the flesh and hear them talk. The subject is not new: an old-fashioned, ultra-conservative stubborn father, the landlord of Bird-in-Hand inn, is in conflict with a modern and equally obstinate daughter, who goes out to drive with a young aristocrat. The mother is not alarmed; her Joan is a "good girl"; young Gerald is a "nice boy," but the father remembering that an ancestor of the young man used to take girls in humble station out to drive, once with a sad result, stamps and rages. He shouts that people should stick to their own class, but when Sir Robert Arnwood, the father of the young man, agrees with him, the landlord leaps into the air and roars out that his child is as good as any one's daughter.

A Mr. Blanquet, travelling for sardines, a Mr. Beverley, "son of Eeverley's yeast," and a smooth-tongued king's councillor, Godolphin, happen to spend the night at the inn when Joan is out motoring to the horror of her father. They at once become interested in the family row and argue with



the father, hoping to bring him to his senses. Blanquet is a delightfully humorous character. When he learns that the landlady was born in a circus, he admits that he was in a circus for a fortnight. "I didn't dance well enough. I got in because my great grandfather was the famous Alphonse Blanquet who danced three nights before the great Napoleon. I'm afraid I only had aspirations." The landlady left the circus to marry the landlord.

Mr. Blanquet: I sometimes think marriage is a sort of circus. Understanding, of course, that I like circuses.

Thomas (the landlord): Did you have elephants?

Mr. Blanquet: No.

Thomas: The best circuses have elephants.

The second act is played in a bedroom where Beverley and Godolphin pass the night together. And what a night! With Blanquet coming in; with Joan drawn in by her mother; with the landlord haranguing; with the young lover climbing in and out of the room. No wonder that Blanquet, going into his own bed chamber, says as he blows out Beverley's candle: "Good night 'as been said so often tonight it 'as become a mockery." Beverley says to the young lover: "I've seen through this shimozzle tonight." "Shimozzle" sent us to the dictionaries, they failed us; even Wright's great Dialect Dictionary does not know it. Yet it's a good word.

\*Some one speaking at the National Council of Free Churches in England deplored the standardization of amusements and declared, "It is a damning indictment of modern civilization that the most popular person in the English-speaking world is Charlie Chaplin."

The Sunday Times made this reply, "We refuse to believe that the popularity of a certain little man in baggy trousers and immense boots is an augury of evil. There really is no harm in rushing for gold when it is done in the company of Prospector Chaplin. 'The Kid' is not a tract, but it is very near being a sermon in defence of kindness. In short, since Caesar himself preferred men that could be moved to smile, it seems greatly to the credit of the present generation that they have a warm place in their hearts for so very cheerful a Charlie."

Bantock's set of variations called "Helena," performed recently in London by the British Women's Symphony orchestra, is founded on a theme which includes the musical notes representing the initials of Bantock's wife and it is supposed to carry some very personal implication.

The critic of the London Times wrote, "This it would be difficult to guess from the music itself. One gathers that the husband's thoughts about an absent wife were a good deal interrupted by reminiscences of the music of other popular composers of the day."

In the memory of Edith Cavell honored by a play produced in Holland written by Ch. Specht? She is represented as a comparatively young and attractive woman. At least two of her patients fall in love with her, a German and a Belgian. The latter is accepted by her as her future husband. The play is described as a serious attempt to be neutral and to portray Miss Cavell as a noble woman of the highest ideals.

The play was produced with Caroline van Dommelan in the leading part, yet a few months ago the licensing board at The Hague refused permission for the showing there of an English film of the life of Miss Cavell on the ground that though the film was entirely neutral, it contained features which might cause a breach of the peace.

Miss Bush, in her turn, as Nedda gave a neat impersonation, and she sang prettily. Mr. Prosperoni sang well; the lady acted well who called herself Miss Villa, though she is by no means blessed with Miss Villa's voice. Of Mascagni's intermezzo, Mr. Simconi made a feature which greatly pleased the excellent audience. R. R. G.

fine phrasing, and intelligence that one always expects from him.

The orchestra did not do very well with the music allotted to it, despite the intelligent conducting of Mr. Simeoni.

Some good singing was contributed by the chorus, and by singers in minor parts, notably Margherita Villa.

A good-sized audience applauded heartily. E. B.

## LA TRAVIATA

An acceptable performance of La Traviata was given yesterday afternoon by the National Opera Company. The cast:

Violetta Valery, courtesan... Hazel Price  
Flora Bervoix, friend of Violetta... Margherita Villa  
Alfredo Germont, lover of Violetta... Alice Bonini  
Alfredo Germont, father of Alfredo... Tico Martinelli  
Giorgio Germont, father of Alfredo... Mario Valle  
Dr. Grenville... Eugenio Prosperoni  
Baron Duphol... Alfredo Grimaldi  
Gastone, Viscount of Leotouriers... Costante Sorvino  
Giuseppe, servant of Violetta... Eugenio Petrilli  
Ladies and gentlemen friends of Violetta...  
servants, etc. incidental dances by the  
Brazzotti-Denishawn ballet. Conductor,  
Gabriele Simeoni; stage director, Benny Altieri.

The costuming left one in doubt as to whether the time was the 17th or the 19th century, but the acting and singing of the principal members of the cast were very good, and the Denishawn-Brazzotti ballet did some graceful dancing.

Hazel Price, as Violetta, gave a spirited performance. Her acting, excellent on the whole, occasionally seemed to do violence to her singing, for exceptionally vivacious gestures interrupted the repose of body demanded by the difficult coloratura of the role, and made her singing jerky and strained. The natural beauties of her voice, as well as her charming appearance, won her well-deserved applause.

Ugo Martinelli, as Alfredo, sang very pleasingly in the middle range of his

voice, though force it up  
Mario  
sang and

## METROPOLITAN THEATRE

### "Nothing but the Truth"

A screen farce adapted by John McGowan from the stage play of the same title by James Montgomery, photographed by Edward Cronjager, directed by Victor Schertzinger, and presented by Paramount as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

Robert Bennett... Richard Dix  
E. M. Burke... Bertie Churchill  
Frank Connelly... Louis John Bartels  
Clarence Van Dyke... Ned Sparks  
Mabel Riley... Helen Kane  
Sabel Riley... Wynne Gibson  
Gwen Burke... Dorothy Hall  
Mrs. Burke... Madeline Grey  
Ethel Clark... Nancy Ryan

"Nothing but the Truth" advances the talking pictures at least one more step. Paramount and one or two of the other big producers have turned out some good talking dramas, but revival of Mr. Montgomery's farce 13 years after William Collier, Sr., added it to his stage successes shows that this type of play, if competently directed and played, is entitled to its share of the audible screen. In this instance there were many happy circumstances. Mr. Collier, who created the stage role of Bob Bennett, the young stock broker, who in a reckless moment wagered \$10,000, which didn't belong to him, that he could tell the truth unflinchingly for 24 hours, assisted Mr. Schertzinger in the studio direction, and helped on the dialogue. The transcription has been made intelligently, the cast could not be bettered, and the photography keeps pace with the performance, essentially rapid as befits any performance of farce.

Certain changes and interpolation have been made, in deference to changing times and modes. There were no night clubs, as we recall it, in the stage. Practically all of the action, as it were. There was

more dialogue, and much more of Mr. Collier than now there is of Mr. Dix. Which brings us to the latter's debut in the "talkies." If he could not match the dry, brittle, clipped speech of Mr. Collier he at least spoke clearly save in a few instances. He pointed his lines effectively, and portrayed to a nicety the mental travail of a young man who has to tell a pretty girl that her voice is terrible, her hat awful; who has to tell his sweetheart that he once loved a female cannon ball tosser in the circus; who has to expose the harmless escapades of his partner to that old reprobate's wife. He wins the wager, however, and all is forgiven. It was good to hear Mr. Sparks, of lugubrious countenance, again speaking really comic lines. If we mistake not, he played in the original stage production. Miss Kane and Miss Gibson as the Riley twins, each making her screen bow, were very amusing, the former particularly with her baby talk, her song, "Do Something," and her recital, "I Was an Innocent Girl," etc. Miss Hall was winsome as Bob's fiancée, Mr. Churchill, an old-timer, was capital as the hard-boiled broker, and Mr. Bartels, of "The Show Off" fame, was excellent as one of Bob's tormentors. That the audience appreciated both the humors of the piece and the deftness of the performance was indicated by its frequent outbursts of laughter.

## JOHN McCORMACK

John McCormack, tenor, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, assisted by that excellent cellist, Lauri Kennedy, and Edwin Schneider, accompanist. Mr. McCormack sang: (a) O Sleep, why dost thou leave me? Handel; (b) Sentirsi il petto accendere, Vinci; Traume, Wagner; Since first I saw your face, Thos. Ford; Lungi dal caro bene, Sarti; Praise Ye the Lord, Handel; Irish folk songs: The Bard of Armagh, The Ballynure Ballad, The Short Cut to the Rosses, Kathleen Mavourneen; A Prayer to our Lady, Donald Ford; Bird Songs at Eventide, Eric Coates; Thine Eyes Still Shined, Edwin Schneider.

The entire drove of young persons who aspire to sing should have been sitting yesterday in Symphony Hall, to try to learn his secret of Mr. McCormack. How, pray, do these ambitious aspirants explain the fact that Mr. McCormack could, even on a day in spring when the normal tendency would be to wander abroad, draw a crowd to hear him that packed Symphony Hall to the doors?

Many people attribute the wide popular favor he enjoys to his knack at singing Irish songs. But other singers sing them, and sing them well. Plenty of singers also, the greater the pity, are generous enough with the ordinary type of song with which Mr. McCormack undoubtedly delights hundreds of listeners. To the beauty of his voice people lay the explanation? No longer is that voice, particularly when, like yesterday, a cold does it damage, an organ apart. Of the superiority of his technique and his musicianship probably the young aspirants make slight account, or they would have been present yesterday among the throng in notable numbers. They were not.

They could scarcely have failed, had they been listening yesterday, to uncover Mr. McCormack's secret of success. He, of course, would claim no magic.

Surely, on the contrary, Mr. McCormack would claim no more than that he lays bare to himself the impelling emotion of every song before he sings a note of it. Let him praise the Lord with Handel, or lament with Sarti's lover, or reproach, in Irish vein, a sweetheart too indifferent — the Lord, we may rest assured, will receive praise worth having, glorious praise; the Italian will lament like a genuine Latin lover, not like a Nordic essaying an air in classic style; the Irishman will reprove his slumbering sweetheart so movingly that the girl must needs arouse and take shame to herself.

Praise, the praise of love, reproach — cannot other singers feel as much? This is not too much to ask of persons who presume to ask of the public time and money. To expect, further, that they, like Mr. McCormack, will learn to praise God in Handel's way, to complain in the idiom of Italians of long ago, to utter reproaches in the vein of the Irish who wrote songs of sentiment — that indeed is to expect much, but surely not too much of folk who expect much of the public.

They cannot all become McCormacks. But if they cannot feel what they are singing they might best give up the attempt, and if they all will develop their native musical and technical endowment to the utmost, even as the singer in question has developed his, they will very well indeed. Mr. McCormack, be a voice or out, can always sing

straight to the heart, through Wagner's music or Bach's, Beethoven's or Croucher's. Why not? He feels what these composers feel; a musician, he knows their style of expression; a master of technique, he can present, and perfectly, their style. Let the young aspirants,

taking pattern, approach him as near as they can. R. R. G.

## BOSTON WOMEN'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

An audience which completely filled Jordan Hall was present to hear an exceptionally fine concert by the Boston Women's Symphony orchestra, under the authoritative baton of Ethel Leginska.

The time for qualifying every remark about the playing of this orchestra with a hasty "for an organization composed entirely of women," has gone by. In solidity of tone, vigor, and self-confidence, in elasticity and precision, this orchestra ranks high among orchestras anywhere, — and under the firm leadership of Ethel Leginska, that distractingly versatile but surpassingly musical person, it presents programs that draw, and are worthy of, musically appreciative audiences.

Yesterday's concert opened with Schumann's first symphony, in B-flat minor. Leginska's reading of the score was full of a fine impetuosity. She gave it a vital rhythm that moved onward inexorably, carrying melody and decoration with it, energizing the whole work, and giving it new fire and dignity. Nowhere did she let that rhythm wait while she stressed a sweet phrase; nowhere did she let pomposity mar its thrilling movement. Precise strings, excellent wood-winds, and solid, dependable brass, were there to help her.

Miss Irma Seydel, concert-mistress, was heard as soloist in the Bruch concerto for violin and orchestra. Miss Seydel played with musical feeling, if a little too sentimentally, and with a small but sweet tone. Not always faultless, either in rhythm or intonation, she was not helped by the orchestra, for in the orchestral sections Leginska let an inherent tendency to exaggerate show itself, and it must be said that she frequently covered Miss Seydel's tone entirely, when more tactful conducting would have provided a less tumultuous orchestral background. Miss Seydel's accomplished playing received enthusiastic tributes — applause and flowers.

Two "Reactions" to prose rhythms of

Fiona McLeod, by Mabel Wood Hill, were given a first Boston performance yesterday, as was "The Little Fawn" of Powell Weaver. Both are for small orchestra. Mabel Wood Hill's "Reactions" are those of a lady politically inclined, and musical, but not specially skilled in orchestration. They are charming, rather shallow moments, very pretty and very transparent. Mr. Weaver's "Little Fawn" naturally reminds one of its illustrious progenitor, whose afternoon was, and is, so unforgettable. But this fawn is worthy of his race; he is a humorous, quaint, and quixotic creature. The piece is very well orchestrated, and Leginska made the most of its possibilities. The audience demanded, and received, a repetition of it.

The concert closed with an exciting performance of Berlioz's "Roman Carnival." There was much enthusiastic applause, and Miss Leginska also received a tribute of flowers. E.B.

## CANTOR ROSENBLATT THRILLS BIG CROWD

More Than 15,000 Attend Jewish Concerts at Garden

Cantor Josef Rosenblatt, golden-voiced synagogue singer of New York drew thousands to the Boston Garden yesterday afternoon and evening. The cantor and members of Roxy's gang sang for the benefit of the Palestine fund and various American Hebrew colleges. The affair was given under the auspices of Amos lodge, Independent Order of B'nai B'rith.

The management estimated that 780 attended the afternoon performance and 9000 were present in the evening. The affair was supervised by Aaron Fox, motion picture magnate, and Freema Bernstein, theatre impresario.

## WASHINGTON ST. OLYMPIA AND FENWAY

### "The Wild Party"

A screen comedy, adapted by E. Lloyd Sheldon from a story by Warner Fabian, directed by Dorothy Arzner and presented by Paramount as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

Stella Ames... Clara Bow  
Ed Gilmore... Frederic March  
Helen Owens... Shirley O'Hara  
Faith Morgan... Marceline Day  
Eva Tull... Joyce Compton  
Habs... Adolphe Menjou  
Phil... Jack Oakie  
Ed... Phillips R. Holmes  
George... Ben Hecht  
Jack... Jack Loden

Granted the continued right to wear lights, whatever the occasion, Clara



## DENT, PUBLISHER

By PHILIP HALE

J. M. Dent, a publisher, who regarded books as something more than articles of merchandise, wrote his Memoirs without any idea of publication. The book was a personal letter from him to his intimate friends. He died in 1926. His son, Hugh R. Dent, has published these Memoirs with annotations and additions.

The book is uncommonly interesting by its engaging frankness and its revelation of a modest, courageous character, not discouraged by temporary misfortunes, pursuing steadily his plan of acquainting the great public with the best works in literature at a reasonable price, and publishing finer editions often without hope of immediate reward.

His father, a man of good stock, was a house painter who spent his real life in the service of music which he loved. The story of the future publisher's early years is a simple one. He read Scott's novels as a child, but he was a dullard at school. He did not even learn to spell—"I cannot do it yet." He went to work when he was 13, "I was, as I have always remained, a very desultory, dreamy, 'feckless' sort of boy," who even later had no idea of system. He was apprenticed to a printer and then to a bookbinder. He was fond of the theatre, seeing plays without his parents' knowledge. "There were no farces in those days whose fun was drawn from the unfaithfulness of husband and wife, nor any sexual 'problem' plays. They would not have been tolerated." He became an omnivorous reader. Magazines, he thinks, were better in those years as regards literary quality. "Many of our modern magazines have fallen to low estate—filled with puerile short stories and sensational matter of the lowest order, and are only fit for trivial amusement." Looking back on his reading—Plato was of profit to him in his late years—he found that the whole duty of man can be learned from the Bible and Shakespeare. "Alas! Much of the time of a publisher is taken up with reading Mss. not 5 per cent. of which he can ever hope to publish." His early years in London were years of struggle. He had married and had children. His wife, a brave helpmeet, died. It was in 1891 that he became known as a publisher, the publisher of "The Temple Library." The bookmaking soon drew attention.

Two years later he made his first visit to the United States. The New York streets were then in a shocking condition; outdoor life was a nerve-racking experience. In 1894-96 the famous pocket edition of Shakespeare, a single play in each volume, appeared. Speaking of his luxurious "Morte d'Arthur," Dent describes his meeting with Aubrey Beardsley, the illustrator, whose subsequent work had "a taint of evil."

Later came "The Temple Classics"; followed by a brave undertaking for a young house, the translation of Balzac's "Comedie Humaine." George Saintsbury, the editor of this edition, was distressed when Dent took no wine and horror-stricken when he was about to light a cigar with a "wax-lucifer." Saintsbury lit a piece of wood, saying that the stench of a wax match ruined the enjoyment of a cigar and that he had striven all his life to find the very best in everything—"and I believe had, though in carrying out his aim he did not improve his own style or his own physical health."

There are notes about other editions published by him before his dream of Everyman's Library was realized. The Temple Bible, each book in a separate volume, had only moderate success, though he thought publication in this form was the only way to read intelligently and without prejudice. "I am afraid the use of the Bible as a book of doctrine or a book only of sacred and inspired truth (after all people do not like facing the truth), has blinded men's eyes to its supreme value as literature—literature which we English have made so completely our own in its marvellous translation—

that to know it well is to know English at its best and highest."

It was in 1904 and 1905 that Dent's long-cherished idea of reprinting 1000 volumes of the best literature at a shilling a volume, truly a great library for every man, took definite shape. The first 50 volumes were published en bloc in February, 1906. He soon found himself dependent on bankers, paper-makers and friends. "How little any man can really do off his own bat."

Let no one think that an account of various publications fills the greater number of pages. There is much about his journeys to Italy and to this country. In the Boston of 1916 he lunched with Barrett Wendell "at the small

private club called the Tavern Club, which is used only by Harvard professors." Members of that club will be surprised by this description. Dent was impressed by the crowd in Washington street listening to baseball results from a megaphone. "The presidential election was as nothing to the baseball match." There are many delightful sketches of men and women known to him, authors, publishers, artists, statesmen, men of business affairs: Dr. Furnivall on a hot day handing him a bag of doubtful, mushy strawberries; Whistler, "a somewhat untidily-dressed old man of rugged appearance, and somewhat unkempt." He and Pennell in the latter's studio were discussing art. Dent, not knowing Whistler by sight, joined in the conversation. When the guest left, Pennell said to Dent: "You damned fool, do you know whom you have been talking to? Don't you know it was Whistler?" Dent found women school teachers in America and Canada wretchedly paid and without a "proper status."

The world war brought death into the Dent household. His son Paxton died in the trenches at Neuve Chapelle; another son was wounded and died at Gallipoli. The pages about them are simple and pathetic in their bravery. There are letters from these boys, "not built in heroic mould—they were like other English lads, very little troubled about the future, and they had no great liking for care or worry or things difficult or unpleasant; they were pure in heart I know, and no shirkers." Dent's letter written to Vida Scudder (1915-17), are about the war, socialism, human life, nature and art. "You see that even Wells has found some kind of a God of his own." The epilogue written in Dent's 73d year, is one of sturdy encouragement for the world's future. "The world is more full of men of good will than it was when I was young."

One puts down these intimate memories with the thought that this publisher had a most lovable nature; that Byron would never have altered the text in Dent's Bible to "Now Barabbas was a publisher." The book is illustrated. It is a pity that Dent's close friends, E. P. Dutton and Company, did not furnish it with an index.

Bow has no fear of the talking movies. She demonstrates this in her first appearance on the audible screen as the tough little heroine of "The Wild Party," one of those unbelievable little things which purports to hold the mirror up to errant youth and to disclose the wickedness and devilry which animates modern femininity at its flapper age. The scenes are laid in and about a supposedly exclusive girl's college which has a rigorous code about various unimportant matters but which permits the grossest latitude in others. Of course not all the girls are morally careless or lacking in scholarly ambitions or pretences, but Clara and her reckless crew admit that they are present for the fun there is in it. This fun includes smoking, drinking, petting parties, sneaking out of college bounds after hours, trying to break into a collegiate costume ball arrayed like a lot of night club dancers, and cribbing from standard authorities on written examination tests. Viewed from this angle, "The Wild Party" is a frank exposition of what a girls' school should not be.

In order to show Clara at her worst and then at her best, the author introduces a handsome male professor of anthropology. All the girls flock to his class thinking it will be a snap course. Clara, because she happened to crawl into his Pullman berth instead of her own on a recent return to college from a home trip, thinks she has sufficient cause to bait him. When he rescues her from a trio of drunken revelers near a road-house, Clara becomes sentimental; when he scolds her before the class for laziness and moral laxity, Clara becomes emotional to the extent of several execrable close-ups; when she takes the blame for her room-mate's innocent escapade, she is positively tragic. So, all in all, Clara, voice and all, exhibits about everything she has in her little bag of tricks. The young professor, meantime, has become so fond of her that when she quits college and boards a train for home, he follows. He will take her to Java and show her some really wild parties.

Aside from Clara's personality, which includes vivacity, figure and lingerie, there are several others in the cast deserving mention: Miss O'Hara as the one studious girl in the group, with her mild love affair, her patience with tempestuous Clara, her pathetic efforts to win the award which means a scholar-

ship; Miss Compton as the snooping girl who tells tales and makes trouble; and Mr. March, whose chief task as the young professor is to keep a serious face before a giggling assembly of very pretty girls. W. E. G.

111

By PHILIP HALE

Colonial Theatre: First performance in Boston of "Three Cheers," a musical entertainment in three acts and 12 scenes by Anne Caldwell and R. H. Burnside; lyrics by Anne Caldwell. Music by Raymond Hubbell. George Hirst, conductor. Produced by Charles Dillingham.

Dorothy Stone, Will Rogers (pinch-hitting for Fred Stone), Andrew Tombes, Alan Edwards, Edward Allan, Robert Baldwin, Oscar Ragland, John Lambert, Janet Velie, Maude Eburne, Patsy Kelly, Phillis Rae—a large dancing chorus, including the Tiller Girls and a few men.

Perhaps this piece had once the semblance of a plot, but plots in entertainments of this kind usually disappear at the end of the first act. Even when they have the semblance of coherence. The unfolding is often a desert in which the oases are provided by comedians and dancers. Perhaps Will Rogers played havoc with what plot there was; the pity of it is that he did not persuade his comrades to throw the whole story overboard to make room for his own inimitable monologues, with the dancers headed by Miss Stone to relieve him so that he could catch his breath.

To say that Mr. Rogers is the whole show would be unjust to Dorothy Stone, and the attractive dancing girls, who have been well trained in their evolutions.

For Miss Stone is always a welcome visitor. She has the charm of buoyant youth; she bubbles over with good humor, rejoicing in her work, sure of her audience, not unduly anxious to please her countless admirers. Her proficiency as a dancer is only one of her holds on the public. Her unaffected grace, the spontaneity of every movement, the girlishness of her womanhood—these, too, sway a public that from the beginning was prepared to like her as the daughter of her father. Nor would Fred Stone now take it amiss if he were to be known as the father of his daughter.

Mr. Tombes improved what opportunities were given him. There were moments in the kitchen scene when he, as the moving picture director, and in the grotesque duet "Because You're Beautiful" with the impish Miss Kelly was really amusing.

But what would the show be in its present condition without Fred Stone if Mr. Rogers did not hold the stage for many minutes at a time. Kings in old days had their jesters, but one doubts if Triboulet, Chicot, or Hudson, mingling wisdom with folly were to be compared with this republic's jester, Will Rogers, wit, humorist, satirist, philosopher—and, who knows if more than once last night he was not a prophet? What other comedian could deal so frankly with men of state and not cause irritation or open disapproval? Take for example, his descriptions of Mr. Coolidge leaving the White House for his exile—temporary?—in Northampton; or the dinner Mr. Rogers gave in Cuba and the manner in which he tested the opinions of the important men who were his guests as to how they would behave in the presence of Demon Rum. He was sure of Mr. Morrow, of Mr. Fletcher, and some others—but Mr. Hughes? Ah, Mr. Hughes is a great man, a "fine guy" for he parted his whiskers "to drain the accursed cup. And so good natured, so kindly is Mr. Rogers's raillery, that if Mr. Hughes had been in the audience last night, he would have smiled broadly, if he had not laughed outright. Whether Mr. Coolidge would have heartily enjoyed Mr. Rogers's quips and wheezes at his thrift and taciturnity is another question, yet Mr. Rogers assured his hearers that the ex-President has a humorous streak and gave illustrations of the dryness and pertinence of sundry remarks.

Democrats, Republicans, physicians, were impartially the targets at which Mr. Rogers shot his barbed shafts. What sound sense lay in his apparent fooling? He provoked uproarious laughter, but he also caused his hearers to ponder what he said in jest. There's no one like him; no one since Artemus Ward has so masked common sense by apparent verbal clowning. And the slyness of the man; the little sting at the end of a eulogy; the praise that leads the hearer to anticipate the destroying of it by the final sentence.

The theatre was packed from top to bottom.



## ST. JAMES THEATRE

## "Her Unborn Child"

A play in three acts by Howard Mc-Kent and Grace Hayward. The cast:

Pegs Kennedy	Margaret Byers
Stewart Kennedy	Elisha Cook, Jr.
Mrs. Kennedy	Mary Young
Elizabeth Gilbert	Rita Nolan
Doris Kennedy	Beatrice Allen
Miss Conover	Jessamine Newcombe
Jack Conover	Frank Milan
Dr. Remington	Dean Raymond

We are mystified as to the motive which begot this play. Is it intended to be a stirring melodrama, dealing with fundamental passions, or does it, in an attempt to imitate Bricux, aim to give instruction in eugenics in the form of a glorified medical pamphlet? As drama it is a failure. The play drags from the start, action becoming almost entirely suspended at times. Then either Miss Young or Mr. Cook by their artistic rendering of their parts breathe life into this creaking machine, it gains momentum and goes on.

The first act depicts an apparently happy family of simple station, Mrs. Kennedy and her children, "Pegs," Stewart and Doris. However, Doris conveys to us by a telephone conversation with Jack Conover, that she is to become the mother of his child, therefore and because she loves him, she expects him to marry her. Soon after his mother comes to call upon Doris and tells her that she knows all and that she has no intention of allowing her son to marry so far beneath him. She offers to take Doris to a physician. The next act is in the doctor's office, and the arguments in this might be taken almost entire and used on any platform. It is a debate between Jack Conover's mother, a worldly woman putting expediency first, and the doctor, who splendidly defends the high principles of his profession. Jack and Doris are there, too, and when the doctor tells Jack to marry Doris he says he intends to, but Doris refuses to consider it. In the last act Doris's mother, who is the ideal type (and

perhaps that is the idea behind the play to show what a difference there can be in mothers), having been told all, understands, and with her tact and judgment, Doris and Jack are brought together again and undoubtedly marry. In a subsidiary plot the calf love of Doris's brother for a young girl make the most natural moments of the play. A particularly unpleasant feature was the eavesdropping of the little sister. During every sordid detail that was mentioned, her ear was at the keyhole, and she carried the news.

The audience, which was unusually large, gave Miss Young a most enthusiastic welcome. She performed her part of the Irish mother with grace and charm and succeeded in giving it a feeling of youthfulness as if she were the type we know which always remains so. Mr. Cook as her son had the bashfulness mixed with terrible self-confidence of Booth Tarkington's Seventeen, he was any boy. Miss Margaret Byers, who being a child who should be congratulated perhaps on the poise and sophistication with which she did her part, nevertheless portrayed such a child as we hope never to see. She must have been over-coached. Miss Allen as Doris was only fairly satisfactory, she slurred her lines—spoiled her effects, which might otherwise have been good. Miss Newcombe as Jack's mother failed to convey the least feeling of reality but hers was a thankless part. Mr. Raymond and Mr. Milan as the doctor and Jack looked just what they were intended to be and gave good characterizations.

J. D.

## B. F. KEITH MEMORIAL

Another celebrity from the vicinity of Hollywood made a vaudeville debut at the B. F. Keith Memorial Theatre yesterday. Lita Grey Chaplin, one-time wife of the silently comic Charlie, presented a modest little offering with the aid of two nimble-fingered pianists, a gorgeous setting and two gowns, the first of which might have been sliced from a bit of tinselled scenery in a musical comedy. The debutante herself is a personable brunette, whose speaking voice, of low timbre, is far more ingratiating than when she takes to song. In contrast, came one of the two old-timers on this week's bill. Roy Cummings, with his familiar straw hat, which he soon destroys, his mischievously animated backdrop in which he constantly becomes entangled, and a pretty girl partner, Florence Roberts, who has difficulty in withstanding his attempts at mayhem, raised the same old laughs with the same old routine of nonsense. To be just to Mr. Cummings, every gag is sure-fire. Why should he tempt fate with new stuff?

The other old-timer, Joseph E. Howard, sang several of his best-liked compositions. Miss Mary Olcott, a shy little girl with some very high notes, assisted Mr. Howard from the audience. Art Landry and his band of versatile

instrumentalists who not only play jazz heartily but sing, dance and clown, gave an extended program. If this professional group had not been on the bill the "Radio" band conducted by "Big Brother" Bob Emery as a special attraction for vacationing school children would have fared better. As it was, the boys played very well. An interesting feature of this number was the demonstration of amateur-made airplanes, which were sent circling about the big auditorium.

Another novel act was that of two simian performers called La Belle Pola and Kiki, one playing real tunes on a tiny organ while the other pumped. Pola also danced, keeping time with wonderful precision. Viola Rudell and Edward Dunigan were amusing in a potpourri of chatter, comedy and piano playing.

This week's photoplay is "The Shake-down," a Universal product, with James Murray and Barbara Kent featured. It tells of a young boxer who is associated with a crooked fight racket, a pretty waitress in a cheap cafe, and a little waif played by Jack Hanlon. Love for the girl and the waif win Murray from his vicious pals and help him become a credit to the town.

W. E. G.

## LOEW'S ORPHEUM

The featured vaudeville act on the week's program at Loew's Orpheum Theatre is Charles Ahearn and his "Millionaire Band," a rare comedy turn filled with amusing surprises. He conducts his seven players, dressed in tramp costumes and playing on battered instruments, through much buffoonery and nonsense. A good comedy skit was offered by Murray Gordon and Jimmy Walker who, assisted by Francine, contribute humorous lines, songs and dances. Freshmen and co-eds, with a capable cast led by Mack Gordon, and Blanche and Fred Steger, proved to be a tabloid musical comedy which scored heavily. John R. Walsh, lyric baritone, gave a group of popular and semi-classical numbers. He is accompanied at the piano by Valdo Garman. Julius Fuerst opens the bill with a generous exhibition of acrobatic stunts.

The screen attraction for the week is "The Bellamy Trial," a tense murder mystery film, embellished with talking sequences. Leatrice Joy, Betty Bronson, Edward Nugent and others are in the cast.

## LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

## "Desert Nights"

A screen drama by John Tomas Neville and Dale Van Emery; directed by William Nigh and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Hugh Rand	John Gilbert
Steve	Ernest Torrence
Diana	Mary Nolan

Not so long ago we uttered a faint prayer that John Gilbert be given more to do than merely walk around expensive scenery in the wake of some glamorous lady who left him nothing to do but look bored, pained or conscience-stricken, as the case might be. Although "Desert Nights" is far from being an altogether satisfactory vehicle for his indubitable talents, at least it takes Mr. Gilbert out of the drawing room and gives him a chance to go around in disreputable clothes in an entirely unshaven condition and show that he still knows how to act. Associated with him are Ernest Torrence and the thoroughly attractive Mary Nolan.

The slight story tells of the adventures of the youthful manager of an African diamond farm who is kidnapped by a humorous diamond thief and his pseudo-daughter. The thieves elope with a large haul of the precious stones and force Rand to go with them in order that he may not squeal. Far out in the desert their negro bearers disappear, leaving them in grave danger of death from thirst. Steve and Diana, the crooks, are forced to release Rand that he may guide them to safety. Very soon he comes to dominate the little party, obtains the stolen diamonds and, armed with his knowledge of the desert, finally brings them to a water hole, after suffering torments from heat and thirst. Steve gets back the jewels as he thinks, and leaves Hugh and Diana to find their way alone, but on emerging from the jungle he finds himself at the mine whence he had stolen the diamonds, and where Hugh and Diana had already arrived. Hugh had the diamonds in his pocket all the time and had decided that he would rather marry Diana than have her arrested as a thief.

John Gilbert as the resourceful, humorous Hugh Rand, seems admirably suited to his part and gives a clever plausible characterization. By all means let us have more of him in this guise, less of soulful posturing and more honest effort at acting. Ernest Torrence is his usual amusing, bear-like and likeable self. Mary Nolan is a pretty and fairly convincing Diana, especially when she is not forced to go through the assumed anguish of thirst. There is no talking in the picture and no theme song; the synchronized musical score is better than usual.

E. L. H.

## KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

## "The Godless Girl"

A screen drama, by Joanne Macpherson; directed by Cecil E. De Mille. and presented

by Pathe with a talking epilogue and the following cast:

The Girl	Lina Basquette
The Other Girl	Maria Prevost
The Boy	George Duryea
The Brute	Noah Beery
The Victim	Edith Quillan
The Victim	Mary Jane Irving
The Matrons	Kate Price, Hedwig Reicher

Julia Faye, Viola Louie, Emily Barry and others.

Mr. De Mille, who made "The Ten Commandments" and "The King of Kings," seems to lean to pictured tales embodying biblical precepts and admonitions. "The Godless Girl," shown with that prodigality of detail and that devotion to realism which marks most of his works, deals with the subject of atheism. Through a series of episodes Mr. De Mille endeavors to indicate the bitter consequences of such a belief. He draws a picture of the inevitable retribution and repentance which must result. Incidentally, he delivers a protracted and probably overdrawn exposition of the brutality and inhumanity to be found in certain institutions of reformation, in this case one in which offenders of both sexes are confined within the same walls. Thus he points a double moral, for those who accept the premises which he has set forth.

There are five principal characters. Four are juveniles, played by Miss Basquette, Miss Prevost, Mr. Duryea, Mr. Quillan. The fifth is a brutal guard who likes to drag his helpless victims about by the hair of the head, to play the hose on them, to tear their flesh by turning on an electric current as they stand on either side of a wired fence, to beat them until they drop, to truss them up like pigs when they do solitarily. Mr. Beery does all this so ferociously that you soon begin to hate him and hope for his painful passing. In the end he is burned and scalded to death.

Miss Basquette is the Godless girl. The story opens in a high school where she heads an atheistic set, opposed by Mr. Duryea, another student who has a deep religious sense. When he and others storm a meeting of the Godless ones, an innocent girl falls over a balustrade and is killed. Sentences to the reformatory are meted out to Miss Basquette, Mr. Duryea and Mr. Quillan, who happened along just in time to be arrested. Miss Prevost already was doing her bit. The girls are sent in punishment to the meat section, the garbage section. Everything tends to harden and to coarsen their natures. Duryea and Miss Basquette escape in a wagon, have one night of freedom, and are caught by a posse with enough bloodhounds to run down 40 Elizas. Back in solitary. Then a black cat knocks over a lantern and starts a conflagration, in which Duryea rescues the hateful guard. Dying, the latter pleads for the release of those whom he has persecuted and, for the ending, we see all four seated on suitcases outside the walls, where they begin to talk about the future. As the rest of the picture is silent, this obviously was an added reel to bring it up to date.

W. E. G.

## SHUBERT-MAJESTIC THEATRE

## "Noah's Ark"

A spectacular Vitaphone picture presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Mary (Mirlan)	DOLORES COSTELLO
Travis (Japheth)	GEORGE O'BRIEN
Nickeloff (King Nephthim)	NOAH BEERY
Hilda	LOUISE FAZENDA
Al (Ham)	GUINN WILLIAMS
Minister (Noah)	PAUL McALLISTER
Soldier (High Priest)	NIGEL DE BRULIER
German (Leader of Soldiers)	ANDERS RANDOLF
Freuchman (King's Guard)	ARMAND KALIZ
Dancer (Slave Girl)	MYRNA LOY
Linkkeeper	WILLIAM V. MONGE
Balkan (Shem)	MALCOLM WAITE
Broker	NOBLE JOHNSON
Trader	OTTO HOFFMAN
Aide to Leader of Soldiers	JOE BONOMO

At the Majestic Theatre there is now being shown the most elaborate and spectacular of the talking pictures, "Noah's Ark," with all possible varieties of sound accompaniment, from the mere human voice to the crashing of great temples, the firing of huge cannon, and the roaring of mighty floods. Taking two of the greatest disasters in the history of the world, the film endeavors to draw a parallel between them as resulting from the greed and iniquity of mankind. There is a double story replete with tragic incidents, the principal characters of which appear in dual roles, first in modern times and then in the days of Noah. The earlier scenes on the whole seem better photographed and more interesting; there is opportunity for excellent character studies and well conceived incidents. When the picture comes to show events on a huge scale it loses all finesse and tends to become merely a panorama.

Considerable liberties have been taken with the story of Noah as related in the Bible. For example, if memory is not at fault and serves us correctly, it was Moses and not Noah who saw the Burning Bush; while the story of the Golden Calf belongs properly to a much later period than the one depicted. These errors, however, detract but little from the general spectacular intent. Masses of panic-stricken people, vainly seeking to escape, are engulfed by the rush of descending waters that sweep to

their death all but the chosen few and rising to the mountain top, bear off in safety the Ark with its living burden. Such moments as these are extremely impressive; but the preponderance of mass effect tends to become monotonous. The sound effects, at times too long continued, are somewhat overpowering.

The modern story concerns the adventures of an American boy and a German girl brought together by chance just before the outbreak of the world war. They fall in love, are married, and soon parted when the young husband enlists. A series of unusual events reunites them, whereupon there is a flash-back to biblical days where the same pair of lovers go through a set of equally harrowing experiences. In both stories, they are saved from the machinations of a villain by a cataclysm.

Dolores Costello, the star, makes a lovely and appealing heroine, rather overwhelmed by the magnitude of her surroundings. George O'Brien plays his roles with a sincerity worthy of better things. Noah Beery gives an exceptionally good performance as the sinister Nickoloff and it is to be noted that his voice registers better than any of the others.

E. L. H.

## SEDALIA SINGERS

The Sedalia Singers from the Palmer Memorial Institute in North Carolina gave a program of negro spirituals, folk songs and dances last evening in Symphony hall before an audience that included many of the patrons and patronesses of this southern school for colored people which was named for the late Alice Freeman Palmer. As Mrs. Charlotte Hawkins Brown, the principal of the institute and a protege of Mrs. Palmer, explained in her address, the young people who sang are from the rural communities of the South, and are now students at the school.

The concert opened with two negro songs, "Gonna Pray Right on Dat Shore" and "King Jesus is A-listenin'" sung by the entire chorus. Following this was the boys' quartet in "Until the Dawn" and "Dis Train"; an octet, "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground" and "Deep River"; a girls' quartet in "Orphan Annie" and "Good Night, Good Night, Beloved." Amy Bailey, soprano, sang "Trees," by Rasmach, and the spirituals, "Ain't That Good News" and "Don't Foun' My Los' Sheep." Rudolph Gaston Scott, tenor, gave Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Love," "Water Boy" by Robinson; "Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel" and "Stan' Still, Jordan." There was also a Chopin waltz, played by Jonathan Rice.

The songs, on the whole, were well chosen, and the voices, filled with that soft, vibrant quality which is a peculiar attribute to the negro race, showed restraint. The group of folk dances added a lively touch of the old southern plantation life, the girls wearing the gay turbans and calicoes and the men the faded overalls of the cotton field. The concert was given for the benefit of a fund which is being raised to build a dormitory for boys, to be known as the Charles William Elliot hall. A pretty feature of the evening was the presentation of flowers to Mrs. Brown and Miss Bailey. The audience was generous in its applause.

F. A. B.

## THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COLONIAL—"Three Cheers," musical extravaganza, with Will Rogers, Dorothy Stone, Copley—"The Ringer," Edgar Wallace's mystery play, fifth week.

HOLLIS STREET—"Al, the King's Men," comedy, with Grant Mitchell, final week.

PLYMOUTH—"Young Love," farce comedy, with Dorothy Gish, final week.

SHUBERT—"Good Boy," Arthur Hammerstein's musical comedy, with Helen Kane, TREMONT—"The Silver Swan" operetta, with Charles Purcell, final week.

SHUBERT APOLLO—"Luckee Girl," musical comedy, third week.

ST. JAMES—"Her Unborn Child," drama, with Mary Young.

WILBUR—"Lovely Lady," musical comedy, with Mitz, second week.

April 17, 1929

## RUTH CULBERTSON

Ruth Culbertson, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan hall.

Rameau-Godowsky, Sarabande; Dandrieu, La Gémillante; Couperin, Les Papillons; Rameau, La Joyeuse; Schumann, sonata, F sharp minor; Slonimsky, two pieces in black and white, prelude, jazelette; Rozycki, Polish dance; Ravel, Ondine; Chopin, nocturne in B major, prelude, F sharp minor, prelude. A flat major, prelude, G major, etude, C minor, op. 10.

Miss Culbertson last night, in the way of many musicians of the period, showed her warmest sympathies with music very ancient and with music very modern. At Schumann's music, on the other hand, she showed slight quack; those who find it turgid, formless, extravagant, probably felt strengthened in their opinion by what they heard last night. Stray passages here and there, to be sure, Miss Culbertson played nicely. The poetical imagination, though, that led Schumann to write the sonata, the aptly vivid expression of varying sharply con-



A friendly audience applauded Miss Culbertson with unusual heartiness.

Thereafter these same movable language

Miss Kane, now famous for her "baby" song, "I Wanna Be Loved by You," sang it time and again, and the audience encouraged her. There is no one quite like this plump and artful comedienne. Mr. Butterworth, as the pallid-faced Cicero was easily the most amusing, with his dry comments, his serious demeanor, his funeral gestures. Just to hear him recite his poems was to laugh, unashamed. Mr. Gold, as the "good boy" who failed as a thespian, but became rich through manufacture of a marionette doll, was martly bumptious; Miss Hart, as Betty, the chorus girl who becomes his wife, sang pleasingly; Mr. Healy danced once only, a pty; while Mr. Minevitch clown'd a bit and led his "gang" in harmonica selections. Had he clown'd less and the boys played more, no one would have complained. The other principals were adequate. When all is said, however, "Good Boy" will triumph through three important factors, Miss Kane, Mr. Butterworth and the versatile treadmill.

W. E. G.

This might be said of old jests and witty sayings put together by serious-minded men; yet there is one joke preserved to us by Plutarch that outweighs all the labored cracks and sneezes of Panthoidas, Caecilius Metellus, Aminondas and the rest of the ancient wowers. Plutarch is illustrating his remark that may often turn the direction of what Fortune

This music might be said to be a translation of the triptych into tones: music for religious art of early German painters. The religious expression in "The Lament" and the final section is not from a blend of mysticism and sensuousness; there is no dramatic, much less theatrical appeal to the hearer. The flame of pious devotion is pure; it burns brighter and brighter. The sorrowing is neither lacrymose nor austere. There is Impressive dignity; a reticence in grief at first that finally gives way to a more intense outpouring of emotion.

With two exceptions, Mr. Fort has followed the original script. In the play the curtain rises to show Leslie Crosbie holding a smoking revolver. She has just shot and killed Geoffrey Hammond, a disappointed bachelor who had ad-



mitted that he was tired of her and preferred the Chinese woman whom he had taken into his home. The picture depicts the final meeting between the two, the quarrel, then the tragedy. Again, and this time to the betterment of the dramatic sequence, the pictured version has Leslie acceding to the demands of the hated Chinese woman that she deliver in person the \$10,000 which will give Leslie possession of the incriminating letter she wrote to Hammond, commanding him to come to the Crosbie bungalow the night of the murder. In the play Leslie languishes in the Singapore gaol while Joyce, her counselor, deals with Li-Ti. In either case, the letter is kept out of Leslie's trial, and because of her cool, convincing recital on the witness stand she is acquitted on grounds of self-defence.

Miss Eagles has several scenes of intense emotional stress; when she empties her revolver's deadly missiles into Hammond's body, when she confesses to Joyce that she wrote the incriminating letter, when she meets the vengeful Chinese woman, and when, enraged at her husband's bitter arraignment, she declares, "With all my heart I still love the man I killed." Throughout she makes Leslie Crosbie a hard, nerve-racked woman. There is no soft-fibred femininity in her. The three men in the cast, Mr. Heggie as the resourceful counselor, Mr. Owen as the husband whose absorption in rubber had caused his wife's moral transgressions and Mr. Marshall in his one scene as the bored lover, gave impressive characterizations. Each has served with distinction on the stage. Excellent, also, were the two Chinese players. The settings were authentic, picturesque, the musical accompaniment was apt. All the voices registered well. It was a treat to hear forceful dialogue, intelligently delivered. W. E. G.

## New Woodwind Ensemble Introduced in Boston

A new chamber music organization made its bow in Boston last night. This is the Woodwind Ensemble, composed of Messrs. Laurent (flute), Gillet (oboe), Laus (bassoon) and Valkenier horn), all of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Ralph McLean, clarinetist, and Carl Lamson, pianist. The debut was made under the auspices of the Musical Guild, the Boston branch of which was organized last year. The hall, furthermore, which housed the event was a new setting for concerts, so far as this writer is aware: that of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, at 28 Newbury Street. By evidence of last night's performance, it is well adapted to the exposition of music in the chamber forms.

In the nature of things, the program was made up of pieces mostly unfamiliar. It opened with a sextet for piano and wind by Ludwig Thuille, a composer of the second half of the nineteenth century, who was perhaps better known than he is now. This work, written when he was 26, achieved a considerable success on its first performance at Wiesbaden, in 1889. It is quite typically German music, with recognizable and not unpleasant melodies which are treated rather discursively than originally.

The "Kleine Kammermusik" for wind quintet, op. 24, No. 2, of Paul Hindemith followed. Hindemith, who is regarded by his countrymen as one of the most important of their younger composers, plays the viola in the Amar Quartet, which travels a great deal through Central Europe. It has been said that Hindemith, a prolific writer of music, finds it necessary to do much of his composing on trains. The work heard last night seemed to bear internal evidence of the accuracy of the report. Through four of its five movements it was possible to hear the clack of wheels over rail ends and the shutting of freight cars. The impression was left that the German railroads are not in the best of condition. The most appealing movement was the third, a nocturne-like episode which really achieved a nostalgic atmosphere, as if it had been written while the composer's train was stalled in the country at night. Here emerged his romantic birthright,

which he had attempted to conceal elsewhere by recourse to a youthful assumption of ironic detachment which is better achieved by Gauls than by Teutons.

A sonata composed for flute and bass by Benedetto Marcello, Italian of the early eighteenth century, and later, served chiefly to reveal once more the superlative virtuosity and musical taste and intelligence of Georges Laurent, first flautist of the Boston Orchestra, whose beauty of style, felicity of phrasing and keen rhythmic sense are unsurpassed. The concert closed with the early thoven Quintet for pianoforte, flute, clarinet, bassoon and horn, deftly performed. Altogether a most auspicious introduction for this ensemble, which promises to occupy an important place in Boston's musical life. L. A. S.

## SIMMONS AND HARVARD GLEE CLUBS

Yesterday afternoon David Blair McClosky, conductor of the Simmons glee club, marshalled his forces to Symphony hall, there to sing in concert with the Harvard glee club, under the leadership of Dr. Davison.

Mr. McClosky set the ball to rolling, with "Mother Moscow," by Chesnikoff, sung by both clubs. Here was mediocre music, though 20 Russians had combined their talents to produce it. Immediately after it Mr. McClosky put his own special charges, the Simmons club, through their paces in four hymns from the Rig Veda, by Holst. Then Dr. Davison, his turn coming, directed both choirs through Palestrina's Missa Brevis.

He dealt presently with his own singers alone, in Morley's "Shoot, False Love," the skipping futile grace of which delights some music lovers as deeply as it exasperates others; in Palestrina's "Adoramus Te" and a lively Irish folk song, "The Galway Piper." Mr. McClosky brought the concert to a close with the mixed chorus from Bach's B minor mass, "Cum Sancto Spiritu."

No doubt the young singers derived both profit and pleasure from the study of this exalted or exotic music. The question, none the less, arises: Would they not have taken a deeper, because more genuine, pleasure still in music that lies within the musical grasp of most of them? For the moment, anyway, leaving the aside question of their own personal pleasure and profit, it can scarcely be doubted that the young singers could give more pleasure, and consequently profit, by singing music less exalted and less exotic, music they could presumably sing with security and relish.

"Seeing Nelly Home," pray be it understood, is not suggested for a college glee club of today, nor yet rude jazz nor songs of the heart like those of Carrie Jacobs Bond. Holst, however, for singers not the most experienced, Bach of the B minor mass, and Palestrina—the effort may be laudable but it scarcely leads to a wide appreciation of good music on the part of the public. The public, on the contrary, may easily come to conceive that good music need be dull.

Of the Harvard glee club it is only necessary to report that the singers, in fine fettle, gave of their best in the way that Dr. Davison believes best.

Mr. McClosky, not yet so experienced as Dr. Davison, cannot yet work his will with his chorus as can Dr. Davison. He seeks, however, one may infer from yesterday's demonstration, a frank, more human tone than the doctor fancies, a simpler stoutness in phrasing, emotional warmth. At its best he has taught his chorus a certain approach to these excellences, plus a very neat attack and a smooth legato. At its best, indeed, notably in the Moscow piece, Mr. McClosky has done so well by his followers that it is to be hoped he will presently see the unwisdom of suffering that insecurity which must of necessity intrude whenever music too difficult is undertaken. R. R. G.

## MELBA ABBOT

Melba Abbot, coloratura soprano, and Raymond Eaton, baritone, assisted by Eulalia Buttelman, pianist, and Verne Q. Powell, flutist, sang the following program at a concert at the Copley Plaza yesterday afternoon: Miss Abbot, Se tu m'ami, Pergolesi; La Capinera, Benedetti; Aria-O del mio amanto ben, Donaudy; Charmant Oiseau, from "Pearl of Brazil," David; Welcome Sweet Wind, Cadman; Sally Roses, Bostonian; April, My April, Milligan; Spring Dropped a Song into my Heart, Fenner; Je Suis Titania, from "Mignon," Thomas. Mr. Eaton, Cara mio ben, Goirdani, Italian folk song; Lasciate mi Morire, from "Ariana," Monteverdi; La Donna e mobile, from "Rigoletto," Verdi; O vin dissi la tristesse,

April 21, 1929

# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

The delightful "Beggar's Opera" will be performed tomorrow night at the Hollis Street Theatre. Was the first performance in Boston on Jan. 6, 1796, and at the Federal Street Theatre? It is said that the critics of that day felt it their duty to instruct the artists at that theatre on technical points. Mrs. Abbot "was much deficient in action and seemed more like a statue than a volatile Miss." Mrs. Baker appeared "practically sensible of her precipitancy in some parts of her periods." Pleasure was expected from another singer "when she can get the better of those palpitations which have been visible every time she has appeared." Mr. Nelson was told that the coldness of the audience could only be accounted for by "his not throwing out his voice sufficiently to fill the house and permit the pianos (sic) to reach the distant parts of the building." Did these men and women take part in "The Beggar's Opera?"

The first performance in New York was as far back as 1750. The opera was a favorite there for many years. In 1841 the men at a benefit performance took women's roles and vice versa. Mrs. Timm appeared as Macheath, as Peg Woffington had done before her in London.

When the opera was produced in London (1728), it was thought to abound in satirical thrusts at the politicians of the day. That Peachum was drawn from Walpole, the prime minister, was so firmly believed, that he went to see it, and was so vexed that he objected to the production of the sequel, "Polly." (Edwin Booth was more sensible when, sitting in a box, he saw George L. Fox in his burlesque, "Hamlet." Booth laughed heartily.) In London some one drew up a key to Gay's characters; but the satire of "The Beggar's Opera" is general, universal. As Hazlitt wrote: "The moral of the piece (which some respectable critics have been at a loss to discover), is to show the vulgarity of vice; or that the sophisms with which the great and powerful palliate their violations of integrity and decorum, are, in fact, common to them with the vilest, most abandoned and contemptible of the species. . . . The exclamation of Mrs. Peachum when her daughter marries Macheath, 'Hussey, hussey, you will be as ill-used and as much neglected as if you had married a lord' is worth all Miss Hannah More's labored invectives on the laxity of the manners of high life!" Hazlitt was given to misquotation. Guy's text of the speech begins: "Why, thou foolish jade, thou wilt" etc.

"The Beggar's Opera" was also an attack on the Italian opera which was then popular in London. In the first performances of Gay's work with the music of old English airs, arranged by Pepusch, though no doubt Gay had a hand in the selection, as Pope and Swift may have added a sting to some of the lines in the dialogue, the Italian manners of singing were burlesqued.

Even Dr. Johnson joined in the general praise when in later years, finding the opera so "well accommodated to the disposition of a popular audience," he declared that it would likely keep long possession of the stage.

The first run of the opera was phenomenal in those days: 62 nights, 32 of them consecutive performances. The receipts of the 32 were £5351 in all. The first Polly, Lavinia Fenton, was the toast of the town. She had to be guarded on her way to and from the theatre; watchmen stood near her house lest some infatuated man would abduct her. The Duke of Bolton succeeded in running away with her, and married her after his wife from whom he had been separated for many years obliged him by dying. Lavinia's pictures were sold; books of letters and verses to her were published. There were even pamphlets containing her sayings and jests, as was the good fortune of the brilliant Sophie Arnould.

Of course there were some, at the time who said with one of Tony Lumpkin's companions in the alehouse: "O damn everything that's low, I can't bear it." Swift felt called upon to write a vindication of his friend Gay and the opera. Even Charles Dickens in the preface of an edition of "Oliver Twist" doubted whether anyone, remembering Capt. Macheath's "roaring life, great appearance, vast success and strong advantages" would take warning from him, sentenced to the gallows, but reprieved by Gay, as the Player says at the end, "to comply with the taste of the town." The Beggar replies to the Player: "Through the whole piece you may observe such a similitude of manners in high and low life, that it is difficult to determine whether (in the fashionable vices) the fine gentlemen imitate the gentleman of the road, or the gentlemen of the road the fine gentlemen." As Macheath sings in prison awaiting execution:

"Since laws were made for ev'ry degree,  
To curb vice in others, as well as me,  
I wonder we han't better company,  
Upon Tyburn Tree!

"But gold from law can take out the sting;  
And if rich men like us were to swing,  
'Twould thin the land, such numbers to string  
Upon Tyburn Tree!"

Nigel Playfair revived "The Beggar's Opera" at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, on June 5, 1920. The order of the scenes was somewhat changed and new music was added. There were 828 performances up to June 5, 1922



The company came to New York late in 1920, and was seen in Boston. (Before this there had been a few performances by amateurs.) Another English company came to this country in 1928.

The opera was revived at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, on March 11 of this year, for only a month, but the Daily Telegraph said in its review that Gay's masterpiece met with "a welcome so effusive as to suggest that the present revival might easily be extended indefinitely, if need be."

Do young actresses, any more than young singers, both unprepared for public performances, ever take advice? Or if they read or listen with an outward show of appreciation and respect, do they take the advice to heart and profit by it? Not long ago Mr. Sydney W. Carroll of London, greatly daring, addressed an open letter to a young actress. Her name was not given by him, but it is Legion in this country as in Great Britain. Mr. Carroll admitted that this young actress was applauded. "Why, I cannot think. To me your performance seemed incompetent." She was gloriously young; her beauty satisfied; she suggested plot and passion; she was vital; but her self-sufficiency irritated him. She was too conscious of her charm, too sensible of what ability she already possessed.

Her face had only two movements—a smile and a frown. She had most of the antics and tricks of the worst kind of provincial professional with some of the worst type of amateur.

"You recognized individually every member of the audience. You played your part throughout either full-face or three-quarter-face to the footlights. You pirouetted, pranced and strutted like a hen that had mistaken its sex discovering it could crow. In short, I found you exquisitely insufferable."

There was so much inherent talent in this young woman, so much promise of something fine and inspiring that it hurt Mr. Carroll to see her without guidance. Her first class qualities were running to seed.

"It is not strange that you should know so little of an art the general ignorance about which is unbelievable."

He questioned her. Why did she never wish to listen to what people said to her on the stage, but flutter and fidget and direct her attention to any part of the stage but the speaker? "Do you in ordinary life, when some one speaks to you, turn and look out of the window; or does it come from a selfish over-concentration upon yourself, an unwholesome preoccupation with your own ego?"

That many of our own younger actresses, and, alas, older ones with more experience, mumble and chew their words so that the lines might as well not be spoken is known to us all, nor do interjected "damns" and "hells" make up for the prevailing mangling of speech. Mr. Carroll has been thus annoyed in the theatres of London. The young actress to whom he is writing apparently does not know that to convey sound it is necessary to open the mouth; words spoken with clenched teeth cannot carry. "Perhaps you consider it inartistic to be distinct, clear and well-controlled in your utterances, and aesthetically correct to overwork your falsetto notes and talk always in higher tones. . . . Perhaps a course of training in the damnable modern monosyllabic dialogue, where exclamations, interjections, and clipped sentences serve for dialogue, has been your undoing. . . . Above all do not become a cue actress, pricking up your ears only after your cue has been spoken."

"The theatre is the paradise of the insincere. When people come to you and gush over your performances, ask yourself if you really deserve their remarks. Remember you may learn more from your enemies than your admirers."

from "Hamlet," Thomas: Minnelied, Brahms; Gesang Weylas, Wolf; Serenade, Brahms; Pipes of Gordon's Men, Hammond; Pleading, Elgar; Ecstasy, Rummel.

This recital showed Miss Abbot to be a singer of no little consequence. She may not have the tonal quality of more renowned coloratura sopranos, but she does have an excellent technique, and her interpretation demands attention. The tonality of her middle voice lacks clarity, probably because the tones are not pointed enough. However, her high notes are clear and beautifully rounded. She was ably assisted by Mr. Powell in several of her selections. Mr. Eaton has a baritone voice of extraordinary range. In listening to his voice it would seem that he has been in the habit of forcing his tones in as much as they are sometimes hard and lose vitality when subdued to a pianissimo. Nevertheless, in the Italian street song and other songs where he sang in full voice, the quality was rich and resonant. His diction and rhythm were very good.

Miss Buttelman is an intelligent accompanist, always remaining sufficiently in the background but giving firm support. O. A.

### "The Younger Generation" MODERN-BEACON THEATRES

A screen drama, adapted by Sonja Levien from a story by Fannie Hearst, directed by Frank R. Capra and presented by Columbia Pictures with following cast:  
John Goldfish . . . . . Jean Hersholt  
Tilda Goldfish . . . . . Rosa Rosanova  
Bridie Goldfish . . . . . Lina Esquith  
Morris Goldfish . . . . . Ricardo Cortez  
Eddie Lesser . . . . . Rex Lease  
Mrs. Lesser . . . . . Martha Franklin  
Butler . . . . . Sydney Crossley

If Mr. Capra, the director, had adhered to the same trenchant form of expression which marks Miss Hearst's literary work, "The Younger Generation," might have become a much better picture than it is. The theme was at hand, but Mr. Capra chose to rearrange his material, frequently so injudiciously or so wilfully that he lost his sense of proportions. "Pa" Goldfish, who should have been the constantly dominant character, is tossed aside, frequently forgotten, while the picture proceeds to eat up the footage and time with inconsequential details or episodes

of a minor value. One waits for the big scene but it never comes. Instead, a series of anti-climaxes marks the closing passages.

The Goldfish family, Pa, Ma, Birdie the daughter, and Morris the son, are shown at the beginning as living happily if not opulently in Delancey street on New York's east side. Pa has a push-cart, but prefers to jest with his ghetto cronies. When the boy Morris sets their home afire as he hurls a shoe at little Eddie Lesser and hits the kitchen lamp, he persuades Pa to start a second-hand shop. From such lowly start Morris ascends to become lord of an aristocratic antique shop and a Fifth Avenue mansion. Ma tells herself she likes it. Birdie makes fun of it, but Pa is wholly unhappy. His melancholy increases when Birdie marries young Lesser the day before he gives himself up for serving unwittingly as a decoy in a big jewel robbery. Morris puts her out, but does not tell his parents. Two years later we see Eddie finishing his prison term, and Birdie on the outside, looking in, with a cute little baby which is just learning to walk. We know that the infant is introduced for heart interest, but its advent nevertheless greatly surprises the audience. Nor is it made clear where Birdie has been those two years. In the end Pa rebels, goes to Delancey street, learns from Mrs. Lesser that he is a grandfather, gets drunk on homemade wine, and quits his son's palace when Morris, in the presence of the wealthy Kahns, refers to him and Ma as servants. Soon he dies, chiefly of a broken heart. Ma elects to go to live with Birdie, and as we leave Morris he is seated before an open fire, a shawl about his shoulders. The butler has drawn the shades and Morris is cold in his big house, as was his father before him.

There are a few talking sequences, unimportant, unexpected. Mr. Hersholt utters a few words. The outburst against his unhappy environment never comes. That might have made the picture live. In the silent scenes the acting is passably human, especially that of Mr. Hersholt and Miss Rosanova.

Another first run picture on the bill is a farce called "It Can Be Done," a Universal picture boasting several au-

thors and adapters directed by Fred Newmeyer, and performed by Glenn Tryon, Sue Carol, Richard Carle and others. This also has a few talking periods. It has little humor, less plot, and depends for amusement on a few stock comedy situations. At that the audiences laughed frequently, perhaps because it was a rainy day. W. E. G.

### BY PHILIP HALE

Plymouth Theatre: First performance in Boston of "This Thing Called Love," a comedy in three acts and four scenes by Edwin Burke. Presented by Patterson McNutt. The cast last night was as follows:

Harry Bertrand . . . . . Malcolm Duncan	Florence Bertrand . . . . . Juliette Day
Ann Marvin . . . . . Violet Heming	Dumary . . . . . Alfred E. Hon
Dolly Garrett . . . . . Lois E. Low	Fred Garrett . . . . . Bruce Moore
Tice Collins . . . . . Minor Watson	Miss Alvarez . . . . . Juana Albaum
Normie De Wit . . . . . Henry Whittemore	Marie . . . . . Honor Trant

It is said that Mr. Burke has never seen his comedy. There are dramatists who, from shyness or from fear of an audience, keep away from the theatre when their plays are produced, as Auber would not listen to one of his own operas. Mr. Burke should overcome his reluctance or mourn his lack of opportunity. If he should see his comedy, he would learn that his first act is admirable in all respects; well-constructed, entertaining, with dialogue revealing the character of each one that has lines to speak. He would also learn that his comedy ends with the lowering of the curtain on the second act, that the third act is a repetition or a variation of what has gone before and its weakness is not strengthened by the melodramatic pistol shot, and the wife who is ready to divorce her husband after a few weeks of happiness, stepping between him and the drunken De Wit with whom she had flirted in the hope of arousing love in the breast of her companion, known to the world as her husband.

In this first act a couple is brought on the stage in support of the thesis advanced by Ann, that the moment love enters into marriage it acts as a monkey wrench thrown into the workings of wedded happiness. Love brings with it suspicion and jealousy. The Bertrands quarrel like cat and dog. Florence is jealous of a Peruvian woman, and slaps her face when she is a guest at dinner, brought there by her husband at Collins's wish. The Garretts are not happy. The wife is a silly chatterbox with the faculty of saying the wrong thing. Florence, a spit fire, is headed for a divorce; her husband is gladly consenting. Collins, an American, who has made a fortune in Peruvian mines, a man of a bluff, hearty, unsophisticated nature, proposes marriage almost at first sight to Ann the sister of Florence. His wooing is quick and blunt. Ann refuses, but agrees to go through the form of marriage, to be his secretary at \$25,000 a year and perquisites without provoking scandal.

De Wit, who prides himself on his success with women, lays siege to Ann. He suspects that she and Tice, though living together, are not really man and wife. At first Tice is amused; then angered by finding the two embracing, but he believes in her, and the second act ends with a mutual confession of love and pledges of confidence.

Not even malicious reports about her husband's infidelity shake the fond belief of Ann; nor is she disturbed at first when the Peruvian lady calls on him, thinking she is out of the house. But jealousy grows in the breast of Ann and of Tice—there is squabbling; "Idiot" and "Liar" are substituted for "Dear" and "Darling." The pistol shot brings reconciliation in the presence of the Bertrands, who are to be married again as soon as their divorce is made absolute.

Occasionally the sentimental scenes are hypocritical, and the spectator suspects the hypocrisy of protestations, for De Wit is still knocking at the door, and the Peruvian woman receives from Tice an expensive bracelet, though she shows unexpected nobility by refusing money for the return of Tice's letters.

The comedy was played in a spirited manner. Miss Heming gave an excellent portrayal of a character that is not wholly impossible, but one not often seen in the drawing room. Graceful, fair to the eye, she gave reality to changing moods, never overdoing scenes of affection; jealousy, wounded pride, Mr. Watson's honesty of purpose, stubbornness in love-making and in demanding explanations, his boyish good nature with manly vigor when aroused, made Tice a lovable creature of flesh and blood. Miss Day's wrathful volubility and hysterical behavior in the beginning led to unintelligibility of speech, but she played in the last act with true womanly feeling. The others were by no means negligible, though Miss Brown's enunciation was indistinct. Miss Albaum as a Peruvian had perhaps an excuse for not speaking so that she was understood. Mr. Whittemore played well a difficult part.

## ON SALUTATIONS

Tourists and the expatriated in Europe are often pleased by the greetings of the natives in different countries: "God greet you," "God brought you"; at noon "Mahlzeit" or "Gesegnate Mahlzeit"; "I wish a good morning." In Hungary where once educated Hungarians conversed in Latin, "Servus" has long been the greeting; but now Col. Mihaly Aronffy-Unterreiner—"His name was a terrible name, indeed. Being Timothy Thady Mulligan"—wishes to substitute "Better Future" for a greeting, while a Scout officer prefers "Good Work" as "more suited to the spirit of the new Hungary which is endeavoring to work out its own salvation."

Most of us in the tumultuous privacy of home are content with an affable or churlish "Good morning," with an accompanying smile or growl. As one goes along the street, a hasty nod is a sufficient greeting to a friend or acquaintance, or "How're" is thrown into the air. "Howdy" is common, common in every way; often coming from the effusive person who detains you on a wind-swept corner and mistakes your right arm for a pump-handle. "Ah, there!" was once considered a warming greeting; the one addressed was expected to reply, "Stay there!" and the two men were cheered for some minutes by this burst of rich humor and exhibition of good fellowship.

There are offensively cheery souls who shout "Fine day" even if Jupiter Pluvius is busy in the sky. Others think to please you by saying as they hurry by, "You are looking well," though your face may have the heart-and-kidney mask, or your grave-yard cough may be heard above the roar of traffic.

In the country days of the Sixties, even the Seventies, it was customary for those driving along a road, whether they were in a buggy, carry-all, or glg or perched on a farm-cart or wagon, to bow as they passed a neighbor or a stranger. It was the courtesy of the road. Today if one should be so friendly, the greeting in return would be an insolent stare or a muttered, "Who the devil's that? I don't know him."

Teachers of efficiency for the use of shops, big or little, now insist on smiling faces across the counters. There's nothing new in this. As the good old song has it:

Remember the bar-keeper never forgets  
To greet the old man with a smile.

### HOLLIS STREET OPERA

#### "The Beggar's Opera"

By John Gay. From the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, London. The cast:

Peachment . . . . . Charles Macgrath	Lockit . . . . . Ernest Colvin
Macheath . . . . . Norman Williams	Filch . . . . . Alfred Heather
The Beggar . . . . . George Gregson	Draper . . . . . George Gregson
Mrs. Peachment . . . . . Celia Turill	Polly Peachment . . . . . Sylvia Neils
Lucey Lockit . . . . . Beatrice Mosson	Diana Trapes . . . . . Jane Grey
Mrs. Coaxer . . . . . Kathleen Ozilve	Mrs. Vixen . . . . . Mae Marvis
Betty Doox . . . . . Mervel Herbert	Jenny Diver . . . . . Jean Sands
Mrs. Slammekin . . . . . Eugenia Andrus	Molly Brazen . . . . . Zaidie White
Sissy Tawdry . . . . . Marjorie Vincent	Ben Budge . . . . . Ernest Cole
Crook'd Finger . . . . . Charles Ross	Robin of Bagshot . . . . . Patrick Walters
Stimulating Ned . . . . . Maurice Genesi	Mat O' the Mint . . . . . James Dale

Since this master work in miniature has held the boards, at all events intermittently, these couple of centuries, it stands to reason that discussion of its merits or demerits is by no means needless. Of its merits, however, with propriety this much may be ventured: They are those that obtained, theatrically, in the early 18th century.

To make them, therefore, telling, these merits must be set forward in the manner of the early 18th century, a natural manner, that is to say, if what we read is true, a natural manner heightened by a certain theatrical artifice.

The customary 20th century stage

conception of 18th century life and manners will by no means serve, a conception founded too exclusively on laughter too loud and uncouth, on grotesqueness of movement and facial play, on a phraseology that finally wearies with its succession of hussies, wenches, sluts. The Savoy troupe, in its palmiest days, when Courtice Pounds sang and Jessie Bond, would have been the folk to show the world the right way with a miniature of the 18th century, player folk with taste and charm, and a knack at song, players of true comic force, apt at pointing wit.

The performance last night had features of its own that pleased a large audience. The actors, all doing commendably their very best, showed themselves very good indeed at slap-stick comedy. Mrs. Neils, neat at her song, acted that knowing simpleton, Peachment, neatly too, with something too much of simpleness, perhaps, to carry her knowingness. Mr. Williams, the eve-



ing's Macbeth continued an excellent voice and outstandingly clean articulation. Miss Morson moved gracefully about the stage. A lady in gray, otherwise unidentifiable, danced with admirable spirit. Miss Turrill did as well. In a droll way, and the ladies of the town danced very well too. The costumes were excellent.

R. R. G.

### B. F. KEITH MEMORIAL THEATRE

"She's My Lily and I'm Her Roy," is a bit of a song done by Will Mahoney, who is featured at the B. F. Keith Memorial Theatre this week in a turn called "Why Be Serious?" that will be long remembered. Mr. Mahoney has perfected the art of "fawing down, and going boom" with such telling effect that all he needs to do to get a laugh is to stagger around a bit and fall down. He could have overdone this feature but fortunately he exercises a restraint that is not affected by an audience's appeal.

Miss Patricola makes an imposing appearance as a violinist and singer. Dressed in a gown of black chiffon velvet with a cloth of silver skirt and silver slippers, she plays several character songs, does a little dance, and sings. Five little persons appear with Buster Shaver and his Tiny Town Revue. These little "shavers" enjoy themselves hugely in a series of dances, clown acts and songs that would do justice to their bigger and better known contemporaries. Gallie Rini and his sister are living advertisements for manufacturers of musical instruments. This couple plays no less than two dozen brass and wood instruments, including the accordion, which is their specialty.

Paul Yocan's dancers, with Evelyn Saeher, Eddie Faye, "Gloriana," Eunice Schramm and Lynn Burno, open the show with a series of dances. The group makes a colorful ensemble and the dances are original and well done. Willic, West and McGinty in a skit called "A Billion Building Blunders" make an excellent talking point for safety committees. Everything that can possibly contribute to the maiming of a workman has been incorporated in the act and is carried out with almost scientific absurdity.

On the screen is the R. C. A. Photophone picture, "Clear the Decks," with Reginald Denny, Olive Hasbrouck, Otis Harlan and Collette Merton in a comedy that centres about a necklace robbery and a physician's orders forcing Mr. Denny, a love sick youth, to drink much goat's milk.

C. L.

### LOEW'S ORPHEUM THEATRE

Two acts share the headline position on the vaudeville bill at Loew's Orpheum Theatre this week. Franlyn D'Amore, assisted by Jack Lane and Ethel Truesdale, entertains with a comic dancing and acrobatic act which finishes with a thrilling feat of strength. Also scoring heavily is Lew Wilson and Gang, a lively group of dancers and syncopators. Wilson proves to be a versatile artist, delighting the audience by his comedy antics in two distinct acts. Other vaudeville numbers are Halstead and Daniels, who sing popular and classical tunes, and De Torgos and company of singers and dancers.

On the screen the feature is "The Broadway Melody," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's all-talking, singing and dancing film, with Charles King, Bessie Love and Anita Page as chief performers. It is noteworthy for its simple little story of the "sister act" which comes from the "sticks" to capture Broadway; the love of a song-and-dance man for one of the sisters; catchy tunes which permeate the piece; a 60-girl chorus seen in a specialty number filmed in technicolor; and other acts and scenes such as one views in a typical Broadway revue, with highly trained dancers, singers and comedians taking part.

### THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COLONIAL—"Three Cheers," musical extravaganza, with Will Rogers, Dorothy Stone; second week.

COPLEY—"The Ringer," mystery play; final week.

HOLLIS STREET—"The Beggar's Opera," John Gay's musical play; revived.

PLYMOUTH—"This Thing Called Love," comedy, with Violet Heming, Minor Watson, Juliette Day.

SHUBERT—"Good Boy," musical comedy, with Helen Kane; second week.

SHUBERT APOLLO—"Luckee Girl," musical comedy; fourth week.

ST. JAMES—"Her Unborn Child," drama, with Mary Young; final week.

WILBUR—"Lovely Lady," musical comedy, with Mitzi; third week.

NOTE—"The Tremont Theatre is dark."

### "OLD BUDDA" RECITAL

Florence Close Gale, Cambridge dramatist, will give a special recital of "Old Budda," an interpretation of the life of the late Empress Dowager of China, in Jordan hall tomorrow at 8:20 P. M. Chinese students at Wellesley, Harvard, M. I. T. and Boston University have accepted special invitations to attend.

### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

#### "Coquette"

A screen drama, based on the play by George Abbot and Ann Preston Bridges, directed by Sam Taylor and presented by United Artists as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

Norma Besant ..... Mary Pickford  
Michael Jeffery ..... John Mack Brown  
Stanley Wentworth ..... Matt Moore  
Dr. John Besant ..... John Samuels  
Jimmie Besant ..... William Janney  
Jasner Carter ..... Henry Kolker  
Robert Wentworth ..... George Irving  
Julia ..... Louise Beavers

Twenty years ago next month a little girl with golden curls appeared in a one-reel made by a motion picture pioneer whose name was D. W. Griffith. The picture was called "The Lonely Villa," and the girl was known as "Little Mary." In the years that followed she became identified with Pollyanna roles. She kept her precious tresses, she wore gingham gowns, and her radiant smile became known from one end of the country to the other. On the silent screen she held a place secure, unapproachable.

The coming of audible pictures threatened to imperil her status. There were consultations, grave if not wholly wise, and from them came Mary Pickford's determination to bob her hair and to make an all-talking picture. Why she or her advisers chose "Coquette" of all mediums for her initial performance may never be known. Its central character, Norma Besant, of an old Southern family, was destined to be enmeshed in tragedy, the whole play was steeped in it. Yet after all those years of emotional abstinence Miss Pickford elected to portray the role made highly successful on the stage by Helen Hayes, gifted and experienced in expression of both the lighter and the weightier moods of inexplicable femininity.

The net results are surprising. In the earlier scenes of "Coquette," showing Norma as a care-free girl inclined to flirt and fond of dances and social intercourse, Miss Pickford seems less effective than in her later scenes when Norma realizes her great passion for the uncouth mountain boy, Michael Jeffery, and defies her outraged family; when she kneels at Michael's side as he dies from a bullet fired by her father, when she cries out that because he has killed her lover she hates him and hopes he is hanged. In such moments Miss Pickford lets loose the pent-up emotional hysteria of many years' accumulation. She almost revels in her grief.

Throughout, her voice is recorded effectively. She never falters in her lines, and she has many; she approaches her climaxes with unerring skill. Such success as she achieves in the role is of her own making through her own talents. The supporting cast apparently was chosen chiefly to cause Miss Pickford to appear brilliant by comparison.

There will be debate relative to the changed ending. In the play Norma admits that she is going to have a baby and, rather than go on the witness stand and perjure herself to save her father's neck, she shoots herself, off stage. Director Taylor and Miss Pickford thought that an unhappy ending, so they had Norma give courtroom testimony calculated to free Dr. Besant. He, sensing that he has wronged both his daughter and the youth he murdered, picks up the "exhibit A" revolver, conveniently loaded, and shoots himself. Norma, after refusing Stanley for the 40th time, says she must go home and help Jimmie with his algebra lessons. A lonely, pathetic figure,

she passes down the town street as dusk comes on and the street lights are turned on. It will be noted that either way, two lives have been sacrificed. The ending is no happier, the logical climax of the drama has been lost.

W. E. G.

### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

#### "Saturday's Children"

A screen play, adapted by Forest Halsey from the Broadway play, the same title by Maxwell Anderson, directed by Gregory La Cava and William A. Seiter, and presented as a First National picture with the following cast:

Bobby Halvey ..... Corinne Griffith  
Jim O'Neill ..... Grant Withers  
Menge ..... Albert Conti  
Florrie ..... Alma Tell  
Willie ..... Lucien Littlefield  
Mr. Halvey ..... Charles Lane  
Mrs. Halvey ..... Ann Schofield  
Mrs. Gorlick ..... Marcia Harris

"Saturday's Children" is deserving of highest praise from several viewpoints. Forest Halsey, who made the adaptation of "The Divine Lady," in which Miss Griffith as Lady Hamilton and Victor Varconi as Lord Nelson were the historic lovers, likewise adapted this picture from Maxwell Anderson's play and did it well. Mr. La Cava and Mr. Seiter, who stepped in for the audible sequences when Mr. La Cava fell ill, have jointly given it life, charm and sincerity. It remained for Miss Griffith and each and every one of her associates to inject truthful characterization, to play and to speak as their characters would play and speak in an everyday existence—in other words, as Mr. Anderson had them behave on the stage.

Here is a picture remarkable for charm, realism and finely balanced scenes of sentiment, drama and comedy.

Mr. Halsey apparently has adhered closely to the original story of Bobby Halvey and Jim O'Neill, secretarial stenographer and salesman, respectively, in Mr. Menge's big office. Park bench lovers, they bid fair to become strangers when Jim draws an assignment to South America. Bobby's sister Florrie, an apostle of matrimonial trickery, outlines in shorthand a scheme by which Bobby can induce Jim to propose. It works, and we next see the young couple in a cheap flat, with Bobby sweeping, cooking unpalatable food, stealing Jim's last cigarette from his jacket pocket. Jim scolds her for that. Also he likes to play poker with the boys, even if he does lose and owe money. It is inevitable that they quarrel and separate. Bobby goes back to Menge's office, lets him take her to dinner. The check was for \$27, their monthly rent bill. Menge gave the waiter \$3, their monthly milk bill. Bobby sees the humor of that situation. Jim waits three miserable weeks, then goes back to Bobby, as a lover, again. The final scene, as he creeps through her chamber window and affixes an inside bolt to the door which the primly meddlesome landlady has insisted shall be left open and unlocked, is delicious in its quiet humor.

This is Miss Griffith's first talking test, in a part-talking film. Always capable of portraying every fleeting emotion on the silent screen, she now is equally facile in combining speech with facial expression. Hers is a delightful performance. So is that of Miss Harris as the persistently respectable landlady, who reprimands her lodgers, scolds her callers, grimly escorts them down the stairs to the outer door. Mr. Withers, a bit heavy through desire not to err in speech, was still very human. Mr. Lane does a neat bit as Bobby's wisely observant father.

W. E. G.

April 24, 1929

### SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the last of its Tuesday afternoon series yesterday in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Foote, suite in E major for strings; Debussy, prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun"; Dukas, scherzo, "The Corcorer's Apprentice"; Tchaikovsky, symphony, E minor, No. 5.

As these compositions, with the exception of the scherzo, have been on the programs of the Friday and Saturday concerts this season, and as the scherzo by Dukas is familiar, there is no need of comment; only praise for the excellent performance by the superb orchestra under its accomplished and magnetic leader. It is to be noted that Debussy's prelude and Tchaikovsky's symphony are on the "request" program of the concerts this week, which will end the brilliant season.

It is Mr. Koussevitzky's purpose in arranging programs for the Tuesday series to perform leading symphonic works of successive periods, but not in a strictly chronological order, which might prove uninteresting to all save students of symphonic development. "Educational" concerts outside of a conservatory are a bore to the general public is concerned.

In the first program Bach began; he was not at once coupled with Handel; that great composer was reserved for the second concert. Bach was followed not by Haydn, but by Mozart of the "Jupiter" and the Beethoven of the "Eroica"; Handel by Haydn; then there was a leap to the second symphony of Brahms, the gentler and more lyrical Brahms as revealed in this symphony.

At the third the so-called romanticists, Berlioz, Schubert and Schumann were introduced. As there were brave men before Agamemnon, so there were "romanticists" before these three. Bach could be romantic; the same can be said of Handel and Beethoven. When the fourth concert came Franck and Wagner were side by side, pleasantly associated, although for a time the French opposed the naturalized Frenchman to Wagner, fearing the influence of the latter would work harm to the individuality of the younger French composers. They as well as the Germans showed in post-Wagnerian manner, writing only vain endeavor and distressing impotence. Debussy came and he, too, found his imitators.

Yesterday there was nothing more modern than the music of Debussy and Dukas. Not that Mr. Koussevitzky believes in the futility of works by the ultra-moderns. His programs for the other series is proof to the contrary. It was a pleasure to find American composers recognized yesterday by the admission of Mr. Foote with his delightful suite.

In arranging this series for the next season might it not be advantageous to the general scheme of the programs, if at an early concert a suite of pieces in dance form from the operas of Rameau or Gretry were to represent the French of the 18th century?

Yesterday, as at the previous con-

certs, the hall was filled with an enthusiastic audience that, regretting the end of the series, showed in no uncertain manner their appreciation of the conductor and the orchestra.

April 25, 1929

### 'OLD BUDDHA' GIVEN

Jordan hall: "Old Buddha," a dramatic interpretation in three parts, with Florence Close Gale of Cambridge, depicting the life of the late Empress Dowager of China. Presented by Clayton D. Gilbert, head of the dramatic department of the New England Conservatory of Music.

Mrs. Gale's work as a dramatic interpreter of more than average ability has been observed in these columns before, but last night she excelled all previous performances. All this before an audience comprising special delegations of Chinese students from Wellesley, Harvard, M. I. T., Boston University and the New England Conservatory of Music and private parties from the Newtons, Winchesters, Lexington, Winthrop and Brookline, who were thoroughly acquainted with the text of the story. More credit, then, for her admirable performance.

She hit the high spots, she sounded the low spots in an admittedly difficult role. She was at once charming, masterful and emotional. In other words she was equal to the exacting interpretation that "Old Buddha" calls for but seldom receives, and which, by the way, spoke volumes for Mr. Gilbert, who presented her.

"Old Buddha" is the story of the Empress Dowager as told by the Princess Der Ling, First Lady in Waiting to the Empress from 1903 to 1906. Der Ling was educated in France. The first episode dealt with the Empress's girlhood, when she was known as Lan Qui, the Orchid. Lan Qui was first introduced to Lan Qui in a Manchu garden where she met her lover, Yung Lu, a captain of the Manchu guards. She was chosen from among 17 little Manchu girls to become secondary wife to Hsien Feng, the Emperor. Putting love from her, and dominated by overwhelming ambition, she obeyed the summons of Hsien Feng.

The second period had to do with the Empress's life when she was known as Tsi Hsi. When she bore a son the Emperor changed her name from Lan Qui, the Orchid, to Tsi Hsi, Holy Mother. It was then she began her first regency following the Emperor's death, when her son, Tung Chih, took the throne. When he died at 19, Tsi Hsi, nothing daunted, placed her nephew, Quang Hsi, on the throne, and despite lusty protests she became regent for the second time. In the third part the Empress is known as "Old Buddha." She has her nephew abdicate the throne which she again assumed; is instrumental in starting the Boxer uprising, and finally is forced to flee the city.

After an exile of two years she resumed her throne. So remarkable was her personality that she engineered it exactly as if nothing had happened, and even her enemies began to wonder if indeed it had.

Mrs. Gale's interpretation made her audience feel that "Old Buddha" was China's greatest woman, which indeed she was, historically speaking. During her performance Mrs. Gale read a Chinese poem written by Yu Shan Han, a Boston University student. During the intermission, Miss Ruth V. Collins of the Conservatory sang Chinese poems.

E. J.

### N. E. CONSERVATORY

#### GIRL WINS PIANO

Miss Lucille Monaghan, Music Student Here, Lives in N. Y.

Miss Lucille Monaghan of Glens Falls, N. Y., was announced yesterday as winner of a Mason & Hamlin grand pianoforte offered as a prize at the 20th annual competition of the New England Conservatory of Music. Pianoforte pupils of the senior and post-graduate classes were her competitors.

The judges, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Harold Bauer and Myra Hess, pianists, were unanimous in their decision for Miss Monaghan. Besides the two prescribed selections she presented her personal interpretation of the Bach prelude in B flat minor.

Miss Monaghan formerly lived in Michigan, and received her early music education at the Battle Creek Conservatory of Music.

Tonight at 8:50 o'clock, Miss Monaghan will give a recital over WNAC from Jordan hall, during which she will play the three works which brought her the prize, and other selections.



June 26 1929

# PEOPLE'S CHORAL UNION

The People's Choral Union, James R. Houghton, conductor, gave a concert last night, in Jordan hall, of Cesar Franck's music. With the help of Jeanor Neil, soprano, Gladstone Jackson, tenor, Malcolm J. Rand, bass, and Johannes Warnke, cello, they sang four choruses from "Ruth," the mass in A, and the one hundred and fiftieth psalm. By way of contrast—ill-chosen, surely—Serge Boardman played the "Prelude, Aria and Finale."

For his sound judgment as well as for his competence let us make Mr. Houghton our compliments. He has a horror to conduct not of the highest local skill or musical. Very good. A man of common sense, Mr. Houghton refrained from tormenting them with music so taxing they can manage no more than the bare notes, and that by the skin of their teeth. He refrained, at the same time, from boring the most probable public with music they could not by any possibility enjoy.

Wisely, on the contrary, Mr. Houghton set music before his singers so completely within their powers that they were able to sing that music with genuine musicianly understanding. The melodies they actually, even sensitively, shaped, they made their accents fall right; they marked rhythm as though they felt it.

Singing, therefore, music they are competent to sing, the People's Choral Union sang it compellingly, with relish and feeling both. They gave brilliant strong tone when such tone was needed, and gave it freely too; and they offered tone very soft and sweet in its fitting place.

So here was excellent work. Mr. Houghton, by his winter's endeavors, has surely developed the love of music in Boston. He has given people music to hear worth hearing, but not so lofty they could not fail to find it dull. This scarceable music he has taught his forces to sing, and to sing well—sing, if you please, not whine or bark. All hail to him, therefore, who has not let himself first for a highbrow spurge set back the cause of music in town a peg or two more.

Good judgment Mr. Houghton further showed in his choice of accompaniment. Boardman at the piano, Leland A. Arnold at the organ produced an effect far more vital than that in the power of any indifferent orchestra insufficiently feared.

For more, excellent work!

R. R. G.

June 27 1929

# SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The audiences of the Boston Symphony orchestra chose by ballot the following compositions for the last concerts of the 48th season, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, the concerts of yesterday afternoon and tonight in Symphony hall: Wagner, prelude to "The Master Singers of Nuremberg," Debussy, prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," Ravel, "La Valse," Tchaikovsky, Symphony, E minor, No. 5.

The hall, naturally, was completely filled on floor and in galleries. Seldom if ever, has an audience at these concerts showed the like enthusiasm, the like appreciation of conductor and players. The audience stood when Mr. Koussevitzky entered; it applauded vigorously and for a long time. The two Preludes and Ravel's recollection of a waltz theme by Johann Strauss to whom Ravel did not bother himself to give due credit—he was so busy with his own inventions and perversions—aroused the enthusiasm of an audience prepared to be enthusiastic. After the symphony Mr. Koussevitzky was recalled again and again. The people were loath to say "Good-bye." In this tribute, in which the orchestra joined, and not perfunctorily, there was more than admiration of his genius as a conductor; there was warm affection for the man himself.

In the balloting for the program Tchaikovsky's Symphony received 440 votes; Franck's, 302; Brahms's No. 2, 116. It is interesting to note that Schubert's "Unfinished" received only 91 votes; Beethoven's "Pastoral," 75; and the "Eroica," 66; Mozart's "Jupiter," 39; Schumann's No. 1 only 39. Among the tone poems, Ravel's "La Valse" led with 349 votes. Strauss's "Thus Spake Zarathustra" came next with 285 votes, but as the performance would have made the concert too long, Debussy's Prelude, the third in order (210 votes), was put on the program. Wagner's Prelude to "The Mastersingers" received 312 votes. Sibelius with his violin concerto (157 votes) came next. Beethoven's overture, "Leonore" No. 3 and Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" received 129 votes each.

It is a pleasure to note that Stra-

insky's "Apollon Musagete" received 82 votes; Sibelius's Symphony No. 3, 76 votes; Prokofiev's "Classical" Symphony, 52; Carpenter's "Skyscrapers," 116. The ultra-conservatives and the ultra-modernists may draw their own conclusions. It may be allowed one who believes in treating Trojans and Tyrians impartially, to express wonder at the great vote given in favor of Ravel's "La Valse," which is by no means a composition of commanding rank.

Those who are forever complaining that foreign conductors ignore the music of Americans, complaining even when their compositions are of little worth, should recognize the fact that Mr. Koussevitzky this season made room for Messrs. Block, Carpenter, Copland, Foote, Hanson, Hill, Josten, Loeffler, Schelling.

Pieces by Copland, Janin, Martinu were performed for the first time anywhere. Twenty-seven compositions (including songs by Honegger), were heard for the first time in Boston. The list of soloists included Mmes. Cahier, Lasanska, Luboshutz; Messrs. Bedetti, Burgin, Ganz, Heifetz, Maeder, Orloff, Sanroma.

The following composers were represented for the first at these concerts: Frederick the Great, Heifetz, Hanson, Jacobi, Janin, Josten, Kodaly, Miaskovsky, Toch.

The guest conductors were Mr. Arbos and Mr. Honegger. The latter led only his own works which as a whole did not make up an engrossing program; furthermore, he was handicapped by a pitifully inefficient soprano, as he was aided greatly by Mme. Honegger, a charming pianist who played her husband's interesting concerto. Mr. Arbos, warmly welcomed, gave exciting interpretations of music by Spanish composers.

Mr. Burgin conducted a pair of concerts in the absence of Mr. Koussevitzky; Messrs. Hanson and Schelling each conducted the former his "Nordic" symphony; the latter his "Morocco."

It was a brilliant season, noteworthy for remarkably eloquent performances of works that were familiar, of some works that were hitherto unknown. Nor is it to be regretted that a few of the unfamiliar compositions met with little or no favor. Complacent acceptance of everything that is new and strange, interesting or dull and abhorrent, is as much to be deplored as the attitude of the poker-backed and rebellious who resent the production of anything in our idiom foreign to them. They have the anatomical organs known as ears, but they do not, they will not, hear.

Among the unfamiliar works that called for special attention by reason of their contents and the performance were Frederick the Great's delightful little symphony, Halffter's Sinfonietta, Kodaly's "Hazy Janos" suite, the beautiful and impressive symphony by Sibelius, Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagete" and Foch's piano concerto.

Performances of certain familiar works now stand out in bold relief; the music of the two Bachs and the symphonies of Beethoven, "The Roman Carnival" overture, the superb rendering of Brahms's violin concerto by Mr. Heifetz with the equally superb accompaniment led by Mr. Koussevitzky; Debussy's Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," Schumann's symphonies Nos. 1 and 3, Schubert's C major symphony, Mr. Burgin's playing of Sibelius's violin concerto, Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" and 5th symphony; Mr. Orloff's exquisite performance of Mozart's concerto. But it is not now necessary again to review the 24 concerts.

The 49th season (1929-1930), Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, will begin with the concerts of Oct. 11-12.

# THE SCREEN

METROPOLITAN THEATRE

"Betrayer"

A screen drama, adapted by Hans Kraly from a story by Victor Schertzinger and Nicholas Soussanin; titles by Julian Johnson, photography by Henry Gerard; directed by Lewis Milestone and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Poldi Moser..... Emil Jannings  
Vroni, his wife..... Esther Ralston  
Andre Frey..... Gary Cooper  
Hans..... Jada Weller  
Peter..... Douglas Fairbanks  
Andre's Mother..... Bodil Rossing

If there be one great sin which can be laid at the doors of the talking motion pictures it is that of driving Emil Jannings from the American screen. He is reported as through at Hollywood, on his way to Europe, where his inability to adapt himself to audible picturization will not be a fatal affliction, where his new audiences will gain what those here have lost. It has been demonstrated that one Jannings silent picture is worth at least five talking pictures. Witness "Betrayer," this week's photoplay at the Metropolitan Theatre. There is no sound, even, beyond the

finely scored musical accompaniment; yet more than an hour one sits enthralled under the spell of superb pantomime, beautiful photography, scenes of merry-making, of childish humors, of potential tragedy, all with the incomparable Jannings as the dominant figure.

In this, his sixth American-made picture, Jannings has the role of the burgo-master of a village in the Swiss Alps. He is a good-natured fellow, roughly affectionate, when we first see him on the day he married Vroni, a flaxen-haired belle. Vroni, tierd of waiting for Andre Frey, her artist-lover who had promised to return in a month, and coerced by her parents, made Poldi a good wife. There were two sons, cute little chaps, Hans and Peter. Andre, who had arrived too late, yet could not stay away thereafter, visited the Mosers almost annually. Their reunions seemed happy, yet Andre still brooded. On his seventh visit, when Vroni will not talk with him secretly, he writes a note to her. She must tell Poldi that one of the boys is his; else he will tell him. Face to face with Poldi, Andre, like Vroni, cannot tell him, cannot hurt him. Andre will go away, forever. That night they will be happy. They join the coasters, and crash into a tree when Andre tries to hurdle a fallen figure in the lanes. Vroni is killed instantly, but Andre lingers, to die in the hospital. Poldi's grief is turned to hatred when he finds the tell-tale note. He rushes to the hospital, makes Andre indicate the boy he says is his, then tries to kill the lad by throwing him down the snow-capped mountainside, becomes remorseful, and hauls him back to safety. Later Andre's mother comes with dying message from Andre that he lied, that Vroni was a faithful wife, that both sons are Poldi's.

A well-knit, dramatic narrative, splendidly staged and performed. There is something half-mad in nearly every character Jannings has portrayed, and this is true of his Poldi. Also there are countless human attributes in his conception of the part. Through all runs a deliberateness which conveys the workings of his mind to his audience. The two boys were amazingly true. They were 7 and 5-year-olds. Miss Ralston and Mr. Cooper had only to simulate two persons possessed of a mutual memory of youthful passion, dead in the woman but never killed in the man.

W. E. G.

# A Yale Professor Tells of The Weird Past of Medicine

"DEVILS, DRUGS AND DOCTORS," by Howard W. Haggard, M. D., associate professor of applied physiology, Yale University, and author of "The Science of Health and Disease", Harper & Bros. 405 pp. \$5.

By PHILIP HALE

The title alone may allure purchasers, but it gives a faint idea of this book, which should interest the layman even more than the physician and the surgeon, though the latter, reading of the mistakes, ignorance and superstitions of their predecessors in the profession, maybe the most modest in diagnosis, prescriptions and advice. Dr. Haggard tells of the ordeals to which patients even up to the last one hundred years were subjected. Some of the pages are unpleasant but instructive reading; some of the illustrations emphasize the unpleasantness. The one taken from a bas-relief on the Temple of Esneh, showing the birth of Cleopatra's child, lightens the chapter devoted to "Childbirth and Civilization," a chapter in the section of 89 pages which constitute Part I of the book; a section ending with this conclusion: "The persisting high mortality for mothers in the United States is not a matter fundamental to the economic condition of the country; it is merely an expression of indifference." Closely connected with this section are the pages relating to the use of anesthesia; the controversy between Morton, Jackson, Wells and Long concerning the priority in applying ether to patients; the experiments of Dr. Simpson with chloroform, for which he was denounced by clergymen quoting a verse in the third chapter of Genesis. Simpson countered gallantly by quoting from the second chapter: "And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept; and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof." The arguments for and against the use of anesthesia are surprising today, but one should bear in mind that in

England vaccination 117

cause "smallpox is a virus and originates in man, but cowpox is produced by presumptuous, implausible men." Though American Indians, grateful, sent Jenner, in 1812, a belt and a string of wampum, the Society of Anti-Vaccinationists was founded in England and the year that Jenner published his work (1798), "and continues actively."

Or, Haggard adds: "Its recruits come from that large class of persons who mistake fanatical opposition for intelligent criticism. Many of its members continue to confuse vaccination and inoculation." (Dr. Haggard might have quoted to illustrate this foolish, criminal opposition from Thomas Hood's domestic novel, "Our Family," left unfinished at his death):

In the chapters on surgery there is much about that great and humane man of the 16th century, Ambroise Pare, who, following the armies, had full opportunity of learning by experience. "The attitude toward men practising surgery in the Middle Ages and Renaissance was such that the surgeons were continually in jeopardy of life" (even in the 18th century in this country there was violent opposition to dissection). Before Pare, hemorrhage was stopped by boiling oil, molten pitch or a red-hot iron. He tied the ends of severed blood vessels with cords, as Greek physicians before the Christian era had occasionally done. He wrote after his use of ligatures in a case of amputation, "I dressed his wound, and God healed him." (His "Voyages," full of interesting accounts of his surgery and subsequent treatments, related with charming modesty, was reprinted this year in Paris by the Librairie Gallimard, with his "Apologie" and discourse on the unicorn, for in his time it was believed that powder from that animal's horn was a remedy against the plague and all poisons. He combatted this belief.) To show the manner in which the wounded were treated in his time let us quote what he saw at Turin in 1536. He went into a stable. "There I found three soldiers against a wall. Their faces were wholly disfigured. They did not see, hear or speak, and their clothes were still in a blaze from the cannon powder that had burned them. Looking at them with pity, an old soldier came up to me and asked if I could cure them in any way. I said, No. He suddenly went up to them without anger and cut their throats. Seeing this great cruelty, I told him he was a wicked man. He replied that he prayed God when he himself would be so clothed, he would find some one to do as much for him so that he would not languish miserably."

Dr. Haggard has much to say about Lister, Pasteur and the extraordinary Paracelsus. There is a terrifying description of conditions in hospitals in years gone by; as the Hotel Dieu in Paris where the sick were sometimes compelled to share a bed with a corpse; of European hospitals—Paris, Budapest and Graz even in the latter part of the 19th century. There are two classes of patients in the United States today, "who have superlative medical attention—the very rich and the very poor who go to the charity hospitals. Both classes are served by the same physicians." But how about those in moderate circumstances?

The chapter "The Black Death," the bubonic plague, filled with shocking details, introduces a discussion of preventive medicine on which, Dr. Haggard believes, modern urban civilization is founded. "If the preventive measures were relaxed the pestilence would quickly return, and even the most civilized countries would be ravaged now as they were in the middle ages." The pestilences would spread quicker and to a greater extent by means of the more rapid communication and the crowds in the cities. The prevalence of pestilences outside of the protection given by civilization is "a symptom of at least a latent belief in the supernatural origin of disease." In our civil war 1000 out of every 100,000 died of typhoid fever. In the world war only five in every 100,000. This decrease was due to preventive medicine and not to theology. Ambroise Pare, in the 16th century, suggested that flies played a part in the spread of disease. In the 20th century screening out of flies was found "more effective in preventing the spread of typhoid than all the prayers of the pious." Here, Dr. Haggard might have quoted the historic reply of Palmerston to a petition for a day of prayer in a time of national distress. Superstition led to cruelty in the middle ages. Jews and others were tortured and killed for "spreading the plague." Leprosy, yellow fever, St. Anthony's fire, smallpox are considered.

There are two important chapters on venereal diseases, which even today are held by some to be an affliction from God for the sins of men. Cotton Mather was not the only one in New England to proclaim this belief. The ethics, art and literature of Christian civilization are "instinct with prurient caution" in regard to sex. "Thus sex is kept a problem. A true perspective on sexual matters is lost because the facts are



observed with secrecy and distorted in the imagination." The word moral has been corrupted from its proper meaning. "It was originally the knowledge of right and wrong. It has come now to signify only right and wrong in the conventions applied to sex. . . . The diseases are no more controlled under the moral standards of today than they were two centuries ago. . . . The moralists and the ignorant are themselves the panderers, the pimps" of what Walt Whitman called "the bad disorder." There is no sense, no justice in founding morals on disease. "All disease is immoral; but no one disease is more so than another. The morality of the body is health."

All methods of treating disease are variations of three basic measures: faith healing, hygienic therapy, drug cures. The primitive people, the early and mediaeval Christians exercising the devils that caused disease, the religious healers of today and those practising psychoanalysis and Couéism, are all faith healers. Faith healing is not to be dismissed lightly. "It has its dangers, but it also makes its cures. The dangers come when it is tried with fanatical persistence for those diseases which it does not benefit, and which, if not treated positively, result in disablement or death. When used with intelligent discretion—as it rarely is—faith healing is a useful form of treatment." This subject is treated at length by Dr. Haggard, from the howling medicine-men of former times to the healing shrines in Europe and Canada, from the mysticism and alchemy of Cagliostro to the metaphysical doctrines of Andrew Jackson Davis, the cobbler of Poughkeepsie, and the healing by Schlatter, Dowie and Quimby. Hygienic therapy is founded on the recognition of the fact that the body tends to cure itself and that people recover from disease—rest, sunlight, bathing, fresh air, diet, anti-toxins, curative serums. "The belief is still widely held that drugs in some mysterious way are a necessary part of the treatment of all diseases." The final chapters are "Toward a Better Civilization" and "Civilization and Medicine."

"Medicine and civilization advance and regress together."

"The danger to the scientific spirit, to the advance of medicine, and to the in-

tegrity of civilization does not come from the masses of unthinking people. This danger comes from intelligent people who play a part in shaping civilization, but who have not been educated to think rationally; it comes from sentimental and idle people in whom the primitive instinct escapes from repression and rises to prevent thought. . . .

The conditions essential to advance are intellectual courage and a true love for humanity. It is as true today as always in the past that further advance or even the holding of what has already been won depends upon the extent to which intellectual courage and humanity prevail against bigotry and obscurantism.

And so this book, as engrossing to the general reader by its historical reminders and wealth of illustrative anecdotes, as it is valuable to all, may be said to have for its purpose, the showing of the evil produced by organized effort of church or state to check the progress of scientific research. The humorist might put the book as a corrective and supplement on the shelf that holds the volumes of Paulus Aegineta (translated for the Sydenham Society), Paulini's "Hellsame Dreck-Apotheke"; J. B. Stribaldi's "Geneanthropologia"; Capt. John G. Bourke's "Scatalogic Rites," and Thomas Lupton's "A Thousand Notable Things," which, published at London in 1627, contains a host of amazing remedies for the curing of all diseases.

#### OLYMPIA-FLEWY THEATRES "The Glad Rag Doll"

A screen comedy-drama, adapted by Graham Baker from a story by Harvey Gates, photography by Eyrone Haskin, directed by Michael Curtiz and presented by Warner Bros. as a talking picture with the following cast:

Anabel Lea	Dolores Costello
John Fairchild	Ralph Graves
Jimmy Fairchild	Arthur Rankin
Bertha Fairchild	Andrew Ferris
Nathan Fairchild	Albert Gran
Aunt Fairchild	Maude Turner Gordon
Sam Underlane	Claudia Gillingwater
Admiral Finch	Tom Ricketts
Miss Peabody	Dale Fuller
Butler	Douglas Gerrard
Barry, an actor	Andre Beranger
Hannah	Louis Weaver
Chauffeur	Stanley Taylor
Manager Foley	Tom Kennedy
Press Agent	Lee Moran

Screen surprises are coming thick and fast. New faces and new talents are revealed overnight. Some of the old faces, too, are disclosing fresh talents, as witness Dolores Costello, dual heroine of "Noah's Ark," sentimentalist of many a saccharine melodrama, expert emotionalist with a ready flow of glycerine tears. Behold her and hear her, in her first talking comedy as a girl of the chorus, teaching morals and manners to a choice family of Philadelphians, wealthy, conservative, yet yielding rich pockets of scandal to any one minded to dig for it. This keen-witted girl, with her command of gently

satiric or bluntly caustic speech, her personal charm, is a Dolores Costello we have not met before.

Harvey Gates has written a fairly clever story which in its general premise is slightly suggestive of Frederic Lonsdale's comedy of a certain type of English family life, "The High Road." In the play a beautiful young actress whose father was unmistakably cockney, becomes the fiancée of the younger son of a lord who disapproves of ladies of the stage. To cure the young man of his infatuation, the father invites the girl to the ancestral estate for a week-end. She hears a lot of rattlings of the family skeleton, and ends by throwing over the younger son in favor of his elder brother, a duke at that.

In "The Glad Rag Doll," Anabel Lea, incensed because John Fairchild as head of the house has caused her to be discharged from a musical comedy roster, takes her colored maid and her handy luggage and beards the family in its home. She discovers that Jimmy, her youthful adorer, mixes poetic quotations with a dangerous practice of passing bad checks; that his sister Bertha has married the family chauffeur secretly and receives him in her chamber; that Aunt Fairchild, a supercilious old snob, is a kleptomaniac, not averse to kissing the butler; that Uncle Nathan has an affair with the housekeeper; and that old Sam Underlane, the family counselor, likes to play around a bit on the sly. They are all hypocrites, except John. He is just a boor, overbearing in his iron rule of his house. Anabel corrects or ameliorates various situations, makes cleaner folks of them and at the end chucks Jimmy for John.

An entertaining picture, very amusing frequently, never really dull. The cast throughout is good, vocally as well as in miming. It is to be hoped that Miss Costello appears again in a like medium. As a comedienne she gives promise. W. E. G.

#### SCOLLAY SQUARE THEATRE

##### "Kid Gloves"

A screen melodrama, adapted by Robert Lord from a story by Fred Myton, directed by Ray Enright and presented by Warner Brothers as a part-talking picture with the following cast:

"Kid Gloves" Smith	Conrad Nagel
Ruth Darrow	Lois Wilson
Pennington	Edward Earle
Lou	Edna Murphy
Ann	Maude Turner Gordon
"Butch"	Richard Cramer
Duffy	Tommy Dugan
Stone	John Davidson

Gang war pictures, either silent or "talkie," have become so stale in general theme that scenario writers and directors are hard put to invent a new slant for their effusions. Mr. Myton, however, has succeeded in stimulating popular interest in such pictures by his very "opening." "Kid Gloves" Smith, none other than Mr. Nagel disguised as a hi-jacker in a tan rain coat, a pair of light-colored gloves and a cute little moustache, and equipped with the customary automatic gun and plenty of cigarettes, emerges unharmed from a gun fight on Hessler street to take refuge in the first-floor apartment of a light-fingered girl named Lou. Shop lifting is her specialty, a warm heart her weakness.

While she is out buying more ammunition for the Kid, a taxi driver enters with a burden. Deposited on a sofa she becomes Lois Wilson who, as Ruth Darrow, was a passenger in Duffy's cab at the time of the shooting and bumped her head when the cab halted too suddenly. When she revives she announces that she is engaged to John Stone, who happens to be a villain of the deepest hue, but that at the time she was riding with young Pennington, a selfish, cowardly person who ran away. Also that her aunt is hard and is forcing her into Stone's arms.

The Kid is sympathetic. Stone, who had had Ruth shadowed, enters, mistakes the Kid for Ruth's missing escort and at revolver point forces them into a marriage before a justice of the peace. The Kid is, as Lou puts it, a

regular guy, and while he and Ruth live together he keeps love out of the conversation. Also he gives up hi-jacking for insurance salesmanship. When Stone tries to frame the Kid his gunmen shoot the wrong man. When Stone decides to do the murder himself the Kid again outwits him, with the aid of his friend Duffy, and drives him out of the city, thus ridding the community of its most influential bootlegger. After that Ruth and the Kid realize that they love each other, thus establishing a strong argument for enforced marriages.

Two-thirds of the scenes are with dialogue, written and uttered in true melodramatic manner. It might as well have been an all-talking picture, might in fact have been still more interesting. If an actor can memorize 30 "sides," why not 40, and be consistent? The piece is well cast. Mr. Nagel, Miss Wilson and Mr. Dugan are always reliable. Miss Murphy seems exceptionally happy in the role of the hard-boiled dame named Lou. W. E. G.

April 28, 1929

#### By PHILIP HALE

Violet Hemling as Ann Marvin in "This Thing Called Love," now playing at the Plymouth Theatre, did not believe in marriage. Her observation supposedly happy couples, the constant wrangling of her sister and her band, Harry Bertrand, all this led her to doubt if there could be happiness when love inspired marriage. She of all women could not have exclaimed with the Sulamite: "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love." She could mix enticing cocktails. Tice Collins, rejoicing to find that his glass had been rubbed with absinthe pronounced her best of barkeepers. Love was to her the greatest foe of wedded happiness. She was too fine a woman to fall into "what in France is called 'l'amour'" to quote Henley writing about Dumas the elder. If she had read Stendhal she might have pondered his remarks about four kinds of love: physical love, love-passion, love-taste, vanity-love, and said but there is a fifth, friendship, "the fact of loving a person because he is good and sweet, pleasant and reliable," a sort of love-confidence.

Ann's tea-shop failed. She was bankrupt. Men would have been glad to help her. At least they said they would, after the sheriff was in possession. She was proud; she resolved to work out her own salvation. Tice Collins surprised her, swept her off her feet by his brusque "Will you marry me?" She had only seen him once or twice. He fascinated her by his abruptness; the casual manner in which he proposed and took the refusal. Then he was rich, fabulously rich, owner of "strange shares in some Persian mine"; she was by nature luxurious, not voluptuous. The final blooded proposition for a marriage only in name, a position as his household secretary pleased her. Would not even an American possessed of the wealth of the Incas have been staggered by her naming \$25,000 a year with extras as the price of her services?

The audience, hearing the demand and the acceptance, is at once in fairyland, ready to believe all that follows, the violent pursuit by De Wit the surprising indifference of Collins for the time being, and the arousing of jealousies that marred happiness, after the secretary became in fact wife. Being in fairyland where roasted larks fall from the sky and a pot of gold is found by a widow's son at the foot of a rainbow, the audience finds \$25,000 a reasonable salary for the charming Ann, knows that the intention of Collins are honorable and that soon a flame warmer than that of gratitude will kindle her hitherto cold heart. The men in the audience like to see her interested in the exact temperature of Collins's bath and the amount of salts that should be thrown in; they wonder at his slowness in resending the close embrace of De Wit and Ann. They naturally expect Ann to throw herself before Collins when De Wit points his pistol at him. But what the bullet had killed her?

Frankly entertaining plays should not be taken too seriously; distressing serious plays may be amusing; plays that thrilled our fathers may now or excite laughter. Witness the reception given in New York to "Under the Gaslight"; in Hoboken to "After Dark." Even when that once favorite melodrama, "Sweeney Todd, the Barber of Fleet Street," was revived in New York there was yawning instead of goose flesh. Would "Maria Martin, or the Murder in the Red Barn" fill a theatre today?

Mr. St. John Ervine, back in London, writes of his recent experience in New York. "American actresses, generally speaking, are better than English actresses, and much better than American actors; but English actors, especially in drawing-room comedy, are, generally speaking, superior to American actors who, however, are superb in character-work. I have seen more good character-acting in New York this season than I have seen in London all of the years that I have been play-going. The shortage of good drawing-room American actors enables many English actors to earn large salaries in New York. Some of them left London because they could not earn a living there, and I frequently find myself listening to high praise of actors who seem to me to be very indifferent mummers. The London police, however, is sufficient even in them to make them seem to be excellent. Young Americans of good education and breeding do not take to the stage. It is supposed to be an effeminate occupation, and one not quite suited to gentle men. A girl can take to the stage without losing caste, but a boy may not. That prejudice, however, is breaking down, and I have seen young Americans on the stage who are as accomplished in drawing-room comedy as an English actor could be."

Mr. John Drinkwater thinks that the "cinema mood" has been demoralizing the theatre public. "A world in which a person with a moderate talent for acting and a suitable camera face can become known overnight to all the capitals of the world and beyond them, with the sudden command of fortune that enables him to rival the Medicis in splendor, does not encourage clear perspectives and responsible judgment. The film stars today enjoy fame, if by fame we mean being familiarly known to other people, wide than that enjoyed in their own time by the most celebrated figures of art and history. Today they are known to and are the common gossip of tens of millions of people, and in six weeks or six months, or six years they will have disappeared from human memory beyond hope of recovery. Who is Rudolph Valentino?"

Joan Dick of The Herald talked with Mr. Pedro de Cordoba who was playing Melsner in "The Ringer" at the Copley Theatre last week.

"I told him he depicted such a thorough scoundrel that one smelt fire and brimstone. He said that as most people are a mixture of good and evil when he was Melsner he felt he was expressing the evil side in himself which otherwise would be inhibited. He considers 'The Ringer' far above the average mystery play, and he enjoyed the enthusiasm of the audience."

"As he is a distinguished actor of long experience I asked him what he considered were the reasons for the bad slump in the theatre business. He said undoubtedly that the 'talkies' contributed to a large extent owing to the tremendous salaries they were able to pay. The very fact of their being a mechanical invention, instead of detracting, appeals to the imagination of the people today. Mr. de Cordoba has already passed the voice test required by them and the public will undoubtedly have the pleasure of hearing and seeing him on the screen stage before long."

"The other reason he gave for the bad season was the type of play which has appeared in almost mass production on Broadway, during the last few years, where sex for its own sake has been emphasized rather than romance. Mr. de Cordoba believes the public is surfeited with this subject. His training has been in a different school. He acted for many years with Sothorn and Marlowe, and this last winter he has been on tour with Mrs.



re in 'Much Ado About Nothing.' He is particularly fond of taking  
respearian roles. Being a musician as well as an actor, the rhythm and  
ve of the lines strongly appeal to him."

Has any one quoted Henley apropos of "The Beggar's Opera," now play-  
g at the Hollis Street Theatre? He is comparing Gay's two operas with  
"Fables" and finds it hard to believe they are by the same man. "True,  
ne dialects of his Peachum and his Lockit are in some sort one; his gentle-  
ne of the road and the ladies of the kennel rejoice in a common flippancy  
f expression; there is little to choose between the speech of Polly and the  
peech of Lucy. But in respect of the essentials of drama the dialogue of  
The Beggar's Opera' is on the whole sufficient. The personages are pup-  
ets; but they are individual, and they are fairly consistent in their in-  
dividuality. Miss Lockit does not think and feel like Miss Diver; Macheath is  
istinguishable from Peachum; none is exactly alive, but of stage life all  
ave their share. The reverse of this is the case with the personages of the  
Fables.' . . . The songs in 'The Beggar's Opera' have a part in the lite  
nd fame of the sweet old tunes from which they can never be divided."

## "ESQ." AND "MR."

One reads that there has been a great level-  
ing of classes in England since the World War  
at England is a more democratic country than  
the United States; but one also reads that on a  
dway first class season ticket the name of the  
older is followed by "Esq."; the name of the  
older of a third-class ticket is followed by "Mr."  
In this country there are men who take in  
as if "Esq." does not follow the name on an  
addressed envelope. Sometimes, even in Boston,  
man enclosing an envelope for an answer to  
a letter writes "Esq.," showing that he does  
t think small beer of himself. (No doubt he  
gins his letter to a business firm, "Gentlemen,"  
ough he may not be quite sure that they an-  
er this description.)

"Esquire" looks fairer to the eye than  
lister" when the words are written, but the  
mer in this country at least has no true sig-  
ificance today. It does not exalt a man above  
fellows who are content to be "mistered."  
hn Pickering, writing in Boston over a hundred  
s ago, said: "In America this (Esquire) is  
en joined with the title of Honourable."  
The Honourable A. B. Esquire . . . In  
achusetts they say in their Proclamations,  
his Excellency Caleb Strong Esquire."

Pickering made no sarcastic comment on this  
of "Esquire"; but Richard Grant White in  
e of his delightfully sour moments had this  
say: "An attempt to deprive any citizen of  
s democratic republic of his right to be called  
esquire by his friends and all his corre-  
spondents, would be an outrage upon our free  
stitutions, and perhaps treason to the natural  
ghts of man, whatever they may be." What  
ould White have written about that absurdly  
obish phrase "First lady of the land"—of  
out "Second lady of the land"? But we no  
nger live in the years when Walt Whitman  
uld call in his description of American citi-  
zens—"the President's taking off his hat to  
em not they to him," unrhymed poetry.

No doubt the man still lives who writes, with  
flourish, on a hotel register, "J. Percival Jones,  
q. and Lady" without fear of the clerk asking  
r the marriage certificate.

## MODERN-BEACON THEATRES

### "Lolly and Me"

A screen comedy-drama, by Lois Leeson,  
th titles and dialogue by Frederick and  
my Hutton; photography by Frank  
cker and Ernest Miller, directed by Albert  
y and presented by Tiffany-Stahl as a  
talking picture with the following cast:  
illy Wilson . . . . . Belle Bennett  
a Wilson . . . . . Joe E. Brown  
egy McGee . . . . . Alberta Vaughn  
a Kingsley . . . . . Charles Byer

The silent screen's favorite mother has  
and speech. That versatile actress  
o created Stella Dallas and Mother  
achree has joined the ever-increasing  
oup of audible players. She has gone  
rther. She has donned black tights  
id a wig of untidy blonde hair and  
come a burlesque mother. Belle Ben-  
ett has added one more to her impos-  
g list of successful characterizations.  
She is not really a mother in "Molly  
id Me," but the wife of Jim Wilson.  
oth have tramped with a burlesque  
ow for 15 years, Jim as the comedian,  
olly as the shapely ingenue. They  
ave played every tank town on the  
rious circuits but never have reached  
roadway. The picture opens with a  
wspour of rain and the arrival of the  
urlesque troupe at a way station where  
ey must spend most of the night. The  
ting of this scene is typical—the cold  
ove which won't respond to wet wood,  
e girls removing their wet clothing,  
rying their stockings on sputtering  
verhead lamps, Molly mothering Jim  
s they settle down on a hard bench to  
y to sleep.

Then the show, with Jim doing his  
unny "drunk" scene from the balcony,  
hile Molly sings "In the Land of Make  
elieve" on the stage. The New York  
out, talking Jim into a Broadway  
ontract worth "a grand a week" with  
lolly out. Jim's dubious acceptance at  
lolly's urging; his new partner for

Rhythmic sensitiveness that long has  
graced his art. If only he could give his  
technique the overhauling it requires,  
soon he could do justice to his fine my-  
sicianship in songs as well of breadth  
and force.

their opening in the "Frolics," a youth-  
ful creature who makes much of Jim  
and turns his head so that he neglects  
poor, aging Molly and fancies himself  
in love with Peggy. Molly's return,  
alone, to the old round of burlesque  
stands, slow trains and cheap hotels;  
Jim's discovery that Peggy is engaged  
to Dan Kingsley an hour after he has  
sent Molly a letter in which he casts her  
off; his frenzied and futile efforts to  
reach Molly before she gets the missive;  
his abrupt appearance in the balcony,  
to prompt her as she falters in her  
song, their tearful reunion backstage.

That is the story, told in the lan-  
guage of troupers, acted believably by  
Miss Bennett and Mr. Brown. The for-  
mer has many opportunities for emo-  
tional play, is delightful in lighter  
moods. Her voice is none to pervasive,  
yet is distinct. Mr. Brown mugs, sings  
and dances, and is most entertaining  
when doing his familiar stage routine.  
In his serious moments he is less effec-  
tive. It is difficult to fit a tragic mask  
to a low comedian's face. W. E. G.

## ROLAND HAYES

Yesterday afternoon, in Symphony  
hall, Roland Hayes, tenor, sang this  
program, to the highly judicious ac-  
companiments of Percival Parham:

Bononcini, Per La Gloria; Lullu, "Fer-  
mez vous pour jamais, mes yeux; Han-  
del, Would You Gain the Tender Crea-  
ture; Beethoven, "Adelaide"; Purcell,  
When I Am Laid in Earth; Schubert,  
Hoffnung, Der Jungling an der Quelle;  
Schumann, Ich hab im Traum Gewel-  
net; Geisternahe; Brahms, O, wusst  
ich doch der Weg zuruck, O, Komme,  
holde Sommer Nacht. Negro spirituals:  
Wade in de Water, arranged by Boet-  
ner; I Want Two Wings, Campmettin,  
arranged by Hayes; Deep River, ar-  
ranged by Burrell; New Born Again,  
arranged by Heilmann; Were You  
There? unaccompanied.

In attracting so large an audience at  
this unfavorable time of year, Mr. Hayes  
scored a triumph yesterday. A second  
triumph, furthermore, he won by rous-  
ing his hearers to a high pitch of en-  
thusiasm. These triumphs he richly de-  
served; he worked for them.

He offered a program, to begin at the  
beginning, of stouter musical texture  
than nowadays, he is always pleased to  
present. Keeping it clear of the pretin-  
sities that can turn a program over-  
sweet, he ventured several songs of ge-  
nuine bigness, like "Adelaide" and  
Brahms's consummate expression of ut-  
ter discouragement and weariness, not  
to forget "Deep River" and Purcell's  
lament.

Of his present vocal resources Mr.  
Hayes gave more generously yesterday  
than he has recently been in the habit  
of giving. Sometimes, indeed—at the  
cost of the reproach of carping let an  
honest opinion come forth—Mr. Hayes  
overdid his lavishness. Because he can-  
not at the moment contrive fine tonal  
gradations, too often he distorted the  
line of his classic airs; in one and  
the same aria he indulged in unseemly  
ontrasts of loud and soft; strong tone  
le let run away from his control; the  
grew dry and hard.

On several occasions, on the other  
hand, Mr. Hayes was able to reproduce  
that lovely mezza voce with real body  
to it that long has been a source of de-  
light. In Schubert's "Hoffnung," par-  
ticularly its first page or two, he also  
gave a demonstration of his stronger  
tone at its best. Of the songs on a  
large scale Mr. Hayes dealt most satis-  
factorily with Purcell's air.

On the whole, of course, praiseworthy  
effort notwithstanding, Mr. Hayes man-  
aged most happily with those small  
songs which can well make shift with  
that specialty of his own, a sweet head  
tone enchanting to many people, a tone  
that floats like gossamer, or trips. And  
the people have the right of it, for Mr.  
Hayes, so long as he can make this  
bodiless tone serve his songs, shapes  
his phrases with all the melodic and

## By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—"Andrew Takes  
a Wife," a comedy in three acts and  
four scenes by William H. Cotton. The  
cast was as follows:

Mrs. Purdie . . . . . Elspeth Dudgeon  
Kirstie . . . . . Edith Parker  
McLaughlan . . . . . E. E. Clive  
Tammis . . . . . David Clyde  
Andrew . . . . . Grant Mitchell  
Wally . . . . . Gerald Rogers  
Jess . . . . . Gaby Fay

We believe that this comedy was seen  
at the Copley two or three seasons ago,  
when Mr. Clive took the part of Andrew.  
Last night Mr. Mitchell, as a guest,  
portrayed the timid, blundering, dull,  
yet human Scotch-American who sent  
for a wife, through a letter written by  
McLaughlan, and seeing her on her ar-  
rival thought they had sent him the  
wrong girl. For there were two of the  
same name in the Scotch town; one was  
described as a God-fearing lass; the  
other was once guilty of wearing a  
red dress at a burial and there were  
other even more shocking stories about  
her.

The lass that arrived and was wel-  
comed by Mrs. Purdie, a good soul, and  
fond of Andrew, was upset by Andrew's  
unaccountable behavior. She rented a  
room in another part of the mill-town  
and called herself Miss Morrison. An-  
drew, thinking it his duty as an hon-  
est man, to look after his betrothed, saw  
Mrs. Purdie go into this house, and  
followed her in the hope of finding Jess  
through her. Jess recognizes him and  
was bound to humble him. She began  
to make advances, snuggled close to him,  
tempted him to kiss her. Andrew re-  
sisted temptation much to the disgust  
of Jess, who when she was a little girl  
in Scotland, had worshiped him. The  
room was hot; Mrs. Purdie did not re-  
turn; Andrew fell asleep in a chair  
and slept till the men were on their  
way to the factory.

Scandal ran riot. Old McLaughlan,  
in spite of his interest in Andrew, shown  
by his always quoting scripture, believed  
the worst. Jess was disgusted at An-  
drew's weakness. He was remorseful at  
the shame he has brought on Jess, for  
though he owed a duty to the girl who  
crossed the Atlantic for his sake, he  
loved Jess and as love is blind did not  
recognize the fact that the two were  
one. Blundering, scandal and confusion  
of identities fill the third act until the  
air is cleared and Andrew and Jess em-  
brace.

It's a simple, artless comedy not con-  
spicuous for originality of invention, nor  
for sparkling dialogue; there are fami-  
liar gags and wheezes about Scotch  
thrif. The pace of the performance  
was slow, and as it was a first night  
some of the players, Mr. Mitchell among  
them, were not wholly sure of their  
lines. On the other hand the audience  
often laughed and evidently enjoyed the  
play and the performance.

Miss Fay tempted Andrew so know-  
ingly, so warmly, it was a wonder that  
he resisted. She had good reason to  
think him a poor fish. Mr. Mitchell is  
always excellent in scenes where the  
hero must be timid, ill-at-ease, blunder-  
ing in speech and behavior. As Andrew  
had lived in this country for a dozen  
years, Mr. Mitchell probably thought he  
would have lost his Scotch dialect; but  
Mrs. Purdie, Tammis and McLaughlan  
had preserved its fine flavor. Miss Par-  
ker, who had played character parts  
at Vincent shows, added the role of  
a farce-comedy slavey to her repertoire.  
Perhaps "Andrew Takes a Wife" is  
a relief from the line of crook and  
mystery plays that have found favor  
at the Copley; perhaps it isn't. Last  
night the audience met the change  
courteously. The nearer the comedy ap-  
proached farce the more unmistakable  
was the pleasure of the spectators.

## BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

Walter Hampden in Rostand's "Cy-  
rano de Bergerac." English version by  
Brian Hooker. The cast:

Cyrano de Bergerac . . . . . Walter Hampden  
Christian de Neuvillette . . . . . Charles Quinley  
Comte de Guiche . . . . . Louis Polan  
Raguet . . . . . Cecil Yapp  
Le Bret . . . . . Ernest Rowan  
L'entr'ee . . . . . William Sauter  
Carbon de Castel-Jaloux . . . . .  
Vicomte de Valvert . . . . . Norman Hammond  
A. Marquis . . . . . Gordon Hart  
Another Marquis . . . . . Franklin Salisbury  
Montfleury . . . . . Robert C. Schmitzer  
Bellerose . . . . . C. Norman Hammond  
Jodellet . . . . . Antonio Salerno  
Cuzac . . . . . William Thornton  
Brissaille . . . . . Harold Williams  
A. Bussybody . . . . . S. Thomas Gomez  
A Musketeer . . . . . Robert Norton  
D'Auracourt . . . . . Jan Lindemann  
A Spanish Officer . . . . . Howard Galt  
A Cavalier . . . . . O. C. Helms  
A Porter . . . . . Gaze Bennett  
A Man . . . . . Edmund Voisin  
Another Man . . . . . Murray D'Arcy  
A Guardsman . . . . . Stephen Bruce  
A Citizen . . . . . Joseph Milton  
His Son . . . . . Ben Starkie  
A Ticknocker . . . . . Philip C. Jones  
Berandot, the fier . . . . . Franklin Salisbury  
A Caruchin . . . . . Edwin Thompson  
Pages . . . . . Edwin Ross, Jr., Richard Strebl  
Lackies . . . . . William Barbour, J. P. Weber  
Roxane . . . . . Inezborg Torrion  
Her Duenna . . . . . Anne Tonetti  
Lise . . . . . Caroline Meade  
An Orange Girl . . . . . Mabel Moore

An illusion vanished! It seemed at  
first last night to some old theatre-goers  
who, at the close of the 19th century,  
had gloried so in Rostand's verse they  
could repeat whole speeches of it by  
heart; who had revelled in the dazzling

ly brilliant impersonation. 119  
Coquelin, Kainz. Last night  
different.

Artifice—Rostand's—stuck out. His  
conscious deftness offended, his brazen  
resort to bravura pieces wearied. His  
poetry, in English translation, had sunk  
to prosaic verse. His animation and  
local color, still vital when read from  
the book, became on the stage, at the  
hands of a none too imaginative stage  
manager, no more than the common-  
place stir and commotion of the theatre.  
And there was Mr. Hampden himself,  
actor of authority though he be, miss-  
ing point after point his predecessors  
had made. One more illusion gone the  
way of others!

Mr. Yapp, though, as Rogueneau,  
burst into poetry so unctuously, and  
Lise his wife objected so reasonably  
that presently the breath of life began  
to quicken proceedings. Also Miss Tor-  
rup, a Roxane of graceful, rhythmic  
motion though monotonous of voice,  
brought her mite to help. Mr. Hamp-  
den, who had suggested but uncon-  
vincingly a man unhappily in love, in-  
troduced his Gasconne cadets with stir-  
ring spirit. And those same cadets  
were droll indeed in their counsel to  
Christian to beware of talk of noses.

Unawares, in short, the play had,  
scene by scene, come again to exercise  
its old familiar power and charm. The  
performance had grown in grace.

A character of quality and originality,  
drawn at full length, after all and in  
spirit of all, too, never loses its dramatic  
force. Cyrano—there was a man! And  
Rostand knew how to portray him to  
the life. Also romance never loses its  
hold—provided only it be genuine—let  
humorists carp and realists prose as  
they will. Most of us still, fortunately  
for the good of the world, can feel a  
thrill at the sight of noble self-sacrifice  
—if only we believe it real. The gen-  
uineness of Cyrano de Bergerac's un-  
selfish love for Roxane has never been  
questioned. To this day it remains  
moving; moving surely, it will remain,  
till human nature changes for the  
worse. And so behold, God be praised,  
one illusion saved!

The performance, if not always bril-  
liant, did always very well. Mr. Hamp-  
den appeared happiest in Cyrano's live-  
ly moods, or when he rose to eloquence,  
for Mr. Hampden knows well the art  
of reciting verse, also the art of plan-  
ning a climax. An audience of excel-  
lent size showed evident pleasure.

R. R. G.

## B. F. KEITH MEMORIAL THEATRE

There are several excellent acts at  
the Keith Memorial Theatre this week.  
George Jessel is the headliner and he  
puts on an entertainment that is none  
the less interesting for being somewhat  
out of the ordinary. The most promi-  
nent feature of it is a long and amus-  
ing telephone conversation carried on  
with numerous interruptions from both

ends of the wire. He sings several  
songs and discourses agreeably on his  
past career on the stage. He was cor-  
dially received by a friendly audience.

Al Shean and Lynn Cantor have a  
highly entertaining comedy skit, "Busi-  
ness is Business," in the course of  
which they have a hilarious time at  
the expense of the income tax and in  
their skillful hands even as hackneyed  
a subject as that proves truly laugh-  
able. Ewing Eaton, a versatile and ac-  
complished little dancer, makes much  
of her 12 minutes by singing, playing  
the violin, and cutting innumerable  
capers with much grace and incredible  
agility. Timblin, Raymond, and Russell  
have a clever act, one of the best fea-  
tures of which is a mock sermon  
preached from a telephone book. Har-  
rison and Fisher have a spectacular and  
attractive dance offering, and Don Val-  
erio gives an exciting exhibition of  
dancing on a wire.

The picture this week is "The Office  
Scandal," in which Phyllis Haver has  
the part of a hard-boiled sob-sister on  
a newspaper. She finds herself in-  
volved in a puzzling murder case and  
resigns her job because the man she  
loves seems to be dangerously con-  
cerned. Other reporters take up the  
trail but at the end it is Phyllis who  
solves the mystery and forces a con-  
fession from the real murderer in time  
to save Andy, her sweetheart, from ar-  
rest. The picture is well acted and  
holds the interest consistently. It is  
part talking and part silent. E. L. H.

## LOEW'S ORPHEUM THEATRE

The headline vaudeville act at Loew's  
Orpheum Theatre is supplied by Gas-  
ton and Andree, who, with the assist-  
ance of Miss Zara Lec, demonstrate a  
series of high-class dancing steps.  
George McKay and Ottie Ardine have  
a comic skit called "Just Back from  
Abroad." Carlton Emmy and his "mad  
wags" should be particularly popular  
with school children. The canines are  
very well trained, and some of their  
tricks are remarkably neat and amus-  
ing. Other good numbers are given  
by Phil Fein and Florence Tennyson in  
a sketch called "Via Radio," and by  
Black and Gold, gymnasts, in "A Study  
of Strength."



The screen feature still is "The Broadway Melody," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's record breaking all-talking, singing and dancing picture, held over for a second week because of wide demand. Bessie Love, Charles King and Anita Page have the principal roles in a back stage story which has been given amazingly true and spectacular background.

#### THEATRE TREASURERS' BENEFIT

The program for the big "All Star Show" at the Colonial Theatre, Friday afternoon, indicates that the fifth annual benefit performance sponsored by the Theatre Treasurers' Club of Boston will be a substantial success. The purpose is to obtain funds for the club's helpful work among the sick in its membership and to aid families of members who have died. There will be two masters of ceremonies, Billy House, of "Luckee Girl," and George Jessel, balladist from the Keith Memorial Theatre. Volunteers for the show include Will Rogers, Dorothy Stone, Andrew Tombes, Patsy Kelly, Edward Allen and the 16 Tiller Sunshine Girls from "Three Cheers"; Helen Kane, Borah Minovitch, and his rascals, Sam Hearn, Charles Butterworth from "Good Boy"; Mitzl, Jack Sheehan, Doris Patston, Lucille Sisters, Pierce and Harris, Clarence Harvey, Gene Lane, Ann Donovan, and Anthony Sterling from "Lovely Lady"; Alfred Heather and a male ensemble from "The Beggar's Opera"; Harry Puck, Doris Vinton, Leota Lane, Lou Powers, Andy Hamilton, Lanny Nelson, Johnny Ferrara, Hal Saliers, and the 15 Kelly Girls from "Luckee Girl"; Hector's Lido Venice orchestra; the Braggiotti Sisters, in dances; Jean Fallon, and acts from the Metropolitan Theatre.

#### THIS WEEK'S STAGE

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE**—"Cyrano de Bergerac," Edmund Rostand's comedy, with Walter Hampden.  
**COLONIAL**—"Three Cheers," musical extravaganza, with Will Rogers, Dorothy Stone, final week.  
**COPLEY**—"Andrew Takes a Wife," a new comedy, with Grant Mitchell.  
**HOLLIS STREET**—"The Beggar's Opera," John Gay's comedy, revived; final week.  
**PLYMOUTH**—"This Thing Called Love," comedy, with Violet Remuin, Juliette Day, Minor Watson.  
**ST. JAMES**—"Her Unborn Child," drama, with Mary Young.  
**SHIFERT**—"Good Boy," musical comedy, with Helen Kane.  
**SHIFERT APOLLO**—"Luckee Girl," musical comedy, with Billy House.  
**WILBUR**—"Lovely Lady," musical comedy, with Mitzl.

#### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

##### "The Donovan Affair"

A screen drama, adapted by Dorothy Howell and Howard J. Green from the stage play of the same title by Owen Davis; directed by Frank R. Capra, and presented by Columbia Pictures as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

Inspector Killian . . . . . Jack Holt  
Jean Rankin . . . . . Dorothy Revier  
Cornish . . . . . William Collier, Jr.  
Jack Donovan . . . . . John Roche  
Carney . . . . . Fred Kelsey  
Lydia Rankin . . . . . Agnes Ayres  
Porter . . . . . Hank Mann  
Mary Mills . . . . . Wheeler Oakman  
Capt. Peter Rankin . . . . . Virginia Brown Bower  
Nelson . . . . . Alphonse Eclair  
Mrs. Lindsey . . . . . Edward Hearn  
Dobbs . . . . . Ethel Wales  
John Wallace

It seems incredible that a motion picture narrating the mystery surrounding not only one murder, but two murders, should be treated by director and players as a farce; yet that is what has happened to "The Donovan Affair," an all-talking picture now at the Keith-Albee Theatre. Skillfully devised, admirably acted, it still bears the unmistakable imprint of travesty—satire directed with little evasion at a conceited police inspector and his dumb assistant. Accepted in that spirit, "The Donovan Affair" is good entertainment, releasing many legitimate laughs and leaving the audience in unperturbed state of mind. Despite the double murder, there are more chuckles than chills. Jack Donovan, gambler, blackmailer, thief, has several enemies with varying grievances. He has carried his evil machinations to that point where any one of seven persons would like to see him dead. Each has a motive for the crime of murder. By a dramatist's license these persons are assembled for a dinner party given by Capt. Rankin's family on his return from a business trip. Porter, another gambler, holds Donovan's worthless pledges on gambling debts. Capt. Rankin's wife has been paying hush money following a foolish intimacy with Donovan. Cornish, fiancé of Jean Rankin, Lydia's stepdaughter, suspects Donovan of trying to steal her. Mary Mills, a maid, hates him because he has thrown her over. Nelson, the butler and Dobbs, the one-legged gardener, seem to hold a grudge against him. Donovan is proud of a cat's eye ring which shines in the dark. Mrs. Lindsey, a simpering old dowager, asks that the dining room be darkened. When the lights are turned on, Donovan is dead, stabbed through the back with a carving knife. When Inspector Killian arrives and has the scene enacted, Porter suffers a like fate. The

proceedings thenceforth are farcical but so contrived as to leave the identity of the murderer in doubt to the last minute.

Mr. Holt makes Killian a detective with one idea at a time and that idea invariably wrong. He blusters and bluffs, and finally wins out solely through the bright suggestion of one of the guests. Mr. Kelsey as the clumsy aid who never seems to know what his chief wants, or when, is very funny. The other players have simply followed directions, capably. There is appropriate atmosphere through a continuous rainstorm, with thunder crashes calculated to set distraught nerves further on edge. Who killed Donovan? Well, now, who did?

W. E. G.

#### BOWDOIN SQUARE THEATRE

##### "Companionate Marriage"

A screen drama, adapted by Beatrice Van der Grinten from a story by Judge Ben B. Lindsey and Winifred Evans; directed by Erle C. Kenton and presented as a First National picture with the following cast:

Sally Williams . . . . . Betty Bronson  
Judge Meredith . . . . . Alec B. Francis  
Mr. Williams . . . . . William J. Walsh  
James Moore . . . . . Edward Martindel  
Mrs. Williams . . . . . Sarah Madden  
Donald Moore . . . . . Hedda Hopper  
Tommy Van Cleve . . . . . Richard Wallace  
Ruth Moore . . . . . Arthur Rankin  
June Nash

It has yet to be proved that obvious propaganda on any topic, set forth through the medium of the screen, has had or can have any material effect on those to whom it is so directed. The subject about which Judge Lindsey wrote so forcefully if unconvincingly several years ago has been treated in other films under divers titles. There was "Marriage by Contract," in which a young girl who railed against the forms of the church and insisted on a peculiarly phrased pact with her lover. She came to a very sad end. There is "Trial Marriage," now on view at a down-town picture house, with romance, discord and divorce in nearly every reel. And here we have "Companionate Marriage," with its scenes and characters so planned and sketched as to conform with the known theories which Judge Lindsey tried so bravely to promulgate. In fact, it is to be suspected that the Judge Meredith of the picture is representative of Judge Lindsey himself. All of his utterances, his attitude toward young couples contemplating matrimony, indicate this.

Legal marriage figured in the lives of the Williams family, and unhappiness seemed to come of it. Sally, the daughter, saw in her parents' discordant relationship a warning. She might love, but she might not commit herself to permanent disaster. She sees, in dramatic episodes, what misery can come of hasty marriage in the case of Ruth Moore, her lover's sister, who suffered speedy disillusionment following her wedding to Tommy Van Cleve. When Sally and Don feel that they are meant for each other, Judge Meredith advises them. They draw up a pact that their marriage is to be abrogated legally if they are not in mutual accord at the end of a stipulated period. In their case the scheme worked out happily, but last time there is no conclusive argument in the story that its universal application would solve the divorce problem.

The picture has been adequately filmed and the players are worth watching even if their actions and the utterances attributed to them are not always convincing. Miss Bronson as Sally was especially good in a role quite unlike any she has hitherto attempted.

W. E. G.

#### THE "AGATHA" LETTER

Mr. Mumford's life of Herman Melville left the question of Melville's relations with Hawthorne unanswered in one respect: We know how highly the author of "Moby Dick" valued the man to whom he dedicated that marvellous book; no one apparently knows what Hawthorne really thought of "Moby Dick" or Melville's other writings. Mr. Mumford thinks that Hawthorne's story of "Ethan Brand" was meant as a warning to Melville who, embittered, believed that Hawthorne's lack of sympathy led him to commit the unpardonable sin of friendship. "Brand's language is a parody of Ahab's in 'Moby Dick.'" But "Ethan Brand" was published in the Boston Museum of Jan. 5, 1850, as a letter to the editor of the Saturday Review of Literature has pointed out. This was before Hawthorne met Melville, whose "Moby Dick" was not published until 1851.

A curious incident in the story of Melville's relations with Hawthorne is described in the New England Quarterly of April: The "Agatha" letter, which had not hitherto been printed. It was written in August, 1852, which shows that there was no estrangement on account of "Ethan Brand." Melville wished Hawthorne to write a story with Agatha as a heroine, a story he had heard from a New Bedford lawyer as they were talking of the great patience and en-

durance, and resignedness of the women of the island (Nantucket), in submitting so uncomplainingly to the long, long absences (sic) of their sailor husbands." Mr. S. E. Morison, editing this letter, tells the lawyer's story. An Englishman, Robertson, married a woman at Pembroke in 1807, and had a daughter. (The wife was living at Falmouth in 1842.) Robertson died in 1840 and was then known as the husband of a widow named Irwin. A dispute about the marriage at Pembroke and the legitimacy of the daughter arose when Robertson's estate came to be settled.

Melville wrote a long and elaborate sketch of the story he wished Hawthorne to develop. "You would make a better hand at it than I would." He did not think Robertson's desertion was premeditated; he was a weak man. "The whole sin stole upon him insensibly—so that it would perhaps have been hard for him to settle upon the exact day when he could say to himself, 'Now I have deserted my wife,' unless, indeed, upon the day he wedded the Alexandria lady." Melville would have Hawthorne begin with the shipwreck; with Agatha wandering along the cliff, noting a shadow cast by a sheep moving along the shadow of the cliff cast on the beach below. "There in strange and beautiful contrast we have the innocence of the lamb placidly eyeing the malignity of the sea (all this having poetic reference to Agatha and her sea-lover, who is coming in the storm)." Melville wrote to Hawthorne, "I am but restoring to you your own property." He ended his sketch with the rotting of the post for the letter box as Agatha's hope of receiving word from her husband gradually decays. "The post rots in the ground at last. Owing to its very little use—hardly used at all—grass grows rankly about it. At last a little bird nests in it. At last the post falls."

Hawthorne did not write the story; Melville intended to but never did. Mr. Morison received the letter after seventy-five years from Melville's granddaughter, Mrs. Henry K. Metcalf of Cambridge.

It appeared that Robertson, wrecked on the coast of Pembroke, met Agatha Hatch and married her. Two years afterward he left her with the child, going in search of employment. For 17 years Agatha never heard from him in any way whatever. She, being poor, went out nursing but contrived to give her daughter a first rate education. Robertson had gone to Alexandria. He succeeded in business and married a second wife. When he returned to Agatha, he seemed affectionate, tried to excuse himself for his long absence, gave Agatha and his daughter a handsome sum of money. He left the next day; visited them again in about a year, bringing his daughter a bridal present. His wife No. 2 died. His son-in-law visited him, and returned with gifts. When Robertson appeared for the last time he urged the family to go with him to Missouri. They refused, and he shed tears. He remitted money annually and announced his intention to marry a third wife, Mrs. Irwin. When there was talk about the disposition of the estate Agatha said she had not wished to expose him to make Mrs. Irwin wretched. "I had no wish," she said, "to make either of them unhappy, notwithstanding all I had suffered on his account." The estate was settled amicably and honorably.

May 1 1929

#### APPOLO CLUB

The Apollo Club, Thompson Stone, conductor, sang this program last night in Jordan hall:

Praise God in His Holiness, Shaw;  
From the Realm of Souls Departed,  
Gluck; An Easter Hallelujah, Vulpius;  
Il Mio Tesoro, M. Clifton, Johnson,  
tenor, Mozart; Caleno Custure Me; old English melody, baritone solo, Melvin Crowell; Ho, Who Comes Here?, Morley;  
A Lullaby of Love, Fletcher; Morning Hymn, Henschel; A Song of the Sea, Stebbins; Old Folks at Home, Van der Stucken, baritone solo, William Parks;  
Lullaby, Brahms; Song of the Toreador, Bizet, solo, Frederic Huddy; Ezekiel Saw de Wheel, Burleigh, I see Gwine to Tell Ole Satan, Spink, solo, Louis Hanscom; Laudamus, Welsh chorale, Protheroe.

If they sang technically abominably, it would not matter; it would not matter if they sang rubbish or yet Pales-trina. The Apollo Club sing for the love of singing—and love it is, as all the world knows, that makes the world go round.

They cannot fail, therefore, to give pleasure. For when they praise God, in the idiom of Geoffrey Shaw, they raise their voices lustily, with fervor; they sing the words as though they knew what they meant; they me-

thym as though rhythm had made it too. If they choose, with Brahms, be tender, they make no bones of it; but his tenderness in They give rein to their humor when they have humorous song on their hands. Ezekiel's experience with the wh. So these singers, who relish their work make their work worth while and

ing. It goes without saying, of course, they have technical and musical excellence in their favor as well as a ring vitality. They command a wide range of tone, from an extremely pianissimo to a rousing fortissimo. They place their accents justly; they achieve an exemplary smoothness, climate downright rousing.

With so extensive a dynamic scale available it seems a pity that sometimes Mr. Stone, over ambitious for climax, should force a loudness beyond his means. Also one could wish that Mr. Stone did not share the prevalent taste for the paltry tone that proceeds from tenors, when tenors, sorry substitutes for sopranos, are kept too long at an inconvenient height.

Mr. Stone arranged a pleasant program last night, of music taxing neither public nor performers. I showed good sense; a concert free strain for all concerned is something a relief. Soloists of ability he found among his own club forces, and he was fortunate in his accompanists, William Burbank, piano, Leland Arnold, organ.

An audience of very good size appeared well pleased. R. R. G.

May 2 1929

#### AT POP CONCERT

Last night Mr. Casella led off the first of this year's Pops with the program: Wedding March from "Le Coq d'Or," Rimsky-Korsakov; Son Without Words, Tchaikovsky; Val Triste, Sibelius; Overture to "La Forza del Destino," Verdi; Les Preludes, Liszt; Pavane Pour Une Infante Defunte, Ravel; Italia, rhapsody, Casella; Overture to "William Tell," Rossini; Lullaby, Handel; Ride of the Valkyries, Wagner.

In all Boston is there not one so who would like to secure the permanent services of Mr. Casella, that gifted creature of rhythm and tune, as a missionary in music's cause? For this his third season, Mr. Casella is doing true, missionary work, and that is a solemn fact.

Look at last night's program. There was Mr. Casella with a program to plan for the pleasure of quite plain people—musically speaking, be it a course understood. He pleased them mightily, with the help of many trusty old standby from Handel, Wagner, Rossini. Shrewdly Mr. Casella gave the people what they knew they were going to like, but Mr. Casella, shrewdly again, gave them as well, music he himself knew they would like, whatever the preliminary doubts to the contrary.

So, if you please, he offered a popular audience Ravel's "Pavane pour une Infante Defunte"—and the audience had the air of liking it. Why not? Mr. Casella let its melody be heard, a ver agreeable melody indeed when not obscured in dull performance. In the case of his own "Italia"—not precisely on the whole, "popular" music—Mr. Casella, by stressing its melody and its rhythmic verve, made its discordance fall so neatly into its proper subordinate place that it bothered nobody one atom the piece drew loud acclaim. He did it well with "Les Preludes," popular music enough, but not always held to be Pop like.

Thank God for a pioneer who is neither bigot nor pedant. Mr. Casella, giving his hearers what they want constantly extends the range of their wants. But he recognizes they must have what they, the hearers, want, no matter what they fancy himself. By never repelling them, therefore, with music void of melody easily grasped and well-marked rhythm. Mr. Casella is leading his public to the plane where they applaud—Ravel! So much for ability combined with common sense.

The people must like his choice of music, for the privilege remains theirs to take it or leave it. They take it, not an empty seat could be seen last night, upstairs or down, and applause rang loud. R. R. G.

May 3 1929

#### THE BACH CANTATA CLUB

The Bach Cantata Club, G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor, gave the second concert of its existence last night in Emanuel Church. There were singers to assist—Amy Townsend, Nancy Lor-



g. Joseph Lautner and James H. Townsend. The organist was C. T. Leonard.

These singers began their concert with our Bach chorales, "Come Thou, O Lord," "Now Cheer Our Hearts," "Out of the Depths," "Now Let Every Tongue Praise Thee."

There is beautiful music, of force and majesty. Both force, however, and majesty, in music, derive from melody, harmony and rhythm. If Mr. Woodworth were to have listened last night to his chorus sing from the nave ofmanuel Church, surely he would have recognized that even Bach's melody cannot hold its ground against wearisome lack of legato. Bach's rhythm as well, if grandeur is to come by its own, must be firmly marked, with precision. Far more smoothly the chorus sang Palestrina's Stabat Mater. The sonatas, furthermore, sang with a cool impersonal quality of tone that suited its noble music notably. No two persons can ever agree as to how Palestrina's music should be sung—a matter concerning which, presumably, nobody knows very much. Mr. Woodworth, however, devised a way that pleased the listeners greatly. He stressed no notional passages to the dramatic point of the sentimental, in the way some church choirs. But, on the other hand, he let those same passages make their effect, for he let their melody be heard—and that, in the case of great composers, is often enough to cure effect. He let that melody, be further recorded, be heard right ethmically, and as sonorously as he could manage. In this type of music, the music, Mr. Woodworth stood in its element.

In Carissimi's "Jephthah" he found himself not so completely at home. A fine job of it that pioneer made, Carissimi, when he set out, some three hundred years ago, to be dramatic. The order is that his arias for Jephthah's daughter have escaped the notice of dramatic sopranos. A heroic tenor, by the same argument, might do worse than to try his skill at Jephthah's poignant lament. The chorus, too, sing measures of character, of force, with a certain touch of picturesqueness. On extremist modernist composers will relish this work of Carissimi! By every very imitation they flatter it—long their ears to all melodic progress.

But "Jephthah," dramatic music never else it may be, is not for Mr. Woodworth. The accent that makes the dramatic he does not feel, the forward movement. He let us hear the work, however, new for most of us, though centuries old. Let us all be thankful.

R. R. G.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE  
Gentlemen of the Press

A screen drama, adapted by Bartlett Corack from the stage play of the same title. Ward Morehouse; photoplay by George Busby, directed by Millard Webb and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Richard Snell	Walter Huston
Virginia May	Katherine Franke
Barbie Haven	Charles Ruggles
Brotherly Snell	Betty Lawford
Ed Hanley	Norman Foster
Ed Higgenbottom	Duncan Penwarden
Ed Cutler	Lawrence Leabe

To motion picture audiences in general "Gentlemen of the Press" should appear as one of the most dramatic, authentic and amusing narratives about newspapermen and offices yet presented on the screen, or the stage, either, for that matter. To newspapermen themselves, to their families and their wide-ung relatives it will be like looking into a mirror. It's all there, the atmosphere, the characters, the talk; the laconic light city editor, the star reporter, the drunken reporter, the lender and the borrower, the office gossip, the old-timer. One missed only the ubiquitous office boy with his freshness and his attitude in mendacity.

We suspect that Mr. Cormack in his screen play has surpassed Mr. Morehouse in his stage version, even with the cunning aid of George Abbott. There are fewer named characters; Hansy True, the shabby girl reporter, has been eliminated. But each main incident of the original story has been retained. The scenes have been skillfully dove-tailed, and there isn't a close-up in the entire film. The dialogue is terse, pointed, often cynically witty. The cast is well-nigh perfect. With all due respect to that battle-scarred battalion of motion picture actors and actresses with whose features every movie fan in the land is familiar, it is both refreshing and stimulating to see new faces, to hear new voices in and out of the silver screen. And the voices are splendid for the greater part—low-

pitched, yet audible, and natural.

The story is of Wick Snell, veteran news reporter and editor, and his daughter, Dot, whom he has so seldom seen. When Dot was born he was covering a prize fight; when his wife died he was in Mexico; when Dot was graduated from high school and when she married young Hanley, also a reporter, Wick was busy; and when the brave little Dot, just become a mother, moans and calls for "daddy" from her hospital cot, he holds the telephone just a bit too long as he makes the first edition with a thrilling story of a shipwreck and rescue. She dies without hearing her father's voice. A bespectacled youth from Yale has to choose that particular moment to ask Wick's advice as to taking up newspaper work. "Keep out of it," is the bitter answer. "Go and get a gun and turn hold-up man; do anything else, but keep out of it." Sage counsel, Wick, but they won't follow it!

Mr. Huston was superb as Wick, with his nose for news, his weakness for women, his contempt for cant and hypocrisy, his bored, easy way of doing things. Mr. Ruggles, making his first screen appearance, was perfect as the bibulous reporter who had been fired from every newspaper in town. When he tried to give a "scoop" by telephone, to the wrong office at that, he was as funny as Louis Mann years ago in "The Telephone Girl," when he sputtered his opinion of the inmates of Sing Sing to the invisible warden. Mr. Penwarden and Mr. Leslie played excellently the same roles they had in the stage play. Miss Francis, as Myra, submits a freshly conceived type of the "vamp" species, and Miss Lawford gave a sensitive portrayal of the unhappy Dot.

W. E. G.

May 4, 1929

STENDHAL (Henri Beyle), by Paul Hazard; translated by Elcanor Hard from the French; Coward-McCann, Inc. 315 pages. \$3.

By PHILIP HALE

Hazard, whose "Stendhal," it is said, is now in its 24th edition in France, writes about the man rather than about the author, and writes amusingly, at times flippantly. There is no study of the novels that made Stendhal famous and still exert an influence on the present generation of writers. There is no description of the literary world in which Stendhal lived. There are pages about his amorous adventures; there is no discussion of his theory of "crystallization" as exposed in his singular book on "Love." Unappreciated by his contemporaries except Balzac and Merimee, he said in his bitterness, "I shall be understood about 1880." He little thought that years after his death, in 1842, essayists in all countries where literature is cherished would sound his praise; that even the novels that he left unfinished would be published and seriously considered; that Casimir Strylenski's "Soirees du Stendhal Club" would find readers even of fragmentary correspondence.

Stendahl believed in voluptuousness and force, i. e. violence. He was a sensualist, at least in thought, before he reached manhood. Hazard speaks of Stendhal's love for his mother who died when he was only seven but he does not quote an unsavory anecdote related unblushingly by the son. There is a lively account of the family, the strict narrow-minded father; the great Aunt Elizabeth Gagnon, old and wrinkled and of a romantic nature; Grandfather Gagnon, the Voltarian, the Casanova of Grenoble. The boy was rebellious to bourgeois life and principles; he approved of the Revolution; he constantly tried to outwit those who would train him for what they considered a respectable future. If virtue, morality, religion were true things why should any one take trouble to convince him that they were? "You are making a big mistake the way you spoil that brat," said Aunt Seraphic to Dr. Gagnon. "He has an evil character." Whenever Henri heard the name of the singer Mlle. Cuby, he turned red. If he saw her coming toward him in the street, he fled. This timidity in love, coupled with a passionate desire to meet the ideal woman of his feverish dreams, characterized him throughout his life. Furthermore he knew that he was physically unattractive. Berlioz once described him in his later years as a little fat man with a malicious smile, trying to look serious, and spoke of his writings on musical subjects as "most irritating stupidities." His vanity was as incredible as his resistance to beneficial influences; as his curiosity concerning men and women was unquenchable, above all concerning the middle and lower classes. Emile Faguet describes him as "The Saint-Simon of the table d'hôte" and adds: "But that is no small thing, and this fact alone makes him valuable." It was his pleasure to contradict, to misconstrue, to take an opposite side. He bragged about his vices in a would-be cynical manner; his vanity led him to exaggerate them.

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Cotton's "Andrew Takes a Wife" was not performed at the Copley Theatre for the first time last Monday night, though statements were made that the play was new and would be seen for the first time.

The comedy was performed for the first time at the Copley Theatre on April 19, 1926. The cast that night was as follows:

Wally	Victor Tandy
Mrs. Edwards	Jessamine Newcombe
Andrew	E. E. Clive
Mrs. Purlie	Elsbeth Dudgeon
Tammas	C. Wordley Hulse
Jess	May Ediss
Kerstie	Katherine Standing
McLaughlan	Alan Mowbray

Mr. Cotton evidently changed his play somewhat, for Mrs. Edwards has been thrown overboard in the present version. Who was she, and what had she to do in the story? The comedy ran three weeks and was succeeded on May 10 by Esmond's farce, "Eliza Comes to Stay." That performance was announced as the first in Boston, although the farce was brought out in London in 1913 and had been revived there several times.

There are parts that seem to have been written expressly for Miss Dudgeon; Mrs. Purlie is one of them. In the present performance at the Copley Mr. Clyde gives an excellent portrayal of Tammas, phlegmatic except when he is shocked by Andrew, supposedly immoral. Miss Dudgeon, Mr. Clive and Mr. Clyde were Scotch in speech; Mr. Mitchell broke out frequently with "Tosh!" but that is English slang, not Scotch.

The fortnight at the Hollis Street Theatre beginning tomorrow night should be an interesting one: "The Cherry Orchard," "Peter Pan" and "The Master Builder" in the first week, while in the second Andreiev's "Katerina" ("Ekaterina Ivanovna") and the brothers Quintero's "Lady from Alfama" will be played here for the first time.

It is pleasant to note that Sir James Barrie has presented full rights in "Peter Pan" to the Hospital for Sick Children in London; that all checks for royalties from performances or publication of the play will be sent to the hospital instead of to Barrie. "Peter Pan" is a valuable property, though it is now in its 25th year. "It is the only play," says the Observer, "that has been performed for a run for twenty-four consecutive years." Charles Frohman did not wish to put it on; he thought the public would not care for it; he produced it only because Barrie promised him another play the following year if he would take the risk of "Peter Pan." The promised play was "Alice Sit-By-the-Fire."

It is thought that the hospital will receive an income from London, provincial tours, the film version, of from £3000 to £4000 a year. The play is more popular in South Africa than in Australia. It has been done in Germany, and even now there are negotiations for a Reinhardt production in Berlin. A London company has acted the play in Paris; Martinez Sierra has the Spanish rights, but there has not been any production in that country.

Thomas Moulton in his life of Barrie tells a story about the origin of "Peter Pan." "Back in the dark ages—which is another way of saying twenty-five years ago—a small man with a black moustache was walking through Kensington Gardens in London. \* \* \* The small man with the moustache stopped on one of the paths in the park and looked enviously at four diminutive brothers playing solemnly on the grass—a small family, of the kind that Barrie wrote about in his delightful introduction to "The Young Visitors," who 'invented their own games, dodged their governess, and let the rest of the world go hang.'

"The four boys, after a moment, saw him. Despite his moustache the small man looked like a friendly grown-up and so they invited him to play with them. This he did. He invented a number of exciting games. And the five of them played together until the shadows began to lengthen across the park and something told them that it was time to go home to tea. He and the boys discovered that they were next-door neighbors. They were the children of Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn Davies, and closely related to Gerald du Maurier, the actor. One of the boys was named Peter.

"Gradually the grown-up playmate of the four boys became increasingly important in their lives. And when, later on, a tragedy occurred which they did not clearly understand, the playmate of the four orphaned children became a closer playmate still. One day they had heard that he was very famous. Then they heard another thing; he had written a play and called it, first, 'The Great White Father,' and then altered the name to 'Peter Pan.'

They demanded to know all about it. He complied. They recognized it at once. Indeed they were in it, and so, it is said, was Alice, the tiny daughter of W. E. Henley, who had tried to call her father's friend 'Friendly,' but only succeeded in saying 'Wendy.' He even confessed that they were part authors, and indeed one of them had made a joke which he had thought good enough to be introduced into his play, and he promised to pay the boy a farthing royalty on every performance."

Barrie in the published play has something to say of the genesis.

Chekhov's "Cherry Orchard" was played in Boston incomparably by Stanislavski's Moscow Art Theatre. We believe there was a performance in English by amateurs before that.

Max S. Mandell made a translation in 1908, called it "The Cherry Garden," and sent the proofs to Mme. Nazimova, hoping she would produce the play. She wrote in reply:

"I know Chekhov's 'Cherry Orchard' and played many times in Russia, but I know too well also that it is absolutely impossible to get a really great success in America with this play. Chekhov must be played with an equally good company. His plays are not 'Star' plays where one person has to take the responsibility for the whole production. In his play every part is equally



excellent and also equally difficult. And, therefore, until I collect a company where everyone will be a brilliant member—I give up Chekhov, who is my favorite writer. Better not to play than to ruin it. It would be a pity!"

Before the play was produced at Moscow in 1904, Chekhov, excited, told Stanislavsky he had found a wonderful name for the play: "Vishnevsky Sad" "The Cherry Orchard." Why was Chekhov so excited and why did he choose that title? "He could not philosophize and explain what he had created." And so he could only repeat with various intonations: Vishnevsky Sad. Listen, it is a wonderful name. Vishnevsky Sad, Vishnevsky—At last Stanislavsky understood. "Vishnevsky Sad is a commercial orchard which brings in profit. Such an orchard is necessary to life even at the present. But Vishnevsky Sad brings no profits. It hides in itself and in all of its flowering whiteness the great poetry of the dying life of aristocracy. The Vishnevsky Sad grows for the sake of beauty, for the eyes of spoiled aesthetes. It is a pity to destroy it, but it is necessary to do so, for the economies of life demand it."

It should be remembered that Chekhov was distressed because the whole end of the second act was shortened. He had ended the act lyrically after a stormy scene with the young people. Stanislavsky thought that this "lowered the atmosphere of the act, and we could not lift it again."

When the play was finally performed, Chekhov was in doleful dumps. "My play," he wrote, "was given last night, hence I am not in a happy mood. I should like to run away. \* \* \* Not before the Butter week will our actors come and play 'The Cherry Orchard' in a less distracted and slurred form than now."

Prof. Leo Wiener has characterized "The Cherry Orchard" as "a lyrical drama, a symbolism of the refined type of all great poems. It depicts the conflict of a useless, but artistic, past with a useful, but inartistic, present; it is a poetic version of 'Fathers and Sons,' a regretful picture of the loss of a past paradise."

All sorts of things were done to "The Beggar's Opera" when it was produced in Berlin this season. Last month "Charley's Aunt" was put into modern dress. Curt Bois showed a modern aunt, short-haired, short-skirted, cynical. She danced the tango, was acrobatic, and gave imitations of contemporary stage-folk. Babberly's Oxford friends were played by members of a jazz band equipped with saxophones and banjos. The college porter was represented as a negro. "Nothing was left of Brandon Thomas's play, in fact, except the idea—and the mirth of the audience, which was more uproarious than ever."

"The topic of boeing has been much in the theatrical air of late. At the twenty-sixth annual dinner of the Gallery First Nighters' Club, Lady Tree referred to it, inquiring in her most amiable manner whether it was not possible for the good people in the gallery whenever they did not like a play to use silence as a polite negative. The majority of actors and actresses, I may say, Lady Tree, in reply, prefers a good healthy boo or a hiss to absolute silence. Silence seems to them the deadliest form of theatrical insult. It constitutes the snub direct.

"Boeing may be a barbarous method of denoting disapproval; it is doubtless subject to abuse, the enemies of individual managements or artists utilizing it as a means of personal and malicious or envious injury. But silence, I think, is worse. Boeing is frequently provoked by the unwise applause and over-zealous clapping of friends in front. If a management is unfair enough and injudicious enough to arrange for a claque, it has little or no right to resent a vociferous opposition to that claque."—Sydney W. Carroll.

Before he was twenty-five he was for a time soldier, actor, clerk in a grocery store; he followed a little actress Melanie Louason to Marseilles, worshiped

her, at first with his constitutional timidity; thought her "sublime," by day collected debts, checked up the lists of brandy, sugar and molasses for Meunier & Co. The firm went bankrupt.

Napoleon was his idol, a man of force. Stendhal, timid in love, was brave in war. He served in Italy, Germany. He made the retreat from Moscow. When others were filthy, he showed himself fresh shaved. War at last was a nuisance in his eyes. After Moscow it was high time, he said, that the governments of Europe let their people alone. In Italy, a country he loved till his death, he found again his Angela, whom he had not seen for ten years.

He began to write books about painting and music and plagiarized without shame. Then came Mathilda Visconti; he dropped his coarseness and cynicism. She at last drove him to despair. "Good women," he cried, "are as mischief-making as the bad." He journeyed to London, wondered at a side of beef weighing forty kilos in a hotel dining room—"Henri always hated people who ate greedily"—he found Kean a magnificent interpreter of Shakespeare; he and a friend had a curious experience with two poor young girls, timid and gentle in a house like a doll's house. Stendhal took their breath away by ordering "real champagne." Going to Paris he became acquainted with the great singer La Pasta. Parisian hostesses feared his ribald phrases. He told Royalists that Louis XVIII looked like a fattened steer; poets, that poetry is a refuge for sloppy thinking. The world said: "He's an original devil. The gods must have made him so." The high-bred Menta fell madly in love with him. Then there came Alberte who, unfortunately, had a habit of falling in love with her friends' friends. He did not have enough to live on. And he was known as a man who would have liked to be a writer. Girding up his loins, he wrote "Rouge et Noir." Into this and his other romances "he wrote the life he could never live himself." He was given the consulate at Trieste

He found that city as delightful as Capt. Burton years afterwards found it dreary; he was transferred as French consul to Civita Vecchia where he resigned himself to his paltry duties and became quarrelsome—he longed for the cross of the Legion of Honor; he longed for Paris.

He dyed his hair; his waving coiffure was borrowed; his stomach and back troubled him; he had to have a special chair made to hold him, his dimensions were so huge. Rome tempted him and he was often there. He thought of marriage, but the woman's family objected to the "archdemon of iniquity and free thinking." He returned to Paris, the opera, the Comedie Francaise, the fashionable salons, old friends. He wrote, hunted antiques and game, was cheered by Balzac's praise of the "Chartreuse de Parme." He suddenly found himself weak, unable to speak the simplest words; he had fits of suffocation, of dizziness. "I am at grips with the eternal nothingness." Arriving in Paris, to consult another doctor, he fell on the sidewalk with an apoplectic stroke. He had said a year before: "I see nothing ridiculous in dying on the street if you don't do it deliberately."

A readable book, indeed. Those who wish to know Stendhal as a glory of French literature, must seek elsewhere. On page 314 the date "1821" should be "1842." On the same page for "Savior" read "Saviour."

#### By PHILIP HALE

Hollis Street Theatre: "The Cherry Orchard," a play in four acts by Anton Chekhov. Translation into English by Constance Garnet. The cast was as follows:

Lopahin .....	Donald Cameron
Dunyasha .....	Ria Mooney
Ephodov .....	John Eldredge
Firs .....	Savre Crawley
Madame Ravensky .....	Alla Nazimova
Anya .....	Josephine Hutchinson
Varya .....	Eva Le Gallienne
Charlotte Ivanovna .....	Paul Levesque
Gaev .....	Walter Beck
Semyonov-Pishchik .....	Harold Moulton
Yasha .....	J. Edward Bromberg
Trofimov .....	Robert Ross
A tramp .....	Robert H. Gordon
The station master .....	Herbert Shapiro
A postoffice clerk .....	

The Civic Repertory Theatre, Inc., Le Gallienne, director, began its run of two weeks with the performance of this comedy by Chekhov; com-

edy as the play is classified, though the term "tragic-comedy" is more appropriate. As The Herald readers know, the dramatist tells a story of the old land-owners passing, giving way to the younger generation with their modern, practical ideas; the sons of serfs, in some instances having gained fortunes able to acquire the estates that the masters could no longer keep. Chekhov did not pose as a sympathizer, yet this cherry orchard so dear to Mme. Ranevsky and her family might be taken as a symbol, as the student, always a student, might represent a generation that had no patience with the irresponsibility and the pride of those with whom he lived, as the son of a serf might represent the newly rich!

Take Mme. Ranevsky for example. Chekhov sketched her in his notebook as an old woman of liberal views, dressing as if she were young, smoking, of liberal views, unable to live without company; an attractive woman. Writing the play he changed and enlarged his sketch. She is still attractive, about 50 years old. A widow, she has been robbed and deserted by a lover; in her weakness she is ready to go back to Paris when he beckons and calls. Though she is poor, she squanders what she has. She is a creature of whims and caprices; but she will not sell her beloved orchard though the sale would ensure comfort for her and her family.

There is her brother Gaev, always the grand seigneur with a dash of Micawber's blood. There is the friend of the house, always asking a loan. On the other hand, there is faithful old Firs, the valet looking back regretfully at the good days before emancipation; faithful to the house even when he is left alone in the shuttered room.

It was remarkable how this Repertory company succeeded in reviving the impression made by the Moscow players when they performed here; and this was done without too evident imitation.

The audience—one that filled the theatre—was not conscious of an ensemble on the stage trying to act as Russians; there was the illusion that Chekhov's characters were there in flesh and blood. Nor would it be easy to single out this actor or that actress as contributing chiefly to this illusion. One might dwell on the portrayal of Mme. Ranevsky by Mme. Nazimova, or of Gaev by Mr. Leysae, but to dwell on their performance alone would be unjust to the others. Take the scene in the country, for example, when what might be called the lesser folk are on the stage; the governess talking to herself, the conceited fellow playing the guitar, the maid embraced by the young valet. This scene otherwise acted, might seem ridiculous or dull. Last night it held firmly the attention; it convinced the spectator of its truthfulness.

And seeing the performance of the play, one saw not only the people of Chekhov, but those known to the Turgenyev of "Fathers and Sons," and the endless talkers in Dostoevsky's novels.

The stage management was admirable. Especially noteworthy was the handling of the gay crowd before the announcement of the sale.

#### COLONIAL THEATRE

##### "Show Boat"

A musical comedy adapted from Edna Ferber's novel of the same name; book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein, 2d, music by Jerome Kern; produced by Florenz Ziegfeld at the Ziegfeld Theatre, New York, Dec. 27, 1927; performed last evening for the first time in Boston with the following cast:

Windy .....	Allan Campbell
Sue .....	Charles Ellis
Pete .....	Bert Chapman
Queenie .....	Aunt Jeannina
Parthy Ann Hawks .....	Edna May Oliver
Cap'n Andy .....	Charles Winniger
Ellie .....	Eva Puck
Frank .....	Sammy White
Julie .....	Helen Morgan
Gaylord Ravenal .....	Howard Marsh
Magnolia .....	Norma Terris
Joe .....	Jules Bledsoe
Kim .....	Eleanor Shaw
Kim (as young woman) .....	Norma Terris

New York had "Show Boat" for 16 months, Boston gets it for one. Surely, after last night's rousing greeting by an audience which taxed the capacity of the Colonial Theatre, an audience appreciative to the full of the wonders and the glories of this stage product made from Edna Ferber's novel, Mr. Ziegfeld will take cognizance of the fact that this is the show for which Boston has hungered these many moons, and that in a fleeting few weeks that hunger cannot be satisfied.

Last evening's performance was as spirited and spontaneous as if it had been the world premiere of this musical play of the Mississippi show boat days. By now such numbers as "Old Man River," "Can't Help Lovin' that Man," "You Are Love," "Why Do I Love You" and "Bill" have become familiar by records and radio; yet no one was quite prepared for the manner in which these songs were given last evening. When Mr. Bledsoe sang "Old Man River," his magnificent bass voice swept the audience into salvos of applause. When Miss Terris and Mr. Marsh sang "Why Do I Love You," throats became a trifle dry. When Miss Morgan, perched on a piano, chanted of her steadfastness to "Bill," who didn't have a single thing that she could brag about, she put a

world of gripping pathos into those simple lines. And when Miss Puck and Mr. White strutted in "Goodby, My Lady Love," in the cakewalk fashion of a quarter of a century ago, one knew that here were no ordinary song and dance folks. They were a pair who knew just how to do the routine of those good old days.

The story of Cap'n Andy and Parthy Ann Hawks, of the show boat "Cotton Blossom," of their pretty daughter Magnolia, who turned actress the day she put on long skirts and then married a river gambler, Gaylord Ravenal, is known to all who have read Miss Ferber's novel. The Kern-Hammerstein stage version has been changed somewhat to yield a cheerful ending. Here Ravenal, who has deserted Magnolia, returns in later years, when their daughter, Kim, is showing her mother's talents, and Magnolia herself is a Broadway star. The scenes of the first act, including the levee at Natchez, the auditorium and stage of the "Cotton Blossom" during the third act of "The Parson's Bride," are unusually fascinating. Here is unfolded much of the drama of the piece, here are heard the vibrant voices of Mr. Bledsoe and the Jubilee Singers in their river songs. The second act moves in years and fashions through the Chicago world's fair midway in 1893 to the Chicago of 1904, and thence to the top deck of the new "Cotton Blossom" in 1927. Mr. Urban has given these stage pictures homely simplicity or glamorous coloring as the situation demanded. The old-fashioned costumes on both the white and the colored choruses were well worth appreciative study. Seldom has good music been so skillfully and so satisfyingly read as by the orchestra under Mr. Oscar Bradley.

Of the cast, superlatives only will suffice. Mr. Winniger, always in character as the lovable Cap'n Andy, with his dry humor and his blunt philosophy; Miss Oliver, preaching Parthy Ann Hawks's old New England morality; Miss Morgan as Julie, with her bitter knowledge of negro background; Miss Terris, whose Magnolia was a creature of girlish charm, of mature beauty of soul; Mr. Marsh as the gallant lover; Miss Puck and Mr. White as the ambitious soubrette and low comedian; and Aunt Jeannina, as the ponderous Queenie, a cheerful mass of fleshiness. Such splendid acting, singing and dancing has seldom been noted in entertainment of this type. Mr. Ziegfeld should be proud of "Show Boat" and all therein. W. E. G.

#### NEW B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

This week the new B. F. Keith's Theatre presents a program bubbling with talent. The Vardel brothers, equilibrists, move fast, executing their turns with skill, precision, accuracy, with a climaxing dive which catches one's breath. David Kaye and Jeff Sayre, billed as "Society's Step-Sons," a comedy dance team, work rhythmically and gracefully. Each is a clever dancer in his own right; together, toes and heels synchronize merrily. "The Marriage Recipe"—a little one-act playlet, is an adaptation from Maxwell Anderson's "Saturday's Children." Clairborne Foster, Nila Mack and Buford Armitage carry the things off in playful, entertaining manner.

Ada May, she who used to be known as Ada May Weeks, of "Rio Rita" and other musical comedy fame, makes her vaudeville debut in a recital with song and dance hits. She won the house with her personally, her irresistible mannerisms. Introducing a song, "Laziest Gal in Town," with a "blues" strain, she received four curtain calls from an insistent audience.

When Corinne Tilton, comedienne, came on the stage she was attired for horse riding—fed coat, boots, all that. On her second entrance she might have been hard-boiled Hannah from behind

a Woolworth counter; on her final, as a sweet young thing who gets quite drunk at a party. In each study she was excellent. Perhaps her interpretation of a slightly puffed young lady was the best.

If one cares for ballets, the Pavlov-Oukrainsky Ballet, closing the bill, is rather a stupendous thing, and very good. The girls are beautiful creatures, sylph-like, the "utter" in grace. Toe dancers, interpretative dancers, nymph-like dancers, they bound about in lovely abandon, in gorgeous costumes before sumptuous settings.

The picture, "Trent's Last Case," features Raymond Griffith, Raymond Hatton, Marceline Day, Lawrence Gray and Donald Crisp in a mystery story unconvincingly told. C. H.

#### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

##### "The Duke Steps Out"

A screen comedy-drama adapted by Raymond Schrock and Dale Van Emers from the story by Lucian Cary, photographed by Morica; directed by James Cruze; casted by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; talking picture with the following cast: James Wellington, The Duke; Susie Corbin, The Duchess; Joaquin; Harry; and Karl.



of well-known...  
The Duke stepped out...  
everything very lively for those in vicinity, even though the scene of his activity was the campus of a western university where one had exceptionally noisy even to be seen. It comes as something of a shock to see a contender for the lightweight championship mooning and like a lovesick girl with her first, but he makes up for this foolishness by putting up two splendid scraps, for his lady and one for his title. It seems that he was afraid to tell her or what he was, even though he goes to college a second time for her and, if that isn't heroism, we would like to know what is.  
William Haines has the part of the young millionaire prize-fighter who gives his trainer heart failure by going to get into shape for his most important scrap. The trouble all between "The Duke" first laid eyes on Corbin and decided to get educated over again for her sake. She did take very kindly to his advances, and she went out of her way to be agreeable to him, but, after he had used her from an unpleasant scene in a shady roadhouse whither she had been on a lark, she began to come around. There were more misunderstandings, however, and it took the revolution of "The Duke's" identity over radio on the night of the big fight to make her decide in his favor. William Haines makes an agreeable pugilist, given to broad farce than usual and before more pleasant to watch. Joan Crawford has an uninteresting part, but manages to look extremely decorative. Dane has one of his usual idiotic scenes, making one long to see him in something less stereotyped and ridiculous. There is very little talking in the picture, but plenty of synchronized effects.  
E. L. H.

**KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE**  
**"Captive Woman"**

A screen drama, based on a story entitled "Changeling," by Donn Byrne; photography by Lee Garmes; directed by George Fitzmaurice and presented by First National as a part talking picture with the following cast:  
Dorothy Mackaill  
Milton Sills  
Gladden James  
Jed Prouty  
Sidney Bracey  
Gertrude Howard  
Marion Byron  
George Fawcett  
William Holden  
Frank Reicher  
August Tolleire  
Governor  
ne cannot fail sometimes to get an impression that some motion pictures started at the end or the middle and worked in this direction or that sufficient thousands of footage have been reeled off, leaving a small margin in which to write "The End" in a self-satisfied directorial flourish. "Captive Woman" gives something of this idea. Badly titled as a starter, it zigzags here and there, from New York to the South seas and back, with few lines of spoken dialogue, then a dash back to a series of silent scenes, now more spoken words, and so on, to the very improbable conclusion. Though it all what purports to be musical accompaniment runs aimlessly and ceaselessly. You hear it while you see in a murder trial are testifying, the Anna Bergen is shooting her paragon, while a storm rages at sea and she a naughty shark is trying to catch the leg of the hero, Officer McCarthy of the New York police force, a music at murder trials is an innovation without merit or excuse.  
Miss Mackaill here has the role of a seductive cabaret girl, of vile temper and morals. Failing to hold a rich proprietor she shoots him in cold blood and escapes to an island in the South Pacific where she soon has every one "off" from the bewhiskered old island governor down. Mr. Sills as James McCarthy, because he has a word of loyalty and immunity from nine allurements, is sent after her. The way back their little craft is wrecked and they, as sole survivors, are blown on a friendly island's beach. During the next months or years, the future is not certain which, Anna's love changes, she recognizes God, is willing to expiate her great sin. McCarthy, on his part, falls in love when she twice saves his life, and tries to save her; when finally rescued, they both New York. He follows minor tnesses to testify uninterruptedly as all that happened in his adventurous journey. The judge orders the jury to turn a verdict of guilty, then sentences Anna to her island for life, with McCarthy as her lawful husband. They ready were man and wife in their own eyes. Then only does Miss Mackaill break from the screen, a dozen words a shrill voice. Through the rest she lies on monotonously plied gestures and make-up nicely alternated to indicate a wanton woman and a salvaged girl. Mr. Sills tells his story simply, with pictorial aid of the camera flash-

backs. The acting of these two, however, and character bits of Mr. Fawcett as the wise old defence lawyer, Miss Howard as the vindictive colored maid and Mr. Holden as the austere judge, cannot make the picture credible.  
W. E. G.

**POPS: ISADORA DUNCAN DANCERS**

The Pops last night followed an unwonted course. The evening, to be sure, began, normally enough, according to the present type, with Mr. Casella on hand to furnish excellent music in excellent performance. And so it ran for nearly two hours.  
But at 10 o'clock Mr. Casella, after a rousing reading of the "Rienzi" overture, went home. The players, instead of following his lead, stepped from the stage to the floor of the hall—some making the descent by way of an agile vault—there to seat themselves again to work. Mr. Arthur Fiedler presently appeared, out of the darkness, to lead them. The curtains were pulled aside.  
For it should have been stated that the stage curtains had been drawn to. When they were parted, they revealed on the stage, a very figure of woe, Irma Duncan, the director of the Isadora Duncan Dancers of Moscow.  
Miss Duncan, in coiffure modern, in garb medieval—a statue on the facade of some Gothic cathedral she might have made her model—proceeded to express, by the droop of her head and the wave of her arms, black despair; this to the strains of Schubert's "Ave Maria." Six young women, robust of build, soon joined her in motions of despondency. So ladies must have disported themselves in the aesthetic period in the 80s, when Gilbert's Lady Saphir—or was it the Lady Angela?—besought her friends; "At least be early English, before it is too late."  
In cheerier mood, the ladies danced next to the andante from Schubert's C major symphony. In greenish tunics that floated about and behind them, they ran and bounded, by ones and twos, and finally in a body of six with the directress to lead, all under a pale light of green-blue. This was a very pretty dance indeed, with real spirit to lend it life.  
Short dances followed, to a succession of Schubert waltzes. In one the performers made play with a great sheet of gauze. They played a game of ball, the program had it, and also the program made mention of "Around the Linden Tree."

Miss Irma Duncan herself, employing much the same steps she had taught her ensemble, obliged with a solo, to Schubert's Moment Musical, which pleased so thoroughly that the audience wanted it again. Although she preferred not to repeat the dance, she broke into another, to the stirring measures of Schubert's military march, quite similar as to step, though in character something more defiant. The ensemble assisted her, and in this dance they reached their highest point of rhythmic precision, of animation. Throughout the performance the large audience showed every sign of pleasure.  
R. R. G.

**SCHOOL CONCERT**

An orchestral and choral concert of Boston public school pupils: Henry L. Pierce intermediate school; high school practical arts; Lewis intermediate school; Dorchester high school; Memorial high school, will be given in Jordan hall tonight at 8:10 o'clock. The program will include vocal compositions by Kremsler, Ippolitov—Ivanov, Mozart, Brahms, Rossini, Sullivan, Weber, De Lassus, Robertson, Mendelssohn, Debussy; Kentucky, Russian, Hebrew, Cossack, German, Scotch, Irish folk songs; soprano solos by Del Aqua and a Scotch folk song, Jessie Anderson, D. H. S., '29; orchestral pieces by Haydn, Plier, Kramer, Gade, and a Czardas, Dr. Jeremiah E. Burke, superintendent; John O'Shea, director of music; Dan Tierney, assistant director of music.

entertainment." When a London critic wished to be severe in the case of an operatic tenor he wasted no words about "diction"; this was his only allusion to the poor devil: "We wonder who taught Signor Vesuvio, and why?"

**A RHEUMATIC PRESIDENT**

Some may be surprised to learn that the presumably hard-headed President Hindenburg, suffering from a rheumatic knee, called in a mesmerist at \$25 a visit; that the pain continued after \$375 worth of treatment; that the discouraged warrior then found relief from a modest bootmaker who inserted arches in a new pair. The surprise is due to the fact that the President consulted a mesmerist.

Hindenburg had previously stated his case to doctors. Physicians were in vain. Masseur and electricity did not take away the rheumatic pains, dull or shooting. Why wonder, then, that the President in his desperation bethought him of Herr Willy Sachs, the "well-known" mesmerist? Have we not all known intelligent Americans who, finding regular practitioners, high-priced specialists, unable to cure them, have consulted hypnotists, nature healers, "Indian doctors," clairvoyants, village bone setters? Or they have put faith in quack medicines that are no longer in the market, dosing themselves in the fond belief that pains would disappear, appetite would be restored, diseases thought fatal would prove to be only temporary discomforts; and in those proprietary cure-a-ills that contained a liberal amount of whiskey they welcomed the exhilaration and had hope for the future.

Perhaps Hindenburg had read of Mesmer's cures in Paris late in the eighteenth century; how learned members of the medical faculty had supported his theories; how Dr. Deslon defended Mesmer against the sceptical; how men and women of high and low degree looked on Mesmer as their savior; how when a play "Docteurs Modernes," deriding Mesmer, was brought out at the Comedie Italienne in 1784, there were hisses and a pamphlet was published in which the author likened Mesmer to Socrates persecuted by the rulers and mocked by Aristophanes. Perhaps Hindenburg recalled the miraculous cures by Cagliostro in France and Russia.

The President did not discuss the question whether rheumatism is a symptom or a disease; he summoned a mesmerist. There was no New Englander present to advise Hindenburg to carry a horse chestnut in his pocket.

**"DICTION"**

Mr. William Wade Hinshaw, who sang in opera, now writes a letter in which he says that the word "diction" is misused when it is applied to a singer's (or actor's) pronunciation and enunciation. He maintains that the term should refer only to a writer's choice and employment of words.

"Diction," a word borrowed from the French, was not, apparently, in any English dictionary before Dr. Johnson's. At first it meant a "word"; then a phrase, a mode of speech; still later an expression of ideas in words, speech, verbal description. "Diction" with these meanings is now obsolete.

Today the use of the word from the beginning of the eighteenth century is confined, within generous limits, to the manner in which anything is expressed in words; also selection of words and phrases; verbal style; either in speech or writing. In French, it is the manner of speaking prose or poetry, as well as the choice and arrangement of words.

May it not be said of a singer that her diction is good or bad with reference to pronunciation or enunciation; also to her rhetorical emphasis, the presence or absence of intelligent phrasing?

If a singer or actress sings or speaks indistinctly, pronounces vowels impurely and ignores or over-stresses final consonants, cannot it be said that her "diction" is faulty? The singer is not responsible for her choice and arrangement of notes; that was the work of the composer; nor does an actress improvise her lines except when she has forgotten them and is "stalling," or introduces gags and wheezes.

Reviewers of concerts would be at a loss if

their technical vocabulary, already scanty in some respects, were reduced by zealous purists. How does a reviewer speak of a singer's "performance"? Her "delivery"? Her "interpretation"? But "interpretation" does not necessarily include "technic." More than one singer has the gift of interpretation although her technic is faulty. There is that loathsome word "rendition," which with the meaning "performing" is used only in the United States, and came into use in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

English music critics of the old school contented themselves, and possibly their readers, by saying: "The part of Donna Anna was in safe hands." In the old concert days an American critic could write: "She did nobly and the audi-

**HOLLIS STREET THEATRE**

**"Peter Pan"**

By James Barrie. The Civic Repertory Theatre, Inc. The cast:  
Paula Miller  
Edward Bromberg  
Vernon Jones  
Mary Ward  
Josephine Hutchinson  
Charles McCarthy  
Donald Cameron  
Eve Le Gallienne  
Landon Herrick  
Harold Moulton  
Gleesa Marsall  
Florida Kriebis  
Amy Chandler  
Elizabeth Shelley  
Savre Crawley  
John Eldridge  
Ted Fetter  
Walter Beck  
Harold Moulton  
Robert Ross  
Herbert Shapiro  
Robert H. Gordon  
Gladys Meyers  
Herbert Shapiro  
Ted Fetter  
A. Cabman

Of the performance last night, which everybody does not know, a word or two may be set down. It seemed, unless memory fails to serve, to lean, more heavily than performances in the past on special features and general sprightliness. Mr. Bromberg, to wit, made great hit with his life-like portrayal of Nana the dog—what a pity most actors who impersonate children fail to cultivate his powers of observation! The ostrich made a second hit with his—or her—"pas seal," and an Indian in a war dance made it the third; he might have been Mordkin himself. The pirates likewise danced with ingratiating clumsiness and ferocity, above all Mr. Eldridge as Smee of the engaging smile.

He drew a neat sketch, Mr. Eldridge, of that wicked man apt at his needle, Miss Le Gallienne, to come back to dancing, danced with rhythm, animation and spirit. Also she, like the man on the flying trapeze in the song, did float through the air with the greatest of ease; the three children did as well. If she met the juncture of the fairy's death not too satisfactorily, if she missed the poetic twist that some people find in Barrie's lines, at all events she played with a robust good humor that fitted well the general atmosphere of rhythmic song and dance, and lively feature.

This atmosphere was perhaps well judged. Taste changes with the times. Barrie's sentiment, already years ago quite sweet enough, for some folk may now have turned syrupy. His wit as well, while often witty enough, sounds oftener like that of Gilbert not at his best. The good humor and liveliness remaining unimpaired, it was well to make the most of them. Miss Le Gallienne saw that this was done.

The performance, very nice indeed, and never flagged. To the impersonations of note already mentioned, the glamorous Captain Hook of Mr. Beck should be added.

A large audience showed real pleasure.  
R. R. G.

**ARLINGTON THEATRE**  
**"Kiddush Ha-shem"**

An historical drama in three acts, presented by the Yiddish Art Players.

The cast:  
Stepan Kvaikov... Louis Waisberg  
Mendel... Joseph Goldsmith  
Shlomo... Joseph Greenberg  
Marusha... Liza Silber  
Yusheved... Bina Abramovitz  
The little tailor... Maurice Schwartz  
Pan Konitz-Polski... Lord of Zlochov  
Chihirin and Nemrov Ben-Zvi Barattoff  
The dancer... Daisy Meyer  
A servant... Sam Lerei  
Hayim... Michael Rosenberg  
Reb Zechariah... Gershon Rubin  
Reb Yonah... N. B. Samuloff  
The preacher... Lazar Freeth  
Reb Yonah, Parnas of Nemrov... Morris Strassberg  
Sha'ar Tzedek, Rabbi of Zlochov... Morris Silberkaste  
Sha'ar Tzedek's wife... Sonia Gurekayort  
Last evening the Yiddish Art Players, under the direction and leadership of Maurice Schwartz, gave a deeply immanpressive presentation, in Yiddish, of one "Kiddush Ha-shem," subtitled "An Epime of 1648," by Sholom Asch. The title proper is translated "The Sanctification of His Holy Name" but "Martyrdom" suggests the English equivalent more directly.

The drama is made from the author's novel of the same name and draws its material from the old chronicles of the period which tell of the revolt of the Ukrainian masses, under the Cossack Hetman Chmielnizki, against their cruel Polish overlords. The Jews are the chief victims of the struggle and the Chronicle says: "We are ashamed to write down all that the Cossacks among Tartars did unto the Jews, lest we disgrace the species man who is created in the image of God."

The struggle becomes a desperate battle for the Faith and it is the obstinate persistence on the part of the Jews to retain their identity which seems to have inspired Sholom Asch. From the first scene, when the problem is such a simple, homely one as a Jew observing of the Sabbath, through the



scenes of the suffering and martyrdom of a whole people, the piece rings with fervor and pride.

Each member of the company gives to his part a characterization vibrating with sincerity. Through erudition of setting and make-up, one feels a firm intellectual grasp and the throbbing sympathy. Bina Abramovitz lent to her role of Yocheved, the tavern keeper's wife, graciousness and dignity. Cella Adler as Deborah revealed with delicacy her budding love for her husband. To single out further individual distinctions from this roster of artists is very difficult, especially since it was necessary for the reviewer to miss the whole of the last act.

A musical setting of strong racial flavor was the work of Joseph Achron, violinist and composer. It draws on Chassidic chants for its material and

is developed in the modern manner, but unfortunately it was badly blurred in the playing.

The company is without the advantage of the revolving stage, with which its own playhouse in New York is equipped, yet last night's presentation was remarkably smooth, vivid picture followed upon vivid picture, in climatic sequence. Each tugged at the heart.

F. S. F.

## MUSIC

### CLAYTON JOHNS

By PHILIP HALE

The "Reminiscences of a Musician," by Clayton Johns, composer, pianist and teacher of Boston, is published by Washburn & Thomas of Cambridge. There are 11 illustrations.

The book might be entitled "Clayton Johns's Friends and Acquaintances," for Mr. Johns had the gift of making enduring friendships; as a student in Germany he had the opportunity of meeting celebrated musicians; through his friends in Boston, he became acquainted with agreeable men and women in European countries. He is reticent about his own studies, merely mentioning names of teachers without describing their methods of instruction. There is a glimpse of Liszt at Weimar, hearing, patiently or impatiently, young pianists playing to him; also an amusing description of Mr. Johns's first encounter with Liszt. There is now and then a short appraisal of this or that musician's worth—but the greater number of pages are devoted to the writer's pleasant days and nights with the many friends at home and abroad. It is as if Mr. Johns chatted amiably in a circle where there was an interchange of recollections. Yet it may be noted that it was in 1884 that Mr. Johns established his permanent residence in Boston. "Having already known a good many Bostonians, I soon found myself 'in the swim.'" It was in 1885 that he first appeared here in public, bringing out his songs with Charles R. Adams the singer.

One could wish a fuller description of the social life in New Castle, Delaware, where Mr. Johns was born, where he lived for 18 years. "There were no factories and there was no business. It was said that the inhabitants could not bear the sound of a hammer." In this respect they resembled the pleasure-loving people of Sybaris.

There are glimpses of Mme. Materna playing ninepins; of Brahms handing out cigars to Mr. Johns; of a trip in a houseboat down the Danube without an enforced camping near the mysterious willows that filled with horror the souls of the men in Algernon Blackwood's unforgettable story. We are told that Brahms wore Jaeger clothing, outside and in. An example of his characteristic rudeness is given. The inside of the piano lid in Alma Tadema's music room was scratched over with names of musicians, no doubt at the wish of the owner; so there was no reminder of the old lines:

"When'er you see a fellow's name  
Scratched on window glass,  
You know he owns a diamond  
And his father owns an ass."

Anecdote follows anecdote. As for the record of Mr. Johns's life in Boston, there is only a modest allusion to his valuable contributions to the musical years of the city, but there are entertaining pages that will aid Boston's future historian, reconstructing the social life between 1885 and the present day.

### THE ISADORA DUNCAN DANCERS AT THE POPS

Three dance compositions, carefully and beautifully worked out, stirring and expressive in performance, were presented at the Pops last night by the Isadora Duncan Dancers of Moscow. The dances were set to movements of Tchaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony, and though they were doubtless meant to be parts of one whole, as dance com-

positions they had very distinct separate individualities. This program, both orchestral and choreographic, will be repeated on Thursday and on Saturday. An audience that filled the hall almost to overflowing testified to the fact that the innovation of having dance programs with the usual orchestral program is in keeping with the spirit and taste of Pops habitués, and is highly approved.

The dances were preceded by six pieces played by the Pops Symphony orchestra, with Arthur Fiedler conducting. Mr. Fiedler lavished care and intelligence on the music, and made it much more than merely entertaining. His conducting of the Pathetic Symphony, the interpretation tempered to suit the natural demands of the dance, was praiseworthy too.

As to the dancing, be it said that if Irma Duncan is not a great dancer, she is certainly a great dance composer. Also, she has trained her pupils to a high degree of grace, and has infused into them a sincerity and intensity that promise much for their futures. The Allegro con grazia, as they danced it, was fleet and rhythmic, of a most unaffected grace and loveliness, though it did not offer much, either of freshness or subtlety, in the way of what might be called "dance thought." But the Allegro molto vivace, which was danced next, was a gem of choreography—the ideas and motifs were original without being unnatural, Russian in spirit without losing the universal appeal of the "natural" dancing taught by Isadora, stirring, intense, and dramatic without ever sacrificing the rhythmic flow of movement. In this dance, too, the weaving of the ideas, the threads of thought, into a dance pattern, was marvelously accomplished. Here, too, the dancing itself was most lovely-free, abandoned, ecstatic. It really ennobled the music that inspired it. The Final: Adagio Lamentoso, was interpreted in movements of grace and meaning, by Irma Duncan, sola.

Much applause from the enthusiastic audience told the dancers and musicians how much the evening was enjoyed.

E. B.

By PHILIP HALE

Hollis Street Theatre: The Civic Repertory Theatre, Inc., of New York, Eva Le Gallienne, director, in "The Master Builder," a play in three acts by Hendrik Ibsen. The cast was as follows:

Knutte Brovik.....	Walter Reed
Kaia Fosh.....	Josephine Hutchinson
Ragnar Brovik.....	Harold Soudon
Halvard Solness.....	Edmund Archer
Aline Solness.....	Alma Le Gallienne
Doctor Herdal.....	Sayre Crawley
Miss Hilda Wangel.....	Eva Le Gallienne

Suppose a lover of the theatre, knowing little about Ibsen, unacquainted with the vitriolic articles written against the Norwegian by William Winter and Clement Scott—articles that seem ridiculous, incredible today—and with the eulogistic articles by Archer, Shaw and others, had gone to the Hollis St. Theatre last night for the sake of entertainment. Suppose this theatre-goer to be a man of reasonable intelligence, without prejudice, caring nothing about "symbolism," not looking for a sermon or essay instead of a play, but interested in all social problems, all struggles of human beings with the world, the flesh and the Devil—what would he have thought of "The Master Builder"?

His attention would have been held throughout the play, for the character of Solness would have impressed him by the ruthless force of the man, also by his weakness. Here was a man who, recognized as a genius in his work, yet feared the younger generation knocking at the door; a master who would not give Ragnar an opportunity, and schemed in a contemptible manner to crush his ambition, yet keep him in his service through Kaia, who, betrothed to Ragnar, yet worshipped her employer; a master who would not comfort a dying man until Hilda shamed him and then it was too late.

Solness owed his first success to a fire that burned the home that was everything to his wife, yet he at times reproached himself for the loss of the children that were dear to them, who died through the shock to their mother. An uncomfortable person at home, he drew other women towards him. He had kissed Hilda the child and told her he would make her the princess of a kingdom. When she came to him 10 years later, he had forgotten the incident and his promises, but she had treasured these things in her heart. He had given up the raising of churches and was building houses for happy families—he who was without children and knew not happiness. Then Hilda fired his ambition, snatched at his humbler projects, and at last in a jealous fit, believing gossip about him and Kaia, urged, persuaded him, although

he was afraid to ascend the tower of his new house. And what would our theatre goer say to Hilda's frenzied cry of joy, when Solness fell to earth: "I heard harps in the air"?

Our friend would be somewhat puzzled if he were told that deep thinkers had found that Solness symbolized the man of genius in his maturer years, restless, unsuited to family life, hating youth and love until he finds a woman who is the "chosen mirror of his pride," ending badly through pride, erotomania, boredom or suicide, or putting forth works unbalanced or obscure—destroyed by admirers as Hilda making him believe that he was a Superman.

Our theatre-goer would not understand this conclusion of Jules Lemaitre, even if he had read that brilliant Frenchman's essay. Nor would he have compared "The Master Builder" with Herman Melville's story, "The Bell Tower." He would simply say that he was interested in the play, pitied the men that Solness trampled under foot, saw Kaia and Aline shabbily treated, watched every movement and pondered every word of Solness and was fascinated by Hilda, though to his New England mind she was a little devil. The performance, he, as an old theatre-goer, would have pronounced excellent; he could not have imagined one more illuminative of the play; nor more vivid portrayals of the characters whether they were mentally normal or with minds diseased, half-crazed.

### BRATTLE HALL

#### "Close Up"

A musical comedy in three acts: book and lyrics by H. C. Adamson; music by B. D. Hanighen; produced by the Harvard Dramatic Club with the following cast: Mr. Barbecue.....Robert Haydon Jones, '30  
Sam Price.....John Archer, '30  
Esther Boylston.....Ruth Collins  
Nelson Nelson.....Harold Meyer, '30  
Chuck Boylston.....Henry Fonda  
Wallace Bieley.....Robert R. Wallstein, '32  
Louis Crooks.....Eleanor Swann  
Betty Bunson.....Juliette Browne, R'30  
Adagio Dancers:  
Eugenia Frothingham and Clark Winter, '31.  
Jack Partridge.....Himself

The Harvard Dramatic Club is nothing if not ambitious; from impressionistic plays to poetic tragedy, from refurbished classics to modern drama, and finally to musical comedy run their productions. "Close Up," as its title would indicate is a musical treatment of the lighter side of making motion pictures. The plot is not of very great importance—most of the attention having been lavished on the songs and dancing. Let not captious onlookers complain that the chorus lacks the precision of professional performers. They go through their dances with an enthusiastic interest and spirit that more than makes up for any lack of mechanical perfection. The singing was excellent, special praise being due John Archer for his skillful and pleasant use of his melodious tenor voice. Nor should the humorous antics of Mr. Fonda be forgotten, since he did so much to keep the audience in the best of humor.

This entertainment is by its virtues worthy to rank with some of the dramatic club. There is no reason why they should limit themselves to serious drama when they are so good in purely frivolous forms of entertainment. Last night's audience was extremely enthusiastic but no more than the show deserved. Encores were demanded after all the songs and dances and the cast was most generous in their response. There are several catchy tunes, particularly "Close Up," the theme song, which deserves a long and prosperous career with dance orchestras.

E. L. H.

### STRONG-BOARDMAN RECITAL

William D. Strong and Herbert D. Boardman gave a recital of music for two pianos, last night in Steinert hall. It pleased a large audience.

Many people liked best, or so it appeared, Mrs. Beach's suite founded on old Irish melodies. Here was well made music deriving its inspiration, if one may hazard a guess, from the days when the famous Irish Players set all America aflame with enthusiasm for Yates, Lady Gregory and Synge Romance, it is clear, Mrs. Beach had it in mind to suggest, the lure of Gaelic legend, Irish peasant humor.

Others liked better a pastorella by Richard Platt, and a prelude too, melodious music of genuine grace and charm, the work of a master of form. By an earlier master of form, Saint-Saens, no less, many people delighted in a septet, op. 65. No wonder. Not every day does music, light and unpretentious but still the work of a genuine expert, fall on our ears, a musician consummate in skill.

Louise Souther, who contributed a fantasia, in C minor, to the program, might wisely make a study of his methods. By no means deficient in musical ideas, the presenting of them she took a full advantage, for their good, of a freedom permitted a fantasy; they sed their effect. On the other hand Boardman, in his new Fanfare of

Spring, used bouncingly and in a consonant way, effectively, material of no striking worth.

As well as these novelties and the septet the concert-givers also played six waltzes by Brahms, transcribed by Guy Maler.

They played extremely well, failing of perfect "timing" only once and again when big chords in unison lay before them. They played, indeed, with fine musicianship, rhythmically, elegantly, sonorously. If to venture a suggestion, they could raise their entire scale a degree or two—by means of stronger accents, dynamics more sharply defined—they would quicken the vitality of their performance.

R. R. G.

### ALLIED ARTS PLAYERS

Three plays were given at the Fine Arts Theatre last night by the Allied Arts Players. The direction, acting, costuming, and settings of these plays were excellent, considering that they were entirely the work of an amateur organization. But because the Allied Arts Players are amateurs in the truest sense of the word, they have much indeed to bring to their productions—freshness, spontaneity, a taste for the best plays, and a sure sense of characterization that seldom fails even the most inexperienced player. For these reasons their program last night was very worth while, and a large audience showed, by much applause, how much their efforts were appreciated.

Paul Green's admirable folk play "The No 'Count Boy," was acted by Eleanor Trent Wallace, Thomas Johnson, Gena Brown, and Alvira Hazzard. Each played with natural ingratiating charm the naive country people of the South. Excellently acted was Tchekoff's "The Boor." Numa Rousseve, as Smirnov,

proved himself an actor of presence and talent; his characterization rang true from beginning to end. Thelma Thornton as the not-inconsolably-sad widow was pretty and engaging enough to make the Boor's sudden love for her convincing, and she acted with skill. Gena Brown acted well as Luka.

The last play was "The Festival of the Resurrection of Adonis," a Greek-Oriental Idyll by Theocritus. In this, some unusually fine stage effects were obtained. Eduard Du Buron, as Adonis, held a difficult pose remarkably well, and danced with grace. Mildred Daventport, as the Temple Dancer, did some Egyptian dancing that was precise, mysterious and beautiful, surely the actual dancing of Egyptian temple women must have been like this. Delphic hymns and sweet incense contributed atmosphere. Eleanor Smith and Gorgo acted well as the "chattering women."

The proceeds of the evening's entertainment will go toward the maintenance of the studio workshop, under the capable directorship of Maud Joney-Hare.

E. B.

THE INTIMATE JOURNAL OF GEORGE SAND, edited and translated by Marie Jenney Howe; The John Day Co. 198 pp. \$3.50.

By PHILIP HALE

The volume also comprises the "Daily Conversations with the Very Learned and Highly Skilled Doctor Piffel, Professor of Botany and Psychology" and a scrap book "Sketches and Hints." The "Conversations" are between George Sand's masculine and feminine selves; the scrap book includes personal letters and reflections. The important dates and events in her life are given in an appendix.

The Journal is in the form of letters written to Musset, expressing in passionate, at times hysterical phrases, her sufferings after the break in their relationship. She sent this Journal to him, hoping it would put an end to his resentment. He showed the manuscript to others, joked about it, lent it to Mme. Jaubert, who, without Musset's knowledge, copied it. One copy came into the possession of Alfred's brother, Paul, who incorporated certain pages in his venomous "Lui et Elle." The Journal finally went back to George Sand. The original manuscript is lost. A copy was given by Spoelberch de Lovenjoul to her granddaughter, Aureole. The Journal and the other pages in this volume are now published for the first time in English, though there are allusions to the Journal and extracts from it in "George Sand and Her Lovers," by Francis Gribble. Mrs. Howe, the author of "George Sand: The Search for Love," has written an introduction to the Journal, added notes to those contributed by



Aurora, and anno... the other portions of the volume. In "Doctor Piffuel," George Sand speaks at some length of E. T. A. Hoffmann's "Kreisler" (sic) and his writings. Mrs. Howe, in a footnote, adds: "Celebrated as the author of 'Tales of Hoffmann,'" from which one might infer that he was the author of the play and of the opera thus entitled.

There is much of interest besides the revelation of George Sand's passionate nature, her longing for Musset, her self-reproaches joined to her wild cries. The Journal was written as much for herself as Musset; it was never intended for the public, unlike the journals and letters of certain famous men and women. Open the Journal at random:

"Liszt said to me today that God alone deserves to be loved. It may be true, but when one has loved a man it is very difficult to love God. It is so different. He is very lucky, the good little Christian! ... once or twice when we were together I almost thought he was falling in love with me, or that he was ready to do so. Then suddenly, during his third visit to my house, I saw clearly that I had been stupidly cherishing an unnecessary virtue. Liszt loves no one but God and the Holy Virgin, who does not resemble me in the slightest degree. Excellent young man! If his piety is sincere I

respect him. If it is an affectation I shall never know the difference. Why should I send him away? Besides, it is all so unimportant. Nothing has reality for me but one fixed idea, one last hope." This was the Liszt of 1834. He had already fallen in love with his pupil Caroline de Saint-Cricque and been rejected as a suitor by her father. It was in 1835 that he ran away with the Countess d'Agoult, who had thrown herself at his feet. She had many successors.

Wishing to win back Musset's friendship and respect at least, George purposed to surround herself with men as high-minded as they were distinguished. "I shall not choose powerful men, I prefer to associate with artists: Liszt, Delacroix, Berlioz, Meyerbeer. I shall be with them as a man among men. Of course, people will gossip. They will deny the possibility of such comradeship. They will laugh at me. Alfred will hear these innuendoes and will get a wrong impression. But the truth will triumph—O my God, who knows that better than I?"

George Sand sought relief from her bitter thoughts. She went to the opera. "I was bored to death. ... Decidedly music is bad for me, and the theatre bores me. People who go to the theatre look so stupid. They appear tranquil but indifferent. Some of them seem happy. While I who sit beside them feel a viper eating at my heart. My hair is cut off, there are dark circles under my eyes, my cheeks have grown

hollow. I look dull and old." (She had cut off her hair and sent it to Musset in her desire to soften his heart. This was in keeping with the romanticism of the period.)

By the side of her eloquent outpourings she noted a logical conclusion that is even today heard as a merry quip: "I'm glad I don't care for spinach, for if I liked it I should eat it, and I cannot bear spinach."

She was at the first performance of Gabussis' "Ernani": Stupid, boresome Buloz (the editor of the Revue des Deux Mondes) sleeps at the opera as comfortably as in his own bed. People tread on his coat-tails, they step on his hat, on his feet. He awakens long enough to exclaim, "Good Lord!" then goes back to sleep again. As for me, unfortunate boy that I am, they all stare at me, then somebody says, "Look, isn't that George Sand? Let me see! Show her to me! Where is she?" "Ah! I heard an old lady say, 'she really appears quite decent in spite of everything.'" And this entry in her journal is followed by her saying that she was sometimes tempted to go to Musset's house and pull on the doorknob till the cord broke. "Alfred, you know that I love you, that I cannot love any one but you. Kiss me, do not argue, say sweet things to me, caress me, because you do find me attractive, in spite of my short hair, in spite of the wrinkles that have come to my cheeks during these last few days. And then, when you are exhausted with emotion and

feel irritation returning, treat me badly, send me away, but not with those dreadful words, 'the last time.'"

If in her Journal George Sand is a sister of Mlle. Lespinasse, if she reminds one by the fervor of her amorous entreaties of the deserted women for whom the poet Ovid wrote letters to their one-time lovers, in the curious conversations between Dr. Piffuel and herself she shows her reasoning, generous, nobler self, which is even more revealed in her scrapbook. Yet her former self is often seen, as when she writes: "Man knows himself necessary to women. He has therefore acquired an almost fatuous self-confidence. And the majority of women, whether from cupidity, or sex

need, or vanity, have so much at stake in their love for men that they allow men to arrogate to themselves a despotic power over their lives. When for any one of these reasons her tyrant becomes indispensable, woman faces the double problem of holding her tyrant and lightening her yoke. There is but one means of achieving these two ends, and that is by the basest sort of flattery."

Note her ideas about the education of children: Ideas remarkable in 1837, worthy of consideration today. She did not believe in school competitions. "What can be expected of the child who loves to triumph through the defeat of his comrades? ... He will never be more than a jealous poet, a sly, envious artist, or an office-holder infatuated with his silly popularity. ... He will be useful to himself alone and injurious to others."

Note the beauty of certain descriptions; of Liszt playing Schubert's music, while Mme. d'Agoult walked in the shadows that fell across the terrace at Nohant; note the "vision inspired by Beethoven." There are shrewd characterizations of men and women; a generous defence of Marie Dorval the actress, who, too, had suffered through love.

The scrapbook contains a comment written by George Sand in 1868: "I no longer live in myself. My heart has gone into my children and my friends. I suffer only through their sufferings. I have no more needs for myself. Shall I live much longer? ... Or shall I drop off suddenly? No use wondering. ... Shall I keep on being useful? Ah, that is worth wondering about?"

"I remain a believer, a believer in God, the life eternal, evil some day vanquished by science, science illumined by love. But symbols, images, cults, human gods—good-by! I have passed beyond all that."

This was in 1868. The remaining years were busy, dignified, serene. When she died in 1876, the graveyard of the little church at Nohant was filled with the leading representatives of literary France. Dumas the younger had composed the funeral oration: When the time came he broke down and wept. He could not speak as he had promised; as he wished.

There have been, even in recent years, flippant, prejudiced, malicious, cruel books about George Sand, writer and woman. The translation by Mrs. Howe of the Journal and the other pages in this volume with Mrs. Howe's valuable explanatory notes will not appeal to the sockers and sniffers of garbage; but it should be of interest to all who wish to know better the mind of a woman, conspicuous in the 19th century for native force; for a talent approaching genius.

#### METROPOLITAN THEATRE "The Hole in the Wall"

A screen melodrama, adapted by Pierre Collings from a stage play of the same title by Fred Jackson; photography by George Folsey, directed by Robert Florey and presented by Paramount as an all-talking picture, with the following cast: Jean Oliver, ... Edward G. Robinson, Gordon Grant, ... David Newell, Mrs. Ramsay, ... Nelly Savage, Mrs. Carlsake, ... Louise Closser Hale, ... Katherine Emmet, ... Marcia Kazuo, ... Barry Macolliste, ... George McQuinn.

Never in the hysterical history of motion pictures has such a notable assembly of players been subjected to such shabby treatment as they are accorded in "The Hole in the Wall." Mr. Robinson of "The Racket" and "Kublitz" fame; Louise Closser Hale, one of the finest character actresses of our generation; Katherine Emmet, whose recent performance as Lucrezia in Miss Cowl's presentation of "Paolo and Francesca" is still fresh in memory; Donald Meek, a quaint, many-sided comedian; Miss Colbert, straight from Eugene O'Neill's "Dynamo"—here are players of talent, who have done creditable things in the theatre, who doubtless can do equally good things in audible pictures, granted a sane medium. That they are able to hold an audience's interest is due to their individual skill.

If by any process of mental gymnastics one is able to believe that a little girl 4 years' old could cling for nearly half an hour to the rungs of a ladder leading from a waterfront pier to the waters below, finally to be rescued, dry-clad, by policemen, then it will be easier to overlook or condone the comparatively minor defects of this preposterous product. That situation, however, is supposed to figure in the climax; and it is difficult to conceive of anything less convincing.

The hole in the wall is that small aperture through which certain mortals affirm they can peer from this world into the world beyond. Mme. Mystera, who holds seances for wealthy women as a blind for the subsequent depredations of a criminal band, is killed in an elevated train accident. Jean Oliver, fresh from prison, to which a rich employer, Mrs. Ramsay, sent her on an unjust charge of theft, replaces Mme. Mystera with the sole idea of kidnapping Mrs. Ramsay's little granddaughter and of bringing her up as a thief. The plot succeeds, but vindictive-

ness gives way to love for the child, Marcia. When the police close in, Goofy, her guardian, is drowned, but Marcia, after the episode referred to above, is saved. An odd phase of the story is that Goofy, dead, is supposed to speak words of warning through Jean's mediumistic lips. In the confused end, Mrs. Ramsay confesses she had Jean railroaded because of her son's infatuation. Jean is reunited with a childhood lover now become a super-reporter, and the Fox is revealed as one of the noblest, most sacrificial crooks

ever seen. The picture has several novel scenes, such as the railway crash, and the periscope mirror which shows the crooks, who are outside their doors. The players' voices do not always register evenly; often the words are unintelligible. However, with wasted effort, the fewer words the better. W. E. G.

#### COPLEY PLAZA BALLROOM Special showing of the French film "The Passion of Joan of Arc" under the auspices of the Artkino Guild. The picture is directed by Carl T. Dreyer and has the following cast:

Joan of Arc, ... Falconetti, Jean de Dinteville, ... Andre Berley, Jean de Dinteville, ... Antonin Artaud, ...

Yesterday afternoon in the ballroom of the Copley-Plaza Hotel before a distinguished gathering, the Artkino Guild gave the first Boston showing of a French picture, "The Passion of Joan of Arc." The occasion was the launching of Boston's Little Theatre, "The Screen," which is to be devoted to the presentation of worthwhile films. Money has been raised for building of the theatre, but more will be needed for the plans now on foot. The audience was asked to subscribe and under the spirited prompting of Miss Eva Le Gallienne responded generously. It is an undertaking that deserves much encouragement, for Boston will have an opportunity to see the finest motion pictures. Lothrop Stoddard spoke of the great need for such a theatre.

As a foretaste of its quality the Artkino Guild could hardly have found a more auspicious offering than "The Passion of Joan of Arc." This picture, recently completed in France under the inspired direction of Carl Dreyer, ranks among the most extraordinary things that the moving pictures have yet produced. It is harrowing, it is pitiful, it is almost unbearably tragic, yet everything is accomplished by the very simplest means. The actors wear no make-up and the faintest shades of expression on their faces are clearly shown. Close-ups predominate, but the angles at which they are taken prevent any feeling of monotony.

There is no attempt to give the whole life of Joan of Arc, only the last few hours of her life—the end of her trial, her momentary recantation under the fear of the stake, and her terrible death. The acting of Falconetti as Joan is beyond words: she is the simple, resolute, bewildered yet exalted peasant girl that one feels Joan must have been. Her face mirrors every emotion and when she weeps it is so pitiful that one is almost ashamed to look. Her passage to the stake is a veritable Via Dolorosa, and as she stands on the pyre, with the crucifix clasped to her breast, there is something sublime in her face that makes one realize how this girl accomplished miracles and faced death with such wonderful faith. The other actors were very fine, even if it did seem at times that there was too much emphasis laid on physical ugliness. E. L. H.

#### CARMEN

Jordan Hall. Bizet's "Carmen," Leginska's Opera in English Company, Ethel Leginska, conductor, The cast:

Carmen, ... Rose Zulalian, Frasquita, ... Zoe Muscare, Mercedes, ... Doris Rosenberg, ... Marguerite La Liberté, Don Jose, ... Glenn Drake, Morales, ... Roy Nichols, Zuniga, ... Henry Heald, Escamillo, ... James R. Houston, Don Cairo, ... Canille Girouard, Remendado, ... Howard Stevens, Lillas Pastia, ... Maurice Tobin.

Here was an interesting experiment. Miss Leginska conceived the idea that she would like to train an opera company. Done! Though, so far as information goes, she has never dealt exhaustively with the singing voice, though she can scarcely, among her many activities, have devoted much time to the preparing and conducting of opera performances, Miss Leginska is not the person to let herself be put about by trifles. She determined, evidently, to make a good shift with such assets as she had at hand.

The most valuable of these was a well-trained orchestra of women players, an orchestra exceedingly competent at a symphony concert program, but surely not experienced at opera. Miss Leginska made little of their lack of operatic routine; she, an orchestra conductor of rare ability, could show them the way.

Building, therefore, on her orchestra—or so it appears to a person unformed—Miss Leginska gathered a cast

about her no and once world bined with hard work, can accomplish in the face of want of routine. Not till next season, though, to be accurate, will the result of the experiment declare itself definitely; yesterday's performance was labelled "introductory."

In these conditions, only very general impressions are in place. Miss Leginska, it is clear, is not of a mind to trample reasonable traditions in the mud. She made use of simple but very good stage settings. She called James K. Murray to her aid, who contrived a smooth-moving performance along the usual line. Her actors, under the dramatic direction of Iride Pilla, acted very well indeed, far better than one had a right to demand. The eye, in short, if using reason, had slight cause to complain.

The ear it was, oddly enough, which found itself less content. Miss Leginska, able conductor though she is, missed the instrumental sparkle, the rhythmic verve of Bizet's score, its telling dramatic strokes; she made it ponderous and drab. And as for her singers, all of them well enough of voice and some of them far better, if she troubled herself to exact of them musically beautiful—and consequently expressive—singing, she failed in her attempt.

The words she made them enunciate distinctly; on the whole they did admirably by Charles Henry Meltzer's excellent translation. But pray let Miss Leginska remember that in music drama it is the music that makes the drama moving. And music, really to deserve the name, must not fall in rhythm or in both fineness and breadth of phrasing. Drama and settings and enunciation in this introductory production—fine features all—outstripped the music too far for a thoroughly satisfactory performance. R. R. G.

## NAVY YARD HEAD CUTS OUT GUILD AS SOVIET ALLY

Admiral Philip Andrews commandant of the Charlestown navy yard and Mrs. Andrews and Lt.-Col. Morris A. Locke, U. S. A., attached to the first corps area, have withdrawn from the patron list of the Artkino Guild of Boston and have requested that their names be no longer used on the guild's advertising and all other guild matter, it was learned yesterday.

It is understood that the reason for the withdrawal of the army and navy officers is the connection between the Artkino Guild and the Sovkino of Moscow, which supplies all communist propaganda films to groups of the various "Kinos" in this and other countries.

On account of their positions in the army and navy Adm. Andrews and Lt.-Col. Locke were unable and unwilling yesterday to discuss this phase of the matter for publication.

#### THOUGHT IT FOR CHARITY

Adm. Andrews said that he withdrew from the guild when he found that it intended to build a theatre and it is his unvarying policy to support only charitable groups and nothing connected with business. He said the man who persuaded him over the telephone to join the patrons mentioned the name of a friend of the admiral's and gave him the impression that it was a charitable affair.

On the invitations to the showing of the film in the Copley-Plaza last Friday are the names of Admiral Andrews and Lt.-Col. Locke. On the programs used at the presentation the names of the admiral and lieutenant-colonel are blotted out.

The affair has caused much discussion and quiet investigation among patriotic organizations of the state. State Comdr. Dr. William H. Griffin of the American Legion said last night that if he finds that there is a connection between the Artkino Guild and the Moscow distributors of communist propaganda films he will conduct a sweeping investigation of the whole matter. If there is fact in the assertions being made in patriotic organizations, he said, it should result in in-



e state and federal investigations. During the showing of "The Passion of Joan of Arc" a woman approached Eva Le Gallienne, guest of honor, and asked her if she was aware that she was sponsoring a communist movement. Miss Le Gallienne replied, according to report, that "Communist or not, what matters—it is art."

The film, many said, tended to show clergymen in a very unfavorable light. Many were so affected by the film that they walked out of the room while it was being shown. About half left in this manner before the last reel had been thrown on the screen, those who attended say.

"Breaking Chains" was the first film from Moscow to be shown in Boston, on March 25, 1927, in Symphony hall. It marked the beginning of the Artkino Guild in this city. The program said "International Workers' Aid presents 'Breaking Chains,' the wonder film from Moscow, Friday, March 25, 1927, at Symphony hall, Boston." Three of the sponsors were George Kraska, Prof. Henry W. L. Dana and Jacques Hoffman. These three are on the advisory board of the Artkino Guild, according to the guild program of last Friday. Kraska is secretary of the Artkino Guild.

In New York city the Amkino Guild is of the same type as the Artkino Guild here and gets its films from the same source in Moscow.

The Artkino Guild is raising money to build a theatre here which will cost about \$35,000, and will seat about 500. It will be part of the "little theatre movement," and will furnish films only intended for the very intelligent, according to speakers at last Friday's gathering.

The theatre will be of an entirely different nature and appearance from any other motion picture theatre in Boston. Its front will be of black tile, according to tentative plans. The name of the current film will be displayed in an electric sign, the only adornment. The interior will be plain and severe, with glass illuminated columns as the only touch of color. The theatre's name will be the "Screen."

According to Friday's program at the Copple-Plaza the following films will be shown at the new theatre next fall: "Growth of the Soil" by Knut Hamsun, "Ten Days that Shook the World" by Zola, Tolstol's "Power of Darkness,"

"Shattered," "Unholy Love," "Fall of the House of Usher," "Love, Life and Nature," "The Village of Sin" and others.

#### WAGNER NIGHT AT POPS

The first Sunday night concert of this season's Pops, in Symphony hall, was devoted by Mr. Casella, conductor, to the works of Wagner. The program included excerpts from seven of the great German composer's operas; namely, the overture, and the entrance of the guests into the Wartburg, from "Tannhauser"; a "Siegfried" idyll; the prelude and love-death scene from "Tristan and Isolde"; a prelude to "The Meistersingers of Nuremberg"; the prelude and introduction to act III of "Lohengrin"; the Good Friday spell from "Parsifal"; and the ride of the Valkyries, without which no orthodox Wagnerian program would be complete.

The numbers were so chosen as to avoid tiresome heaviness. The orchestra, skilfully guided by Mr. Casella, gave to each selection that perfection of performance one has learned to expect from such a splendid band of musicians. The audience was large and enthusiastic, an indication that such programs may safely be inserted, at various times, as acceptable contrasts to the nightly miscellanies culled from lighter compositions.

#### MODERN-BEACON THEATRES

##### "Black Waters"

A screen melodrama, adapted from a stage play entitled "Fog," by John Willard; directed by Marshall Neilan; produced by Herbert Wilcox and presented as a World Wide all-talking picture with the following cast:

"Tiger" Larrabee? . . . . . James Kirkwood  
Kelly . . . . . John Loder  
Elmer . . . . . Hallam Cooley  
Randall . . . . . Frank Reicher  
Temple . . . . . Lloyd Hamilton  
Dargy . . . . . Robert Ames  
Olaf . . . . . Ben Hendricks  
Joel . . . . . Noble Johnson  
Eunice . . . . . Mary Brian

At 1:30 o'clock on a certain foggy morning, "Tiger" Larrabee, master of a mystery ship and with an evil record of sins committed on many seas and in many ports, had planned to blow up his ship and thereby settle once for all his old scores with those who were intent on his death and those whom he had wronged. Within five minutes of the appointed time four persons had been deliberately murdered, and old Larrabee seemed in a fair way to suc-

"Jorgensen of the C. A. Larsen Tells Heroic Tale as Famous Ship Arrives Here"—Headline in the N. Y. Sun. "Heroic." Did Jorgensen rescue lives at sea in a howling storm? Did he quell a mutiny? Did he sustain the courage of his crew when all thought their ship was lost? No. The Larsen took with her seven little tugboats; each one was equipped with a harpoon gun. The gunners thus killed 195 blue whales.

What would Queequeg, the harpooner, whose dexterity so excited the admiration of Bildad and Peleg, owners of the Pequod that they gave him the ninetieth lay, "and that's more than ever was given a harpooner yet out of Nantucket"—what would Queequeg say to this? Or Tashtego, or Daggo, or the mysterious Parsee in Capt. Ahab's boat? Queequeg who, darting his iron over old Bildad's broad brim, clean across the ship's deck, struck out of sight a glistening tar spot on the water. "Now," said Queequeg, quietly hauling in the line, "spose him whale-e cye; why, dad whale dead."

To shoot a harpoon from a gun instead of hurling the iron! Why not discharge a cannon? After the whale was secured it was hauled into the bow of the Larsen, shoved over tables, and then chopped up. No longer do mates take whaling spades in hand, while the ship trembles and quivers under the strain of the hoisting with the aid of cutting tackles. Is the harpoon line still magical, sometimes horrible? Does it still fold a boat in its complicated coils, so that the oarsmen, involved in its perilous contortions "seem as Indian jugglers, with the deadliest snakes sportively jestooning their limbs"? ("All men live enveloped in whale lines," wrote Melville. "All are born with halters round their necks; but it is only when caught in the swift, sudden turn of death, that mortals realize the silent, subtle, ever-present perils of life.")

In the good old days the whale gave light to households. The oil filled lamps of homely or strange construction. There was winding up of a lamp as of a clock. In the good, heroic days, whalebones fondly embraced the women of our villages and towns, at times crushing them in their fervor. Thus the whale cheered the night

in sitting room and kitchen; women even when tortured for fashion's sake, looked on the whale as a steadfast friend.

What becomes of the 75,000 barrels of oil brought by the Larsen to New York? It goes to makers of soap. Oh, shabby ending of the ocean's royal family.

#### WITH A BEARD

One reads that the officials of a newly organized transportation company doing business in Chicago, New York and other large cities prefer bearded men for taxi-drivers, if they do not insist on luxuriant whiskerage. Do these officials think that a beard ensures careful driving, a knowledge of city streets, courteous handling of a passenger?

It is true there was a time when a beard was thought synonymous with wisdom. Philosophers, prophets, men of science were bearded. (Not so many years ago a young physician could not expect a lucrative practice unless he sported a full beard.) The years of our Civil War saw whiskerage in all its glory; a man was not thought a hero or even proficient in military strategy unless he resembled a "whiskered Pandour," yet Julius Caesar, who was reckoned in his day a competent army leader, took pains to be smooth of face and body. "About the trimming of his body, he was over-curious; so as he would not only be noted and shaven very precisely, but also have his hair plucked in so much as some cast it in his teeth, and twitted him therewith." The beard was sacred. Among the orientals to tweak it was a deadly insult. Men swore by the Beard of the Prophet.

Is a taxi-driver expert, resourceful, honest, because he is bearded like the pard? Shave a supposed philanthropist; his mouth may be small, mean, even cruel. A beard may cover a weak chin, a chin like a poached egg, the chin of Swinburne and of Arnold Bennett. No, a full beard is not an infallible index of character.

Nor would a taxi-driver sporting Piccadilly weepers, or Galway sluggers, mutton chop whiskers, an imperial, a soup-strainer, or a moustache of the toothbrush variety, zymos, spinach, necessarily inspire confidence. A driver with a bushy beard might lead a possible passenger, ready to hail him as he approached with beckoning hand, to shake the head fearing a caveman's treatment.

The Civic Repertory Theatre, Inc., Eva Le Gallienne, director, out tomorrow night at the Hollis Street Theatre Leonid Andreiev, and repeat the performance on Saturday evening and at the day matinee.

Andreiev (1871-1919) knew years of poverty as a boy and as a student at the universities of Leningrad and Moscow. It is said that he was influenced by Tolstol's "Wherein is thy Faith?" He tried to kill himself three times. At first he devoted himself to painting; then the law; then he turned journalist, beginning by reporting cases in court. It was in that he wrote his first play, "To the Stars." Gorki was his friend and viscer. Prof. Leo Wiener says that, "To the Stars" is an ominous counter of Gorki's "Children of the Sun," and adds that throughout Andreiev's dramatic career—he wrote nearly 30 plays—"there does not seem to be a single case when he does not borrow or derive the substance of his writing directly from a previous play on the stages of the Art Theatre or Komissarzhschaya's Theatre, and then racks it over the wheel of incomprehensible symbolism or deprive it of its mortal habiliments, in accordance with the passing fashion of the theatre, like a veritable spiritual inquisitor." "Katerina" written in 1912, and produced at the Moscow Art Theatre Dec. 17 of the year, tells of a woman whose husband unjustly suspects her of infidelity. He fires at her, but kills only her soul. She seeks the man suspected; becomes more and more abandoned; as Andreiev put it: "A 'dead soul' wandering amidst the ruins of its earthly life." Andreiev wrote that his dearest Katerina was not invented by him. "I have known such a woman very intimately with these strange movements of the hands, with this modernism and seeming inconsistency. I did not like her at all until I learned to know her, until I discovered that her mannerisms were not suggested by the decadents, but were genuine and natural with her. She was, as I afterward realized, dancing woman, under the spell of a certain inner rhythm. . . . She had come to dance in life where others did not dance. Instead of dancing the jostled and elbowed one another, that is why she seemingly broke down quickly, so easily and so strangely. . . . The misfortune of Katerina is in the fact that she did not fall at once. Then it would have been easier for her to rise. But she lost her rhythm and she began to whirl about ever more rapidly."

"The Lady from Alfauque" ("La Consuela") and a little play, "A Sunny Morning," by Serafin and Joaquin Alvarez Quintero, will be performed Wednesday and Friday evenings.

There is a handsome fountain in the park of Seville. It is in honor of the Quintero Brothers, who are still living and writing plays. "A tiled space, a square basin fed by running water, flowers, trees overhanging. Surrounding it a bench, and the names of chosen plays are enscrolled along the basin. There are even shelves to hold the plays themselves. You may make your own choice, sit there and read."

These brothers—Serafin was born in 1871, Joaquin in 1872—have always collaborated. Their first play was produced in 1893.

Miss Le Gallienne was not the first to make the brothers known in the United States. On Oct. 2, 1922, the Equity Players produced at the Fort eighth Street Theatre, New York, "Malvaloca," with Jane Cowl as the heroine and Rollo Peters, the romantic Leonardo. The story is of a light skirt who visits a former lover sick in a hospital. There she meets this lover's business partner, Leonardo. He falls passionately in love with her, but is disquieted when he hears of her past life. At last he is convinced that her love for him has remade her, so they are married. The "remaking" through love is by means an original idea in the theatre. Probably the most noteworthy instance is the famous line in Victor Hugo's "Marion Delorme."

Since Miss Le Gallienne's productions of the two Spanish plays, the Quinteros' "A Hundred Years Old," with Otis Skinner as Papa Juan, was produced in Chicago (last month).

Fernandita, The Lady from Alfauque, married and made Madrid her dwelling place. Her devotion to her native town is so great that any one coming to Madrid, claiming parentage or early years in Alfauque, easily imposes on her, men or women, young or old, even a poor devil of a poet who tells her he has run from some mysterious persecution. The amusing play has been described as a "development of the theme of gentle home sickness." When the bashful Realito comes to Fernandita's house in search of a job they agree that nowhere in Spain is there such a sky, ice-cream water from the wells; nowhere are there such almond cakes, cinnamon honey cakes, lemons, walnut paste as in the little town. "I believe the Holy Virgin herself scattered flowers in the valley there. And the houses are white and clean. . . . I sometimes think Heaven must be very ill in Alfauque. The worst day in the year there is better than the best of anywhere else. . . . I know that." The play might be called a satire on provincial clannishness, one reviewer thinks. If it is a satire it is gentle, a loving one. Fernandita is no fool. She tells Realito that her husband calls his house the "Alfauque Legation"; she is "the Minister Plenipotentiary from Alfauque." This comedy is one of four translated from the Spanish by Helen and Harley Granville-Barker and published last year by Little, Brown & Company.

"A Sunny Morning" is translated by Lucretia Xavier Floyd.

Chekhov's "Cherry Orchard" will be performed on Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Stanislavsky tells of a performance at Moscow on the eve of the third revolution. Soldiers were gathering about the Kremlin, there were mysterious preparations, some of the streets were empty; in others mobs were walking; the lanterns were out.

"In the Solodavnikovsky Theatre there gathered a thousand-headed crowd of the common people to see Chekhov's 'Cherry Orchard,' in which the life of that class against whom the common people were preparing for final revolt was painted in deep and sympathetic tones.



The auditorium filled almost exclusively by the common people, buzzed with excitement. The mood on both sides of the footlights was one of worry. Actors, in our make-ups, waiting for the performance to begin, stood the curtain and listened to the buzzing of the audience in the sickened sphere of the auditorium.

"We won't be able to finish the performance," we said to each other. "It will be a scandal. Either they will drive us from the stage or they will attack us."

"When the curtains parted, our hearts beat in the expectation of a possible excess. But—the lyricism of Chekhov, the eternal beauty of Russian poetry, the life-mood of country gentility in old Russia caused a reaction under the existing conditions. It was one of our most successful performances from the viewpoint of the attention of the spectators. It seemed to us that all of them wanted to wrap themselves in the atmosphere of poetry and to rest there and bid peaceful farewell forever to the old and beautiful life that now demanded its purifying sacrifices. The performance was ended by a tremendous ovation, and the spectators left the theatre in silence, and who knows—perhaps many of them went straight to the barricades. Soon shooting began in the city. Hardly able to find cover, we made our way to our homes in the night. In the darkness I ran into a priest, and thought:

"They are shooting there, and we are in duty bound to go, he to the church, I to the theatre. He to pray, I to create for those who seek respite."

Many no doubt will welcome the return of Miss Yurka in "The Wild Duck," remembering her admirable performance at the Repertory Theatre. When the Actors Theatre of New York revived Ibsen's play last November, Miss Yurka alone remains. It is hard to imagine what they could do without her; impossible to imagine the last four acts filled otherwise than by her presence and the breath-taking rightness of her every gesture and intonation. Even if the others did badly—and they do anything but badly—there would be cause enough to go to the 49th street in her appearance there; reason enough to fight the crowds of Broadway and sit in an orchestra seat to see her pick up the play in the sudden passion which sweeps aside the grave quiet of Gina's normal mood and makes her suddenly the only reality in a world of puppets."

And "Blossom Time" will be welcomed by those who found pleasure in the story and the music.

Mr. Clive will revive "The Ghost Train." When in doubt bring out or perform again a mystery play. This reminds us that Edgar Wallace has completed his new play "Some Person Unknown." "In it," says Mr. Wallace, "I have attempted a new technique by setting forth a police story from the point of view of the police. There is, however, no long preliminary act introducing the various characters before I reach the climax, where somebody is killed. For the rest, the last two acts are devoted to the solution of whatever mystery there is."

"In my opinion the film, whether silent or of the talking variety, will never kill the good play." . . . There should always be plenty of room for the playgoer with but few shillings to spend, and I very much regret to hear that in the majority of the new theatres being built, little or no accommodation is being provided for the cheaper seats."—Sir J. Forbes-Robertson.

ceeded in his program of wholesale slaughter. How he was balked, and by whom, makes a climax to a very unusual screen plot which in fairness to the audiences to come should not be divulged. It is an exceptionally interesting picture, as mystery stories go, and while it travels at very slow speed it is so competently directed and so well acted that one's absorption makes it easy to condone its leisurely pace.

The opening scene, in a night club, is misleadingly conventional. Mr. Loder, as Charles, and Mary Brian, as Eunice, are seated at a table, watching a group of dancers whirling to a rasping musical accompaniment. Charles would marry Eunice but she says it is impossible. A cloaked messenger hands them notes, bidding them to be at a certain dock at midnight. They respond, so does Elmer, Charles's rival. All are in evening clothes, coatless, hatless—a careless oversight on such a dark and dismal errand. From this point the photography is of murky waterfronts, a ship's decks and cabin. Jeclo, Larrabee's slave—reputed to be a cannibal—pokes a hideously ugly head over the rail, produces a blow pipe, and shoots a poisonous and fatal dart at a Swedish watchman who has talked

too much. Aboard ship, Elmer is soon dispatched and thrown overboard by an unseen murderer. Randall, whose wife Larrabee had stolen, joins the group. He seeks vengeance. With him is a stuttering valet named Temple. Soon these two disappear. Meantime, hovering about, is a sinister figure, with a stump for his right leg, a patch over his eye, sanctimonious words on his lips. He proclaims himself as Kelly, the second mate, also intent on killing Larrabee for fancied wrongs. There are hidden recesses, sliding panels, trick doors in the cabin. There is increasing tension as the small party is gradually decimated. Darcy, a stocky reporter, is found, bound and gagged in a bunk. He had schemed to expose Larrabee and, in the end, it was he who hailed a welcome harbor police boat. In the end, also, Eunice and Charles learned that they might marry safely, for only one was Larrabee's offspring.

Mr. Kirkwood, in the dual role of the fanatical Kelly and the "Tiger" himself, gives a splendid performance, one so powerful that all other characters become mere puppets. His speaking voice is perfect, his facial play illuminative. The character is rankly melodramatic, yet he makes it grimly plausible. "Black Waters," however, is no "Peter Pan," for little ones to see.

W. E. G.

an attempted conversational explanation of Katrina's character. It is suggested that she lives in a world of her own. There are other explanations. The painter Koromisslov, who frankly tells her, when she reproaches him for not loving her any more and reminds him of the time he was not so cold, admits that it is a principle with him not to reject the advances of any desirable woman, but he calls her to her face a Bacchante, a Messalina. He advises her husband to kill her. But she is not the conventional, even the abnormal stage wanton. She has thoughts of suicide. At home she has her moments of weeping. What slighted goddess drove her to her madness?

Andreev said that his "dearest Katrina" was born to dance in a world where others do not dance. She found plenty of partners. Did Andreev understand her? Did any one in the audience understand her? Did Mme. Nazimova understand her so that the audience could explain Katrina's mental processes and wild behavior. It is all very well for Katrina to say that her husband did not kill her body but he killed her soul. He may have killed the latter; did not her body urge her to seek lovers? If she had wished to revenge herself on her husband, would not one, the poor fish Mentikov, have sufficed?

The play had a firm grasp on the spectators; even in the long conversations which, analytical, did not as a rule end in drama. The grasp would have been still stronger, if the pace of the performance had not been so slow. It would be interesting to know how many minutes of silence there were between the spoken lines; how many minutes there were of one merely looking at the face of another or turning a supposedly eloquent back to a speaker. The play should have ended much earlier than it did. Dramatic emphasis was not gained by the sluggishness of speech and action.

Mme. Nazimova left the heroine, unavoidably no doubt, a riddle. At times she was not intelligible in speech; indistinct, or speaking in too low tones, she left the audience to infer her state of mind, her sentiments and emotions, by face and gesture. There were occasional stormy outbursts in which words were heard but not always clearly understood. In spite of this, the portrayal of the enigmatical woman was fascinating. The other characters, more reasonable, were deftly represented. To discriminate would be injurious—but what a mess these men and women of Andreev are!

#### APOLLO THEATRE

##### "Blossom Time"

Musical play in three acts, adapted from the original of A. M. Wilner and H. Reichard, with book and lyrics by Dorothy Donnelly, music from melodies of Franz Schubert and H. Berte adapted by Sigmund Romberg; produced by the Messrs. Schubert in New York, October, 1921, and now revived by Milton I. Shubert with the following cast:

Mitzi	Genevieve Naegle
Bellabruna	Nancy Sheridan
Fritzi	Anne Balthy
Kitzi	Dorothy Pinner
Mrs. Kranz	Margaret Ralph
Gertrude	Ella Lyle
Baron von Schober	Herbert Lyle
Franz Schubert	John Charles Gilbert
Kranz	Robert Lee Allen
Count Sharnoff	Ivan Servais
Vogel	Joseph Wilkins
Kupelweiser	Robert Long
von Schwind	Adolph Benson
Binder	Edgar Hunt
Erkman	J. Gordon Selwood
Hans, a Violinist	Ralph Barnes
Novotny	Charles Haxton
Dancense, from the Hof Opera	Bernice Little
Mrs. Colburg	Erba Robeson
Domeyer	Charles Leonard

Further proof, if any there need be, that Schubert's melodies are immortal is given through this very creditable revival of an operetta now nearly eight years old. That is a long life for any but the classics of music; yet heard last evening from the somewhat archaic stage of the Apollo Theatre, the famous "Song of Love" was just as movingly beautiful as when it was first heard in Boston. The entire score is of unusual merit, utilizing as it does so many of Schubert's compositions, including the Serenade, "Ave Maria," "Lonely Heart" and "Moment Musical," but it is "The Song of Love" which lifts "Blossom Time" to heights seldom reached by the stage products of modern composers, however gifted those composers may be. Nor is it true that the works of all the great masters of musical expression can be successfully transplanted to the stage. Witness Chopin, whom Karl Hajos tried to make popular in "White Lilacs." That operetta was done in the best traditions of its particular school, it introduced many of the Chopin melodies deftly, yet "White Lilacs" was only a semi-success. To revive it two years hence, let alone eight, would be love's labor lost. There was in it none of the soft appeal to sentiment, none of the exquisite songs which Mr. Romberg found awaiting his adaptive pen, none of the unctuous comedy written by Miss Donnelly.

Last evening's audience, not so large as it should have been or as others to come doubtless will be, was agreeably surprised. Mr. Shubert has clothed the piece in new raiment. The sets are

fresh and rich, the costumes equally new and attractive. The principals, one and all, are admirably cast, and are worthy vocally and histrionically. The ensemble, compactly small, reveals voices unweakened by long sojourn on the stage. First honors properly belong to

Mr. Gilbert, who makes Schubert a man deserving of sympathy because of his unfortunate physical handicaps and his unhappy love affair with the charming Mitzi. Mr. Gilbert has a voice suggestive of grand opera, his knowledge of dramatic values is keen and unerring. Miss Naegle, as Mitzi, sang with fine restraint, with rare feeling. Messrs. Lyle, Wilkins, Long and Benson, as Schubert's loyal friends, were excellent. Mr. Servais, as the jealous husband of Bellabruna, the temperamental prima donna, was effective. Miss Sheridan made that dashing singer a live portrait. Mr. Allen found the role of Kranz, the court jeweler, much to his liking. A comedian of portly measure, he fairly oozed humor. Mr. William Howard, a musician favorably known here, conducted discreetly, developing to the full the manifold beauties of the score. W. E. G.

#### PLYMOUTH THEATRE

Blanche Yurka in "The Wild Duck," by Henrik Ibsen. Presented by Actors' Theatre, Inc. The cast:

Petersen	Robert Craig
Old Ekdal	John Daly Murphy
Mrs. Grylls	Claire Townsend
Chamberlain Flor	Bernard Thornton
Chamberlain Kasperon	Richard Skinner
Chamberlain Balli	John Clarke
Werle	Edward Fielding
Gresers Werle	Cecil Clovelly
Hjalmar Ekdal	Dallas Anderson
Gina	Blanche Yurka
Gedvig	Bette Davis
Relling	Frank Monroe
Molvik	Walter Speakman

Thank God for a play. Thank God again for a play of humanity. It matters not if it deal with Norwegian life in the seventies, or with California's experience in the gold fever period, or yet with the smart set of New York today. A play, to be a play, must deal with humanity. Local color will not suffice, be it expressed in terms of grossness or of airy smartness, to make a play. Neither will the discussion of a problem. Humanity—there is the material. Ibsen himself never tried to do without; he knew better.

Problems he loved, no doubt of it—but always problems that cut deep into life; in problems for mere discussion's sake he took no stock. For symbolism he had a fondness; it all but proved his undoing in early days, when actors stressed it unduly at the cost of truth to life. Actors today, showing a finer sense of proportion, let the symbolism take care of itself; harming nobody, it pleases people with a poetic turn to their minds.

Let us be grateful, therefore, when a play like "The Wild Duck" graces our stage. It must, to be sure, live down the shame that attaches at present to a "well-made" play. Prospective listeners should in fairness be warned that they needs must keep their ears buttoned back and their eyes wide open. Ibsen, no idle chatterer, says not a word that may be over-looked; he tolerates no "business" just to kill time or to raise a laugh.

Everybody, however, with his wits about him and a reasonable interest in human nature, will be wise to sit before "The Wild Duck." The Norwegian scene, time, the seventies, need repel nobody. This very instant drama of the sort may be taking place in any New England town. The theme is not impossible; we all know as much. A well-meaning, narrow-minded, idealistic fool is easily to be found among country members of a profession which shall be nameless. Weak fools like Ekdal are of international possibility, let alone New England, and Miss Alice Brown, in her earlier work, has demonstrated the compatibility of narrow life and poverty with passion like that of Shakespeare's Constance or Juliet herself. A play indeed, this "Wild Duck," not to be overlooked by folk who like to be both interested and thrilled; not every day in the theatre do we encounter a man of Ibsen's mental calibre, imagination and technical skill.

There was fine acting last night to bring his prowess home. A more admirable Gina than Miss Yurka's is scarcely to be imagined, a homely woman absorbed in her daily round, but with a latent capacity in her soul for heat like that of Vesuvius. A masterly portrait. Miss Yurka's of an infinite variety of detail in right proportion. The Relling of Mr. Munroe equalled it, and the old Ekdal of Mr. Murphy fell scarcely a whit behind.

Miss Davis, Mr. Clovelly and Mr. Anderson all did well with their roles, and so did the minor characters. Small imperfections there may have been. But the people all behaved like human beings; they all had power at crucial moments; they all maintained a proper pace. Seldom do we see a finer performance. R. R. G.



## COPLEY THEATRE

*"The Ghost Train"*

A mystery melodrama in three acts, by Arnold Ridley. The cast:

Saul Hodgkin	Hannah Clark
Richard Winthrop	David Clyde
Elsie Winthrop	Gaby Fay
Charles Murdoch	Ian Emery
Peccey Murdoch	Betty Jenkins
Miss Bourne	Elspeth Dudgeon
Toddie Deskin	E. E. Clive
Julia Price	Patricia Clavert
Herbert Price	Gerald Rogers
John Sterling	W. H. Sams
Johnson	Roger Wheeler

Once more the "ghost train" clattered and shrieked its phantom way past the haunted station at Axworthy Junction and a packed audience at the Copley shivered and shrieked and went into convulsions of merriment over the swiftly alternating

mystery, melodrama and broad farce of this popular piece.

It is a very English production but successfully grafted on an American stock and a capital play into the bargain. Mr. Clive and Miss Dudgeon fairly outdid themselves in their Briticisms and the others of the cast rose nobly to the occasion. An "exciting evening" with loads of fun and a highly satisfactory ending.

## THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COLONIAL—"Show Boat," musical comedy; second week.

COPLEY—"The Ghost Train," mystery play; revival.

HOLLIS STREET—Light Repertory Company of New York. Tonight and Thursday evening, "The Cherry Orchard"; Wednesday matinee and Saturday evening, "Katerina"; Wednesday and Friday evenings, "The Lady from Alhambra"; Friday and Saturday matinees, "Peter Pan."

PLYMOUTH—"The Wild Duck," Ibsen drama with Blanche Yurka.

SHUBERT—"Good Boy," musical comedy; fifth and last week.

APOLLO—"Blossom Time," operetta; revival.

ARLINGTON—"A Galician Wedding," musical comedy, with Ludwig Satz; opens Wednesday evening.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S—Vaudeville, with Jack Donahue, Ben Bernie's orchestra.

## LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

*"The Bridge of San Luis Rey"*

A screen drama, adapted by Alice D. G. Miller from a story by Thornton Wilder; photography by Merritt B. Gerstad; directed by Charles Brabin, and presented as a talking picture by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Camilla	Lili Damita
Uncle Pio	Ernest Torrence
Pepita	Raquel Torres
Manuel	Don Alvarado
Esteban	Duncan Rinaldo
Father Juniper	Harry B. Mathhall
Vicroy	Michael Vayitch
Marquesa	Emily Fitzroy
Dona Clara	Jane Winton
Jaime	Gordon Thorpe
Carl Alvarado	Mitchell Lewis
Don Vincente	Paul Ellis
Nun	Eugenie Besserer
Townsmen	Tully Marshall

Considering the very episodic nature of Thornton Wilder's novel, it would hardly seem a good subject for the moving pictures and its admirers may be pardoned for worrying over its fate in this new medium. Let it be said at once that the results are amazingly good—the story is followed with great fidelity and sympathy and the quiet, leisurely atmosphere of the book is beautifully kept. The photography is unusually good, particularly the views of the fatal bridge, seen in the distance, and the simple interiors of the houses with their whitewashed walls and primitive furniture. Nothing is done with any straining after effect, nor is any one character given undue prominence. The pitiful stories blend into one another with perfect harmony, reaching their logical culmination with the falling of the bridge.

Near Lima, Peru, there was a foot bridge named after the saint who had consecrated it, the Bridge of San Luis Rey. For years it had hung there, then suddenly one day it broke, carrying down with it five persons who were on their way across. People wondered why these five had been chosen to die. They feared it was a portent, and they went to Brother Juniper to ask the meaning of the catastrophe. With care and with infinite pity he retraced the story of these lives so suddenly ended and at last was able to tell his questioners that death to those persons was an act of infinite mercy. There was the old Marquesa on her way to see the adored daughter who cared nothing for her; there was little Pepita, destined to be a nun but filled with longing for earthly love; with them went Uncle Pio with the boy Jaime, spurned by the woman for whom he had done everything, the dancer Camilla; finally came the heart-broken Esteban, who had seen his beloved twin brother Manuel die because of the same worthless woman. They went down to death together and the last moment had happiness for two at least, for Pepita and Esteban fell clasped in each other's arms.

Out of a very fine cast it is hard to choose the most outstanding actors. Lili Damita was a fiery, cruel, and fascinating Camilla, Ernest Torrence a lovable and pathetic Uncle Pio, and Emily Fitzroy an excellent Marquesa. The most vivid performances, however, the truest and the most pitiful, were given by

Duncan Rinaldo and Don Alvarado as the brothers Manuel and Esteban, and by Raquel Torres as the gentle, innocent novice, Pepita. There are brief talking sequences at the beginning of the picture, but the main story is told in silent form. It is a fine picture, an unusual picture, and should be seen.

E. L. H.

## KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

*"Hot Stuff"*

A screen farce-comedy, adapted from "Bluffers," a story by Robert S. Carr; directed by Mervyn LeRoy, and presented as a First National talking picture with the following cast:

Barbara (Babs) Allen	Alice White
Aunt Kate	Louise Fazenda
Mack Moran	William Bakewell
Thelma	Doris Dawson
Sandy McNab	Ben Hall
Wigman	Charles Sellon
Tuffy	Buddy Messinger

Mr. Carr, author of the tale from which this extraordinary picture has been made, is said to be a very young man. Mr. LeRoy, its director, is also youthful, as years go in Hollywood. Before elevation to his present kingly seat he was what is known as a gag-man, an affliction from which he apparently has never fully recovered. Most of the players are young. To that there is no objection, for co-educational institutions like to catch them young, and to teach them while their minds are plastic and receptive. What this picture actually needed, however, was even a slight knowledge on the part of some one as to what is required of those immured in such institutions, a knowledge which obviously cannot be acquired in a motion picture studio, or imparted to a group of studio students. "Hot Stuff," in brief, brings no message, points no moral. It is remarkable only for many would-be witty sub-titles, for dialogue as unnatural as are its characters and situations, and for constantly raucous sounds supposed to be musical accompaniment. This so-called accompaniment and the brief patches of dialogue serve to strengthen the arguments of those who are decrying the vogue of talking movies.

The story is of Babs Allen, who helps her maiden Aunt Kate operate a roadside filling station. The aunt wants Babs to go to college, to enjoy the youthful pleasures of which she had been-deprived. When a check for \$10,000 in settlement of an old lawsuit arrives, Aunt Kate decides that both shall go to Madison Junior, a co-ed college, Babs as student, Aunt Kate as chaperone. Babs gains a reputation as the wildest girl, even as Mack Moran is supposed to be the most expert heart-breaker. In the end each unmasks the other, to find that they have a mutual fondness for old-fashioned deportment and manners, a conclusion scarcely consistent with the exaggerated scenes previously pictured. The acting of the principals is on a par with the text of the tale. The introductory sub-title states that "our story starts in a happy little village in the State of Coma." That is just where it leaves its audience, when all is mercifully over.

W. E. G.

## LOEW'S ORPHEUM THEATRE

Good comedy and dancing feature the diversified stage bill presented at Loew's Orpheum Theatre this week. Two acts are equally responsible for creating the

humorous moments. Eddie Cole and George Snyder are successful in their familiar comedy turn, "The Director." Herbert Clifton, female impersonator, gives his amusing impressions of the trials and tribulations of the weaker sex.

Lavishly staged and cleverly performed is the dancing act by the Lee twins and their company of skilled dancers. Ensemble work, rhythmic dance bits, toe and acrobatic numbers are included in their routine. Frank Salt, recent musical comedy favorite, delights with tuneful songs and chatter. Miss Peggy McConnell lends able assistance to Mr. Salt. The original Three Blanks open the bill with an exhibition of juggling and hand balancing.

"Coquette," Mary Pickford's first all-talking picture, is the chief screen attraction. Johnny Mack Brown, Matt Moore and William Janney are the principal supporting players.

## NEW B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

Boston is now offered a chance to see a straight bill of vaudeville entertainment without a motion picture. Yesterday afternoon the New B. F. Keith's Theatre inaugurated what promises to be the renaissance of vaudeville in Boston by presenting eight acts with two headliners—Boston's own Jack Donahue and Ben Bernie with his Hotel Roosevelt orchestra. Another departure from custom was the short intermission after the fifth act, which, if one may be permitted to record a personal reaction, was a welcome innovation.

Donahue was greeted with spontaneous applause and for the moment it seemed as though he would give a real Donahue act—a solo, a monologue, a dance. He introduced a little playlet with a baseball theme, but it was Jack himself that the audience wanted. He condescended, and tapped about the stage with those inimitable legs and feet of his until every one wished that he had tapped during the entire act. He's the same Donahue—one of Amer-

ica's best liked performers. Behind the wings, before he "went on," he said: "Keith's new policy is bound to win, it's actors in the flesh the audience wants."

Bernie's band was great. He has assembled a team of stars, each a genuine musician. The guitar player has one of those soft, crooning voices which float through a megaphone; the piano player—the one on the right—is another excellent singer. Rendition of "Dinah" was the hit. Bernie himself has a bubbling personality.

Will and Gladys Ahearn spin lariat cleverly, dance, sing, play any number of instruments. Ahearn executed a dance number which required all his skill. Joe Browning does a monologue—a reformer who satirizes modern society. All alone, he's forced to be good, and he is. Ruby Norton impersonates the late Lillian Russell, Jeritza and Sophie Tucker. The Norman Thomas quintet sings, in its own way, modern, popular songs. There is a trap drummer with them who hits everything in sight. An excellent dog act opens the bill, Loyal's Dogs, which is something out of the ordinary. Murand and Girton close the day, billed as "Sensational Cyclists," a pair of thrillers.

C. H.

May 13 1929

The Boston Civic Symphony Orchestra, Joseph F. Wagner, conductor, gave its final concert of this, the fourth, season yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Hazel Hallet, pianist, was the assisting artist. The program included the Overture to "The Barber of Seville" by Rossini; Henry Hadley's Intermezzo from "Cleopatra's Night"; the pianoforte Concerto Op. 24 by Boëllmann.

The orchestra gave a spirited performance of the overture, although just why Mr. Wagner allows such diversified tunings among his instruments is a mild mystery. It would seem that a few moments spent with the orchestra before the concert might result in something more nearly approaching uniform pitch.

Mr. Hadley's entertaining piece received careful attention, but here again the general effect was unhappily marred by faulty pitch. The accompaniment to the concerto, however, went somewhat better. If the industrious violins could be persuaded to bow together, the effect would be more satisfactory. Miss Hallet as soloist gave great pleasure, if applause be any criterion. Her tone is not large, nor is it particularly colorful, but she possesses a sensitiveness to melodic line which is a valuable asset.

The Boëllmann symphony, announced as a "first performance in America," is in three movements. Generally speaking, the composer appeared to find difficulty in starting, and once started, equal difficulty in stopping. The first movement, for instance, is much too long in proportion to the other two, especially in the second Lento, which contains much that is mere chatter. Yet there are definite musical ideas here although they show as definitely the influence of more than one of the composer's notable contemporaries. The second movement is extremely short, despite the five or six variations, while an ill-timed preamble destroys the structural balance of the last movement. Nevertheless the piece is well orchestrated, and holds perhaps more than a passing interest. A good-sized audience bestowed generous applause upon both orchestra and conductor.

## JACOBO-BERTINI

Clara Jacobo, the young soprano from Lawrence who has made her way to the Metropolitan Opera House, came as near last night to her own home town as Boston. She gave a concert in Jordan Hall in company with the tenor, Fernando Bertini, with whom she was recently associated in a performance or two by the National Opera company.

To the extremely musical and helpful accompaniments of Alice Vaiden, Miss Jacobo sang songs of slight consequence, and four great airs, "Pace, Pace" and "Ernani Involam!" by Verdi, the aria from "La Tosca" and Santuzzo's romanza out of "Cavalleria Rusticana."

In all she sang, aria, song, romance. Miss Jacobo made evident the possession of as superb a soprano voice as at present graces the operatic stage, a voice of great volume, of quality grand throughout its long range. A certain sort of Latin fervor she also has at her command, an excellent presence as well. Nature, in every truth, has endowed her liberally.

Nature, however, might well have

## "INCOMPATIBILITY"

Mrs. W. Somerset Maugham, it is announced, has obtained a divorce from her husband, the novelist and dramatist; obtained it without any savory scandal. The divorce was sought and obtained on the grounds of incompatibility—Mr. Maugham's maiden name was Gwendole Maude Syrie Wellcome Barnado. It seems that a woman so blessed at the baptismal font should be tenderly cherished. Incompatibility is a vague term in domestic relations, but may be taken to mean that a man and his wife cannot live comfortably together. It may also be said that any woman who weds a literary man whether he be journalist or epigrammatist, poet, dramatist or writer of advertisement gives more than ordinary hostages to fortune for the Horatian saying, "Genus irritabile vatum" may be applied to other than wooers of the Muse.

Men who earn their living by writing are often helpless at home, not dependable providers, nervous, and sometimes selfish. Every thing must be subordinated to their work. The ready of praise. However little they may really value a wife's opinion, she must swim the censer under their nostrils and the incense must be thick. There have been women, noble souls, who have lived only to nourish husband's fame; have slaved and sacrificed until they could endure no more. When the wife is herself a writer, jealousy may easily enter in, especially when the work of one commands a higher price and wins wider recognition than that of the other. (These remarks are of a general nature and not necessarily applicable to the Maughams.)

It might be interesting to tabulate the happy and unhappy marriages among novelists. Scott and Fielding. Disraeli, Hawthorne, Thomas Hardy were fortunate. Thackeray's marriage was happy up to the time his wife became insane. Bulwer-Lytton led a cat and dog life after the separation she showed her literary talent by abusing him in print. George Eliot married after Lewes died and thus lost certain friends who had condoned her former life. Perhaps the most striking example of wedded happiness is that of the Conrads; he not only wrote a preface to her cookery book; in the preface he came forward "modestly but gratefully as a Living Example of her practice." It has been for many priceless years adding to the sum of my daily happiness; but Mr. Conrad wrote a cookery book—not novels.

## LITERARY "CHORINES"

An ingenious press-agent informs the world that the chorus girls of a musical comedy now playing in New York do not spend their time in gossiping back stage, nor in comparing notes about their "gentle-mun friends" when they are not cavorting and prancing in the eyes of the public; no, they read books and discuss literature. "Girls who are fast readers have two or sometimes three books in circulation." Having purchased a volume and placed her name at the top of the flyleaf Lucette exchanges with a member of the chorus who would like to share her aesthetic pleasure.

A list of favorite books is given; among them are "This Strange Adventure," "The Silver Virgin," and "Hell's Loose." As yet these books have not been sent out by the philanthropic book clubs, nor do we know whether any of the "Chorines"—for so this press-agent calls them—have subscribed to these clubs. It would be interesting to learn whether these young ladies in their zeal to improve their minds' side with Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., and F. A. Stokes Company or with those who paternally tell us what we should read.

But "Chorines." How can the dear things, especially since they must have by this time a fine taste in literature and are purists in speech bear to be thus called? "Chorine" sounds as if it were a chemical term or the name of some wasting disease. Miss Patricia Montmorency, or Miss Yvonne de Lancey a chorine? Perish the thought.

## IN A VERMONT VILLAGE

Mr. Coolidge in "The Scenes of my Childhood," published in the Cosmopolitan magazine for June, gives an affectionate—for that is the word—description of Plymouth village as known to his grandfather, father and his boyish self. It is a self-restrained description relieved by emotion when he refers to his mother—"it seems impossible that any man could adequately describe his mother; I cannot describe mine"—and by an occasional comment that might pass as drily

May 17 1929



Amorous: as when he speaks of the villagers offering many privations in earlier years and enjoying many advantages, "without any clear realization of the existence of either one of them"; as when he speaks of the natural beauty of the country: "I think the inhabitants had little realization (of it), though they all loved it because it was their home and were always ready to contend that it surpassed all the surrounding communities and compared favorably with any other place on earth."

The excellent Zadock Thompson in his "History of Vermont" (1842), wrote that Plymouth was a good grazing township; there were excellent dairies, fifteen school districts, thirteen saw mills, three grist mills, one trip hammer shop, two stores, two taverns, one tannery; the people were Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, Christians and Freewill Baptists. Mr. Coolidge tells us more interesting and important facts: "My father was a good trader"; but as a storekeeper he trusted nearly everybody and lost a surprisingly small amount. There was the blacksmith, hired at a dollar a day, sometimes quarrelsome but friendly to the boy Calvin; so powerful that he could throw a refractory horse to the ground when it was unwilling to be shod. Black walnut furniture was brought from Boston to finish the storekeeper's parlor and sitting room. There was a barroom in the house across the road, a hotel before it became the house of the mother's parents. Calvin's father could lay bricks; was skilful with tools; could perform delicate operations on domestic animals; was an excellent stone mason. "The work he did endured." The grandfather, whose mother's family showed traces of Indian blood, had an aged aunt. Calvin once found her smoking a clay pipe, an uncommon sight in Plymouth, though old ladies outside the community would buy snuff at the store. This grandfather had a lively sense of humor. He could "entice a man into a nest of bees and make him think he went there of his own accord."

There were linen sheets and table cloths and woolen bed blankets spun and woven by grandmother Coolidge, some of which are now in Calvin's possession. His grandfather wore a blue smoke-frock much of the time. Visiting the old home in later years, Calvin would don the smock and wear a pair of fine calf-skin boots made for his grandfather when he went to the Legislature. "When news pictures began to be taken of me there (at the old home), I found that among the public this was generally supposed to be a make up costume, which it was not, so I have since been obliged to forego the comfort of wearing it. In public life it is sometimes necessary in order to appear really natural to be actually artificial. Perhaps some glimpse of these pictures may have caused an English writer to refer to me as a Vermont backwoodsman. I wonder if he describes his King as a Scotchman when he sees him in kilts."

We are not told whether in hot weather the butter was kept in the well; whether there was a kitchen pump; whether the table forks were two-tined; whether there were the pewter and the china that are now so highly valued. What were the boy's games? "My ball game often interfered with my filling the wood box." Did he play duck and yard-sheep-run, spin tops and cry, "Fen everything at marbles"? Did the girls and boys play postoffice and Copenhagen? Were there straw-rides when snow was on the ground?

This shrewd, apparently matter-of-fact Vermonter—did he inherit "the touch of mysticism and poetry in his mother's nature?"

"Whatever was grand and beautiful in form and color attracted her. It seemed as though the rich green tints of the foliage and the blossoms of the flowers came for her in the spring-time, and in the autumn it was for her that the mountain sides were struck with crimson and with gold."

added one item more to her equipment, a disposition to make the most of this rich endowment. If Miss Jacobo felt an ambition to acquire musicianship and also a wise use of her voice in behalf of the same, we should rejoice in a singer the world would flock to hear. Not so ambitious, apparently, or not so judicious, as might be wished, last night Miss Jacobo shone chiefly by her voice. It served a less naturally glorious voice Mr. Bertini brings to hearing, though a beautiful voice indeed. But Mr. Bertini makes use of art to better his voice. So intelligently has he studied that scarcely another tenor in the country can one recall who stands in the way to sing so well, presently, as he. More often than not, already, he produces a mezza voce no less than enchanting. When he does not let it slip he can command an admirable pianissimo. When he does not force—he forces less than most tenors but temptation sometimes proves

too strong—he can deliver high tones as brilliant as those of a trumpet masterly played. And Mr. Bertini knows music, the meaning of melody and rhythm by both. If only the man could live for a year, to study Handel, Mozart and the early Italians, what a tenor he would become for the Puccini music he would probably be called on always to sing! But in any event, all praise to him. Mr. Bertini is moving in a right direction. R. R. G.

May 18, 1929

THE DIARY OF DOSTOYEVSKY'S WIFE, edited by Rene Fulop-Miller and Dr. Fr. Eckstein; translated by Madge Pemberton from the German edition; The Macmillan Co. 421 pp. \$7.

By PHILIP HALE

Anna Gregorevna Snitkin was Dostoyevsky's stenographer in the fall of 1866. They were married in February, 1867, when she was 21 and he was 46. Until his death in 1881 she was his stenographer, copyist, secretary, financial adviser, publisher, bookseller and general manager. In these years more than half of his works were written. She died in 1918 purposing other labors for the glory of her husband.

In her Reminiscences she tells how she promised her mother to keep a diary of everything interesting she saw and experienced on her journey abroad. She added to her notes in shorthand the talk, ideas, opinions of her husband. "I also recorded our little quarrels, my protests against certain of his views, as for instance, on the question of women." She recorded freely, for no one but herself could read her notes. The diary was begun in April, 1867, when the couple left Leningrad on their way to Germany. It ended with their arrival at Basle in Switzerland. In 1894 she converted her notes into ordinary hand writing and transcribed others in 1897. The notebooks relating to the sojourn in Geneva and other places have not yet been brought to light. Portions of the existing diary, translated into English by S. S. Kholchansky, were published with her Reminiscences by E. P. Dutton & Co. in 1926.

Anna says in her Reminiscences that the principal reason for keeping her diary was this: "My husband was to me such an interesting and wholly enigmatical being, that it seemed to me as though I should find it easier to understand him if I noted down his every thought and expression."

Was there ever a more devoted and forgiving wife? Was there ever a more sorely tried woman? Dostoyevsky's honeymoon was a flight from family disputes and pressing creditors. All through the diary dislike of Germany and Germans appears. Fulop-Miller in her preface gives the misfortunes and terrible privations of the couple, and the husband's horror of western Europe as the reason for this attitude; he adds that Dostoyevsky later became a friend to Germany and German culture.

The notes about Germany are as amusing as they are contemptuous. All over the walls of a Berlin hotel was written "Beware of Thievs." In Dresden "A German woman showed us the wrong turnings as they always do. Whenever you ask them they begin by saying nothing at all, and then tell you something quite wrong." The German women from whom Anna bought shoes were amazed at the smallness of her feet. "They only stock the largest

sizes in their shops. Saxons have enormously large feet." "I was much amused watching the get-up of the various officers, especially with regard to the coiffure; the stupider they look the more pains does it seem to have taken."

"A waiter went with us a little way, talked a great deal, but in the approved German style, directed us wrong. Fyodor swore the whole time over the stupidity of the Germans." On the other hand Anna noted that all the Russians in Dresden were "amazingly ugly with big noses and spotty faces." She describes the unrestrained exhibition of affection displayed by betrothed and married couples in public. A German advertised for a wife with 20,000 to 30,000 thalers, but stated that any letters or photographs must be stamped "Oh, these Germans, who won't let you enjoy a single sight without paying for it!" (This was with reference to a view from a tower.) The Saxon wines were as sour as vinegar, nor did Anna relish a mixture of beer, white of egg and lemon, enjoyed by a German com-

panion on a little outing, nor could Anna endure kumkasee, that horrible smelling cheese, "but the Germans find it first-rate, and the more far gone it is, the more do they love it." (Her comments on life in Dresden remind one of Julian Hawthorne's vitriolic "Saxon Studies.") Waiters in Dresden and Baden-Baden would give them short change; landladies were sharks and liars; the poverty of the two exiles made the natives the more grasping. But there was the glorious picture gallery in Dresden where hours were spent.

There was the music. At the opera house they heard Wachtel, who once visited the United States. "He is positively awful, a sheer barber's block; white complexion (painted, of course), highly colored red cheeks, black eyes, black curly hair, little beard and moustache—all so pretty-pretty, without the slightest attempt at expression, just like those dummies displayed outside barber's shops." His idea of expression as Manrico was to roll his eyes, lift his eyebrows and glare at the audience.

Entertaining as are Anna's descriptions of their life in Dresden, her opinions and comments, the many pages devoted to Dostoyevsky's insane gambling at Baden-Baden are of tragic interest. He was always in the hope of gaining a great sum. Not content with modest winnings, he would go on until he lost his all. Anna never reproached him, though they would squabble over trifles and then make it up with tears and protestations of fervent love. The fault was on his side. Anna constantly wrote that he was the noblest of men, though she missed her jewels and dresses that he had pawned. She was often unhappy in the present; she dreaded the future, especially as Fyodor's epileptic fits became more frequent and she was with child. They more than once were absolutely penniless. Money sent by her mother would tide them over. Fyodor was always borrowing that he might gamble.

He had written his novel, "The Gambler," when Anna was only his stenographer, and in that extraordinary romance introduced Pauline Suslova, with whom he had had an affair; of whom Anna, married, was jealous to the extent of opening Pauline's letters, though she did not upbraid her husband. And Dostoyevsky, having lost at the Casino, would come home weeping, begging forgiveness, calling his wife an angel. She, poor soul, could refuse

him nothing. Nor was it in humble adoration of his literary genius. Her diary shows that she herself had the gift of observation; that she had opinions of her own. He was her man, the chief among ten thousand. He realized his weaknesses, bewailed them. When luck favored him, he returned to their lodgings laden with gifts; yet he would not pay a creditor, would not redeem his wife's jewels, but would lose the money set aside for that purpose, believing that he would gain still larger sums at play. Not till they returned to Russia did the gaming fever leave him leave him forever.

Here is a book that is more than a supplement to Mme. Dostoyevsky's "Reminiscences," and the extraordinary life of Dostoyevsky by his daughter Aimee, which was published in French three years ago. Dmitri Merejkowski wrote "The Soul of Dostoyevsky," but the soul of this great writer is more clearly revealed by the diary in which Anna studied that strange nature—lovingly, not blindly. Yet the great Russian is still an enigma, unsolved even by Andre Gide in his painstaking study.

#### METROPOLITAN THEATRE

##### "Innocents of Paris"

A screen romantic comedy-drama, adapted by Ernest Vajda from a story by C. E. Andrews; scenario by Ethel Doherty; photography by Charles Lang; directed by Richard Wallace and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Maurice Marny ..... Maurice Chevalier  
Louise Leval ..... Sylvia Beecher  
Emile Leval ..... Russell Simpson  
Mons. Marny ..... George Fawcett  
Mons. Renard ..... Mrs. George Fawcett  
Mons. Renard ..... John Mullan  
Jo-Jo ..... Margaret Livingston  
Jules ..... David Durand  
Musician ..... Jack Luden  
..... Johanne Morris

If "Innocents of Paris" had been permitted to end as it began, it might have become one of the great novelties of this season's screen, a story with atmosphere, originality, and genuine appeal. Unfortunately some one intervened, blunderingly, as they have a way of doing out Hollywood way, with the result that after the first 20 minutes "Innocents of Paris" reverts to routine American studio type, the old sets and situations are dragged forth, and Mr. Chevalier is left to smile down all this impedimenta as best he can. That this remarkable French music hall mime and balladist makes a very favorable impression in his first American film is true; that he has a genial, likeable personality, a rich fund of sparkling humor and that something which gains instant sympathy and even affection, also is true. He has mastered the English language to that point where his enunciation, if not always clear, is at least glib and well intentioned. He recites rather than sings his songs,

both in his native language and in his hybrid English. His is not a strong voice, but Chevalier knows how to make it seem effective. That is part of his artistry. The rest lies in his expressive gestures, his kindly, humorous eyes, the rakish angle of cap or straw hat. It is evident that here is a really brilliant comedian, needing only appropriate background and decent material to enable him to shine in proper effulgency.

"There are still those who believe in love and faith and old-fashioned happiness; these are the innocents of Paris." With this reassuring foreword, and encouraged by the opening scenes, one settles back in expectancy of something as delightful and human as "Seventh Heaven." We see Mr. Chevalier, as young Marny, halting his junkman's pushcart with its audacious automobile horn on one handlebar, to rescue a youngster from the muddy waters of the Seine. We follow him as he seeks out the boy's grandfather, and meets Louise, who is to become his one and only love. We see him in his own littered home, with his affectionate parents, played splendidly by George Fawcett and his wife, once known to the stage as Percy Haswell. We get a glimpse of the quaint market section, with its endless array of bird cages, old furniture, odds and ends of commodity. Then, without point or profit, these scenes close, the plot becomes conventional, almost banal. We have the familiar backstage tableaux, the rehearsals, the manager's fickle wife leering at young Marny as he tries to make a name for himself and to be true to unworshipful Louise. We get a taste of "Coquette" as her father takes a revolver from a drawer and goes to kill Marny, just as Dr. Besant set out to kill Michael Jeffrey; and worse, we see all over again the maudlin climax of "The Rainbow Man," when Marny drags Louise from the wings to face a great audience while he, unabashed, declares his love and loyalty.

Miss Beecher does her best with a sterile role. Miss Livingston is as always alluring as a wicked spouse. Master Durand, a child-actor new to us, was very natural at times, and at others a trifle too precocious. We hope Mr. Chevalier tries again, and insists on his rights. W. E. G.

May 16 '29

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Civic Repertory Theatre, Inc., Eva Le Gallienne, director. "A Sunny Morning," in one act and "The Lady from Alfaqueque," in two acts by Serafin and Joaquin Alvares Quintero. The former translated by Lucretia Xavier Floyd; the latter by Helen and Harley Granville Barker. The casts last night were as follows:

"A SUNNY MORNING"  
Donna Laura ..... Eva Le Gallienne  
Petr (her maid) ..... Josephine Hutchinson  
Don Gonzalo ..... Leon Beecher  
Juanito (his servant) ..... Robert Ross  
"THE LADY FROM ALFAQUEQUE"  
Don Pascual ..... Donald Cameron  
Rocita ..... Ria Mooney  
Alberta ..... Frances Williams  
Realito ..... J. Edward Bromberg  
Fernandita ..... Alma Krueger  
Blanca ..... Jocelyn Gordon  
Noblejas ..... Paul Lexasac  
Xrodas ..... Robert H. Gordon  
Adoracion ..... Leona Roberts  
Felipe Rivas ..... Robert Ross  
Paloma ..... Paula Miller

A little play of delicate sentiment with a touch of pathos, and a comely of gentle humor and good-natured satire. In the first an old lady and an old gentleman, supposedly not acquainted, the one good-natured, the other grumpy, seated on a bench, gradually find out that they were lovers in the flush and pride of their youth. Each one lies, pretending that each, after the forced separation, died romantically. Not for the world would either one admit identity. As they leave but with the promise of sitting together again the next day, if the morning is sunny, the one looks sorrowfully at the other, and thinks of the change made by the inexorable years. The play is a vignette in the manner of Dobson's muse, and it was played with the old-world grace that characterizes his verses yet with a humor that was not incongruous.

The Lady from Alfaqueque might be any lady who, dwelling in a great city, remembers the little town where she grew up and was known to every one. Her enthusiasm for the town, and everything pertaining to it, does not end in Fernandita's case with fond remembrance. Anyone coming to Madrid from Alfaqueque is welcomed by her and tolerated by her husband. Of course she is imposed on; by the maid, unfit for service and boasting of her superiority to the other servants; by the fawning Noblejas with his endless compliments of the day and the gossiping, chattering bringer of sweetmeats; but most of all by Felipe, the poet, who has a trick of entering a house as a victim of some mysterious persecution, fainting, exciting pity, then making himself comfortable and speaking honeyed words to all women whom he finds desirable. Even when he is exposed, he turns the anger of Fernandita, who has openly called herself a fool to be so deceived into admiration. Will he not make her famous as the woman who



May 19 1929

# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Ted Shawn, reading Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra," came across the sentence: "I should only believe in a God that would know how to dance." To quote Mr. Shawn's own words: "My whole being leaped to ecstatic agreement with this credo of Nietzsche's." Mr. Shawn was already aware that no one person can define God; that each one inherits or works out his own concept of God, and he found that he himself was worshipping a Divine Dancer, though somewhat shocked "for in spite of everything there still cling to the word 'dance' so many associations of triviality and sensuality." However, I found new concepts of the dance when I viewed it in the light of God's activity, and that dancing could be truly great only when it was Infinite Rhythm, Infinite Beauty, Infinite Lightness, Speed, Grace and Intelligence, finding outlet through the channel of a human dancer." He regretted that the essential and inseparable relation between God and dance was not generally accepted in the United States when he left to tour the far east. The great majority of his fellow citizens were in this respect rank Fundamentalists. In the happier East he found people who had believed only in gods that knew how to dance.

It was in the spring of 1925 that Mr. Shawn, Miss Ruth St. Denis, his wife, and their Denishawn Dancers signed a contract for a long tour in the East. They met with such success that the tour was extended to 15 months of continuous performing: a performance every night, sometimes a matinee and night performance, every day unless there was traveling by boat or train. He had agreed to write 3000 words every month for Dance Magazine. "It was a herculean task to focus my scattered mind each month." He accomplished the task, cheered no doubt by the conviction that he was accomplishing a high and holy mission. These articles, rewritten and "rebuilt," now form the handsome volume of 208 large octavo pages: "Gods Who Dance" by Ted Shawn, published with over 100 illustrations by E. P. Dutton & Co. The frontispiece portrays Mr. Shawn as the Hindu God Siva, "the Lord of the Dance," for as Dr. Coomaraswamy of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston has said in a brilliant essay, "Whatever the origin of Siva's dance, it became in time the clearest image of the activity of God which any art or religion can boast of."

Whether Mr. Shawn's materialistic or even spiritual fellow citizens will agree to this or not, he has written a vivid and valuable description of his tour. He had unusual advantages; he met the oriental exponents of all sorts of dances from the grossly sensual to the mysteriously mystical; he was permitted to see dances kept, as a rule, from the profane. The countries visited were Japan, China, the Malay peninsula, Burma, India, Tibet, Ceylon, Java; he saw dancers of Cambodia, North Africa, Spain and those of the Isles of Fear, the Philippines, where the brother of Miss Victoria Lopez wore in the peasant duet dance, the Carinosa, a strawberry pink shirt, and she let down her hair.

In a sort of prefatory chapter Mr. Shawn concludes that while Buddhism was originally a religion of reform and asceticism, and the Buddha referred to dancing as one of the arts of the courtesan, there is today more dancing connected with Buddhism than with almost any other religion. Mr. Shawn finds no approval or advocacy of dancing in the Koran, but dervishes express the religious impulse in the dance: The more they whirl, the more religious they feel. (So, too, in our country the Shakers, when Artemus Ward attended a meeting, danced at first at a slow tempo but warmed in their devotions, and Elder Uriah exhibited so marked spryness that Mr. Ward rewarded a double shuffle with an approving smile, and said: "Hunky boy! Go it, my gay and festive cuss!")

Has not Havelock Ellis, quoted several times by Mr. Shawn, said of primitive people: "To dance was at once to worship and to pray . . . The gods themselves danced, as the stars dance in the sky . . . and to dance is therefore to imitate the gods, to work with them, perhaps to persuade them to work in the direction of our own desire . . . to dance is to take part in the cosmic control of the world. Every sacred Dionysian dance is an imitation of the divine dance."

This leads Mr. Shawn to say in a fine burst: "The God of many self-styled Christians today does not dance. He is a God of dull dignity . . . Evidently these hardened and forbidding conceptions of God are of the latter days of Christianity. When Christianity was fresh and vital and young we read a different story." Yet a clergyman in New York has introduced dancing as a part of a religious service, and Mr. Shawn, believing that no nation is so avid of spiritual growth, declares that America's God will dance, and does dance. "I know it, for I am American and my God dances." He is also sure that when his whole being is ordered and pulses with the sap of life, when his intellect becomes the tool of his spirit, then he can speak as spake Zarathustra—"Now there danceth a God in me."

This is all mighty interesting and surely his readers will wish Mr. Shawn the speedy and complete ordering of his whole being, but many will find the description of what these dancing tourists saw of much greater importance. The book is so full of material valuable to students of the dance,

ethnologists, anthropologists, sociologists, that a review however extensive would fail to do it justice. Let the experts judge of Mr. Shawn's conclusion. Let us here only speak of some details in the various descriptions.

In Japan Koshiro Matsumoto, about 50 years old, not slender, and noticeably gray about the temples, appearing as the Lady Sarashina in a Dance Drama, is "more elegant and more feminine with a deep and dignified womanliness than any real woman-actress;" nor is he a weakling for in the course of a long dance, he whirls a wig round and round through the air, "a feat to daunt an athletic youth in his prime." Mr. Shawn found the ensemble dancing of a higher standard than that he had ever seen in a European ballet. "I had heard rumors that the Japanese were taking up jazz, but I find that rumor untrue. Here in Tokio ball-room dancing in public cafes is forbidden even to the foreigners, Europeans and Americans." . . . A Japanese dancer doing toe-dancing is a pitiable and grotesque sight." When Mr. Shawn says that the average audience except in Japan seeing a Noh play would be mystified and bored is undoubtedly true. Many were bored some seasons ago in Boston. The dancing of China, youthful and vital a thousand years ago, is now aging and almost senile; in the theatre it is almost non-existent, but Mr. Mei, taking female roles, though he has a second baby by his third wife, receives for a season about \$20,000 a month in American gold. Malay dances are tempered and subdued for European visitors. At the palace of the Sultan of Johore, the dancers—and probably the spectators—become more and more inflamed. One regrets to learn that this Sultan now has an American jazz band, and European food is served in most voluptuous manner."

European food is served "in most voluptuous manner." these Burmese dancers into a revue in New York it would be the success of the season for their dancing has a surface vitality, a gay, joyous, rhythmic quality, and the girls have an appealing charm." Can not good Mr. Ziegfeld be persuaded to glorify the Burmese girl next season?

Nautch dancers were a disappointment. Miss St. Denis's East Indian dances "were encored to a shouting, almost frenzied Indian audience," for she brought "cultured and educated mentality . . . having a richness and purity beyond the conception of these native women," also "having a beauty and charm of person." In India the tourists saw aboriginal and temple dances. There was one devil dance after another in Ceylon, where dancing is still used to heal sickness.

It was in Java at the Court of the Sultan of Djocjakarta that dreams come true, where oriental dancing was even more wonderful and beautiful than what had been imagined. The music of the gamalan orchestra, "liquid, mellow, haunting" is unique. "If I were to imagine music in heaven, this is what would seem most celestial to me."

The Cambodian dancers transported the visitors into a fairyland where they were unconscious of their bodies, though rugs wrapped round their legs up to their hips shielded them from mosquitoes.

In the Philippines Mr. Shawn lunched with Gen. Wood and felt "the extraordinary power and nobility of this greatest living American." As for the natives, "their bodies were gloriously proportioned, more beautiful from our standards than any savage or primitive people I have ever seen." The women were squat.

The ordinary visitors in Algiers and Tunis see only a meretricious, commercialized performance. Mr. Shawn was more fortunate. There is an amazing account of a dervish dance at Biskra, supposed to be prohibited by the government.

It might reward Mr. Shawn to go deeper into Africa. It would be interesting to compare his impressions of native dances with what Andre Gide and Paul Morand have written.

## A LUXURY?

There has been a proposal in Budapest to put a "luxury tax" on umbrellas. The news of this proposal has given rise to surprising statements in England, where American tourists have in many summers been led to cry out, "The rain it raineth every day." Artemus Ward saw in the churchyard of Stratford-on-Avon a fine bluff old gentleman talking excitedly to a fashionably dressed young man.

"No, Ernest Montessor," the old gentleman said, "it is idle to pursue this subject no further. You can never marry my daughter. You were seen last Monday in Piccadilly without a umbrella! I said then as I say now, any young man as ventures out in a uncertain climit like this without a umbrella, lacks foresight, caution, strength of mind and stability, and he is not a proper person to intrust a daughter's happiness to." Artemus, in this letter to Punch, wrote, "You must admit that it does rain rather numerously here. Whether this is owing to a monerkal form of gov'ment or not, I leave all candid and onprejudiced persons to say."

But it is now said in London that fewer umbrellas are carried and it is asked whether the umbrella is less popular than it used to be. How is it to be explained that more than ever are left in railway trains and other public vehicles? "They are collected," says the Manchester Guardian, "and sold off by tens of thousands. And as somebody must buy them they must somehow pass into circulation again." Travellers returning from England have told us that Englishmen and Englishwomen do not mind the rain and in the heaviest downpour walk without umbrellas and rubbers, overshoes, "gums," goloshes; that punting on the river they will calmly take tea in an open boat while rain comes down in sheets; but there is an old saying that travellers tell strange tales. In pictures of street scenes in London published in our newspapers, pedestrians are with and without umbrellas.

How can the Budapest officials justly call

an umbrella a luxury? To many it is a necessity—so that in case of an unexpected rain, an umbrella is not respected as private property: "Twas mine; 'Tis his," Borrowed umbrellas are like borrowed books—not returnable. A prominent Bostonian, who for some years has not been in need of protection from the rain, thought to escape loss by painting inside his umbrellas: "Stolen from ———"; but they disappeared and were no more seen. Probably the thieves spread their plunder only in the dark.

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## ART AND RACE

The negroes of the "Porgy" company playing in London with great success were at first refused admittance by the hotel in which rooms had been reserved for them, but were finally admitted on condition that they eat in the basement. It is not pleasant to note that leading hotels of London were induced to refuse admission to Mr. Frank Wilson, the admirable Porgy, and his colleagues, not because there is racial prejudice in England; the landlords feared the loss of possible American patronage. The members of the "Porgy" company now live in private houses or in apartments of their own.

Roland Hayes, the negro tenor, was gladly welcomed in artistic, literary and social circles of London. It will be remembered that he sang to the King and Queen by royal command. And so in Paris Mr. Hayes has for friends noble dame of high degree, who honor him as a singer and respect and like him as a man. Nor has Paul Robson, singer and actor, suffered from racial prejudice in London.

Mr. Wilson wrote a temperate letter to the Daily News expressing his surprise that there is a little prejudice in England against his race. An inquiry followed, as to whether this prejudice really exists. There was a denial. "Englishmen in general are unconscious of any such feeling. Negroes are widely regarded as in the same class as Indians and treated with equal respect. In London society a distinguished negro or Indian would be received in most private houses, though the one is usually drawn on mixed marriages."

That this line is drawn is not surprising, for mixed-marriages as a rule lead to unhappiness. Leonard Merrick took this subject for his novel, "The Quaint Companions," in which a negro tenor weds an English woman, with disastrous results to both. As for that matter marriages between the whites of different countries are not always happy. A famous opera singer refused the hand of a prominent Bostonian, now dead, though she had for him a warm regard and knew the marriage would be advantageous to her in many ways, on the ground that a husband and wife, differing in nationality, might easily through education and previous environment come to misunderstandings and disagreements. It might here be added that this singer never married but corresponded with her American suitor to the day when he could write no more.

aved him, gave wings to his genius? Will there not be a tablet on his house? Alfauque, his statue in the public square? And her name will be honored along with his. Honest Reallto, sharing Fernandita's enthusiasm for her town, goes back to Alfauque. But what becomes of the choleric suitor of Blanca, he "Porcupine," a delightfully impossible person?

What an amusing comedy it is, artful in its apparently artlessness! Lines, not introduced for the sake of an epigram, nor to show the brilliant wit of the authors, but all revealing character. How naturally the comedy was played! How well the audience was acquainted with those men and women before they went their ways. Felipe, no doubt, found some other ingenious method of sponging on his latest boss. He probably married Blanca. A the poor "Porcupine"—what became of him. Don Pascual summed it up, when, seeing Felipe firmly entrenched and spouting verse he exclaimed: "God's will be done."

would not be easy to say this actor hat actress excelled, so admirable the performance; but the portrayal of Fernandita by Miss Kruger will be remembered.

### ARLINGTON THEATRE

#### "Galician Wedding"

one-act in two acts by Herman Wohl.  
Laurie Parness... Charles Nathanson  
his daughter... Zena Goldstein  
a sexton... A. Sinoff  
Tante, his wife... Bertha Hart  
his daughter... Fannie Lubrisky  
Gabarnick... Sidney Hart  
his wife... Nadya Dranova  
his son... Leon Gold  
a water carrier... Boris Rosenthal  
his son... Ludwig Satz  
Pasach's nephew, an American... Marty Baratz

Yiddish musical comedy, styled after the last evening, with Ludwig Satz, much heralded comedian, in leading role. It tells the story of a poor water-carrier's son, who

is in love with Rachel, the daughter of the rich Jew of the village. In order to win her, he is sent away to study for the rabbinate only to find, on his return, that she is being married to another. Fired with courage by a few drinks—the play is set in Galicia, not in these arid parts—he snatches the bride away from Moishe, his rival and weds her himself.

The production follows the well-worn paths of American musical comedy and even introduces a suave, salved American to jazz it up. Marty Baratz takes this part and entertains his audience most successfully with slapstick and tap dancing.

Ludwig Satz as Yankele only suggests his talents. He made but little of his part and must have disappointed many of the large audience who had come so enthusiastically to greet him. His is a dry humor and depends, to be sure, on a quiet nonchalance to send it across the footlights, but he seemed last night to be leaning too heavily on mannerism.

The fun of the piece derived from Leon Gold, who clown the "Simple Simon" role of Moishe most effectively, and from the wordplays which turned puzzlingly from English to Polish to Hebrew to Yiddish, with a facility which the audience enjoyed thoroughly.

The music was monotonously familiar but there was pleasure in the gusto with which the songs were presented.

F. S. F.

### OLYMPIA-FENWAY THEATRES

#### "The Desert Song"

A screen musical comedy, from the original book and score by Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein, 2d, Sigmund Romberg, Laurence Schwab and Frank Mandel; scenario by Harvey Gates; directed by Roy Del Ruth, and presented by Warner Bros., with the following cast:  
The Red Shadow... John Boles  
Margot... Carlotta King  
Susan... Louise Fazenda  
Benny Kidd... Johnny Arthur  
Gen. Brabazon... Edward Martin  
Capt. Fontaine... John Miljan  
Pasha... Jack Pratt  
Hassi... Otto Hoffman  
Sid El Car... Robert E. Guzman  
Clementine... Marie Wells  
Azuri... Myrna Loy  
Rebel... Del Elliott

The Warner Brothers, who as trail-blazers in the motion picture wilderness have been accused of various atrocities in their treatment of audible films, have confounded their most persistent critics and have re-established themselves by their courageous presentation of a full-length musical comedy on the screen, the first to be given with the original score and book, and much of the original stage business intact. "The Desert Song," judged solely as cinema experiment, is amazingly good entertainment. A large orchestra does full justice to the score, there is a splendid male ensemble for the rousing chorals numbers. Seldom has Vitaphone behaved so well. The voices come forth clearly, resonantly. As far as the audible part of the performance is concerned "The Desert Song" seems 100 per cent. perfect.

Pictorially, this screen version has much to commend it. The camera makes it possible to show the Riffian hordes galloping over the desert sand dunes. It shows a few scenes in colors even—the walled town wherein the French garrison is placed, and the beacon lights burned as signals for the Riffs. On the other hand, one great obstacle to complete illusion is evident. It is impossible to present a full stage scene, to fill the eye with the magnitude or opulence of a particular scene and its setting and still bring the stage figures to a proper size and project the speaking or singing voices normally. In other words, the average screen is too small; its restricted dimensions militate against full illusion. For tabloids, with a small cast, it will continue to serve. For the larger works it is unsuited.

The story of "The Desert Song" is that of a handsome young French soldier who joined the Foreign Legion to prove to his sweetheart that he could be a real man; who, resentful of petty discipline, switched his allegiance to the natives and became the masked leader of a band of Moroccan outlaws; who found his position perilous when his father came to command the French garrison, and when Margot, engaged to Capt. Fontaine, showed more interest in the Red Shadow than in his other self, Pierre Brabazon, or even her fiancé. Mr. Boles in a dual role sings so well and makes so many quick changes that it seemed to many that he must have a double. Miss King, new to the screen, acts easily, sings several difficult numbers admirably. Miss Fazenda and Mr. Arthur have the comedy roles. Miss Loy as the vengeful Azuri, a half-caste, was sinuously alluring. The chief song hits, "The Desert Song," "One Alone," and the Riff chorus, were so well done they deserved encores, one thing the screen cannot give.

W. E. G.

### SCOLLAY SQUARE THEATRE

#### "Hard Boiled Rose"

A screen drama, adapted by Robert Lord from a story by Melville Crossman; directed by F. Harmon Weight and presented by Warner Bros. as a part-talking picture with the following cast:  
Rose Duhamel... Myrna Loy  
Jefferson Duhamel... Edward Martin  
Grandmother Duhamel... Lucy Beaumont  
Don Malo... William Collier, Jr.  
Julie Malo... Gladys Brockwell  
Steve Burke... John Miljan  
John Trask... Ralph Emerson  
Peyton Hale... Otto Hoffman  
Butler... Floyd Shackelford  
Myrna Loy's star seems in the ascendancy. Always an intriguing adornment to the screen, with her fascinating, in-

scrutable features (she is said to have green eyes and titian hair), it has been her fate to be cast repeatedly as some avenging sister or engaged maiden, masquerading as a tough dame from Chicago or other evil center and bent on running down the real murderer or the real thief, as the case might be. Needless to add, she generally succeeded, thanks to her wits and some timely gunplay. More recently she has been given exotic roles in "The Desert Song" and "The Squall," in each of which she talks in such broken English as the part demands. Now, as Rose Duhamel, of an old New Orleans family which prided itself on its probity and honor, she has a role suggestive of those she played in "The Girl from Chicago" and "State Street Sadie," both rich in underworld thrills. She is permitted to speak in unfettered English, and she does it neatly. Moreover, this current picture in which she is featured is a well-written, well-acted piece, with intelligent direction, sincere efforts at characterization, and several strong dramatic climaxes.

It was unfortunate for Jefferson Duhamel, Rose's father, that a malevolent fate should place in his trusted hands, as junior member of a respected brokerage firm, \$200,000 in negotiable securities not his own just when Julie Malo and Steve Burke, joint proprietors of a gambling resort, insisted that he redeem his bundle of I. O. U. S. Duhamel, having surrendered the bonds to these leeches, promptly took poison and died. John Trask, his secretary, to protect the family name and to show his love for Rose, assumed guilt for the larceny and went to jail. Rose, just home from boarding school, became suspicious, and when the colored servi-

tor told her about her father's obsession for gambling, went forth to retrieve the bonds and to free young Trask. How she did both makes the story. The outcome raises a nice point of ethics. There seemed no doubt that Duhamel owed \$200,000 to Julie Malo and Steve Burke. When by her wit and the aid of Don Malo, Julie's weakling son, Rose regained the bonds there was no acknowledgment on her part that her father still was indebted to that amount. Perhaps the laws of Louisiana do not recognize gambling debts as valid.

Aside from Miss Loy's evenly excellent performance it was a delight to see and hear Miss Brockwell in a role worthy of her capabilities. Mr. Miljan and Mr. Collier likewise were splendid. Mr. Emerson, a stage player in his first screen role, was natural enough. In fact the entire cast seemed letter-perfect, a helpful factor in any picture blending dialogue with spirited action.

W. E. G.

### MODERN-BEACON THEATRES

#### "Father and Son"

A screen drama, adapted by Jack Townley from a story by Elmer Harris; directed by Eric C. Kenton and presented by Columbia Pictures Corporation with the following cast:  
Frank Fields... Jack Holt  
Grace Moore... Dorothy Revier  
Mary White... Helene Chadwick  
Jimmy Fields... Mickey McBan  
Michael Brent... Wheeler Oakman

Before Frank Fields, a well-to-do business man, went abroad and met and married an adventuress known as Grace Moore, alias Countess Moretti, a fine comradeship had existed between him and his 10-year-old son, Jimmy. They called each other "Old Timer" and "Big Boy." With the advent of the stepmother, friction arose. The new Mrs. Fields disliked the boy; he hated her. When Michael Brent, a confidence man and former lover of the "countess," wrote from a French prison in which he had spent six months through that lady's connivance, his letter to Fields fell into her hands. There was some trouble about that. Jimmy was accused of burning the letter, and his father whipped him. Jimmy decided to run away, but Mary White coaxed him into her home, adjoining the Fields estate, to eat something first, and Jimmy decided that he would not run away. He would stay and be her boy. One could see right there that some time Mary was going to be a real mother to the lad.

When Fields learned later that his new wife had deceived him about the letter and her noxious past, he threatened to get rid of her. When Jimmy went home for his toys, including a rifle and a recordograph, his stepmother caught him making a record for his father, expressing the love and loyalty of one for the other. Jimmy forgot to shut the contrivance off, so that subsequent proceedings became a matter of legal record, which was fortunate for both father and son. For Mrs. Fields was shot, a moment or two later, and each suspected the other, each admitted the crime. Brent, caught on the Fields grounds, was held first as a material witness. In the end, thanks to Jimmy's recordograph, he was detained permanently. All this, as one will quickly see, is made possible through a variation of the phonograph trick in "The Canary Murder Case." There the murderer prepared a record by which he nearly established a perfect alibi. Here, the record spontane-

ously reveals a double alibi for father and son, and convicts the actual murderer.

Mr. Holt gave a sympathetic characterization of the father who so loved his son that he would have died for him. Miss Revier was a calloused villainess. Miss Chadwick a kindly maiden who liked children and knew how to cook. Mr. Oakman dipped into crime with his customary aplomb, and Master McBan, thanks to some very neat captions, seemed to be a good boy indeed. In a few brief passages the players' voices are heard. They are endurable; but as for the synchronized accompaniment to "Father and Son," we confess that of the two evils we prefer the old-time piano-player hidden in a dark corner of the theatre.

W. E. G.

### EMMANUEL ALUMNI AT "BLOSSOM TIME"

Students and alumni of Emmanuel College celebrated the 10th anniversary of the founding of the college last night by holding a theatre party at the Snubert Apollo Theatre, where the Franz Schubert operetta, "Blossom Time," is being performed. The party brought out the largest gathering of alumni in recent years and necessitated the absorption of the entire seating capacity of the house. Following the performance officers and members of the anniversary committee met the "Blossom Time" principals in a backstage reception.

Emmanuel College was the first institution of its kind to be organized exclusively for women in New England under auspices of the Roman Catholic Church. Among those in charge of last night's function were Miss Anna Püllam, president of the Alumni Association; Miss Katherine Skelly, president of the senior class, and Misses Beatrice Hantz, Eleanor Conner and Gertrude Whalen.

### NEW B. F. KEITH'S

The second "all-vaudeville" week at this ornate memorial to the man who fathered variety shows in this city shows marked advancement. The bill is better balanced, the acts are excellent each in its way, and there was no chance of a flop or disappointment in the headline act, with Charles (Chic) Sales holding that honored spot. With a typical backdrop indicating that he was presiding at a meeting of the Hurray Up-lift Club in Harmony hall, Sales proceeded as always to pick up laughs here and there until he had the entire house rocking as, after subduing a clanging steam radiator, he argued passionately in favor of substitution of the soul-filling zither for the devil-sent saxophone. That topic exhausted, he became Jefferson Sapp, the town's wickedest youth, reciting "Rip Van Winkle," with effects; a Camp Fire Girl declaiming and posturing in relation to some "twittering birdies"; and a Boy Scout chanting gleefully of "The Pardon that Came Too Late." No other man on the stage, legitimate or two-a-day, can play the pumpkin as can Mr. Sales. His make-up, accent, voice, awkward gestures, all are ludicrously true to life. There must have been many Grangers or old-time vaudeville patrons in yesterday's audience, judging by the chuckles of appreciation at his funny lines.

Irene Rich, who in a very charming curtain speech sought to give the impression that she was very greatly frightened in making a stage appearance after so many years in motion picture studios, presented an exceptionally short playlet, "Ask Your Wife," by George Buchanan Fife. Samuel T. Godfrey, formerly stage director at the St. James Theatre, staged the trifle, and Edwin Jerome and Harold Elliott aided Miss Rich. The theme, distantly suggestive of that of "The Guardsman," dealt with a playwright's attempt to gain his wife's reaction to a baseless accusation of infidelity, that he might gain the proper slant on a situation in his new play. The scheme became a boomerang, for the wife retaliated by accusing him of an affair with a pretty widow, and it turned out she was right.

Harold Yates and Cooper Layley, out of Earl Carroll's "Vantities," might well be termed successors to Van ar Schenck. They give much the same a piano and all. One, he who doesn't p. the piano, has a fine tenor voice; he harmonize pleasingly in light little. Other amusing or interesting turns ar by Johnny Berkes, with his wonderfully low cut trousers, his neat stepping and his toy piano, with Virginia Sully as



vocalist and fiddler; Irving Aaronson's Commanders, combining jazz instrumentation and vocal novelties by its versatile members; Archie and Gertie Falls, in an acrobatic act which deserved a better place and more applause; Don Cummings, a youth with a lot of ropes, two supple wrists and a talking accompaniment which was not so good; and the two Kitayamas, to close the bill in one of the best pedestal acts of its kind, enhanced by settings and costumes truly opulent.

W. E. G.

## THIS WEEK'S STAGE

APOLLO—"Blossom Time," musical comedy, second week.

COPLEY—"The Ghost Train," musical comedy, third week.

POLYAN—"Show Boat," musical comedy, third week.

HOLLIS STREET—Civic Repertory Company of New York, last week: Tonight and Saturday evening, "The Cherry Orchard"; Wednesday and Thursday evenings, "Katerina"; Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday matinees and Friday evening, "Peter Pan".

PLYMOUTH—"The Wild Duck," with Blanche Yurka, last week.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S—Vaudeville, matinees and evenings, with Charles (Chic) Sales, Irene Rich, Irving Aaronson's Commanders, and other acts.

## JOEY'S STATE THEATRE

## "Alibi"

A screen drama, adapted by Roland West and C. Gardner Sullivan from the stage play, "Night Stick," by John Wray, J. C. Nugent and Elaine Sterne Carrington; directed and produced by Roland West, and presented as a United Artists all-talking picture with the following cast:

Chick Williams	Chester Morris
Buck Buchanan	Harry Stubbs
Daisy Thomas	Mae Busch
Joan Manning	Eleanor Griffith
Toots	Irma Harrison
Billy Morgan	Regis Toomey
Brown	Al Hill
Blake	James Bradbury, Jr.
Soft Malone	Elmer Ballard
Crash	Kernan Cripps
Pete Manning	Purnell B. Pratt
Tommy Glennon	Pat O'Malley
O'Brien	De Witt Jennings
George Stanislaus David	Edward Brady

Advertised widely as the highest point yet reached by the sound picture, "Alibi," adapted from a successful play, "Night Stick," endeavors to live up to its reputation by including all the sound that can be squeezed in. Clocks tick loudly enough to wake the dead, persons enter rooms as if they were imitating a regiment on the march, whistles of every variety are well and thoroughly heard, keys rattle in locks, telephones ring, sirens shriek their warnings, and conversations are carried on at such a pitch that the proverbial stage-whisper fades into insignificance. Despite this superabundance of noise, however, "Alibi" manages to be an exciting, fairly novel, and always interesting picture. If it did seem at times that the agony was too long drawn out and the villainy overemphasized, yet these minor details were soon forgotten in the suspense.

The plot is too confused to give more than a brief outline of it here. Certain changes have been made in the original story but they need not concern us here. Joan Manning, the pretty daughter of a policeman, falls in love with and marries Chick Williams, a notorious gangster suspected of murder but never caught with the goods. Chick plays on her belief that the police are always trying to frame him and so turns her against her father and former sweetheart, Tommy Glennon, now a detective-sergeant. Another hold-up and killing take place; Chick has an apparently fool-proof alibi, but the police are hard on his track, having unearthed damning evidence against him. Endeavoring to make his alibi perfect, Chick gives himself away to Billy Morgan, a detective in disguise, but he kills him and gets away. There is a wildly exciting climax with much shooting and a general clean-up of the villains. The cast, while not of any outstanding merit, was quite sufficient, and special mention should be made of Regis Toomey, whose characterization of the genial Billy Morgan, seemingly so drunk but so alert and watchful, was an excellent bit of work. Chester Morris was a convincing Chick save when he was called upon to register great wickedness. Pat O'Malley was a very noble and somewhat too heroic Tommy Glennon.

E. L. H.

## KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

## "Prisoners"

A screen drama, adapted by Forrest Balsey from a story by Ferenc Molnar; photography by Lee Garmes; directed by William A. Selter and presented as a First National part-talking picture with the following cast:

Riza Riza	Corinne Griffith
Kessler	James Ford
Brotton	Bela Lukosi
Nicholas Cathy	Ian Keith
Lenke	Julianne Johnston
Aunt Maria	Ann Schaeffer
Rore	Baron Hesse
Sebi	Otto Matiesen
Prosecuting Attorney	Harry Northrup

It is not often that Molnar reaches the screen—his baffling mixture of sentiment and cynicism is difficult fare for the moving picture camera to convey with any degree of comprehension. Not having read the original story upon which Corinne Griffith's latest starring

vehicle, "Prisoners" is based, it is possible to say just how much is Molnar and how much is sugar coating. The initial idea is out of the ordinary, certainly, but it is lost sight of in a confusion of heroic gestures, low comedy, and utterly improbable events. There is plenty of irony in the spectacle of a man acting as counsel to defend a girl who had stolen money only that she might buy a dress that would make him look at her, but unfortunately all this is tossed aside for a happy ending, sentimental enough to satisfy the most tender hearted.

Riza Riza, dancer in a cabaret in Vienna, run by an unpleasant individual named Brotton, leaves the city and goes to a little country town to make a fresh start. She takes a job as waitress in a cafe and falls in love with a young counsellor, Nicholas Cathy, who is engaged to a handsome and haughty young lady. When Riza is accused of

theft, Nicholas takes up her case and forces her to tell him why she stole. When she confesses that it was because she loved him he refuses to believe her, but gradually he comes to take a more than legal interest in her case. The picture ends with his lame and halting defence of her in court, a defence which brings about surprising results.

Corinne Griffith has an interesting part as the girl who tried so hard to go straight and her scenes with the uncomprehending young lawyer were most pathetic; her acting throughout was sincere and moving, and as always she is most beautiful to behold. Ian Keith is an excellent Nicholas, his performance in the courtroom scene being especially good. Otto Matiesen, in the part of a conceited young actor in love with Riza, gave a plausible and amusing characterization. The first part of the picture is silent, the rest is talking sequences quite well done.

E. L. H.

## B. U. GRADUATES GIVE 'ALICE IN WONDERLAND'

## Our Theater Workshop Opens Its Second Season

A group of Boston University graduates, organized as Our Theatre Workshop, opened their second season yesterday afternoon, with "Alice in Wonderland," at the Peabody Playhouse, 357 Charles street, which will be put on each afternoon this week.

At the evening performances, the following will be given: A one scene act entitled "In a Balcony," and scenes from Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and Moliere's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme."

## METROPOLITAN THEATRE

## "A Dangerous Woman"

A screen drama, adapted by John Farrow from a story by Margery H. Lawrence; dialogue by Edward E. Paramore, Jr.; photography by Harry Fischbeck; directed by Rowland V. Lee, and presented by Paramount as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

Tania Gregory	Olga Baclanova
Frank Gregory	Clive Brook
Bobby Gregory	Neil Hamilton
Tubby	Clyde Cook
Peter Allerton	Leslie Fenton
Chief Macheria	Snitz Edwards

What "A Dangerous Woman" lacks in originality of characterization, situations and speech it provides generously in atmosphere. Its scenes are laid in Central East Africa, so what more natural than the heat, and the rain, the monotonous beating of tom-toms, the euphonious chatter of the natives. The first, one is expected to presume exists, the others can be seen and heard. Such a hateful combination affects various persons in differing ways. It aged and withered Frank Gregory, a typically phlegmatic Englishman sent out to be district commissioner over the blacks. It developed a broad philosophy and an alert watchfulness in Tubby, his cockney servant. It stirred the surface passions of Gregory's Russian wife and stifled her moral compunctions, so that one white man, Peter Allerton, shot himself because of her.

When Bobby, Frank's younger brother, came out from England to join him, he brought a phonograph recording of his fiancée's voice in plaintive farewells and prayers for his safe return. After he had played it once he forgot it; for the Russian lady sang love songs in a convincing way and waylaid him in darkened jungle paths. Her husband had warned her that Bobby must stay clean and unspoiled, but she, who had accused Bobby of "being drunk with youth," persisted. Then Gregory, after much pacing up and down, while the rain fell pitilessly and the air was fetid with passion and hate, decided to kill her. He dropped poison into her glass of lime and water and, the next morning, was about to shoot himself as a murderer when Tubby broke in to an-

## "ISRAEL POTTER"

The Providence Journal of May 15 published an article in which there was a reference to Herman Melville's "Israel Potter: His Fifty Years in Exile." The author of the article, having said that Henry Trumbull of that city had published the story that induced Melville to write "Israel Potter," went on as follows: "Of Potter and the book B. H. K. wrote engagingly for this page last fall, revealing also his discovery that Herman Melville had seized upon the yarn and retailed it as his own, much of it almost verbatim. It now seems not unlikely that Mr. Trumbull wrote this narrative for Potter, one of our first 'ghost writers.'"

"Discovery"? Allibone's "Critical Dictionary of English Literature" (1871) contains this note on Melville's "Israel Potter": "The Life and Adventures of Israel R. Potter (pub. in Providence in 1824), written by Henry Trumbull from Potter's dictation." Has the Providence journalist read Melville's story? Melville in his whimsical dedication of the book to "His Highness the Bunker Hill Monument" acknowledges his indebtedness but modestly—and falsely—says it preserved "almost as in a reprint," the autobiography:

"Shortly after his (Potter's) return in infirm old age to his native land, a little narrative of his adventures, formerly published on sleazy gray paper, appeared among the peddlers, written probably not by himself, but taken down from his lips by another. But like the crutch-marks of the cripple by the Beautiful Gate, this blurred record is now out of print. From a tattered copy, rescued by the merest chance, from the rag-pickers, the present account has been drawn, which with the exception of some expansions and additions of historic and personal details, and one or two shiftings of scene, may, perhaps, be not unfitly regarded something in the light of a dilapidated old tombstone record."

"Expansions and additions." All that is noteworthy in "Israel Potter" is Melville's own: the meeting of Israel in England with certain secret friends of America; the story of his adventures with Dr. Franklin and John Paul Jones in Paris—five chapters that only Melville could have written, pages as vivid and picturesque as they are humorous; the magnificent description of the fight between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis; the scene in which Ethan Allen rages, a prisoner at Falmouth; the terrible pages about the moulders in the brickyard near London.

It is by these pages, Melville's own, that "Israel Potter" commands attention and admiration. There are famous sea fights in prose and poetry, from Aeschylus to Tennyson and Whitman; but Melville's stands apart. Who but Melville would have thus described the rising of the round harvest moon on the desperate fight: "Not long after, an invisible hand came and set down a great yellow lamp in the east. The hand reached up unseen from below the horizon, and set the lamp down right on the rim of the horizon, as on a threshold; as much as to say, Gentlemen warriors, permit me a little to light up this rather gloomy subject. . . . Bedded in strange vapors, the great footlight cast a dubious, half-demonic glare across the waters, like the phantasmagoric stream sent athwart a London flagging in a night-rain from an apothecary's blue and green window. Through this sardonic mist, the face of the Man-in-the-Moon—looking right towards the combatants, as if he were standing in a trap-door of the sea, leaning forward leisurely with his arms complacently folded over upon the edge of the horizon—this queer face wore a serious, apishly self-satisfied leer, as if the Man-in-the-Moon had somehow secretly put up the ships to their contest, and in the depths of his malignant old soul was not displeased to see how well his charms worked. There stood the grinning Man-in-the-Moon, his head just dodging into view over the rim of the sea:—Mephistopheles—prompter of the stage."

And this is only one of Melville's many "expansions and additions."

It is not often that madame had met death through a poisoned snake. So they gave her a decent burial and returned home to England. Tubby declined to accompany them. As their canoe glided away he turned to old Chief Macheria and cautioned him never to tell the truth about that snake. By this you will naturally deduce that somebody knew how the reptile got into the fair temptress's bed.

Mr. Lee has done what he could with his material, the players what they could with such stereotyped parts. Mme. Baclanova shows several changes of

## The Story of Suleyman the

## Magnificent, Told in Lofty Manner

"THE GRANDE TURKE SULEYMAN THE MAGNIFICENT, SULTAN OF THE OTTOMANS," by Fairfax Downey; Minton, Balch & Co. 333 pp. \$4.

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Downey has told in a lofty and sonorous manner the wonderful story of a mighty ruler; a story of heroic deeds and mean intrigues; of noble generosity and oaths forsworn; of a woman's will that led to cruelty and disaster. He has not been the only one to write eloquently over Suleyman's achievement. His own description of the army entered for the war against Hungary is no more pompous than the tale of Suleyman's entrance with his army in Aleppo marching toward Persia as was told by Master Anthony Jenkinson, "present at that time."

"Immediately after them (pages honor clothed in cloth of gold) came the great Turke himself with great pomp and magnificence, using in his countenance and gesture a wonderful majesty, having on each side of his person one page clothed with cloth of gold; he himself was mounted upon a goodly white horse, adorned with a robe of cloth of gold, embroidered most richly with the most precious stones, and upon his head a goodly white tuck, containing in length by estimation fifteen yards, which was of silke and linn woven together, resembling somewhat Calicut cloth, but is more fine and rich and in the top of his crowne, a little pinnace of white Ostrich feathers, and his horse most richly apparelled in points correspondent to the same." This did even English merchants write those spacious days.

Did Jenkinson exaggerate when he said that this army numbered 300,000 men; that the camels bearing munition and victuals for the said army, were number 200,000?

Suleyman, a young man, succeeded his father Selim, a bloody and tyrannical ruler, who, displeased with his reproving him for some extreme measure, sent him a poisoned shirt; but his mother took the precaution of trying first on a courtier. It was a wonderful period of the world's history when Suleyman was hailed Sultan by the fighting machines, the dreaded Janissaries. His royal colleagues were Charles V and his brother, Ferdinand of Austria, Henry VIII and Francis the Great Mogul of India, Pope Leo X, Shah Ismail of Persia, the Doge of Venice, Sigismund I of Poland. The

of native festivities, with accompanying chants supposedly in Swahili, the native language, add a picturesque flavor.

W. E. G.

owns and some gorgeous pajamas, and talks in guttural, broken English. Her singing voice is far better. She is again the actress skilled in depiction of raw emotion. Mr. Brook is a quietly effective as the disillusioned husband, but Mr. Hamilton seems unhappy as the vastly beguiled brother. Several shots



## A NOTE ON FOOD

Is food so dear in England that journalists of high and low degree are writing about favorite dishes and personal tastes knowing that the latter can seldom be gratified? Food in all its forms discussed with a smacking of the lips. Mr. E. Lucas, finding bear meat in a London restaurant, thought it delicious, wrote a column out it and quoted from "The Child's Guide to Knowledge" by "A Lady": "Its (the bear's) flesh excellent food, something like pork; its paws are esteemed a great delicacy, even at the Emperor's table; and the hams are salted and dried and sent to all parts of Europe." There is an "at More Fish" campaign. At Harrow the "duckshop" is to be enlarged; the Harrovian compares the proposed great size of this shop for a stomach with the small size of the book-op that caters to the brain. But restaurants are rarely always the larger. The Manchester Guardian justly says: "If every man who is ready to end seven-and-sixpence on a meal were equally ready to spend the same sum on a new book, far more authors would be found among the payers super-tax."

In London's Sunday journals there have been several columns of letters from snail-eaters and mail raisers. Mr. George Saintsbury is noted for his fine taste in wines and books; he does not sink it beneath his dignity to wax ecstatic over membered dishes as a "dinner steak" once served in a restaurant under the Exchange at Manchester: a steak about eight inches long, a broad and an inch and a half thick. It was perfectly cooked, being neither bien saillant nor a saddle-flap." And so Mr. Herkimer Johnson always associates the town of Soleure with a marvellous steak he once ate there as was about to ascend the Weissenstein.

On the 17th of last month, the 130th anniversary of the birth of Eliza Acton, the "Mrs. Beeton" of the famous cookery book, was celebrated. She published poems, and in 1840 went to the press. Longman with another volume in manuscript, "Poetry, madam," she was told, "is a drug in the market; if it were a cookery book, now—" she went home, concocted dishes, sent them to be

tested by neighboring epicures. Her cookery book is at once, and for many years, the housekeeper's best friend. Did she experiment on her husband? Was he familiarly known as "old man Acton"? When Jessie Conrad wrote her "Handbook of Cookery for a Small House" six or seven years ago, her gallant husband, Joseph, contributed a preface in which he came forward modestly but gratefully as a Living Example of her practice and extolled the book as highly as he could: "There cannot be the slightest question to that; for is it not a cookery book?—the very product of the human mind altogether free from suspicion." The collector of cooking books in all languages is more to be applauded and envied than the collector of arithmetics. They are both more or less gentle maniacs, but the former has the better reading and can enjoy seriously and without harm to his clockwork most enticing dishes of the centuries.

He knew him as their equal, some found him their superior. There was the foreboding by the young moon the night he rode toward Constantinople, of "an Ottoman crescent which would stretch from the Atlas to the Caucasus." . . . He rode, did Suleyman, to signalize a name that would echo in the sermons of Luther and burn with the flame of an enduring dread a century later upon the bright pages of Shakespeare.

To wage war in the name of the Prophet was the pleasure and the duty of the Ottomans. Suleyman had inherited the spirit of conquest. Mr. Downey describes the campaigns, the fights on land and on sea, in detail, but vividly with infinite gusto: the siege of Rhodes and that of Malta; the battle of Lepanto, in Hungary, where King Louis with his white horse in the mire of war, and, weighed down by his armor, died miserably; the repulse under the walls of Vienna; the triumphs of corsair Barbarossa; the terrible battle with Zrinjat Szigeth, where a man, dying of apoplexy in the tents, closed his eyes wearily and cried: "The drums of victory have just sounded."

He passed," writes Mr. Downey, "the very spirit of the Sultan who had the Ottoman empire to the summit of its glory, a glory of which the heirs of his own race, mourning through the coming centuries of its fall, could catch only fleeting glimpses. Christian historians, merciful toward his faults, could not deny his genius and his honor. Pious cleansed him of prejudice set down their meagre tributes."

Suleyman was more than a conqueror in war, a superb figure even in peace. His revision of the code lasted

till the 19th century. He reformed the feudal system of the Empire and under him 20 subject races lived in harmony. He gave non-Moslem peasants the right to hold property; founded schools; reformed the civil and military administrations; administered so that taxes

were light; he diminished the number of penalties of mutilation and death. Profiteering was punished. Bakers and keepers of eating houses were under strict supervision. "The price of sweets was regulated by the value of the honey and almonds they contained. No more than 10 per cent. profit was allowed sellers of fruit and the price of dry goods was fixed." Sanitation required that bath house keepers should use different robes for the Turks from those of their infidel customers; barbers were obliged to keep separate sets of towels and razors.

In his earlier years he disregarded the commands of the Koran concerning wine and gold and silver dishes. Was it religious conviction or the gout that made him at a later period a strict abstainer?

The time came when, listening to the advice of a sybil, he dismissed the singers of the Seraglio and burnt the fine collection of musical instruments, some of them studded with gems. He ate from earthenware instead of porcelain. The hundreds of coffee houses were to him schools of knowledge, the meeting places of orators, wits, soldiers, politicians. Under him architecture and literature flourished. A national literature was established. Mosques built in his reign still excite admiration. He spoke Arabic and Persian and understood Italian. He had read much; he

took pleasure in music until he became an ascetic, and had some knowledge of astronomy. Like his antagonist, Charles V, he liked clocks and watches and the computing time."

Yet this judge of men, this generous foe, could be suspicious and merciless. Witness his treatment of Ibrahim, and Mustapha, his son by a Circassian beauty. It was Roxelana, who in her ambition to see one of her own sons by Suleyman succeed him, poisoned his mind. He was infatuated with this Russian slave woman who played upon his passion to further her ambitions. She was shrewd, wily, unprincipled; nor was she wholly satisfied when those in her way were removed by dagger or bowstring; not satisfied even as his wife; a slave woman recently freed, raised to royal rank. And this woman who had brought a violent death to others died naturally and at peace. "The Joyous One closed her eyes, knowing that she was loved as few women have been loved. . . . Not once had she failed in life, and perhaps on her lips at the last was a smile of confidence that even in Paradise she would snatch Suleyman from the arms of the hours."

"The Grande Turke" is a romantic biography written in a spirit of oriental enthusiasm. Some might wish for a cooler, less impassioned style; might even accuse Mr. Downey of tottering at times on the verge of hifalutin, or at least of being unduly melodramatic. How could he with this subject write otherwise? Suleyman, Ibrahim and Roxelana were not ordinary mortals; nor was Barbarossa who tried to bear away the Duchess of Trajeto, the most beautiful woman in Italy, who clad at night in her shift, fled in care of an attendant who, though she owed him her safety, was condemned by her to death, for he had "looked too long and dared too much." Nor were the gallant Knights of Rhodes and Malta, Villiers de l'Isle Adam and Jean Parisot de la Valette, men to be discussed without heat. Mr. Downey could no more write tamely about Suleyman than Christopher Marlowe, putting Tamburlaine on the London stage, could be nice in words and check his "great and thundering speech."

## EDNA AND THE DEMON

Edna St. Vincent Millay, returning from Europe to New York, seeing a fire-boat at the Battery turning loose its fountain nozzle, was moved to "enthusiastic recommendation" of the city. No doubt the sight will inspire an ode, a sonnet, or at least a quatrain, for she is a poet even if she did write the libretto of "The King's Henchman." She is ranked by lovers of poetry as a "Boss Poi," to borrow Artemus Ward's characterization of Shakespeare—not a common poet who writes about "the Roses as growes, and the Breezes as blowes." (Has she made use of words that Dante Gabriel Rossetti listed as "Stunning words for poetry"—among them, dracuncular, anelace, trenchpavne, jabbernowl, novelries, grisamber, shent, primerole, jacent?)

Miss Millay is also enthusiastic over the American girl who is "prettier, smarter, more intelligent and braver than anything the world can offer"; the girl recognizable in every street in the world "as she strides along." Charles

# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Clive will bring out at the Copley Theatre tomorrow night "The Man Who Changed His Name," by Edgar Wallace. This play, to be then performed for the first time in this country, was produced at the Apollo, London, on March 14, 1928. Selby Clive, Robert Loraine; Nita Clive, Dorothy Dickson; Frank O'Ryan, James Raglan; Jerry Muller, Hartley Power; Sir Ralph Whitcombe, Clive Currie; Lane, Grosvenor North. A young wife tempts but refuses a lover; the lover is more anxious about the lease of some Canadian land; the husband is suspicious. Nita and her lover find a deed poll by which 10 years ago in Canada, Clive changed his name. The old name was that of a murderer who, because all his victims "had died deaths which no one could prove were not accidental," was acquitted. Nita is thus led to believe that her husband is the acquitted villain, and that she and O'Ryan will meet the fate of wife and lover in the Canada of 10 years ago. Accidents occur that endanger the life of Nita and O'Ryan. Accidents? Coincidences? The Canadian and her lover died through "accidents." But here description of the play must stop. The author's secrets must not be disclosed. The Times characterized the play as a "quick, amusing entertainment."

Mr. Wallace's new play, "Persons Unknown," was brought out at the Shaftesbury Theatre early this month. It's a mystery play. The question is who stabbed a person unknown? Detective-Sergeant Elk says that "Everybody questioned by the police tells lies because every one has something to hide." We learn that this thriller is a quiet one—no revolver shots, few screams. "Acting, setting, dialogue, all convince us of their realism."

To the Editor of The Herald:

We were offered quite a contrast at Munich in the presentation of opera today and that of some 20 years ago. Then, as I well recall, we had a truly magnificent performance of Wagner's operas—orchestra, stage settings, chorus and principal singers. Today the first three hold good, but, from our present standards, all of the singers were of an inferior grade. I also recall that years ago we were served with two-handed sandwiches. They have much improved in this particular, and the beer is still good, but more expensive. We have in America better opera, but no beer, another argument as good as many for the Volstead act.

You and I have seen and heard many tenors who were truly funny. The one I heard in Strauss's "Die Agyptische Helene" is certainly entitled to first rank in this sense. He was a little fellow who, with a permanent wave in his whiskers and hair, the gestures of a semaphore, and a voice with hardly one discoverable musical note, hollowed, belloyed and strutted in pigmy strides through his many scenes. It was funny to the point of exhaustion. He ought to have been spanked by his Egyptian queen, who towered over him in full-bodied embonpoint. (All those ancient and classical ladies, sooner or later seemed, or we see them in opera, like that; perhaps it was the minus corset with the plus girdle.) By contrast I heard at the Kleine and Grosser Opera houses in Stuttgart "The Marriage of Figaro" and Puccini's "Turandot" and had much pleasure. You know how distinctly fine these two theatres are. The little one is really a gem. Finished throughout in hard, highly polished wood, in subdued tones, it lends itself to the production of those intimate plays and operas, the best effects of which are lost in a larger house. You can readily understand how satisfying a performance of "The Marriage of Figaro" might be made in such surroundings. "Turandot" was given in the larger house, and seemingly well received, but perhaps because of my lack of knowledge of the story I failed to get much enjoyment. It seemed to me to be an attempt at grand opera that fell little short of failure, and this was particularly emphasized when I heard at the Opera-Comique in Paris one of the finest presentations of "La Boheme" that I can recall of the very many that I have heard. I confess to liking the productions at the Opera-Comique better than those at the Opera House. They seem to have more musical value and less of the society aspect. It was the first time I have heard the farewell song to the overcoat when it didn't sound a bit ridiculous. One caught the spirit of the use to which the sacrificed coat was to be put and did not think only of the garment itself.

I did not get to hear any opera in London, though I noted from the papers that a successful season was under way, with society playing its accustomed major part, while not too much was said in praise of the singers.

It is but a truism to say that where wealth is the arts will flourish, and as one hears, on almost every side, and not always pleasantly stated, that America has "all the wealth of the world," we should have the best opera. We can and do, but as yet we have not the audiences of one half the musical judgment and taste that one meets all over Germany. We have only got to the jazz way station in our musical travels. And apropos of jazz one of the constantly irritating things over here is the jazz madness everywhere. That and the "American Bar"—now found also in the smaller hotels—must give the untraveled European a queer notion of our civilization. The Englishman has swallowed the American cocktail habit in its entirety, equalling if not outdoing our old 5 o'clock club custom of "just one more round," but I note that the Frenchmen are complaining that the habit has had a tendency to curtail materially the sale of wine and are calling in the medical men to preach the old familiar doctrine of the deleterious effect of the now omnipresent "Martini." But the French barkeeper is an adept at mixing the things and the fellow at the Hotel Veuillement was not stumped once when some of our party asked for the unusual, and as he had never been in the land of the cocktail, it was apparent that he had a flair for his work. Apropos of the opera there is much excellent music in the good effect of not too many cocktails.

To get back to our muttons—for that's what you get days, nights and Sundays in England, I did have a most enjoyable evening at the "Old Vic" to which I always go when in London. They have fixed up the hundred-and-more-year old theatre quite a bit, but have not in the least destroyed its atmosphere, and the performances are, as they always have been, of the most satisfying quality. I saw a fine performance of "Henry VIII" as I have ever seen—and I have seen all the great ones; indeed, Katherine, a character too little appreciated by the many, was played by Miss Esme Church



better than I have seen it. All the company were good, and with appropriate and adequate stage setting, one got full value. Indeed, some of our \$3.50 to \$5.50 productions would seem tawdry in comparison with this one which might be seen for as little as sixpence, with top price at five shillings.

As I have said before, would that some one of Boston's rich men would buy, equip and subsidize the Arlington Theatre, admirably suited to such a purpose, and there present as is done at the "Old Vic," Shakespeare, the old comedies and the plays that have stood the test of time, and at prices within the range of all. Such attempts as have been made with us have lacked the most essential thing of all, intelligent management, without which all else would be of little use.

Having an idle afternoon, I went to the Savoy Theatre and saw "Journey's End." The sign "House Full" had been hung on the outer walls every time I had passed, but seats in a box were obtainable. As you know, this play is without a petticoat. All the 11 characters are men and the whole scene is laid in an English dugout at the front. I doubt the good judgment in rehearsing the horrors of the war even in such an intriguing guise as is found in this play, and also even in its adapted form, whether it will have any great vogue with us. It was very well done, particularly the character of Captain Stanhope, played by Colin Clive, who might be, may be is, a younger brother of our talented Mr. Clive of the Copley.

An evening in Liverpool was spent at the Playhouse, where one of the best of the repertory companies is permanently located. The play was "The Witch," which I believe has been done in America. The performance was an exceptionally good one before a highly intelligent audience. The repertory idea has a definite place in the English theatre world; it should be fostered in every way with us. Here again the management should be in the hands of people who are not given to exploiting themselves. I noted that one of the leading characters in "The Witch"—that of Merete—was, in the original production at Glasgow and later, at the Playhouse, portrayed by Miss Elspeth Dudgeon, now of the Copley (Mr. Clive has had some excellent players in his company). Here the top price was 5 shillings. I firmly believe that one of the most potent influences to hold the theatre to its old standards will be Repertory Theatre companies. They can and do give fine performances at prices that are fairly competitive with those of the "movies."

R. M. S. Scythia.

METCALF RUSSELL.

On May 7, "The Beggar's Opera" was booed by Pan-German and German national students. They also threw stink bombs among the audience and shouted for the removal of the play from the theatre's repertoire. A Viennese critic wrote that the puritanical students wholly misunderstood the tendency of the play.

In 1820 William Hazlitt, giving Edmund Kean advice apropos of his going to the United States, begged him not to offend Americans by extraordinary efforts or dazzling eccentricities: "Remember that they hiss the 'Beggar's Opera' in America. If they do not spare Capt. Macheath, do you think they will spare you?" It seems that the London Times of Dec. 10, 1817, quoted from New York papers of Oct. 27 an account of the refusal of a New York audience to hear Gay's opera. The famous English tenor, Incledon, was then singing in that city. He was 60 years old. Mr. Odell in his "Annals of the New York Stage" quotes from the American Monthly an account of the row to which Hazlitt referred: "Such was the disgust produced by the representation of this vulgar and licentious burletta, that the curtain dropt amid the hisses of the audience."

As for Incledon, he was "the first of several great singers to learn that one can wait too long before facing a new audience. Americans like fresh voices," says Mr. Odell, "and passe art has seldom succeeded with them, certainly not in the days when bel canto was recognized."

Lamb commended Hester, for "a springy motion in her gait," which suggests the derogatory comparison, "She has a gait like a pair of bars." Charles Reade's fair heroines "swam" as they entered a drawing room.

It is a source of national pride that Miss Millay joins the excellent Mr. Ziegfeld in the glorification of the American girl, but what is to be said of this: "She resents prohibition and the mental state that made it a Federal law"? She will not be numbered among the cold-water poets. And by-the-way who can name them off-hand? The Standard Speakers and Readers contained a poem, "The Water-Drinker," which was recited with fervor by boys who, when they grew up, turned to ale and stronger liquors at the village tavern:

"O, water for me! bright water for me,  
And wine for the tremulous debauchee.  
Water cooleth the brow, and cooleth the brain,  
And maketh the faint one strong again;  
It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,  
All freshness, like infant purity;  
O water, bright water for me, for me!  
Give wine, give wine, to the debauchee!"

There are five verses in all. The author's name is given as E. Johnson. Can it be that he was Edward Johnson, an English surgeon who wrote treatises on hydropathy? If so, no wonder he twanged the lyre and lifted up his voice in ralse of water.

There are anthologies of songs and verses tolling malt, wine and spirituous liquors, m the ancients to Housman. Is there any hology devoted to the drinking of water? We not refer to any one of the old "Temperance tgers," nor to the "Old Oaken Bucket" full typhoid fever germs; not even to the Hermit's leless feast:

"A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd  
And water from the spring."

Miss Millay does not soar on wings of song from the spring, the pump or the artesian well. Will she for this lose readers, or meet self-appointed censors?

an old Ufa film, and dressed it up with splendid photography and a cast of players who can act and talk, and he has done this so well that it becomes his own individual achievement. Incidentally the picture is almost a personal triumph for Mary Duncan, who has been seen too seldom on the screen of late.

Introductory flashes show the reporters' room in the courthouse. Merold in the game, youngsters, sob-sisters, are telephoning various viewpoints to their offices relative to the progress of a murder trial in which Harvey Manning is the defendant. Then the scene shifts to the courtroom and in turn unfolds three versions of the incidents leading up to the shooting of Jack Winfield, artist and friend of the Mannings, in the Manning living room on a certain summer's night. These sharply contrasted and incompatible versions are set in motion, first by the attorney for the defence, then by the district attorney, and finally through the confession in open court of the real culprit, after a mixed jury has returned a verdict of guilty against Harvey Manning. They are continued by means of flashbacks.

In all three scenes, Manning's revolver, with the first cartridge blank, figures. In scene one, Winfield appears as a man mad with love for Mrs. Manning. When she first chides and then repulses him he becomes enraged and fires once at her, then at himself. She gets the blank, he the fatal missile. The defence attorney paints a picture of suicide. In scene two, Mrs. Manning is a self-possessed coquette, guilty of amours with a man, even her chauffeur, who is to boot. When she takes her to the Manning entrance in the

The second symphonic program at the Pops concerts attracted an audience that almost filled Symphony hall last night. The main attraction of the evening was undoubtedly Casella's Concerto Romano for organ, trumpets, trombones, kettle-drums, and strings, though Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony and the Second Suite from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" drew many.

Casella's organ concerto, heard for the first time in Boston last night, won most enthusiastic applause. Miss Ruth M. Conniston played the organ. The concerto is a vigorous and original work, making expert use of the organ in ways that reveal its most characteristically beautiful possibilities, as well as new resources that can produce stirring effects. The first movement, sonorous, rich and majestic, rose to moments of passionate intensity and thrilling climax. The slow second movement was fugal, complex and intricate, but pervaded by a churchly exaltation. Very high, reedy designs were traced by the organ against the darkly colored background of cello and double basses. The Cadenza and Toccata riveted attention on unusual effects from the organ. The nobility and rhythmic vigor of the whole concerto culminated in the closing measures, which reached the highest pitch of excitement.

Mr. Casella's conducting, admirable in his own work, was not so well suited to either the Beethoven symphony or the Ravel suite. For the first he seemed not very sympathetic, for the second, without enough interest in nuance . . . the performances were efficient, but a trifle too matter of fact.

The orchestra played especially well on the concerto, and was required to share in the applause with Miss Conniston and the composer. E. B.

#### MODERN-BEACON THEATRES "Thru Different Eyes"

A screen drama, adapted from a play by Milton Gropper and Edna Sherry; dialogue by Tom Barry and Mr. Gropper; directed by John G. Blystone and presented by William Fox as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

Viola Manning	..... Mary Duncan
Harvey Manning	..... Edmund Lowe
Jack Winfield	..... Warner Baxter
Frances Thornton	..... Natalie Moorhead
Howard Thornton	..... Earle Foxe
Spencer	..... Donald Gallagher
Myrtle	..... Florence Lake
Valerie Briand	..... Sylvia Sydney
Marston, district attorney	..... Purnell Pratt
King, defence attorney	..... Felmer Jackson
Anna	..... Dolores Johnson
Maynard	..... Nigel de Bruin
Maid	..... Lola Salvi
Janitor	..... Stephen Fitch
Paduah	..... DeWitt Jennings

"Thru Different Eyes," is an excellent illustration of what an alert, intelligent director can do with an idea previously utilized, but not so well as he can handle it. For Mr. Blystone has taken "That Murder in Berlin,"

cold blood. So did the district attorney see it. Then, after the verdict, a shrieking little woman in black cries out that she shot Winfield because he had betrayed her and had refused to marry her and give her baby his name. And the third scene shows how she exacted vengeance and escaped.

Miss Duncan in three difficult roles was always interesting, often brilliant, especially as the vampire. Mr. Baxter and Mr. Lowe likewise indicated clearly the different types they were supposed to be. The others were adequate in minor parts. W. E. G.

#### SCOLLAY SQUARE THEATRE "No Defence"

A screen drama, adapted by Robert Lord from a story by J. Raleigh Davis; photography by Frank Kesson; directed by Lloyd Bacon and presented by Warner Bros. as a part-talking picture with the following cast:

Monte Collins	..... May McAvoy
Ruth Harper	..... Lee Moran
Snitz	..... Kathryn Carver
John Harper	..... William H. Tooker
John Harper	..... William Desmond

Monte Blue's biography shows him as master of, or dabbler in, several professions and trades, among them railroad engineering. Probably Mr. Davis, credited with authorship of the story from which this picture was made, had that fact in mind; for here Mr. Blue is the construction foreman of a vast army of men who are building a railroad bridge over Indian river, somewhere out West, for the Harpers, father and son, heads of a great concern. In the picture, one sees the bridge frequently, but never the working crew. One gets the reasonable impression that Mr. Blue and Mr. Moran, as Snitz, Monte's faithful shadow, built that bridge all by themselves.

Another impression which will not

#### "B-A, BA, K-E-R, KER, BAKER"

Virginia Hogan, 13 years old, of Omaha Nebraska, is the "spelling champion" of the United States. In the spelling bee at Washington, D. C., she thus gained fame and the prize \$1000.

What words were fatal to the other competitors? Luxurious, panacea, gamut, millennial, diaphanous, planetary, monastery, connubial, prodigious, corral, aggrandizement, catastroph, and other familiar terms. That so many failed on simple words does not argue well for teachers primary and intermediate schools, but perhaps spelling is no longer taught in the little schoolhouses and the more pretentious buildings.

What was the spelling-book chosen as the authority at Washington? In the sixties at in western Massachusetts, it was Noah Webster with a picture showing an elderly man in a tailed coat and beaver hat holding a Roll-capped boy by the hand and pointing with noble gesture to the Temple of Fame. Good spelling-book! B-a, Ba, K-e-r, Ker, Baker. The was moving up and going down in the roving fierce rivalry to be at the head, "scissors" and "separate" were among the test words. Mar perished thereby.

Good spellers, like poets, are born, not made. Famous men in all ages have spelt at will, not by the book. In an Albany courtroom fifty years ago prominent lawyers were trying a case in which evidence was brought in the attempt to show that a man died of cirrhosis of the liver otherwise known as hob-nail or gin-drinker's liver. Not one lawyer in the court could spell "cirrhosis," one of them was afterwards a judge of the United States Supreme Court. Finally the stenographer, who looked like Tom Pinc, smiled and gave the correct spelling. But he was a "literary fellow," P. Deming whose stories about the Adirondacks were published in the Atlantic Monthly and in book form.

Did the judges at Washington recognize certain abominations, as "naborhood," "kidnap," or nouns that are not nouns as "defi"? Did they insist on "il" in "traveled" or "pp" in "woshaped"? Because a man is literary, he is not necessarily an accomplished speller. At school in our day a lunkhead in other respects could spell with astonishing accuracy. Today captain of industry, authors, clergymen, put their trust often imprudently, in stenographers, newspaper men must obey the rules of the proofroom and are corrected with jeers when they depart from them.

An ill-spelled letter from the fair Eustacia may cool the ardor of betrothal: "to" for "too," "your's till deth"—are not to be forgiven. The dames of high degree, great statesmen and soldiers have been reckless in spelling is an excuse not now to be accepted. Artemus Ward was shocked by Chaucer's poems. "Mr. C. had talent but he couldn't spel. No man has a right to be a literary man unless he knows how to spel. It is a pity that Chaucer, who had geneyus was so uneducated. He's the wuss speller I know of."

down is that this is an old film, brought up to date through talking sequences and sound synchronization. For surely its sponsors could not be serious in putting it forth as a product typical of the present day and modes. The story is simple in the extreme, the situations forced and unnatural, the characters cut to no particular pattern. The dialogue does not recommend itself either for originality or point. In short, what merit "No Defence" possesses lies in its scenes of mountain gorges, of snow-capped peaks. The climactic scene, that of a defective steel bridge, slowly settling, buckling and parting, section by section, with two hastily emptied engines and a car or two hurtling downward, is mildly thrilling. Perhaps the most dramatic scene comes when Monte, at the investigating commission's hearing, loyally asserts that he alone was blameworthy and that he has no defence, after the younger Harper, the guilty one, had kept silent and Harper the elder in broken and inaudible tones, had told his inquisitors that the best of steel had gone into the structure, along with his reputation and his fortune, and that he was a ruined old man. It seems, though, that young John Harper, to meet the rapacious demands of his ex-chorus girl wife, had raised the money by substituting an inferior grade of steel. He confesses



There is a love story between Monte Ruth Harper, which ranges from the river to Boston and back again. Their first meeting Monte spansks her, but in time she forgives that. Then Monte, visiting her in Boston, bears at his worst in evening dress and rubs it in by cleaning out all the guests in a craps game, she quits. In the end she proposes marriage. As McAvoy speaks distinctly and clearly, but the voice recorder was not kind to Miss Carver. Mr. Blue has to say, being rather a man of action. It seemed a pity that he could not have had a more virile and plausible role.

W. E. G.

Casella's Organ Concerto

Alfredo Casella's Organ Concerto is the central item of the second day night symphonic program of Symphony Hall Pops season, played last evening. Ruth M. Conniston was the soloist. The program opened with Beethoven's "Pastorale" and closed with the second movement from Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe."

Mr. Casella's concerto was heard

the first time in Boston. Entitled "Concerto Romano," it is scored for organ, four trumpets, four trombones, kettledrum and strings. This unusual choice of instruments in the accompaniment proved to be singularly well suited to the composer's artistic purposes. Although he makes generous use of "modern" harmonies, Mr. Casella is no revolutionary. His musical roots are firmly embedded in the Italian past. His intellectual processes are faithful to the tradition of his great predecessors. Only Italian melody, and a strong sense of the theater, but Italian computational learning and Latin logic are noticeable in this work.

The symphonic element is so strong, indeed, that on a first hearing, at least, it overshadows the solo part. Yet the solo part is not treated as a mere voice in the orchestra. It is true that there is no fugue cadenza for the soloist, but the organ plays an important role in the exposition and development. The solo part is of remarkable brilliance and difficulty, and it exploits the rare thoroughness the possibilities of the instrument. Nevertheless, the symphonic aspect of the work and its aesthetic content held the attention more than the intricacy of the solo part or the fluency of its interpretation.

With a restricted tonal equipment, the composer has achieved extraordinarily varied timbres and colors. He is accomplished not only a feat of musical erudition, but a work of art which reflects with singular fidelity the historical essence of the city which he inspired it. He has not chosen, like his colleague Respighi, to supply us with a musical guidebook to Rome; he has rather used ecclesiastical and imperial connotations as a means to adumbrating the Roman ethos.

Miss Conniston and the orchestra combined to give a virtuosic performance, and shared with the composer the honors generously bestowed by the audience. The program book contained an announcement of a concert by Mr. Casella's chamber music to be given Wednesday afternoon at 2:15 in Brown Hall, in the New England Conservatory Building.

L. A. S.

May 28 1929

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance of "Jenny," a comedy in four acts by Edward Sheldon and Margaret Barnes. Produced by William A. Brady, Jr., and Dwight D. Wilman. The cast was as follows:

Mr. R. Weatherby.....Guy Standing  
Leonard Gerrish.....Robert Lowe  
Hale Wale.....Lewis Martin  
Weatherby.....Katherine Emmet  
Miriam.....Coburn Gendwin  
Weatherby.....Ben Lackland  
Weatherby.....Miren Exensen  
Ames.....Harold Webster  
Valentine.....Jane Cowl  
Weatherby.....Joyce Carey  
The strait-laced at the end of the first act might say: "Fie on Jenny's sex"; but the audience last night enraged her in her attack on the smug respectability of the neglected and actually abused husband and father, the poration counsel, Mr. John R. Weatherby. Jenny, wandering at night by his garden, found him alone; the bed of roses, postage stamps, and so. They exchanged notes about the

lives. John compared his to a locomotive pulling a train in a tunnel; the pullman cars were his wife and children. And when he got out of the tunnel what was there but still blacker darkness. Jenny hid from him the fact that she was an admired actress, but one of John's daughters returning, "stewed" as she gaily admitted, addressed her by her right name. This act is interminably long—much of the dialogue between the two could be easily spared, especially the "literary" passages.

The preceding scenes reveal the characters of John's household: The silly wife, one daughter ready without cause to leave her husband, the other daughter a lightweight fond of reckless parties and night-club life, the son in scrapes that are only hinted at—but all looking on John as only a source of income, ungrateful, disobedient, not ashamed to deceive him, without respect and without true affection.

John, the worm, finally turns, orders the sale of his houses and proposes to buy a farm in New Jersey; but Jenny hears him, pooh-poohs his plan, and invites him to a house party at her camp in Canada. He agrees to join her when his wife telephones that she is bringing to dinner guests whom he particularly dislikes.

When the two arrive at the camp, John to his dismay finds they are alone. There is no house party; no servant. And then it slowly dawns on him that Jenny is in love with him. Had he not been a child at heart he would have suspected this before. Even in the camp he is slow in comprehension. Jenny woos him in what would appear to others to be an irresistible manner; but John holds out and will not be unfaithful to his silly extravagant wife. When he is convinced that Jenny really loves him, he yields. The curtain goes down on the embracing—the rest is left to the imagination of the spectators.

There is a return to the harassing domestic city. Wife and children are as impossible as before. Jenny tells them what she thinks of them. What wonder that John longs for her and will be with her.

The third act did not end till 11 o'clock, there is so much talky-talk in the play, and much of the talk has nothing to do with the revelation of character nor is it pertinent to what action there is.

Scissors will not be needed so much as an axe. Yet there is the material here for an amusing comedy of manners, a comedy that well depicts family life in certain circles—weak foolish parents, children that should have been spanked and flogged. The episode of the cabin—when the possibility of John being lured there is admitted—is romantic. Here Miss Cowl and Mr. Standing have the scene a faire. Miss Cowl was not the Jenny of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," nor the Jenny of Rossetti. She pitied John, wished to give him happiness in his dull life, wished to take the place of those near to him who made him miserable. And in this the one emotional scene Miss Cowl acted as a loving woman, not as a capricious wanton. For her John might well say his family was well lost, his career was easily forgotten. And in the lighter scenes Miss Cowl was natural and charming.

Mr. Standing gave an intelligent, convincing portrayal of a too familiar type of the American husband. Miss Emmet was a woman that is all too common in society. The other parts were adequately taken.

Miss Cowl after the second act made her expected and effusive speech. There was a large and enthusiastic audience, that laughed even when Mr. Standing gave way to righteous wrath.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

John Charles Thomas, a baritone singer who pluckily lifted himself out of musical comedy and opretta to assure himself a more stable position on the concert stage and in the realm of grand opera, made a happy debut in vaudeville yesterday afternoon before an audience which by no means taxed the ample capacity of the new B. F. Keith's Theatre, but which apparently had waited patiently to hear him. His position on the bill was next to the closing act, a gymnastic specialty by the Paulsen sisters, but Mr. Thomas atoned for his belated appearance. Accompanied at the piano by Lester Hodges, he sang a full half-dozen songs, ranging from simple ballads to that sound old stand-by, the prologue to "Pagliacci." At the close he reminded his audience that for a "wash-day matinee" it was very insistent, adding that it will be his purpose to change his program for each appearance through the week.

Mr. Thomas was arrayed in a double-breasted blue suit. It was quickly evident that he has gained repose in his recent years of study. He moves about only a step or two, though he still does not know quite what to do with his hands. The noteworthy thing is that he has learned to hold his magnificent voice in leash, so that with less volume

he may indicate a greater dramatic fervor and sincerity. He has conquered certain exasperating little vocal and facial mannerisms. He now is the finished virtuoso, at ease in any type of song, delightful in all.

Charles (Chic) Sales, retained for a second week, first appeared as the austere school-marm, chiding mischievous pupils and introducing the entertainers at a closing school session. Again we heard Bert Blurb, reciting "Come Home, John," with gestures; Susie Swallow, "I'm a Little Sunbeam," and finally one of Mr. Sales's most lovable characters, the old tuba player. Other acts which might have scored more heavily had not the audience adopted a spirit of tolerance which seemed to say, "You're pretty good, but we are waiting for Mr. Thomas," were given by Billy and Elsa Newell in comedy songs, dances and some really clever travesty; Tinova and Baikoff, two exceptionally graceful adagio and classic dancers, aided by Alice Donahue, sister of Jack, in imitations of her famous brother's dance steps, Crawford Adams, gifted in ability to extract bird tones from his violin, and a series of back drops truly rich and artistic; Jesse Block and Eve Sully, with much broad repartee and some nimble dancing; Lew Reed and Paul Le Vere, expert with violin, banjo and guitar; the Rose Kress trio and assistants in another dancing novelty, and the Paulsen sisters.

W. E. G.

COPLEY THEATRE

"The Man Who Changed His Name"  
A mystery comedy by Edgar Wallace. First performance in America.

A large audience was delighted last night at the Copley Theatre. A neatly clogged and intriguing plot, witty lines, amusing characters, and a motivating idea that was both new and ingenious, made this one of the best semi-mystery shows of the season.

It wouldn't be sporting to unravel the whole plot here, but be it said that much comedy and not a few thrills are provided by the "man who changed his name," a husband who could, not unreasonably, believe himself basely deceived, and who had (don't take this too seriously) fendishly murdered a former wife, her lover, and, for the sake of completeness, a mother-in-law. But the clever fellow could not be proved guilty, for each victim came to his death by means that seemed wholly accidental, and moreover, the murderer (if such he was!) warned each of the victims repeatedly, in front of witnesses, about the inanimate objects that ultimately caused their several demises.

Given the above... just as an aperitif... the sly humor of the lines, and the skilfully drawn characters, the play could not help being amusing. Last night it was excellently acted, too. Ernest Glendinning is an engaging fellow, and he can act. He carried the part lightly, and yet brought out the characterization very cleverly, pointing each moment of intensity or fun with unusual skill. It is unfair to single out any one actor without bestowing praise on all the others who took part last night. A delicious piece of comical eccentricity was contributed by Hannan Clark in the part of Sir Ralph Whitcombe. His make-up, his walk, his expressive sniffs... all were perfect. Gaby Fay, in the part of an hysterical wife, was convincing, and her diction was delightful. She carried most of the terrifying mood of the play, though in this she was assisted by good acting from Ian Emery in the part of her lover, the Hon. Frank O'Ryan. Mr. Emery looked the handsome, smiling villain from the start, but don't be fooled. He isn't really. Other parts were well taken, too.

The play is well worth seeing. Those who like to shiver and those who like a good laugh or two or three shouldn't miss it.

E. B.

THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COLONIAL—"Show Boat," musical comedy; fourth week.  
COPLEY—"The Man Who Changed His Name," comedy.  
PLYMOUTH—"Jenny," comedy, with Jane Cowl.  
SHUBERT APOLLO—"Blossom Time," operetta; third week.  
NEW B. F. KEITH'S—Vaudeville, matinees and evenings: John Charles Thomas, Charles (Chic) Sales, Billy and Elsa Newell and other acts.

LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

"Where East Is East"  
A screen drama, adapted by Waldemar Young from a story by Ted Browning and Harry Sinclair Drago; photography by Henry Sharp; directed by Ted Browning and pre-following cast:

Tiger Haynes.....Lynn Chaney  
Mme. de Silva.....Lupe Velez  
Bobby Bailey.....Estelle Taylor  
Padre.....Lloyd Hughes  
Ming.....Louis Stern  
Mrs. Wong Wing.....Mrs. Wong Wing  
If you are planning to spend any amount of time in Indo-China it is a good idea to keep a few vicious animals in the back part of your head to pay you an unwelcome visit. Then if she gets really objectionable and tries to walk off with your daughter's weak-kneed fiancé, all you need to do is to let loose a gorilla with a deep-rooted grudge and save yourself any further

trouble. That, at any rate seems to have been the idea of 'Tiger' Haynes, the wild beast trapper whose past life kept reappearing so inconveniently.

'Tiger' Haynes had spent most of his life capturing tigers and he was very successful at it, too, but when he comes home to find his daughter, Toyo, in love with an attractive young weakling, he realizes that there is a new sort of struggle ahead. Bobby Bailey, the young man in question, becomes violently infatuated with a sinuous Eurasian lady, Mme. de Silva, who turns out to be the runaway wife of Haynes. Having taken Bobby away from her by force, Haynes arrives home to find that she has arrived before him and has won Toyo's love by pretending to be lonely and unhappy. He allows her to stay only because he knows that she will take Bobby with her if she is forced to go. Matters at last reach a desperate pass, as Haynes sees his child's happiness being destroyed by her mother's cruelty, so he seizes upon a frightful way of ridding himself of the evil woman which costs him his own life, but destroys her as well.

Lou Chaney gives an excellent performance as 'Tiger' Haynes, his best moments coming when he is with his daughter—he shows far truer emotion in these quiet scenes than when he is forced to be heavily dramatic. Lupe Velez gives a surprisingly restrained and moving picture of Toyo, and Estelle Taylor made Mme. de Silva the unquestioned centre of interest by her real fascination and almost hypnotic power. Lloyd Hughes as the too susceptible Bobby was not very convincing. There is no talking in the picture, but the sound effects are very good.

E. L. H.

KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

"Two Weeks Off"

A screen comedy-romance, adapted from a story by Kenyon Nicholson; directed by William Beaudine, and presented as a First National picture with the following cast:

Kitty Weaver.....Dorothy Mackall  
Dave Brown.....Jack Mulhall  
Agnes.....Gertrude Astor  
Pa Weaver.....James Finlayson  
Ma Weaver.....Kate Price  
Harry.....Jed Prouty  
Sid Winters.....Eddie Gribbon  
Maizee Loomie.....Dixie Gay  
Tessie McCann.....Gertrude Messinger  
Kitty Weaver spent her two weeks' vacation at a smart beach resort, with her girl-friend Agnes. Both were counter girls at a department store and the prospect of marrying money was about the one big prospect of their lives. Dave, a plumber, who had seen and loved Kitty without her knowing it, arrives at the same beach. Tugged out in fine raiment he is mistaken for a movie actor by an accidental connection with a movie actor's telegram. He finds Kitty and she, too, believes him to be a movie actor, despite his protests. Low on funds, Dave gets a plumbing job at the beach. While he is on a job, the big dumb life saver sees him—and also sees a chance to get back at Dave, who had punched his nose for getting intimate with Kitty. At a benefit show the manager asks Dave, supposedly a movie actor, to sing while Kitty accompanies him at the piano. The life saver exposes Dave, and Kitty is publicly humiliated, so she gives Dave the "gate."

Ma and Pa Weaver can't figure out what's the matter with Kitty on her return home, until Agnes explains. Agnes also suggests that they telephone for Dave to fix a fake leak—possibly his visit will either kill or cure Kitty. It cures her, and the curtain drops while Dave and Kitty are discussing furniture for their love nest.

The Mulhall-Mackall combination has been a box office winner for two or three years. They are still popular. In spite of an age old plot vehicle, the youthful spontaneity of these two makes the picture pleasant entertainment. There's something light and airy about Mulhall which makes him good diversion during the hot weather. Dorothy Mackall just lets her charming mannerisms sink in of their own accord. Kate Price as Ma Weaver does her usual good job. The picture will not be recorded as one of the significant movies of the year, but if you've got an hour on your hands, it will pull you out of a blues. Incidental dialogue and music are well synchronized.

C. R.

June 1 1929

Louis XIV of the Glorious Long Reign and His Many Mistresses

LOUIS XIV IN LOVE AND IN WAR, by Sisley Huddleston; Harper & Bros. 12 illustrations. 356 pp. \$4.

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Huddleston, who has won an enviable reputation by his books and as a Paris correspondent, has written what some might regard as an apology for the great monarch, Le Roi-Soleil; for in this respect: the King's when he was neglected and hard led him to the later



dreams of world conquest and the desire to parade his own importance. Louis is treated seriously; not with the sarcasm that characterizes Thackeray's "Meditations at Versailles" with the triptych: "Rex. Ludovicus. Ludovicus Rex," in which the royal dignity is shown to consist of wig, high-heeled shoes, gorgeous cloak for a "little lean, shrivelled, paunchy old man of five feet two," this "stupid, heartless, short" ruler of "doubtful personal courage."

Nor should any one think that Mr. Huddleston's book is chiefly an account with more or less scandalous details of the mistresses whose names are familiar to all. The mistresses of a more lowly station are barely mentioned; for Louis, like Hazlitt, Sainte-Beuve and Brahms, was not unmindful of serving maids.

The strength of Louis, as Mr. Huddleston views it, was built on his intimate consciousness of weakness. Louis the Fourteenth would never have been such a great King (and the history of Europe would therefore have been inconceivably different) had not the boy . . . been shamefully treated for years, the most impressionable years of adolescence. His majesty sprang from his meanness. His incredible ambitions could come only from his sense of impotence. His extraordinary mastery was the manifestation of a haunting fear of failure.

Reasoning from this premise, Mr. Huddleston has succeeded first of all in writing a book that is eminently readable; one of historical value; it is a study of the social and political years in which Louis flourished as well as of the ruler himself.

The students of psycho-analysis, considering the case of Louis XIV, would employ the expression "inferiority-complex." His mother, haughty, capricious, alternating between libertinage and piety, was already old when she bore him. Her lover, Cardinal Mazarin, kept him in a humble place; his playmates were valets. He wanted sympathy; he did not find it in the hostile court. "He was most at home with the women who were least like the grandes dames." He was drawn to the unfortunate, the persecuted, the oppressed as the homely Marie Mancini, the Cinderella of her family, whom Louis wished to marry, but Mazarin, her uncle, had other plans. There was the insignificant, lame, heavy-eyed, shrinking Louise de La Valliere, who, no adventuress, truly loved the King. There was the elderly Mme. de Maintenon, an ailing, bigoted woman who had been governess to the King's illegitimate children. It is true there were others of a different nature, as Mme. de Montespan, diabolically voluptuous, an administrator of love philtres, a celebrator of the black mass on her naked body as an altar. (See "Satanisme," by Jules Bois, with an illustration of this ceremony.)

Mr. Huddleston refers only to Funck-Brentano's "Le Drame des Poisons." Huddleston studies these women, feeling that a man reveals himself in his affairs. The lawful wife of Louis was without brains and beauty, bad complexion and black teeth. Women at the court had poor looks as in later years Napoleon's Josephine—but Marie Therese had a certain dignity and a true tenderness.

If the court was brilliant the French peasants were already eating grass, nettles and roots, living in huts of mud and straw, dressed in rags. There are pages about Colbert interesting himself in the condition of these poor people, whose backs bore heavier burdens as France became stronger on land and sea. There is an entertaining account of Louis at home; how the shaving of the King was watched with unfailing respect; how at night the Dauphin was accustomed to handing Louis his night-shirt, while a supreme honor was the holding of a candle as he got into bed. Louis was a hearty cater. The Palatine Princess saw him on one occasion put down four plates of soup, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a big salad, two slices of ham, a plate of mutton, confectionery, fruit and hard-boiled eggs. Like the Emperor Vespasian, he detested scents of all kinds.

Voltaire wrote "The Age of Louis XIV"; Mr. Huddleston has a chapter, "An Illustrious Age." Speaking of Moliere, he says: "His own purpose was simply to please. He owes nothing to any literary school; he is a creator. Naturally the Academie refused to admit him into its midst; but is not Mr. Huddleston in error when he says that Lulli's musical compositions are 'exquisite but artificial, ornamental but pitiless. His charming mediocrity is truly in the note of the court.' He is here sadly in error; nor were Lulli and Quinault the founders of French opera." There were brave men before Agamemnon. Mazarin, and before him

Richelieu, Foquet, Colbert, the great Turenne, the Grand Conde, Vauban, Louvois, are treated at length, and there are other vivid pen portraits. The relations between France and Spain are fully discussed, as are the military campaigns, the outrageous treatment of Huguenots after the Revocation of Nantes, the massacres in the region of Vaud, the ruthless invasion of the Palatinate.

In 1709 Nature fought with the allies against France. There was famine in the land. The grandeur of Louis had gone; the judgment of God was upon him. "The old man, in his Palace of Versailles, eating oat bread, looking dolefully upon his aged partner, who under her wrappings shivered with cold, decided that it was useless to oppose destiny. He was being punished for his faults. Had he not greatly sinned? Was it not right that he should suffer? Broken and penitent, he who had loved war too well now sincerely wished for peace."

But his people demanded vengeance. "Never are the French to be feared so much as when they are apparently defeated. Patriotism! Therein lies the strength of the French. It has been proved over and over again that if this chord can be touched the French are unconquerable. Outside France, in spite of Louis and Napoleon, they will sooner or later falter. Inside France, woe betide the enemy that thinks the French are beaten! They cannot be beaten on their own soil."

As for the blunders of Louis—the greatest was the revocation of Nantes—while they were often the blunders of mediocrity, they were some times those of a man haunted by a sense of his own inferiority. "They indicate Louis's attempt to surpass himself . . . His pride in its origins was founded on his humiliations. . . . A perpetual odor of incense was sent up to his nostrils." What wonder that he almost persuaded himself that he was a demi-god if not a god. As Saint-Simon says, the court saw that he had a foible, rather than a taste for glory. Louis came to believe the legend he had created for his own comfort; that he was a diplomatist; that he was the foremost general of his age. As for the great men of his period, he was "a reflector, and not a sun." He was the slave of his mistresses. "For his women he built Versailles. For them he went to war. For them he signed the fatal Revocation."

#### METROPOLITAN THEATRE "The Man I Love"

A screen drama by Herman Mankiewicz; directed by William Wellman and presented by Paramount as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

Dum-Dum Brooks . . . . . Richard Arlen  
Celia Fields . . . . . Mary Brian  
Sonia Barandoff . . . . . Olga Baclanova  
Curley Bloom . . . . . Harry Green  
D. J. McCarthy . . . . . Jack Oakie  
Law Layton . . . . . Pat O'Malley  
C. J. McCarthy . . . . . Leslie Fenton  
Carlo Vesper . . . . . Charles Sullivan  
Champ Mahoney . . . . . William Vincent  
K. O. O'Hearn . . . . . William Vincent

It is too bad that the undeniably alluring Baclanova should be doomed forever to play the siren who abducts the guileless young man from his lawful wife; whenever her name appears on the program the plot is a foregone conclusion. Like the mounted, she invariably gets her man, but she never seems able to keep him. "The Man I Love" is no exception to the rule, save that the victim to her charm gets fed up on her at the very moment when she tries to kick him out of her house. She was a Russian countess with a taste for contrasts and tried to keep a poet and a prize-fighter for her amusement, but it did not work so well, especially when the poet got jealous and the pugilist got drunk. There was a terrible row at the countess's select evening party and of course, in the middle of it all, in came the wife of Brooks, the fighter, an innocent child if ever there was one, and stirred up all kinds of trouble without saying a single word. Brooks upset a vase all over the countess, knocked out the poet and finally was dragged out by his wife, hurling defiance at the whole sedate company.

The picture is a series of fights from the start, when Dum-Dum Brooks is seen punishing a punching-bag, to the end, when he knocks out the middleweight champion. Starting as a so-so boxer in Los Angeles, Brooks falls in love with a pretty girl in a music store and persuades her to marry him, despite her dislike for his occupation. Full of hope, they come to New York, where Brooks attracts the simultaneous attention of McCarthy, a big-time manager, and the Countess Barandoff. His escapades with the latter are too much for the patience of his devoted Celia, who leaves him because she says that he requires more glamor than she can give him. Brooks is thoroughly depressed by her departure and almost falls in his biggest fight, but at the last moment a providential message is brought him from her which so inspires him that he rises in his wrath and knocks the champion out cold.

Richard Arlen, in the difficult part of the weak-kneed Dum-Dum, manages to make an unattractive young tough likable and appealing, though his boxing was too gentle and airy to carry

#### TALK, REAL AND FANCIED

The hero of "Mary of Marion Isle," one of H. Rider Haggard's posthumous novels, addresses the heroine as follows:

"When you tried to take your life this morning, Mary, you did a thing as wrong as it was noble, not understanding that if you had succeeded the penalty would have fallen on me, for whose sake it was done, as well as on you; since then I believe that I also should have died, and our darling would have been orphaned."

Did ever a man, however heroic, address his beloved in this stilted manner? One is reminded of Cooper's laborious pompous dialogue, amusingly parodied by Bret Harte. But what words should Haggard have put into his hero's mouth? It is not likely that his emotion allowed him to be nice in the framing of sentences when he was gently reproving his Mary, but if he were described as saying: "Well, old girl, you meant well, but you shouldn't have done it. It isn't done, you know," a reader might object to the bald literalism. In love passages there should be at least the suggestion of romantic feeling. If a spade should not be called a spade, much less a "bloody" spade, neither should it be described as "that instrument with which the Theban husbandman lays bare the breast of our great Mother."

In many of the novels and plays today the dialogue shows the endeavor to be natural, i.e., to reproduce familiar, everyday speech: The slang of the drawing room and the slang of the gutter, as well as the string of commonplaces and courteous wheezes that constitute the small change of polite conversation, though it is not now of so base alloy as that which Swift coined for Lord Sparkish and Lady Smart, Mr. Never-out and Miss Notable.

A too faithful representation of daily conversation in a novel or a play would bore readers and spectators. Some find Trollope often tiresome by his pursuit of the natural. The talk of lovers is to outsiders foolish chatter. Romeo and Juliet owe much to Shakespeare for the words he gave them to speak. There must be heightened speech; dramatic exaggeration. It is not likely that an American in a London house would find men and women conversing brilliantly, setting off verbal fireworks, playing a dazzling game of touch-and-go repartee as in the comedies of Wilde, Shaw, Lonsdale, Woodhouse—not to go back to Congreve and Sheridan. Dr. Johnson enjoyed "good talk," but put him on the stage and he might be as big a bore as Wagner's King Mark or the Harper in "Mignon." And this is said without reference to Mr. A. Edward Newton's "Dr. Johnson" which, we believe, has not been performed in public.

#### June 2, 1927 THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER

Sir Henry Segrave, saying that no one will do justice to the mechanics who make the breaking of speed records possible, remarked: "Nobody knows the name of Paul Revere's horse." Had the horse a name? One does not like to think of Revere shouting "Git-up, Dobbin!" when the necessary steed showed signs of slackening the pace. It has been said, everyone knows that the horse of Alexander was Bucephalus. The name of that conqueror's secretary is unknown, as Bourienne reminded Napoleon when the latter said to him, "Well, you, too, as my secretary, will be immortal." Paul Revere is more fortunate than his horse.

The ancients gave their horses names appropriate to their strength or speed, or names fancifully invented.

"The horse that guide the golden eye of Heaven, And blow the morning from their nostrils"

were Pyrois, Eous, Aethon and Phlegon. The horse that Caligula wished to be a Roman consul was Incitatus. Agamemnon's was Aethes; one of Achilles's, Balios; one of Hector's Lampos, another was Podargos. Among the names were Air-Flyer, Eagle, Seabird, Lightning, Fear (a horse of Mars), Wolf, Falcon, Crow, Mouse, Whitefoot, Speed, Beauty, Arrow, Bird, Terror, Magpie, Flea. Alexander was not the only one to honor his favorite after death. There is the epitaph of Euthydicus, crowned many times, "O glory greater than that of the demi-gods!" The Emperor Verus raised a tomb in the Vatican to his Volucris and wore a golden image of the horse suspended from his neck.

Hadrian wrote the epitaph of his hunter Borysthenes. Special honors were paid the mare of Phidolas, who, racing, when her rider was thrown, rushed on and arriving at the goal, secured the prize for her master. Martial in an epigram addressed to his eleventh book, saw two or three loungers at the Portico of Romulus who might be shaking out the worms that infested his trifies, "but they will do so only when

much conviction. Mary is pretty Celia and her voice records v. pleasantly. Baclanova is as stunning ever in a stereotyped part which usual calls for a song or two, and Le Fenton, though scarcely given much chance, is good enough to make want to see him again soon in a better part.

Sym. Hall  
Radecliffe  
Vaughan Williams  
"The Delicate  
main music"  
Halsey - Tynner 7/18/24  
June 3 1927

#### OLYMPIA-FENWAY THEATRE "The Cocoanuts"

A screen musical extravaganza, adapted by Morris Ryskind from the musical production of the same title, book by George Kaufman, special music for film by Irving Berlin; directed by Joseph Santler and Bert Florey, produced by Monta Bell, presented by Paramount as a Moritone talking and singing picture with the following cast:

Hammer . . . . . Groucho  
Harpo . . . . . Harpo  
Chico . . . . . Chico  
Jamison . . . . . Zeppo  
Polly . . . . . Mary  
Bob . . . . . Oscar  
Penelope . . . . . Katherine  
Mrs. Potter . . . . . Margaret  
Yates . . . . . Cyril  
Hennessy . . . . . Basil  
Bell Captain . . . . . Sylvan  
As a debut on the audible screen the Four Marx Brothers, "The Cocoanuts" is an unqualified success. To take to the microphone as ducks to water. They are tireless in clowning, they give nearly all of the original patter and go through all the original tricks, such as Harpo's leg main in purloining wrist watches, kerchiefs, even the coat off a man's back, the shirt off another's indignant bosom. Four years have not dulled quips which Groucho so generously so rapidly tosses out so that there scarcely time to get the laughs disentangled; four years have not dulled Harpo or Chico to forget all the lewd by-play and miming which make them so popular in the stage production. And, before it slips our mind, would express admiration for Harpo's beautiful harp interlude, in which the dainty instrument records itself perfectly; and for Chico's piano solo, less worthy for brilliancy of execution than for its feeling and its timing for applause which it richly deserves. The two boys are versatile to an amazing degree.

The funniest scenes are those of auction of lots at Palm Beach, with ceaseless chatter, Groucho, as tioneer, and Chico, his dumb comrade, mixing things up with his ward bids of 100 and 200, even again himself; of the banquet, when Harpo causes repeated interruptions, creating gales of laughter; and of comic pursuits in the two adjoining bedrooms of the hotel, in which the of the brothers play amusing parts. In short, the screen version of "Cocoanuts" is four-fifths Marxian comedy and as such is good fun.

Considered as a filmed replica of a sumptuous stage show, it is less satisfying. Until the screen stage can be enlarged, to take in a large dancing semble effectively, it can not hope create the illusion of a stage picture. Here, for instance, the Gamby Girls and the Allan K. Foster Girls, dancing units of 24 each, put on several difficult numbers which would be impressive if all the figures were visible, or, being visible, were of nearly normal size. Paramount here has provided a fairly large stage, yet it is obviously inadequate. One novel overhead shot showing a group of ballet dancers thrown head-on at the audience, is interesting. But the necessary long shot tend to destroy illusion.

Miss Eaton and Mr. Shaw, both equal to any vocal or dancing exaction of musical comedy stage, are lost to Miss Eaton's voice does not register well but she dances gracefully. Mr. Shaw does not dance at all, more's the pity. However, nothing matters much in the case save the three Marx brothers Zeppo having little to do. They are funny enough for half a dozen screen comedies.

#### MODERN-BEACON THEATRES "Scandal"

A screen drama, adapted by Paul S. from a story by Adolphe Rod, and photographed by Gilbert Warren, and by Wesley Ruggles and presented in a version as a talk-talking picture with the following cast:

Laura Hunt . . . . . Laura Hunt  
Burke Jones . . . . . Burke Jones  
Maurice Greer . . . . . Maurice Greer  
Vera Greer . . . . . Vera Greer  
Janet Grant . . . . . Janet Grant  
Mrs. Grant . . . . . Mrs. Grant  
Panche . . . . . Panche

Given a director capable of applying cold, analytical treatment to a possessing dramatic possibilities, an



# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Apropos of Miss Cowl's portrayal of Jenny at the Plymouth Theatre, one might ask if she is not more fortunate in high comedy than in plays demanding sustained emotion with tragic outbursts. She can be pleasingly sentimental. She can woo in a fascinating manner; but has she the nature of the art, to shine in tragedy? Our old friend Mr. Herkimer Johnson remembers gratefully her performances in various comedies, but though she as a beautiful apparition as Juliet, he prefers to think of her as she shone in "Lilac Time" and in "The Road to Rome." He admitted to us that in certain scenes of "The Depths" she stirred him greatly.

Never mind if the first scene with Mr. Weatherby in "Jenny" is preposterous; never mind if the dialogue spoken by others would seem interminable, so well was the speech sustained by Miss Cowl and Mr. Standing that the audience did not realize last Monday night that the first act played or nearly an hour. And there were three acts to follow!

By this time, no doubt, the comedy has undergone surgery; no doubt the pace is brisker. No one would have the welcome extended to Mr. Weatherby by his insufferable family as he returns with a \$70,000 fee from Washington changed in any way, either in the structure or the performance. "Jenny" is not a play only for Miss Cowl and Mr. Standing; it is not, as produced, a two-star comedy; all in the company are capable. Mr. Norcross as the perplexed, discouraged young husband, is seen only for a few minutes, but he is a real person. Could Jack be better portrayed than by Mr. Lackland? We doubt it. Seeing Miss Evensen as Nora, one can readily understand why her husband did not wish to lose her.

Last Monday the audience seemed to approve of Weatherby's selfish and grasping family. The sight of the father at bay did not seem to the spectators pathetic. The wife and children were encouraged in their treatment of the man whom they should have at least respected. Perhaps some parents in the audience, suffering at home as Weatherby suffered, laughed at seeing a fellow-victim on the stage, and thus found consolation.

Miss Cowl has faithful and ardent admirers in Boston; it matters not what play she brings: the devoted Cowlites are in the theatre eager to applaud. She is more fortunate than some of her sisters on the stage. We heard no one in our neighborhood exclaim hysterically: "Isn't she cute!" This form of verbal appreciation must have embittered Miss Maude Adams.

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

I note that the reviewer of "Katerina" played by Miss Le Gallienne's company at the Hollis Street Theatre, referred to the failure of Madame Razimova to speak some of her lines distinctly. Do you not think that this has become a common fault among the stage people?

It is my usual habit in attending theatrical performances, to occupy one of the front seats in the first balcony. Although I am not conscious of having any defects of hearing, I usually find much difficulty in hearing the words of such performances from that position. I find that people sitting in the same location make the same complaint. I doubt if the dramatic critics quite realize this difficulty, as they are usually provided with seats near the front on the floor.

I am told that the stage people nowadays are somewhat inclined to minimize the importance of the text of plays, and that they expect to get their effects more through the pantomime, inflections of the voice, etc., and that they feel it is not very important whether the audience understands the text of a play or not. Also there seems to be a marked tendency to rush through their performances in a short space of time, which seems to give an impression of speed and action to the performance, though the latter complaint could not be made against last night's performance. It seems to me that if the stage people have conceived the idea that it is not important whether the audience understands the lines of plays or not, they have an entirely wrong idea.

The theatrical managers are complaining because they do not get good patronage for their performances. I think one reason for this failure is that the performers have become so indifferent on this question of elocution that many people have come to feel that it is not much use to go to the theatre unless they secure a seat in one of the front rows on the floor. As this is somewhat expensive, they ask why they should pay \$2.50 or \$3 a seat, when here are today so many excellent performances offered in the picture theatres for 50 cents to \$1. It has occurred to me that if the theatrical people wish to encourage the public to return to their houses, it would be an excellent idea for them to tell their players to speak their lines so that they can be heard not merely in the front seats, but all over the house. To do that they need, of course, to speak a little more slowly, as their very rapid elocution makes their utterance so confused that it is very difficult to understand.

I have to admit that my judgment of the above subject is not based on any very extended observation, as I do not go to the theatre a great deal. One of the principal reasons, however, why I stay away is that I think the stage people feel that it is not important to speak their lines so that they can be heard.

JOHN L. SAGE.

The dramatic critics who sit near the stage are often unable to understand what the actors and especially the young actresses are saying. They rush their speech till it is unintelligible; run their words together, lower their voices at the end of a sentence. Nor do they make amends by shouting the words "damn" and "hell" in a clear, bell-like voice, knowing that they will thus excite the laughter of the many "guffoons" in the audience.—Ed.

To the Editor of The Herald:

The art of singing! How few singers seem to realize that it is an art. How many singers presume to come before an audience of supposedly average intelligence without a just sense of their responsibility toward that audience, or of proper reverence for this art. How rarely a singer appears conscious of the fact that the voice has a two-fold mission; not only to express, as an instrument, a sequence of musical sounds, but to convey a direct message through musical speech, and that the speech should have as perfect a form of purity and precision as the tone.

"No word can come into being, except as the expression of a concept," so tone, in singing, should come into being except as the expression of a word. In fact the word is the mainspring of the tone, the soul of the tone; the musical phrase is, primarily, the spoken phrase, conveying a thought, an emotion. But rare are the singers, who attach a due importance to the

words which they sing, or who show any hesitancy in abusing a language not their own. It shows such lack of musical intelligence and perception to distort words and to ignore the disaster that such distortion causes to the musicality of the phrase, as well as to the pleasure of the listener. One hears French sung, that is a derision to the discrimination of an audience, and a positive insult to the purity and beauty of the language which lies disfigured and crippled, unable to rise in defence of itself; innocent cause of calamity, as well, to the musical phrase, for these two go hand in hand, in song; individual—not interfering, one with the other, yet closely allied—the tone with the word; the phrase sung with the sentence, spoken.

So aware are the French, with their sincere intelligence, of the importance of understanding the words of a song, that even the most gifted singers, versed though they may be in other languages, sing to their French public, in French. All the songs of Schumann, Schubert, Handel, Wolf, the Italian school, etc., etc., have excellent French translations. They also have English translations, as have the majority of French and Italian songs—why then not sing them in English to English speaking audiences? This might be the happy means of causing American singers to think of the meaning of the words they sing, and of conveying the meaning to their audience! And this, without any doubt, is the vocation of a singer, and of equal importance with the production of good tones; in fact, the consciousness to the singer of the thought back of the words and the desire to express that thought, irrespective of the tone, will often sweep the singer over technical difficulties to an unexpected beauty of tone.

A very expressive and exquisite artist, whose career as a teacher had, alas, only begun, died last year in Paris. Marie de l'Isle, one of the most beloved singers of the Opera Comique, reached the hearts of her public in opera as well as in song, by the beautiful simplicity of her singing—her voice and diction moving with such effortless emission that the emotional or atmospheric message of the musical context penetrated directly to the mind and touched the imagination of her listener. This power to create emotion and atmosphere is born with the artist, and can not be taught, but even the greatest art cannot express itself without the mastery of technique which affords it facility of expression; this facility her pupils learned from this illuminating teacher of the art of singing. The articulation was given equal importance with the exercises for the control of the breath, the attack of the tone, the spun-out tone—each a subject within itself. For the articulation, dexterity and delicacy of movement were given to the tongue and lips by exercises, before a mirror—mute exercises; vowels, words, phrases formed by the lips and tongue, as though to be read by a stone deaf "listener." The phrases of a song were studied, first, as spoken phrases—phrases spoken and repeated with the least possible movement of the muscles of the throat, but with all possible clearness of articulation, and with a frontal resonance; then sung on different tonalities of the scales, retaining the same position and the same precision and distinctness when sung as when spoken. This clear articulation once mastered, the bel canto of the voice, carried on the stream of breath, flows, uninterrupted by the diction and parallel with it—the legato of sound never broken into by the articulation; and now, the instrument of singing speech, the voice, is ready for the intuition of the artist! For him or for her, to color it with all the emotions of the human heart; to stir, by means of it, the cosmic consciousness of the divine soul!

Singing is an art. Art is a religion. All singers can not be artists, but all singers can serve art, in their singing, as priests and priestesses, bringing to their service reverence for that art, and sincerity—forgetful of self, mindful of Beauty and of Truth!

AGNES WELCH.

Paris, France.

they are tired of the betting and gossip about "Scorpus and Incitatus" (There is a question whether the names are of horses or charioteers.) Aristophanes in "The Clouds" represents Phidippides talking in his sleep, accusing Philo of not staying on his own course. Again there is dispute among commentators: Whether Philo is the name of a horse, the charioteer of Phidippides, or a rival in the race.

The survivor in the race that brought good news from Ghent to Aix rode Roland. Don Fulano, the horse that is the hero of the wild ride in Winthrop's "John Brent," had a rival in Henry Kingsley's "Geoffrey Hamlyn." (How did it come to pass that Charles Kingsley is better known than the brother who towers above him as a novelist?) There are noble horses in Whyte Melville's novels—are they read today? In fiction horses have sonorous, often romantic names, as Don Fulano, Katerfeito, but great are the unnamed. How did furious Jehu on his way to Jezebel urge on his sweating horses?

"Shoe the steed with silver

That bore him to the fray,

When he heard the guns at dawning—

Miles away."

But Herman Melville does not call Phil Sheridan's steed by name.

Alas, the horses with their riders that the Lord, triumphing gloriously, threw into the sea; the horse that said "Ha, Ha," among the trumpets are as unnamed as Paul Revere's, yet they are all still famous, while Eclipse, Flora Temple and George M. Patchen, Jr., are remembered only by the prints once decorating bar-rooms and chop-houses, and now prized by maniacal collectors.

actress skilled in portraying, even silently, the mental anguish and emotional strain of a wife and mother who, though innocent of wrong-doing, has placed herself in a situation which threatens her honor and the life of a former lover; with these two essential assets "Scandal" might have been shaped into a fairly good piece of screen

melodrama. Unfortunately neither Mr. Ruggles nor Miss La Plante has had the experience or possesses the gift. Thus the picture falls between two stools, as it were, and when picked up and scrutinized, shows itself for just an ordinary, routine week's work on and off the lot.

Laura Hunt had lived in San Francisco. When family reverses came she went to Santa Barbara and obtained a job as hotel stenographer. Because she insisted on spelling "traveling" with one l, Burke Innes, a rich man whose chief hobby was polo, became fascinated with her and married her. Three years later we find them happily situated, with a youngster rigged out in a cute little polo player's costume to complete the picture of contentment. Greer, who had had a love affair in "Frisco with Laura but had allowed it to cool, renews his suit when he encounters Laura in Santa Barbara. His own marriage to Vera meant nothing to him. She was caty, had a cheap affair with a mysterious man named Pancho, and drank too much. When Innes went away on a business trip, Greer met Laura on the beach, and kissed her. Returning home, he found his wife in bed, murdered. Rather than compromise Laura he remains silent, and is given a life sentence for first-degree murder. Laura, with her husband, is present at the trial, but says nothing until it is all over. Then, after an uneasy evening, she tells Innes what happened. He leaves her, plays a rough game of polo the next day, and forgives her after she pluckily faces the gaily-gowned gossips around the polo field.

The picture runs too long, lacks continuity in some places, dallies over non-essential details in others. It is assumed that Pancho is the murderer, for we are told that Vera sends for him, and we get a flash of him hastily packing a grip; yet Vera was killed with Greer's revolver. Apparently Pancho never caught. The picture ends with a ring abruptness. It fails to indicate Innes should snub his wife one day, forgive her the next. Miss La was seldom able to meet the ex of her part. There were too many ups in which she pursued him, showed the whites of her eyes, and to register despair or self-conte



motherly abnegation. Mr. Boles, despite his "prop" moustache, looked less the villain than the hero. The others were neither very bad nor very good. A few scattered sequences of speech served no great purpose. W. E. G.

## MR. GALLAGHER PASSES

Some have questioned Victor Hugo's saying: "Success is hideous." But take the case of Ed Gallagher, whose funeral took place in New York last Friday.

Not many years ago thousands were amused by Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean. At the height of their fame they were receiving \$1500 a week. To gain this sum from Mr. Ziegfeld, Gallagher jumped his contract with the Shuberts. Success turned his head. It is said that he forsook his old friends in and out of the profession. Law suits came; with the Shuberts, with Brian Foy the author of the song that made him famous; with his third wife—he was married four times—finally with Albert Shean. This Gallagher, whose unctuous replies to his partner, "Mr. Shean! Mr. Shean!"—this Mr. Gallagher whose unforced humor will not soon be forgotten—broke down four years ago, and died crippled and penniless, supported, unknown to him, for the last two years by Helen Gallagher from whom he had been divorced. And his funeral there was only a handful, among them his old-time partner, who looking at the coffin, said "Bygones are bygones. Death is the final curtain. It wipes the slate clean"—and two of his wives.

Suppose that Mr. Gallagher had not met with almost unprecedented success in his line; that, recognized as amusing in vaudeville, he had received only a modest but reasonable sum Henry Chesterfield, speaking at the funeral

said, apropos of the small attendance: "It is because we are all actors, children, more or less irresponsible, and we forget easily. If we were not imbued with the quality of instability, we would not have been actors." It does not follow that all actors are unstable even when they excel; nor that an actor is necessarily irresponsible in money matters and the conduct of life. Mr. Gallagher was simply a man who could not stand success. In this he was as many in other walks of life who have borne witness to Hugo's seemingly paradoxical statement.

## "THE POETS AND MUSIC"

By PHILIP HALE

Six years ago Andre Coeuroy published a book, "Musique et Littérature," in which he considered Dostoevsky, Flaubert, Hoffmann, Nietzsche, Poe, Proust, Shelley and some others in relation with music. This year Edward W. Naylor's "The Poets and Music" is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. The poets here discussed are Browning, Kipling, Coleridge, Tennyson, Milton, Chaucer, Herbert, Herrick, Spenser, Shakespeare and others. Dr. Naylor, composer, organist, was already known as a writer about music, especially by his book about Shakespeare and the art. The present volume differs from Coeuroy's in that while the Frenchman considers the attitude of the writers named toward music and the influence exerted on them by the art, the Englishman examines the poets' use of technical terms, their acquaintance with forms, instruments, and the musical vocabulary.

Dr. Naylor, for example, mentions Coleridge's "loud bassoon" and "lonely flute" and tries to explain the reason why the poet chose these adjectives. It is evident that Dr. Naylor has not read Prof. Lowes's "Road to Xanadu," or he would not have labored so hard in explanation. He smiles at Tennyson's dance-band in "Maud"; flute, violin, bassoon; at Tennyson's "warbling bugle" and brook chattering "in little sharps and trebles." Kipling speaks of a hired band consisting only of "brasses"; of "the clash of the brass," but cymbals are made of copper (80 parts) and tin (20 parts). Inepitides by Muriel Hine, George Moore, Trollope are quoted. The last-named describes Mr. Harding drawing his bow slowly across "the plaintive wires"; of his receiving a magnificent violoncello with "all the new-fangled arrangements and expensive additions."

Browning's poems concerned with music are interesting; his use of musical terms is, as a rule, intelligent. There is a detailed analysis of "Master Hughes," "Abt Vogler" and "Charles Avison," critical pages that are well worth the attention of musicians.

Tennyson's attitude is just that of the well-educated, middle-class gentleman of about 1850; this attitude is crystallized in a precious and unforgettable sentence of a Trinity Fellow of that period—Music! Music! a very good thing. I dare say, for a man who can't afford to keep a horse.

"Milton is one of the few great poets who take music seriously." Dr. Naylor devotes a chapter to him, with remarks about the music of the spheres and the ancient Greek arithmetician's theory of consonant intervals. George Herbert was a practical musician as well as poet, a singer, player, conversant with chamber and church music. There is a discussion of musical pitch in Herbert's day. Forty pages are given to Shakespeare. There are at least 500 passages in his works dealing with music and musical matters: instruments, technical terms, "broken" music, and again the music of the spheres. The lack of special knowledge displayed by Shakespeare scholars in musical matters is still a prominent feature in their work. Other writers have sinned as well. Thus Pierre Le Clercq is quoted: "The Recorders are two chaps that Hamlet suddenly wanted to come and play the flute or lute to him," while a prominent English Q. C. explained the word "recorder" as a legal term.

Coming to Spenser, there are pages about the mystical meaning of the circle, the square, and the triangle. Skelton's use of "dreme" for "singing" was in Yorkshire dialect even up to Dr. Naylor's childhood; there are many allusions in Skelton's poems to the musical practices of his time. Chaucer knew trumpets, horns, clarions, the citole (citern), the rote (a sort of fiddle with three strings).

The book contains illustrations, examples in musical notation, appendices, and an adequate index.

The two books might well be put side by side on the shelf. The one is the complement of the other, nor should one think that because Dr. Naylor writes about technical matters, he is therefore dull or pedantic. The layman will find interesting matter.

## KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

### "Fox Movietone Follies"

A screen musical revue: story and direction by David Butler, dialogue by William K. Wells, music and lyrics by Con Conrad, Sid Mitchell, Archie Grotter; revue direction by Marcel Silver; presented by William Fox with a cast including John Breeden, Lola Lane, Sharon Lynn, De Witt Jennings, David Rollins, Sue Carol, Stepin Fetchit, Arthur Stone, Dixie Lee, David Percy, Mario Domini.

To the list of those who contributed to this potpourri of good, bad and indifferent screen entertainment should be added the name of George S. Kaufman. For without giving him credit, the frenzied fraternity who plotted this first filmed "Follies" blithely took the central idea of Kaufman's farce-comedy, "The Butter and Egg Man," that of a sappy youth from Chillicothe, who wandered into New York, bought a sour play from a couple of shoe-grinding producers, and turned it into such a promising success that they bought it back at his own price, with a business-minded sweetheart thrown in for good measure. In the Kaufman piece the late Gregory Kelly had a neat role, but his activities never took him near the stage door even. In the Fox Movietone "Follies" young Mr. Breeden is heard, even to the last row in the gallery, as George Shelby of Virginia. Having bought a controlling interest in the show from Darrell, played by Mr. Jennings, he proceeds to spend all his time behind the scenes, hampering and bungling a first-night performance, discharging his sweetheart, Lila Beaumont, and finally selling back to Darrell at a profit, and taking Lila back to Virginia on their honeymoon.

That is the story, but that is not all of the picture. Sandwiched in between the back-stage confusion, with a pack of creditors in the background, and that reliable colored comedian, Stepin Fetchit, to enliven many dull moments with his droll speech and his tap dancing, are a half dozen specialties. Some are supposed to have musical appeal, some pictorial effectiveness. If these same numbers were put on the stage in the amateurish, draggy way in which they are treated on the screen they would merit the disapproval which any intelligent audience would promptly bestow on them. Only one, an adagio number in color entitled "Pearl of Old Japan," gives any hint of the imaginative in setting and performance, and even that would be of negligible interest were it not for the dull greens of the trees and the red and yellows in the dancers' costumes. Other bits are "Why Can't I Be Like You," sung by Dixie Lee, with a shop window setting; "That's You, Baby," an insipid song re-

tailed by couples indicative of varying periods of adolescence, say from 6 years to 25; a song and dance specialty called "Breakaway," which is simply a "stomp" number; Lola Lane's "Big City Blues"; and "Walking with Susie," by the entire company. All are done to irritatingly slow tempo, as if directors, orchestra and singers were feeling their way. Pep, precision, unison of conception and execution are missing. One saving grace there is, the tap and patter of dancing shoes can be heard distinctly. It seems incredible that with

all the talent and all the facilities housed in the Fox plant the photography should be so dull and frequently so dark. By injecting Stepin Fetchit into the action, this first "Follies" was not altogether lost, but the fact remains apparent that Mr. Ziegfeld and his brother producers of stage spectacles and revues have nothing to fear from the films for some time to come. Perhaps, when better screen "Follies" are made Mr. Ziegfeld will make them himself. W. E. G.

## LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

### "The Pagan"

A screen romantic drama, by Dorothy Farnum, adapted from a story by John Russell; directed by W. S. Van Dyke and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with the following cast:

Henry Shosmith, Jr. .... Ramon Novarro  
Madge ..... Renee Adoree  
Tito ..... Dorothy Janis  
Slater ..... Donald Crisp

There are not many actors who can strip to the lowest terms and appear so completely natural that clothes seem not only unnecessary but really superfluous. Ramon Novarro, however, makes such a pleasing picture as a carefree young native whose greatest exertion is crossing one leg over the other, that when he attempts to be civilized the results are quite as distressing as one could imagine. "The Pagan" has an interesting story well acted and directed, and gives us a chance to listen to Mr. Novarro's much advertised voice which is soon to be heard on the operatic stage. It is hard to pass any fair judgment on singing reproduced with the present sound devices, but Mr. Novarro sang very pleasantly and tunelessly even if it did seem that there was a little too much of the same song.

The story is concerned with efforts of a sanctimonious and grasping trader, Slater, to ruin the lives of two young half-castes. One is Henry Shosmith, who owns valuable property on an island, rich in coconut palms, and the other is Tito, a young girl whom Slater has undertaken to rear as his Christian duty, but with whom he is half in love. Tito and Henry fall in love, quite innocently and happily, but Slater interferes, first by causing Henry to ruin himself by undertaking a business of which he understands nothing, and then by marrying Tito. Warned by Madge, a pathetic adventuress who loves him, Henry steals Tito and carries her off to the hills. Slater follows and while Henry is absent drags Tito back to his ship. Madge, however, sees them and tells Henry what has happened; he reaches the boat and arrives in time to save Tito from a cruel flogging. Slater rows after them as they are swimming to shore, but when he tries to kill Henry the skiff in which he is standing upsets and he is seized by man-eating sharks, while the lovers get into the boat and escape.

Novarro seems excellently suited to the part of the all too amiable Henry, who never loses his temper, but who manages to get what he wants pretty thoroughly, and very well indeed he conveys the puzzled surprise of the unsuspecting young islander at the meanness and cruelty of the unspeakable Slater. Dorothy Janis is a gentle and appealing Tito, torn between her hypnotized devotion to Slater and her love for Henry. Renee Adoree was a striking and tragic Madge, and Donald Crisp an effective though somewhat overdrawn Slater. E. L. H.

## THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COLONIAL—"Show Boat," musical comedy, fifth week.

COLEY—"The Man Who Chanced His Name," comedy, second week.

PLYMOUTH—"Jenny," comedy, with Jane Cowell, second week.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S—Vaudeville, matinee and evenings: Herman Timberg's Varieties, Carter De Haven, Mel Klee and other acts.

## NEW B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

A miniature revue is offered as the chief bit of entertainment of the new B. F. Keith's vaudeville program this week, with Herman Timberg as the impresario and leading man. Timberg, an annual visitor to Boston, has branched out and brings a "tab" show, a tabloid edition of a revue, retaining only one bit from his old stock in trade, the "Jass vs. Classics" skit, in which his brother Sammy takes the feature role, assisted by impersonators of Franz Liszt and Irving Berlin.

Timberg, as usual, is the outstanding member of the troupe, drawing one laugh after another with his comedy, a combination of dialect, song, nimble dancing and violin playing, but sharing honors with him is a young woman named Barbara Blair, Miss Blair has an ingratiating stage personality, a baby-talk voice, a flair for tap-dancing and a keen gift of comedy. Muriel Abbott and Eleanor Smith also contributed dancing bits, while Leo Chalzel and Oliver Harris put over their numbers well. All in all, the skit, which occupies the first half of the program, has every requisite of a revue an decidedly is just the thing Keith patrons desire. The show opens with the jazz band,

the selection of the troupe in which Miss Blair takes first honors, and then come the solos and the grand finale on a love ship, with all members taking their bows.

Carter de Haven, with Carter, Jr., and daughter Marjorie, offer song, dance and persiflage in full evening dress in front of elaborate curtains. The feminine member of the family has the best of the act when she does a tap version of the well-known shuffle. Mel Klee, the "Prince of Walls," has better songs than comedy, while the Tom Davies trio closes the show with a thrilling motorcycle act. An animated cartoon

and the news weekly complete the bill, which is quite well balanced. I. S.

June 5 1929

## PEABODY PLAYHOUSE

### "Wild Birds"

A play by Dan Totheroh presented by students from the evening school of the Whitehouse Academy of Dramatic Arts. The cast:

Corie Slag ..... Alice Johnston  
Mr. Slag ..... Louis Daniels  
George Marshall ..... Alexander Campbell  
Mazie ..... Violet Stemberger  
Sandy Roberts ..... Edward Albert  
Esthey ..... Flora Gleason  
John Slag ..... Thomas MacLarnie  
Milt Pollard ..... Herman Milligan  
Adam Larsen ..... George Glawson  
The Preacher ..... Stuart Woodbury  
A Tramp ..... Stuart Woodbury

"Wildbirds" is so powerful and touching an arrangement of brutal misunderstanding, that it stood the severe test of being presented without skillful stage lighting, with long breaks of a quarter of an hour between scenes, and in the presence of a very noisy audience.

Two little "wild birds," one ignorant of life but glad and eager, the other cowed by knowledge of wickedness but hopeful of happiness, are done to death by a brutal prairie farmer and his wife, who know no love themselves, and are impelled to kill it when they find it. Characters drift through the play as through fog, befuddled, dazed, fleeing and pursuing. There are poetic and symbolic characters... the old man who exults when the fires of spring burn up the earth and men, the genial tramp, who gives us a moment's glimpse of a rare character, the mysterious hired man who moves like impending judgment through the play, but who is too late to avert tragedy. During the first act, the play skates near mediocrity, but as it gets closer to the heart of tragedy, it gathers power, and the last act is a piece of sure and finished dramatic writing, starkly real, inevitably tragic.

The young actors did very well with the play. Intensity and sincerity each of them had; they had been well-schooled in use of the voice and in imitation of a difficult dialect, and their characterizations were, in some cases, amazingly well maintained. Violet Stemberger was the quintessence of shy girlhood, eagerly trusting, and panting for kindness and companionship. Alice Johnston, as Corie Slag, and Louise Daniels, as Mrs. Slag, carried difficult roles with certainty and skill. George Glawson had an exceedingly hard part to play, but his sincerity and restraint stood him in good stead. Edward Albert, as Sandy, the crazy old man, contributed atmosphere, hypnotic and yet ephemeral. All the other parts were well taken, particularly fine being a strong portrayal of John Slag by Thomas MacLarnie, the capable director of the play.

Incidental music was offered between the acts. E. B.

June 8 1929

## METROPOLITAN THEATRE

### "The Studio Murder Mystery"

A screen melodrama adapted by Frank Tuttle and Ethel Doherty from a story by A. Channing and Carmen Edington; directed by Frank Tuttle and presented by Paramount as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

Neil Hamilton ..... Warner Oland  
Tony White ..... Frederic March  
Rupert Borka ..... Florence Eldridge  
Richard Hardell ..... Doris Hill  
Blanche Hardell ..... Eugene Pallette  
Helen MacDonald ..... Chester Conklin  
Detective Dirk ..... Lane Chandler  
Gateman ..... Gardner James  
Martin ..... Guy Oliver  
Ted MacDonald ..... E. H. Calvert  
MacDonald ..... Donald McKenzie  
Grant ..... Capt. Coffin

The talking pictures have discovered ventriloquism and with great success as may be seen in "The Studio Murder Mystery." The cold-blooded and wily murderer has such a gift for that perplexing and useful accomplishment that there seems no chance of his being brought to justice, but after all there were so many questionable people involved in the death of the philandering Richard Hardell that it was difficult to know whom to suspect the most. There was the director, Borka, whose wife he had made love to; there was the innocent girl, Helen MacDonald, whom he



June 6 1929  
CAVIAR AND COURTESY

It appears that the late Grand Duke Michael, for his bulk and strength—his hands were large and he was so tall that golf clubs were especially for him—could be irritable and even in what genteel writers used to call polite society. Once an American hostess at Cannes served caviar after soup. The Grand Duke told the poor wretch that she should not aspire to give dinners to connoisseurs. When he returned to her home town did she impress visitors at afternoon tea by remarking every now and then, "As the dear Grand Duke once said to me?"

It took courage to arrange a bill of fare—she undoubtedly spoke of it as a menu—for a Grand Duke even if he were in exile. Why did he not arrange courses of American dishes? He might have relished a New England boiled dinner for he was noted for his physical strength. If she had remembered the early geographies she might have served a course of candles, talow not wax. What liars those early geographers often were!

This hostess, whose name is not given, was not necessarily a climber hoping to win the favor of the Grand Duke by an appeal to his stomach. She thought to please the exile, to remind him of home, but she misplaced the caviar. American women in their home towns are not always infallible in arranging the procession of dishes. It is barbarous to serve game after a roast, yet it is constantly done. Macaroni does not go with roast beef. There is too much protein. As a rule there are too many courses and hardly enough time is given for the enjoyment of any one of them; not if a man is reasonably attentive to the ladies seated by him. A gourmand might say that there is too much talk, and repeat the remark of the old woman when she was asked why she did not say something at table: "When I talks, I talk; when I eats, I eat."

If the hostess at Cannes committed a solecism, there was no excuse for the Grand Duke's rudeness. He might have consumed a double portion of caviar, smacked his lips, and after dinner taken her aside and instructed her in such low and intimate terms that her envious sisters would have suspected him of a tender declaration.

PORCH AND PARLOR

Miss Anne Singleton, whose articles on etiquette are a feature of The Herald's Woman's page, was asked: "When a young man takes a home, to avoid standing in the porch, whose ice is it to take the initiative in leaving? When one's mother is in the room when a young man calls, should she rise?" A few words may be added to Miss Singleton's sound advice. Porch etiquette depends largely on the weather. In summer, years ago, before there were entry houses and a migration from town, there was wooing on the steps that led to the front or in the porch itself. Cushions and rugs were brought out that the seated might not suffer from the chill of the stone. There were no glaring electric lights serving as detectors and kibitzers. If the moon was propitious, darkness was also an accessory. Passersby heard murmuring and the "gratus puellae risus" smiled; the older men and women, not without envy, remembering past joys and the glow of youth.

And in those days if a mother was in the parlor and heard the doorbell ring, she would cry to pretty Jane: "Are you expecting any one?" Being Jane bluish, she would take up her work-sket or a book and retreat to the second story. The parlor was free to the invader. There, undisturbed, except for faint movements in the room above, he and his adored one would talk in low tones. She might ask to tell his fortune by reading the lines in his palm. He might examine her rings. Or she might say: "Don't you think this is glaring?" and rising, discreetly regulate the chandelier. In winter when father was heard in the bowels of the house attending to the furnace for the night, and cold air began to arise through the register, Augustus would sigh and say: "Well, Jane, I suppose it's time for me to be going. A tender farewell; the slamming of the front door; the mother's voice: "Jane, didn't he say pretty late?"

promised to marry after his divorce who had found that he was lying to there was Helen's brother, Ted, who told him for his cruelty to her; finally was his wife, Blanche Hardell, who was wildly jealous of his philandering and had threatened him with death when she found him unfaithful to her. They were all hard put to it

to explain their whereabouts on the night of the crime, all that except the real killer, whose alibi was so natural that it was not even questioned. There is a further puzzling incident in the obstinate refusal of the watchman, who appeared to have been an actual witness of the murder, to reveal what he had seen, probably because his two children were among the suspects. His sudden death as he is being examined by the police complicates things still further and the lack of his evidence makes possible a jury verdict against the most obviously blameless of all the possible slayers, his daughter Helen.

There was an enterprising youth, Tony White, writer of gags and generally a nuisance around the studio, who was utterly convinced of Helen's innocence, chiefly because he was in love with her, it appeared. By dint of a lucky discovery he tracks down the criminal but nearly loses his life in the process. The solution of the mystery is too exciting and too clever to reveal. No criticism can be made of the way the story is handled save that the director in his efforts to divert attention from the murderer made him a little suspicious. The cast was uniformly satisfactory, with special mention for the unquenchable comedy of Neil Hamilton as the amateur sleuth; he made him both likeable and convincing despite his exaggerated smartness, and his voice reproduces very well indeed. Good performances were given by Doris Hill as Helen MacDonald, Warner Oland as Borka, and Eugene Pallette as Detective Dork, who had to put up with so much of Tony's impudence. The scenes in the studio are most interesting and well photographed. E. L. H.

June 9 1929  
ALREADY CORRUPTED

There are amateur sociologists who as in a nightmare see summer cottagers corrupting village manners, destroying by the power of example, the sweet simplicity, the idyllic innocence attributed to the natives by those who know them not. These sociologists shudder at the thought of flamboyantly rich summer dwellers making their way to golf links or tennis court and thus acquainting the natives with the fact that there are men who can be idle; these sociologists insist that expensively dressed women lolling in limousines excite discontent and envy in the breasts of the more or less faithful village helpmates; that their daughters weary of household drudgery and long for the life of the country girl known to the cinema: The citified stenographer marrying a sleek and infatuated banker; the high school graduate triumphant in the front row of a musical comedy chorus and pursued by the backer, the would be angel. These sociologists would have summer cottagers live simply, dress and eat simply, talk simply—and all for the interest of the villagers. Pipe dreams! Fairy tales!

As a matter of fact villagers think the more of the summer folk, the more these sojourners splurge and spend. They would agree to the saying of Alexis, the dramatist: "The prosperous should live ostentatiously, and so make plain the god's bounty. For the god who has bestowed these blessings thinks that a man should feel grateful to him for what he has done. But when men try to hide their fortune, alleging that they are but indifferently well off, the god sees that they are ungrateful and are living meanly, and at the first opportunity he seizes and wrests from them all that he has given before." It is doubtful whether the villagers will read this passage quoted by Athenaeus (in Prof. Charles Burton Gulick's admirably lively translation), but they would applaud it. Seeing Smythe-Smythe with "all kinds of money" they welcome his presence, regard him as a lucrative ornament of the village, a man who will not closely scrutinize their bills; but does plain John Smith in clothes that are almost shabby—a thrifty soul but not mean, a man of stocks and bonds, impress the store-keepers and their loafing friends? Do the store-keepers deal justly with this cautious purchaser? Not a bit of it. They are to Smith in the matter of bills as the god known to Alexis, as far as selzing and wresting go, and what the store-keepers leave, the tax collector grabs?

No doubt far inland there are the unsophisticated villagers sung by the poets; but these simple folk are as the dwellers in a jungle or on a mountain height who see whites for the first time.

June 10 1929  
SNUFF AND THE SENATE

Two "papier mache lacquered boxes of Japanese design" are kept filled in the U. S. Senate Chamber with the best snuff the government can buy. Senator Overman of North Carolina

is a regular snuffer, Senators A. Hurst of Arizona and Swanson of Virginia take a pinch occasionally. So we are informed by correspondence, observing with Argus-eyes the working of that august body.

Common snuff-boxes for general use! In the days when giants debated in the United States Senate, members addicted to snuff carried each his own box. These boxes were plain or ornamented; of silver, a still baser metal, tortoise shell, or a handsome wood. Some bore mottoes on the inside of the lid; some were decorated with a picture. There was the courtesy of the snuff-box, as when Seward, attacking with inexorable logic and polished sentences the policy of the South, took a pinch of snuff from a Southern member who gallantly opened his box for the assailant. And so in more private life reconciliations and agreements were sealed by the offer of a pinch, mutual snuff-taking or an exchange of boxes as in the case of Col. Bulder and Sir Thomas Clubber as recorded in the "Pickwick Papers."

The snuff-box was once indispensable in the launching of an epigram; it was associated with "Damme, Sir," and the flourishing of a hand-danna handkerchief. When the top screwed on, the grinding gave emphasis to a decision. One has not forgotten the spy in "The Daughter of Madame Angot," as played by Mrs. Oates's company, and the squeak that followed his gag, "And once again remember I am ALL EARS." On the stage, the snuff-box was as important a property as the telephone is today. When Mansfield played Beau Brummel, there was the burning question whether he held the box in the proper hand, for at that time there was an intelligent interest in the drama. Diamond-encrusted snuff-boxes of gold were royal gifts; they were often filled with ducats. There were and are collectors of these articles of "Virtue and bigotry." Lablache, the great bass singer, received from his admirers 365 costly bejeweled and painted snuff-boxes, so that he had one for each day of the year, as some have a set of seven razors for the week—not heeding the motto "Safety first"—as the dwellers in Cape Cod "bungalows" insist on seven bathtubs. Alexander Pope's Sir Plume was not the only one "of amber snuff-box justly vain." Monsieur de Paris in "The Gentleman Dancing Master" arguing that Gerrard was not well-bred, said to the fair Hippolyta: "In fine, to say no more, he never carries a snuff-box about with him."

Yet lines were drawn. If Congreve's Tattle, courting Miss Prue gave her a snuff-box; if fine London ladies snuffed in the years of The Spectator, the practice was thought so coarse at the court of Louis XIV that it was not allowed; the Popes Innocent XII and Urban VIII excommunicated all those found taking snuff in church. It could be wished that the Senate snuff-boxes were of a more ornate description, worthy of the Senate's dignity and wealth. Are there still spittoons—cuspidors, to use the genteel term—in the legislative halls? Are they highly decorated? Are some of them in the shape of a turtle with the cover raised by foot pressure on a lever? Or do the Jeffersonians insist on the square wooden box generously filled with sawdust, symbolical of many speeches heard within the sacred walls?

AT THE POPS

Alfredo Casella's violin concerto in A minor was given its first Boston performance last night at a symphonic program at the Pops. Louis Krasner was heard as the soloist. The concerto is written in three movements, which were last night played without pause. At first hearing it seems that perhaps it would have been wiser to allow pauses; the last movement especially seemed to be a little too long.

But the work itself is interesting, pungent, bold, and vigorous, in classical style, though richly ornamented and with a wealth of colorful, and frequently, stark and blaring, modern harmony. The first two movements contain passages of noble and tender melody, moments of dramatic intensity, and some rhythmic patterns of originality and effectiveness. The solo instrument is given a part requiring a tremendous technique, delicacy, and passion. There are some passages required of the solo instrument that make one wonder whether the composer really intended to get tone and pitch out of them, or merely percussive effect, and there are other pieces of writing in the part that are entirely hidden by too heavy an orchestration. In the main, the solo instrument sings rhapsodically, intermittently, merely adding poignancy and decoration to the musical ideas carried out by the splendid orchestration. For this reason, the cadenzas were especially logical and beautiful, for they were not merely repetitional developments of theme designed to allow

the soloist to prove his mettle. The Rondo (last movement) seemed to be less original and less inspired than the other two movements, though the finale was magnificent. The playing of Louis Krasner was more than intelligent and adequate. Most of all that one could demand at a concerto of such difficulty, has a sure and poised technique, simplicity all difficulties not only rapidly, but without ever sacrificing a live and warm tone. In those moments when his instrument was inaudible, it was obviously either the com-



June 9 1929

## The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Andre Gide, going to West Africa, published his note books "Voyage au Congo" and "Le Retour du Tchad." The former was dedicated to Joseph Conrad. A year ago this month the film, "Voyage au Congo" made by Gide and Marc Allegret in Africa, was shown at Brussels. M. Gide contributed an interesting article about this film to the *Nouvelles Litteraires* of June 23.

The two note books are now published in one volume, with illustrations, under the title "Travels in the Congo" (translated by Dorothy Bussy), by Alfred A. Knopf in the handsome form that distinguishes Mr. Knopf's publications. The French appendices, relating chiefly to the administration and business methods of the *Grandes Compagnies Concessionnaires* in the Congo, with correspondence, are omitted in this translation.

One finds in these note books the Gide of the novels, essays, philosophical discussions, but not the Gide of that extraordinary "Corydon" which turned some of his friends against him. It would be interesting to compare his impressions of negroes with those of Paul Morand recorded in "Paris-Tombouctou" and the collection of short stories entitled "Magie Noire," but we are today concerned chiefly with M. Gide's remarks about the African music, songs and dances.

Morand and other observers, before him and contemporary, have much to say about the gross sensuality of certain dances. Gide finds that as a rule "people greatly exaggerate the lasciviousness and sexual precocity of the blacks, and the obscene signification of their dances." In one village about 40 were dancing and singing (rather badly) to a single drum. Five of the dancers were hysterical; there was rolling, writhing in the dust. Unlike dances in other villages this one seemed a kind of hygienic anti-demoniac exercise. "Are all these people ill? Or do they become epileptic or hysterical by persuasion? Is the belief in the devil, like the belief in God, sufficient to determine his presence?" "At Bambari boys danced gravely in Indian file to 23 earthen or wooden trumpets of unequal length (about one to four feet long), which can make only a single note." (This recalls the old Russian horn-bands). These boys were painted white. Older villagers, all black, sang at the top of their voices a strange tune—Gide noted it down—heard even above the bellowing of the trumpets. An old woman beat time with a horse-hair brush. A great black demon writhed at her feet in feigned convulsions, but without ceasing to blow his trumpet.

"The women dance at the entrance to every village. This shameless jiggling of elderly matrons is extremely painful to look at. The most aged are always the most frenzied. Some of them are like lunatics."

At one village, the instruments were two drums and three resonant calabashes, filled with hard seeds and mounted on a short handle, so that they could be shaken rhythmically. The rhythms were "learnedly" unequal: groups of ten beats, five and five, succeeded in the same space of time by a group of four beats—with the accompaniment of a double bell or a metal castanet, "the chanting on this occasion was exceedingly odd (the chorus was composed mostly of children); quarter tones were employed—all the more noticeably because the voices were in perfect tune—which produced an excruciating effect that was almost intolerable. As a rule, all the singing is in the notes of our scale."

At Baboua, the dance of 60 people was most dismal and stupid. To the sound of a drum and a single musical phrase taken up by the chorus and repeated untiringly, they went round and round in a circle, one behind the other, with extreme slowness, jiggling their bodies as if they had no bones, "bending forward, with their arms dangling and their heads shaking backwards and forwards like fowls. This is how they express their emotion—manifest their joy! By the light of the moon this obscure ceremony seemed the celebration of some infernal mystery; I stayed gazing at it for a long time, fascinated by it as by an abyss."

At Mala there was an immense tamtam. The dancing was clear, precise, rhythmical. Beginning with a strongly accentuated march, the tune changed; it ceased to be lyrical and became demoniac. One old woman performed a solo in a corner, waving her arms and legs in time; finally in a frenzy she fell down and danced on her knees. A young girl left the circle, made three leaps backwards, and rolled in the dust like a sack. She gave no sign of breath, until the tamtam seemed to wake her, but her strength was gone: she fell for the last time on her side, her arms stretched out, her legs half bent, in an exquisite pose—and nothing succeeded in stirring her from it.

Readers of Gide's "Si le Grain ne meurt"—a cheaper and complete edition has recently been published—know his interest in music, and interest not merely that of an amateur—and recall his amusing description of his various teachers. Early in the Congo book he compares the immensity of light shed from a veiled sky to the pianissimo of a full orchestra.

Boatmen sang lyrically in the dangerous crossing of a bar. The song and the refrain overlapped each other. In a whaleboat the boatmen's songs were admirable. The metal case in the stern served as a drum on which a black thumped with a large log of wood. The whole boat, made of iron, vibrated. "It was like the regular rhythm of a piston regulating the oarsmen at their work. Behind the man that beats the drum, there is a younger native, armed with a stick, who breaks this implacable rhythm by a regular system of syncopation between the beats."

At Moussareu for dancing a kind of symphony was organized. There was a soloist with a chorus of children. The end of each solo phrase blended with the voices of the chorus as they took it up.

At the sultan's court at Rafai—the sultan wore a fine comic opera uniform—Gide saw vertical flutes, tied round with two streamers of long hairs, which opened out into corollas when the instrument was blown into. At Sapoua a man played a calabash held between the legs in the middle of a bamboo which was strung like a bow with six (?) strings. He sang with great subtlety and delicacy; "I have so many hookworms in my foot that I cannot walk."

Gide found musical bars in 12 time; the first note counted as two; the

others were equal. He also heard an extraordinary chant. "On, if only some vinky could hear it!" It consisted of a long phrase, beginning with a shout and ending almost pianissimo, but it was sung like a canon, so that the fortissimo of some of the singers coincided with the pianissimo of the others, which formed a sort of murmured bass. The notes were never clean, which made it difficult to take down the tune. "Here they never sing in tune. When one of them sings 'do, re,' the other sings 're, do.' Some of them sing variants. Out of six singers, each one of them sings something a little different, without its being exactly in parts. But the result is a kind of thickness in the harmony, which is extremely strange. The same phrase—nearly the same (sometimes with a little change after the manner of Peguy)—is repeated indefatigably for a quarter of an hour—for half an hour. Sometimes this song, shouted at the top of their voices, seems to go to their heads, and then they row madly, furiously."

"Our folk songs, compared with these, seem coarse, poor, foolishly simple, rudimentary. . . . I listened to the Saras's chorus. Very different from the one my boatmen were singing yesterday. It was like nothing I have ever heard. As profoundly moving as the songs of the Russian boatmen—perhaps more so. It began pianissimo in a murmur, as though they were making a trial, and for some time they continued singing low—particularly the soloist. As always in this country, the chorus did not wait for the soloist's phrase to finish, but struck in on the last note and even sometimes on the last but one. The effect was astonishing. Little by little, as though gaining confidence, they became more and more animated. The soloist had an admirable voice, totally different in quality from what is required by the Conservatoire; a voice, which sometimes sounded choked with tears—and sometimes seemed nearer a sob than a song—and sometimes had accents that are hoarse and apparently out of tune. Then there suddenly came a few soft notes of a disconcerting suavity. Adoum translated the chorus as follows:

We are no longer taken away as captives.

We are free to go where we please.

To buy boubous and fardas.

The whites rule the country and are kind!

The rest was improvised by the soloist as he went along. Their rhythmical and melodic invention is prodigious (and apparently naive)—but what shall I say of their harmonies? For that is what I find especially surprising. I thought that all the songs here would be monophonic. This is the reputation that has been made for them, for there are never any songs in thirds or sixths. But this polyphony, in its widening and narrowing of sound, is so puzzling to our northern ears that I doubt whether it be possible to take it down with our means of notation. The refrain is attacked on several notes at once. Some voices higher and some lower—like creepers winding round a central stalk, adapting themselves to its curve without following it exactly—like the trunk of a ficus."

Gide's comments on the dances he saw and the music he heard fill only a few of the 375 pages in this book which abounds in extremely interesting anthropological, zoological and botanical notes; comments on the life and manners of the natives and on books that he took with him; on the treatment of the blacks by the whites. In an early note he says: "The less intelligent the white man is, the more stupid he thinks the black"; and later: "I do not want to make the black out more intelligent than he is, but his stupidity, if it exists, is only natural—like an animal's. Whereas the white man's as regards the black has something monstrous about it, by reason of his superiority."

The book is full of thumb-nail sketches, as, "He had a horrid face, a hooked nose (particularly unpleasant in a black face), a shifty eye, and tightly screwed lips."

MODERN AND BEACON THEATRES  
"My Lady's Past"

A screen comedy by Frederick and Fannie Hatton, and Frances Hyland; directed by Albert Ray, and presented by Tiffany-Stahl with the following cast:

Mamie Reynolds..... Belle Bennett  
Sam Young..... Joe E. Brown  
Tipst..... Alma Bennett  
John Parker..... Russell Simpson  
Maid..... Joan Standing

Mamie Reynolds waited 10 years for Sam Young to reach that point in his courting when he could safely ask her to marry him. By safely, Sam meant that stage in his career as a budding author when he had arrived, safe with coin and reputation. Mamie had a nice house, and she had a maid. She liked to mother Sam, and Sam liked it. Then, with approaching prosperity, something went wrong with Sam's point of view, and he left Mamie flat, to take up with an empty-headed typist whose only acquaintance with literature was acquired through reading the headlines in the papers. Mamie, left forlorn, took to rocking nervously in her favorite chair, went on a hunger strike, let her hair become frizzy, bit her nails, sequestered herself from gossiping neighbors. Then, when a love-sick youth commits suicide on her front door steps, and the neighbors think it was because of Mamie, her spirits and her stock as a charmer go up. The men flock around, she gives parties. Sam, hearing of this, decides that after all Mamie is his girl, heaves a rock through her window as Parker, the town banker, courts her, takes a thrashing from this same banker, serves 30 days in jail for trespass or something, and finally kidnaps Mamie while the banker waits as an impatient bridegroom and the organist plays the wedding march in vain.

Miss Bennett is so used to "mother" roles that this one is easy, though she often finds it difficult to show her style. The part is too thinly sketched. When she breaks into speech it is that of the burlesque queen, another "mother" character in which she was seen here recently. Mr. Brown, as the young

author, must have been engaged on a volume concerning slang. His is the argot of the street. Yeah, bum stuff, the stiff, and much more of that sort. He has two funny scenes, one when he challenges the athletic banker and is knocked down thrice, and again when he talks to himself as he tries to drink himself into a fighting frenzy for a second encounter. For the rest, the picture is dull, slow and simple in action, lacking the sparkle and briskness of farce, and certainly far from legitimately comic. It seems unbelievable that the Hattons, who have a certain reputation as clever playwrights, could have turned out this picture. And by the way, wasn't "Reputation" its original title? W. E. G.

## SCOLLAY SQUARE THEATRE

## "Girls Gone Wild"

A screen comedy-drama adapted from a story by Bertram Millhauser; directed by Lewis Seiler and presented by William Fox with the following cast:

Sue Carol..... Sue Carol  
Babs Holworthy..... Nick Stuart  
"Bucky" Brown..... William Russell  
Dan Brown..... Roy D'Arcy  
Tony Morelli..... Leslie Fenton  
Mrs. Holworthy..... Hedda Hopper  
Speed Wade..... John Darrow  
Angie Stein..... Matthew Betz  
Judge Elliott..... Edmond Breese  
Grandma..... Mona Perry  
Dolly..... Louis Nathans  
Tom Holworthy..... Larsden Hale

Those who saw "Red Hot Speed" recently, with Alice Day as a pretty and wilful breaker of all traffic laws and

Reginald Denny as the punitive assistant district attorney, may think they are seeing double when viewing the first two reels of "Girls Gone Wild." Here Sue Carol, as Babs Holworthy, accompanied by an ill-mannered youth called "Speed" Wade, runs her roadster past all signals, forces Judge Elliott and his conservative sedan off the highway and leads Traffic Officer Dan Brown and his motorcycle a merry chase until she tires of the game. Here, however, the similarity between the two pictures ceases. "Red Hot Speed" developed into something worse than farce, while "Girls



Who years into scenes of misadventure as exciting as one could wish to see. In fact, this picture, given fine direction by the resourceful Mr. Seiler, moves briskly through several sequences loaded with thrills and suspense. It is aided greatly by the man behind the camera, and it has a third merit in that it is admirably acted throughout. If at times it takes one's credulity it makes amends by swiftness of action and by all round plausibility. Babs, when given a ticket for speeding, gives a party to show how little she cares. Father is rich, has his own bootlegger and a half-dozen lawyers on his payroll. That doesn't prevent Officer Brown from serving a bench warrant on Babs during the party. There is no mention of a night court, but it must have been one. Anyway, Judge Elliott scolds her, and concludes with "ten days or \$100." "Bucky" Brown and Babs were lovers until this incident, but refusal of Bucky's father, Dan, to forget the matter rebounded on poor Bucky, and Babs, who loved dancing next to nothing, went to a cheap dance in a rough neighborhood with the despicable Babs. There the fun started. Tony Terrelli, bootlegger and dandy, who had befriended old Holworthy and a rival bootlegger at the same time, was marked for death. The gang got him as he danced with Babs. This part of the picture is dramatic in the extreme, showing the three gunmen as they circle round the dance hall, smiling and awaiting an opening. When Bucky rescues Babs and starts off in a big car his triumph is short-lived, for the gunmen throw him out, kidnap Babs and take her to their hide-away, where in turn they dance with her to the tune of a phonograph record. The one who is her partner when she cries enough is to win first prize, synonymous for the thing that Theda Bara used to fight nightly to defend. Again Bucky intervenes, there is some shooting, and then come the rescuers. Babs, brought to her senses, promises to settle down, and everybody is happy.

the trial, quarreled with West for his conduct of the case, and finally took charge of it himself. With his arrival things began to happen, queer things. Why did Mrs. Rice suddenly feel unable to testify and why did she endeavor to go to Europe without giving evidence? Unexpectedly it is revealed that she had a lover, a fact which was found out by her husband and so enraged him that he threatened to disinherit her and leave his fortune to Mary Dugan. Finally it was established that the slayer of Edgar Rice was in all probability a left-handed man who stabbed him in the back. The problem then was to find the left-handed lover of Mrs. Rice and this was solved by the acute Jimmy by means of a clever trick. In deference to the enjoyment of future audiences and to critical ethics the identity of this must remain unrevealed. The acting of the large cast was on the whole most admirable. To be sure Norma Shearer was rather more hysterical as the beset Mary Dugan than was her predecessor on the stage, but she was thoroughly sympathetic and pitiful, especially when she was forced to bare the whole story of her sordid past to the curious court. Lewis Stone as Edward West contributed his customary distinguished performance and cultivated voice; H. B. Warner, as the prosecuting attorney, was excellent in a rather stereotyped part, and Raymond Hackett made the bumptious Jimmy as unobjectionable as possible. The rest filled their parts successfully. E. L. H.

#### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

##### "The Shady Lady"

A screen drama by Jack Jungmeyer; directed by E. H. Griffith and presented by Pathe with the following cast:

Lola Mantell.....Phyllis Haver  
Monte Blake.....Robert Armstrong  
Holbrook.....Louis Wolheim  
Jimmy Haley.....Russell Gleason

The theme song starts at the beginning, even before the prefatory alignment of names of those concerned in the picture's making. The talking is confined to the final reel. Thus is the scale kept on compensating level. Had there been more talking there might have been less theme song, and vice versa. Either way, the suffering of the audience through these two raw elements would have been pitiable to witness. It should not be assumed hastily, by this, that "The Shady Lady" is a dull picture. It is anything but that. It is almost a good picture. It would have been a very good picture if someone had thought up a more effective climax. It just peters out into a grimacing exchange of banalities between persons of unsavory reputations and a cub reporter who had no business in Havana in the first place. He was too green, too glib, too soft-hearted.

Nan Jameson, hiding in the Cuban capital under the name of Lola Mantell, seems to have been unpleasantly involved in a scandalous murder in New York. "Prof." Holbrook, head of a gun-running gang; Monte Blake, a gentleman crook who delights in annoying Holbrook by hi-jacking his contraband wares; and young Haley, the reporter, discover almost simultaneously who Nan is. Holbrook uses his knowledge to coerce her into betraying Blake into his hands. Blake, following her lead but all the time aware of her identity, falls in love with her, and she with him. Young Haley, tears up his damning evidence when she asks him what he would do if the girl he loved were unjustly accused of a crime, and offers her an 'American' hot-dog sandwich as proof of his belief in her innocence. In the end Blake wins Nan, Nan is exonerated by confession of another woman, Haley exits with some torn clothing acquired when Holbrook's men caught him taking a flashlight shot of the gun-runners in action, and Holbrook, outwitted and defeated, vents his rage by hurling a bottle at the door which has just closed on his tormentors.

The opening views of a shooting match between the rival gunmen; the scenes in Holbrook's gambling casino and in the Havana hotel, are well done; in fact the entire run of photoplays is unusually graphic. Most of the scenes are marked by sly wit or pungent import. Only four principals are named, but tribute is due all of the unnamed players of minor roles. Miss Haver, independent of her blonde prettiness and her very becoming gowns, acts with understudied poise and effect. Seldom has her pantomime been more expressive, more finished in every little detail. Mr. Wolheim was a constant delight to those who appreciate subtlety in screen portrayals as the oily-tongued brutalized gang leader. Mr. Armstrong was a cool but generous lover, and Mr. Gleason made you like him despite the inanities of the script as it was applied to his part. Only when all four began to talk did the picture lose something of its fascination. W. E. G.

#### THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COLONIAL—"Show Boat," musical comedy, sixth and last week.

COPLEY—"The Man Who Changed His Name," comedy, third week.

PLYMOUTH—"Jenny," comedy, with Jane Cowl, third week.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S—Vaudeville, matinees and evenings: Baclanova, Bill Robinson, Murray & Oakland, and other acts.

#### NEW B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

A Russian motion picture actress and a negro tap dancer are the outstanding performers on an unusually well-balanced program at B. F. Keith's this week. Both are billed as headliners and both are worthy of their positions. Olga Baclanova and Bill Robinson are the two and while Robinson dances his way to applause, as is expected, Baclanova, strange to say, does not impress with her acting and emotional qualities. Rather it is through the quality of a soprano voice when she offers a variety of songs as an encore, that she becomes a hit.

Baclanova makes her appearance, in a playlet, assisted by Nicholas Sous-sanin, Paul Decker and Ivan Marr, and the plot is just a shallow bit for the purpose of showing the Russian actress in a varied range of emotions. The result is that the sketch is merely ordinary. But then Baclanova makes a curtain speech and announces she is to sing and dance—much to the amazement of the audience, who are surprised by the quality of her voice and her splendid manner of putting over the songs. She sings in English, French and Italian.

Robinson has paid the penalty of teaching others his steps, as when he coached his substitutes in "Black Birds" last year. Thus his chuckle, his sighs and his mannerisms fail to elicit the response they once did. Luckily, however, there is only one Bill Robinson. He has added new steps, having almost a whole new routine, tapping away to many bows.

Next to these two acts comes John Murray and Vivian Oakland, assisted by Ernest F. Young, who offer a well-selected program of songs and satire, while the California Collegians, a band of seven versatile musicians, make a hit with their "Day at the Circus." Micaehua, a young woman who performs difficult feats on a wire without the aid of parol or balancing pole; Olyn Landick in an unusual act; Ed and Tom Hickey, two elegant gentlemen, and Paula and Al Blum, gymnasts, also are quite above the ordinary. An animated cartoon and a news-reel complete the program. I. S.

June 12 '25

#### O'NEILL A PLAGIARIST?

Miss Georges Lewys says that Eugene O'Neill stole his play "Strang Interlude" from her novel "The Temple of Pallas-Athenae," which was written in 1917, was privately printed in 1920. The edition was limited; subscribers paid \$2 a copy. Now Miss Lewys sues Mr. O'Neill, Theatrical Guild, Inc., the producers of "Strang Interlude," and Horace Liveright, Inc., publishers, and asks damages to the amount of \$1,250,000 plus reasonable counsel fees. As the counsel fees would be "reasonable!"

Mr. O'Neill is reported as saying that he never read, never saw, never heard of Miss Lewys's novel, sold only by subscription, as is the case with Mr. Herkimer Johnson's colossal work. It is first of all to be observed that the charge of plagiarism is seldom, if ever, made when the play or novel is unsuccessful pecuniarily; nor is the charge often made immediately after the production of the play or the publication of the novel. The supposedly injured one is not so indignant that he cannot wait to see whether it would be worth while to sue for damages. It is not likely that any poet, for example, would maintain in court that Mr. O'Neill's lines, "They told me the water was lovely That I ought to go for a swim, The air was maybe a trifle cool, You won't mind it when you get in," were copied from a stanza of his own in a volume privately printed, or publicly distributed.

Ideas of close resemblance have often been developed by dramatists and novelists dwelling far apart and utterly unknown the one to the other. Composers of music have been accused of plagiarism when they have used thematic material that has long been common property. There are striking examples of this innocent borrowing, stealing if one will have it so, in Tappert's "Wandering Melodies" and Jean Hubert's "Reminiscences of some Melodic Forms peculiar to certain masters."

In the strict sense of the word Shakespeare, the elder Dumas were plagiarists. There are many others from Sterne to Charles Reade. The latter in his "Wandering Helr" did not hesitate to help himself from Swift's

June 15 1925 11

#### METROPOLITAN THEATRE

##### "The Wheel of Life"

A screen romantic drama, adapted by John Farrow, and Julian Johnson from the stage play of the same title by James Bernard Kagan; photography by Edward Cronjager; directed by Victor Schertzinger and presented by Paramount with the following cast: Capt. Leslie Yeullat.....Richard Dix  
Ruth Dangan.....Esther Ralston  
Col. John Dangan.....O. P. Heggie  
George Paraker.....Arthur Hoot  
Mrs. Paraker.....Myrtle Stedman  
Lt. MacLaren.....Regis Toomey  
Tserine Lama.....Nizel de Brulles

Some day we should like very much to see a picture where the young and beautiful heroine, married to an elderly man, meets a young and handsome officer and falls in love with him for the time being, only to decide that she prefers her husband. The said husband will not sacrifice himself to make it possible for her to marry the attractive youth and everything should end more happily than usual. It should be remarked, however, that none of these desirable events occur in "The Wheel of Life," everything follows the customary formula.

The story takes place in India, all save the first few moments when Capt. Yeullat, home in London on leave, stops a mysterious and lovely girl from committing suicide. She disappears and he is unable to find any trace of her in the city, but as soon as he gets back to his regiment he finds her the wife of his colonel, John Dangan. Inevitably Yeullat and Ruth Dangan fall in love, but Yeullat, unable to endure the thought of treachery toward Dangan, who had always treated him like a son, leaves the regiment and seeks oblivion in the tension of fighting on the border. The long arm of coincidence, more extended than usual, brings him to a monastery where Ruth and some companions have taken refuge against a native rising. The officer he sends back for reinforcements is killed and, seeing no hope of rescue, he and Ruth determine to make the most of the few hours of life that are left. Help comes, however, in the shape of troops led by Dangan, frantic with anxiety over his wife's danger. Finding that he cannot tell Dangan the truth, Yeullat tries to sacrifice himself, but it is Dangan, suddenly made aware, who throws away his life.

Something was very much wrong with the sound producing device at yesterday's showing, but even that could not conceal the fact that O. P. Heggie has not only an unusually fine voice, but a personality that is arresting in its fine simplicity and moving sincerity. In fact he made Col. Dangan quite the most interesting and creditable person in the picture. Richard Dix, in the rather ungrateful part of Capt. Yeullat, had little to do but look anguished and heroic and did it very well, materially assisted by the fact that he looks very personable in uniform. Esther Ralston was an unexciting heroine and most of the time was completely inaudible. E. L. H.

#### HELEN KANE COMES BACK

Helen Kane, the young actress who mysteriously disappeared from Boston recently while playing an engaging heroine in the musical comedy "Good Boy," Interlude," and Horace Liveright, Inc., scheduled to return to this city to publishers, and asks damages to the amount of \$1,250,000 plus reasonable counsel fees. As the counsel fees would be "reasonable!"

Many theories have been advanced as to why the "B. B. Boop-a-Boop" girl, as she is known, left Boston without bidding good-by to the other members of her company. The young woman has risen from just a featured player to a headline attraction and whether this sudden rise or receding of her ability as an entertainer is the charge often made immediately after the production of the play or the publication of the novel. The supposedly injured one is not so indignant that he cannot wait to see whether it would be worth while to sue for damages. It is not likely that any poet, for example, would maintain in court that Mr. O'Neill's lines, "They told me the water was lovely That I ought to go for a swim, The air was maybe a trifle cool, You won't mind it when you get in," were copied from a stanza of his own in a volume privately printed, or publicly distributed.

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#### PHILIP HALE

This is the play that won the prize of the 1928 Drama League—Longmans, Green & Co. Playwriting Contest. Mr. Ehrensperger, the editor of the Little Theatre Monthly, says in his introduction that the plays submitted for this, the second, contest showed a remarkable variety of subjects. Come and see the drama were represented, the former with less success. The subjects of the plays were for the most part taken from regions familiar to dramatists.

According to Mr. Ehrensperger, plays were often carelessly and poorly written, so that few could be performed without revision. Trial performers would have shown the dramatists their faults. When a play revealed a

#### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

##### "The Trial of Mary Dugan"

A screen drama, adapted by Becky Gardner from the stage play of that title by Bayard Veiller; directed by Mr. Veiller and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

Norma Shearer.....Norma Shearer  
Lewis Stone.....Lewis Stone  
H. B. Warner.....H. B. Warner  
Raymond Hackett.....Raymond Hackett  
Lilyan Tashman.....Lilyan Tashman  
Olive Tell.....Olive Tell  
Adrienne D'Ambrosio.....Adrienne D'Ambrosio  
Mary Dugan.....Mary Dugan  
Dewitt Jennings.....Dewitt Jennings  
Wilfrid North.....Wilfrid North  
Landra Stevens.....Landra Stevens  
Mary Dorne.....Mary Dorne  
Mera Hampton.....Mera Hampton  
Westcott Clark.....Westcott Clark  
Charles Moore.....Charles Moore  
Claud Allister.....Claud Allister

There is no reason why "The Trial of Mary Dugan" should not be quite as popular on the screen as it was on the stage. The suspense is admirably maintained, the climaxes are just as unexpected, the comedy relief comparatively unobjectionable, and the heroine quite as guiltless as we had always suspected. The general excellence of the picture may be due to the fact that Bayard Veiller, the author of the play, directed his own work and thus was able to insure that no liberties would be taken with his script. If all writers can direct as well as Mr. Veiller there seems to be no valid reason why we should suffer from the frequent mutilations that so often ruin plays and novels when they are transferred from their original state to the moving pictures.

The story of Mary Dugan and her battle for life passes, as it did on the stage, entirely in the courtroom. There is the suave and disagreeable district attorney, who bullies all the witnesses, there are two fluttering and futile chorus girls, the usual complement of police officers, doctors, finger-print experts, and all the paraphernalia associated in the popular mind with murder trials. Did Mary Dugan kill her wealthy lover, Edgar Rice? There were plenty of reasons why she might have done so and all she could offer to the violent accusations of the district attorney was a half-dazed denial, not very convincing to any one. Her lawyer, Edward West, rather a capable looking man and obviously intelligent, could do little but throw some slight discredit on some of the unimportant testimony, and he failed to cross-examine one of the most important witnesses, the wife of the murdered man. Help came from an unexpected quarter when Mary's young lover, Jimmy, suddenly burst into



verses—the "Journal of a Modern Lady. Was not Thackeray in "Barry Lyndon" indebted to Casanova? Not long ago it was shown that the author of "John Inglesant" was a shameless thief.

Miss Lewys gives a list of "similarities" in ideas, treatment, incidents—yet Mr. O'Neill denies positively any knowledge of her novel. "Strange Interlude" has had a long and successful run. Will the proposed suit if it comes to trial maintain, even increase the public interest in the play? Or will Miss Lewys be persuaded to publish her novel in a cheaper form with the censor aiding her in widespread sales?

## THE B. S. O. ABROAD

It has been known for some time that Mr. Koussevitzky is eager to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra in cities of Europe. It is natural that he should wish to do this: To acquaint foreign audiences with the remarkable plasticity and euphony of the orchestra that he has shaped to perfection; to show what as conductor, as interpreter, he can do with his superb band of musicians.

It has been rumored for some months that one or more public spirited Bostonians are prepared to defray the cost of the tour. The expense would necessarily be great. Although Mr. Koussevitzky's poetic and magnetic nature was fully recognized before he came to Boston; although the fame of our orchestra has spread throughout the musical world, it is doubtful whether receipts from European concerts would materially lessen the expense. Even if curiosity alone filled the concert halls to overflowing, there would still be a loss. There would possibly be an American rival in the field, for it has been stated that the Philharmonic Society of New York, led by Mr. Toscanini, will tour Europe at the end of next season.

Boston would rejoice in the triumph of its orchestra in foreign cities. Boston would applaud the generosity of the citizens who would largely aid in making this triumph possible. Yet some may say, and not in a carping spirit, why should not these lovers of music, these friends and admirers of the conductor and his men, first put the orchestra on a firm foundation in Boston, their home; lead in procuring an endowment fund so that there would not be a deficit with appeals for pecuniary assistance at the end of each season? Other American cities, proud of their orchestras, have given this substantial token of appreciation. Surely the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its present state with Mr. Koussevitzky, its inspired and inspiring leader, deserves the recognition that would ensure the utmost freedom in the giving of concerts and provide for a long continuance of its glorious reputation.

And some may say that charity begins at home—nor is the proverb musty.

—there is an economy of means with a logical climax; its people are real; its problems pertinent. One wishes that Mr. Ehrensperger had not added: "The depression in the play is almost elegant."

There are four characters in "Harvest": Balcom, a farmer; his wife, Ruth; their daughter, June; Theodore, a farmhand. There are nearly three introductory pages descriptive of the kitchen—the cistern pump and sink, a sickly-looking geranium and a large Bible are not forgotten—and the characters. The husband, about 55, has a sour expression, beady eyes, shuffling as he walks. His attitude toward his wife is "much the same as one's attitude toward a bothersome fly that is brushed off only when it is less annoying to make the necessary effort than to put up with it as it crawls over one's features." Ruth, the wife, almost 20 years his junior, is "a bundle of suppressed complexes," and, of course, her calico dress does not conceal "the natural grace of her body." Her movements are like "the restrained creep of the tigress before she springs." Hot stuff! The daughter, 17, is full-blooded, buxom, better educated than the others. As for the hired man, he is "decidedly vital. Tall, broad-shouldered, handsome—a type that most women admire." He "functions smoothly and forcefully when his deeper nature is touched."

The play is better than this long-winded introduction. Is it distinctively American? The characters would not be foreigners on any European farm. They might be found in a European play or romance: The tyrannical husband, religiously bigoted, despising the finer things in life, thinking chiefly of the soil; the wife of a higher nature, a drudge, disillusioned, craving love; the daughter—they have all appeared in American stories of western farm life, but have been usually immigrants, and the tale might be told of them in Sweden, Bohemia or other lands. Perhaps Mr. Stout had Eugene O'Neill in mind when he framed his plot and invented his dialogue, but his Theodore, the high-minded, rather slow-witted farmhand, is missing in Mr. O'Neill's gallery of portraits. The theatrical surprise that brings the climax—the smoldering, concealed affection of Theodore for his employer's wife, the affection that blazes into passion and fires the woman after her husband's final act of intolerable inhumanity is well contrived, though one may suspect earlier in the play that the woman loved by Theodore is not June, as the father believes. There is a faint reminder of Sygne at times in the dialogue; the insistence on the soil narrowing and degrading human nature might be tiresome if Mr. Stout were the Zola of "La Terre"; but the dramatist's lines are not incongruously literary nor are they as rank as the Frenchman's peasants whose existence was strenuously denied by Anatole France. Ruth's outburst early in the play is not unnatural, not too high-faloot:

"Used t'be I could shut my eyes and see th' trees and th' river and th' hills, but now—all I see is cattle and hogs, swill and manure, and th' prairies everywhere! Soil—soil—soil. Even th' sunsets that was so pretty—I can't even look at them any more without seein' th' everlastin' reaches of soil, stretchin' out 's if they was arms tryin' t' hold th' sun away from me."

## "SONGS FROM VAGABONDIA"

It is surprising that in the obituary notices of Bliss Carman little has been said about the three volumes of "Songs from Vagabondia" written by Carman and Richard Hovey, with designs by Tom B. Meteyard. The first volume was published in Boston—an edition of 750 copies—in 1894; the second in 1896; the third in 1900, the year in which Hovey, at that time professor of English literature in Barnard College, died. Meteyard died last year, and now Carman—his first name, by the way, was William—has joined them.

Some of these songs have made their way into anthologies: "The Joys of the Road," "Make me over, Mother April," "Down the World with Marna!" "The Kavanagh." These were in the first volume. Much quoted at the time were "Barney McGee," and "The Sea Gypsy" in the second.

These poets sang freely, loving Nature, the good things of life, companionship; they sang at a time when there was a revolt in this country from cut-and-dried poetic patterns. Their verses to accompany Meteyard's designs on the insides of the covers were characteristic of the mood and the singers.

"Have little care that life is brief,  
And less that art is long.  
Success is in the silences  
Though fame is in the song."

# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

"Boom-Boom," a musical comedy in two acts and four scenes, the book adapted by Fanny Todd Mitchell from "Mlle. Ma Mere" by Louis Verneuil music by Werner Janssen, will be performed at the Wilbur Theatre tomorrow night for the first time in Boston. When this adaptation was produced at the Casino Theatre, New York, on Jan. 28 of this year, the leading parts were taken by Jeannette MacDonald, Nell Kelly, Stanley Ridges, Richard Leander, Harry Welsh. The chief comedian was Frank McIntyre; the chief of male dancers were Cortez and Peggy.

An unusual concert will be given at the Repertory Theatre tomorrow night by the Society for the Preservation of Spirituals of Charleston, S. C. We are told that this society is composed of ladies and gentlemen of Charleston, "representing the most distinguished families of southern aristocracy. The society was formed for the purpose of keeping alive the genuine negro spiritual, seldom heard on the concert stage." No one of the singers is a professional; all are acquainted and are required to be acquainted with negro life on plantations. The songs have never been published in their original form.

Mr. R. W. Gordon, who has made American folk music a study for many years and has an unequalled collection of these songs, is connected with the music division of the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. He has this to say about the Charleston Society: "For scholarly accuracy as well as for artistic perfection concerts by the Society for the Preservation of Spirituals are always noteworthy events. The songs themselves, unspoiled by editing or adaptation, are sung in the precise form in which they were obtained from the South Carolina folk, and the rhythmic movements of feet and body with which they are accompanied reproduce with remarkable accuracy true folk technique. I know of no group in America today so well fitted to present these genuine American folk songs to an American audience."

Mr. Gordon believes, if we do not misquote him, that the negro spiritual were derived from old camp-meeting tunes sung by the whites and from old songs heard by the negroes as sung by the dwellers in houses of their owners that the negro did not originate or invent these spirituals.

The concert will begin at 8:30 P. M.

So Florence Easton has said that she will sing no more in opera. "I am simply tired out. I have left for good." Her withdrawal from the Metropolitan Opera House, where she has sung since 1917, will be regretted by all lovers of fine singing.

Her career has been a long and honorable one. An English woman by birth, she first appeared in public at Toronto as a pianist when she was 10 years old. Six years later she returned to England, studied singing there, made her debut, then went to Paris for further study. She came to the United States with her husband, Francis MacLennan, the tenor, under the direction of Henry W. Savage, who was producing "Parsifal," "Madame Butterfly" and other operas in English. Her first appearance in Boston was as Gilda, when she was called on suddenly to take that role. She was then a slip of a girl, but as singer and actress she showed much more than ordinary skill. She was later at the Berlin Royal Opera House (for six years) at Hamburg (for three years). In 1915-16 and 1916-17 she was a member of the Chicago Opera Association. The Metropolitan can ill afford to lose her.

The MacDowell Club of New York City, through the generosity of one of its members offers a prize of \$1000 to a musician either born or residing in the United States for an unpublished composition in one of the larger forms, orchestral, choral or chamber music, its duration not to exceed 25 minutes. MSS. will be received from July 1 to Oct. 1 (final date) 1929, by the chairman of the music committee, Miss Dorothy Lawton, music branch of New York Public Library, 121 East Fifty-eighth street, New York city, to whom all communications should be addressed. MSS. must positively be sent anonymously, insured to full value and accompanied by a sealed envelope bearing a mark of identification and containing the composer's name and address with return postage. Artur Bodanzky, Rubin Goldmark and Ernest Schelling will be the judges. The award will be announced Jan. 1, 1930.

Is it not strange that the best interpreters of Debussy's heroine (Mélisande) have always been foreigners—Mary Garden, Maggie Teyte, Lotte Schoene.—Henry Prunieres.

Reznicek's new opera is entitled "Benzine." Mr. Robin Legge of the Daily Telegraph remarks: "Whether it is the smell or the consistency that is musically depicted I neither know, nor care, I fear."

Mme. Tetrazzini, who in 1926 at the age of 52 years married a man many years younger, has obtained a legal separation from her husband. The marriage excited wonder at the time, for she was fat enough to have known better.

The press agents are still at work. Martha Baird, the pianist who is known in Boston, has hands "as perfect as any sculptor's chisel could make." The Northamptonshire (Eng.) Evening Telegraph is quoted. The critics in London were more concerned with her manner of using them.

Florence Austral, the singer, "loves to cook, with braised steak and lemon tarts as specialties (recipes on request) to sew, linens and towels and underthings in particular, to collect Persian cats and to discover antiques, especially grandfather clocks." She should include that grand old song "My Grandfather's Clock" in her recital programs.

The composers will not let Chopin alone. There is another opera with music based on his own melodies, "Damask Rose," produced at Manchester, Eng., is by G. H. Clutsam, who does not think the personality of Chopin suitable for light opera. "I have evolved a story which Chopin might, perhaps, if he had known about it, have set to music." This story of the 18th century "centres round an imaginary episode in the life of Stanislas Poniatowski, the last King of Poland. The opera is really a play set to music and has little or nothing of the ordinary musical comedy element. It is an attempt to bring a better type of music to the light opera stage. All the dances come in naturally and the chorus plays a very prominent part." A few of Chopin's songs are introduced, but the main part of the opera is built on his piano music.

nical knowledge of theatrical requirements, it was nearly always by a writer whose plays had been produced. In some instances a dramatist failed to see why the judges could not approve a play that had been applauded by local audiences and critics. The indignant man did not realize the difference between enthusiastic friends and the manager who reads a manuscript to see if it is possible for production in a "commercial" theatre. Few of the competitors were apparently acquainted with the highest types of plays produced in the professional theatres of the leading cities. "In a country where the provincial city is no longer visited by the best theatre companies, this situation must prevail. And no amount of one or two week visits to New York will ever help the problem."

The judges in this competition also found a prevailing level of mediocrity in the treatment of the subject. There was a lack of distinction, "the besetting sin found in much of the dramatic literature we are producing." That "Harvest" was awarded the prize is "an encouraging fact." Mr. Ehrensperger finds that the play is almost classic in its unity—the action takes place from just after midnight till the evening of the same day in the kitchen of a western Minnesota farmhouse in the eighties



And in the same volume!

"With the Orient in her eyes  
Life my mistress lured me on.  
'Knowledge' said that look of hers,  
'Shall be yours when all is done.'

Like a pomegranate in halves  
'Drink me,' said that mouth of hers.  
And I drank who now am here  
Where my dust with dust confers."

Poets and artist are no more on earth. No  
toubt they wrote lightly the verses that might  
serve for their epitaph:

"If any record of our names  
Be blown about the hills of Time  
Let no one sunder us in death,  
The man of paint, the men of rhyme.

"Of all our good, of all our bad  
This one thing only is of worth:  
We held the league of heart to heart,  
The only purpose of the earth."

Of the two poets, Hovey was the more virile,  
the one with the more embracing vision, the one  
of the higher flight. One might say that he was  
the more human of the two in his views of life.  
It was in 1895 that he sent to us this postal card  
from a little town in France: "I am getting  
awfully sick of European women. German  
women are seven years old all their lives and  
French women seventeen. It is only the Ameri-  
can that has the intellectual grace of the woman  
of thirty at seventeen and the physical delight  
of the girl of seventeen at forty."

## "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

A film company of Turin produced last year  
"The Carnival of Venice." The plot was imagi-  
nary; the villain was named "Conte Marco  
Venier." Conte Bartolomeo Venier, the head of  
the noble Venetian family which boasts of three  
Doges, brought action against this film com-  
pany, claiming heavy damages, on the ground  
that it was unjustifiable to give a historic sur-  
name to a character represented as a scoundrel.  
It is true that the old Veniers were men of  
brilliant parts. Sebastian, Admiral and Doge,  
raised levies to defend Cyprus against the Turks  
and bore himself gallantly at the battle of Lep-  
anto, though he had the honesty to admit that  
the Venetian galleys in Don John's fleet were  
inferior to those of other nations and their crews  
less disciplined and well equipped. But the Turin  
tribunal, in giving judgment recently, laid it  
down as an axiom that if "a theatrical, cinema-  
tographic or literary production is based on a  
historical episode, the author is entitled to use  
authentic names, even if, as in the present case,  
the action is to the discredit of the personages  
involved. The reproduction of history can be  
forbidden to no one. If, however, the author  
invents a purely imaginary story, he has no  
right to dub his villains by historic names with  
living representatives." While this Tribunal ad-  
mitted that the use of the Venier surname was  
illegal, it declined to grant the present head of  
the family any damages. A singular decision.

Novelists and dramatists in England have  
more than once suffered from the introduction  
of supposedly fictitious names. In a noteworthy  
case, a character with an uncommon surname  
was introduced in a novel. A man of this name  
in a provincial town brought suit for damages  
and was awarded them, although the fictitious  
character was portrayed as a blameless person,  
as blameless as the Ethiopians to whom Zeus  
made visits. It was conclusively proved at the  
trial that the author could not have known of  
the existence of the plaintiff. The court thought  
it enough, in view of the law of libel, that his  
name had been taken in vain. This case brought  
attention to the law as it then stood.

It is said that Dickens looked eagerly for  
shop and street signs that he might name his  
characters. There was a Pickwick, Moses Pick-  
wick, a coach proprietor of Bath. Sam Weller  
called Mr. Pickwick's attention to a coach door:  
"Not content with writin' up Pickwick, they puts  
'Moses' afore it, vich I call addin' insult to in-  
jury." Those who thus lent without due notice  
their names to Dickens were not anxious about  
damages. Characters in American historical  
plays and novels have not always been favorably  
portrayed. Have there been instances of en-  
raged descendants going into court?

## NEW B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

The weatherman was not helpful in  
the inauguration of the new policy of  
opening the week's show at the New B.  
F. Keith's Theatre Saturday afternoon.

# GIVE CONCERT OF SPIRITUALS

The Society for the Preservation of  
Spirituals of Charleston, S. C., gave a  
concert last night before hundreds of  
delegates to the convention of the Na-  
tional Federation of Music Clubs at the  
Hotel Statler.

The concert made history, as it is the  
first time that the society has sung in  
the North. As a prelude to this concert  
last night, the society sang at Ames  
hall, Salem. So great was the ovation  
there that flowers were thrown to the  
stage during the singing, persons in the  
audience swayed to the cadence of the  
negro music, and rounds of applause  
shook the hall.

## ONLY GROUP OF KIND

Organized five years ago, the Society  
for the Preservation of Spirituals is the  
only group of its kind in the country,  
singing negro spirituals as only they are  
equipped to do.

The majority of its members were  
born and raised on southern planta-  
tions, nursed by negro mammas, and  
familiar with the least detail of spiri-  
tual singing. On occasion some of them  
gathered to sing the negro songs for  
their own pleasure, but when it was  
feared that the negro spiritual was  
doomed, they organized the society for  
the preservation of a unique bit of  
American life. The singers are all amate-  
urs and have no desire to include  
professional talent in their group lest  
the strict adherence to the manner of  
the negro be distorted by the interpo-  
lation of modulations, other elements  
foreign to the spiritual. Nor do they  
recognize applause, nor the introduction  
of black face comedians, negro jokes,  
anything derogatory to the race.

These white singers of negro songs  
interpret the spiritual exactly as the  
negro sing it. With clapping of hands,  
stomping of feet, swaying of bodies they  
sing with the utter abandon of the ne-  
gro. From a low, moaning, mournful,  
beginning the song increases in tempo  
and volume until the participants seem  
wrapped in some sort of orgy of re-  
ligion as they madly shout and dance.  
Others of the songs sustain the moan  
element, a sad, grief-stricken chant;  
still others are lighter, gayer, bubbling  
with joy at the prospect of entering  
heaven.

## GUESTS AT SALEM

Through the efforts of Mrs. Edgar  
Stillman Kelley, and Mrs. William  
Arms Fisher of Boston, president and  
vice-president of the National Federa-  
tion of Music Clubs, the Charleston  
society came to Boston for its first con-  
cert in the North.

In Salem they were the guests of  
Ellen B. Leight and Mrs. Horatio Pier-  
son. In his introductory explanation of  
the manner of interpreting the songs  
and the purpose of the organization,  
President Alfred Huger, direct descendant  
of an old French Huguenot family  
of Charleston, a major in the world  
war, more latterly a lawyer, said: "We  
have not yet decided whether we are  
singing in Charleston or Salem. We  
have seen so many things which remind  
us of home—your colonial homes, your  
gates and doorways, that we feel our-  
selves in the midst of friends."

Yesterday, at the Hotel Sheraton,  
where the society is stopping, Maj.  
Huger said that never had they received  
such a cordial reception as here in Bos-  
ton. "As our concluding song last night  
we sang 'I Leave You in the Hands of  
a Kind and Loving Saviour,' leaving  
the platform to shake hands with those  
in the audience. So eager were those  
people to greet us that they clambered  
over each other to shake hands. It was  
really overwhelming."

## SOME OF SONGS

Last night at the federation concert,  
the ovation was as spontaneous. Some  
of the songs were: "I'm A-Gwine tuh  
Cross dat Soporated Line an' Lebe dis  
Wull Behin'." "Who Buil' dah Ahk?"  
"Sinnuh Wat Yuh Doin' Down Dey?"  
and "I'll Meet Yo' cen duh Primus  
Lan'." It was a concert long to be re-  
membered.

Today they will be the guests of  
Thomas Whitney Surette of Concord.  
In the afternoon they will be the  
guests of Frederick H. Kennard of  
Newton Centre. In the evening they  
will sing at a concert in the Repertory  
Theatre sponsored by the Southern  
Club of Boston.

While the auditorium was completely  
cool the audience was inclined to  
apathy, and the performers and their  
various contributions found it difficult  
to arouse any great degree of en-  
thusiasm out front. It is a well-bal-

anced bill, at that, opening with a novel  
equilibrist act by two men, Messrs. Axel  
and Milano. On one end of a cross-  
bar atop an Eiffel Tower base is a  
trapeze; on the other a torpedo-shaped  
plane, the whole operated by a powerful  
electric motor. As the revolving trapeze  
and plane take on momentum one per-  
former hangs by his toes and does other  
hazardous feats on the trapeze while his  
companion maintains a pretty balance  
while hanging head down from the car.  
This is a thrilling act, inadequately ap-  
preciated because of its lowly position  
on the bill.

Then follow Claudia Coleman, a  
buxom blonde in white gown and green  
hat, in humorous monologues about  
several feminine types, the best of  
which is her very amusing characteriza-  
tion of the gum-chewing shop girl just  
promoted from the tinware to the music  
department, with all her brazen igno-  
rance; a dull playlet by William C. De-  
Mille, played by Charles Hopkins, Jr.,  
Bessie Rempel and J. M. Clayton, about  
a married man whose wife and physi-  
cian, to cure him of excessive drinking,  
pretend he is dead; and Harland Dixon,  
of the old dancing team of Doyle and  
Dixon, now assisted competently by an  
angular but nimble girl known only as  
Audrey, in a dancing act which starts  
slowly and works up to a really clever  
finish with two duo dances.

A plano is rolled on, a young man  
named Joe Kedon seats himself, and  
Helen Kane, her black hair and eyes  
accentuated and her plumpness artfully  
modified by a gown of yellow, opens her  
song cycle with "Oh, Do Something,"  
the baby-talk song which she first sang  
in Paramount's all-talking picture,  
"Nothing But the Truth." After that,  
"Pass the Sugar," "He's So Unusual,"  
"I'd Do Anything for You," all in baby-  
talk, and "I'm Looking for My Yankee  
Doodle Boy," an unmoving ballad about  
a little French girl just arrived in New  
York. Miss Kane should hold fast to the  
class of songs which have brought  
her a certain fame. Her vocal range  
and her histrionic abilities are not to  
be elastic. At the end she informed the  
audience that she was sorry an im-  
pression that she didn't like Boston had  
gone about. She denied that she was  
walking in trouble among the native tribes  
and out on "Good Boy" during a recent  
engagement of that musical comedy here,  
asserted that she really was sick, and  
that she did like Boston. A gorgeous  
basket bouquet of flowers was passed  
up to her. They were not the gift of  
Arthur Hammerstein.

After intermission, Pathe News  
Vaness, the dancer, in several elaborate  
costumes and contrasted dance steps  
punctuated by vocal and instrumental  
bits by the Lido Boys, three in number.  
Jay C. Flippen, black-face comedian,  
with his disconcerting manipulations of  
a long cigar, several common-place di-  
ties, and some chatter frequently over-  
spiced; and Meehan's trained dog,  
mostly poodles and leaping greyhound,  
to close the show.

W. E. G.

## OLYMPIA-FENWAY THEATRES

### "The Time, the Place and the Girl"

A screen comedy-drama, with scenario by  
Robert Lord, directed by Howard Brether-  
ton and presented by Warner Bros. as an  
all-talking picture with the following cast:  
Jim Crane ..... Grant Withers  
Mae Ellis ..... Gertrude Olmsted  
Peter Ward ..... John Davidson  
Doris Ward ..... Betty Compston  
Bertie ..... Bert Knack  
Mrs. Davis ..... Vivian Oakland  
Mrs. Winter ..... Gretchen Hartman  
Mrs. Park ..... Irene Haisman  
Professor ..... James R. Kirkwood

"It's seldom, if ever, you find them  
together, The Time, the Place and the  
Girl," Henry Blossom, Jr., wrote that  
long time ago. The last line so ap-  
pealed to the imagination of two young  
Chicagoans, Frank R. Adams and Wil-  
liam Hough, that they wrote a book and  
some lyrics, attached both to some-  
times by Joseph E. Howard, and thus  
created a musical comedy, or rather a  
comedy with music, which became pop-  
ular at once. That was back in 1907, to  
enjoy at least one night of romance  
Apparently the Warner Bros. have  
bought merely the title from Adams  
and Hough or their estates. Certainly  
aside from two songs, they reveal an-  
other unrelated story, with all her  
characters, in the picture now being  
heralded as an adaptation of the origi-  
nal product. Nor is the title perti-  
nent. In the stage piece, the scene  
were set in and around a sanitarium,  
and hotel in the mountains of Vir-  
ginia, populated by remorseful cap-  
italists suffering from overdoses of al-  
cohol, and by rich widows with idly  
sons. The plot was about a youth  
hiding following an affair in which his  
near-murder was committed; a girl who  
befriended and believed in the youth  
and a jovial gambler who called him-  
self "Happy" John Hicks, played by  
that stocky comedian, Arthur Dea-  
gon. There were at least eight good  
numbers.

We revive these ancient facts solely  
to indicate how carelessly motion pic-  
ture producers and directors can to-  
day a good story overboard, substitute  
of entirely different import and label  
it "adaptation." This all-talking pic-  
ture in itself a lively enough affair, has  
small co-ed college and the offices an-  
nisms familiar. But Jim is mad about

home of a New York bond broker for  
background. Its hero is Jim Crane,  
a conceited young man who is in college  
simply as a football player, the best  
ever if you let him tell it. Peter Ward,  
whose stock transactions are not al-  
ways honest, offers young Crane a job  
as bond salesman, but Crane's ego is  
nally Ward gives Crane some shady  
stock to sell to his feminine pursuers,  
by an arrangement which leaves Crane  
holding the bag if anything disagree-  
able happens. Mae Ellis, a collegiate  
admirer who has become Ward's sec-  
retary, warns Crane of his danger.  
Crane, using Mrs. Ward, gets out of his  
dilemma very cleverly, turns the tables  
on the oily Peter, and departs with Mae.  
Presumably he has learned his lesson.

A big-time football game is neatly  
spliced into the story's action.

W. E. G.

## KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

### "The Black Watch"

A screen drama adapted by James Kevin  
McGuinness and John Stine from Talbot  
Mundy's story, "King of the Khyber Rifles";  
photography by Joseph August; directed by  
John Ford and Lumsden Hare, and presented  
by William Fox as an all-talking picture  
with the following cast:  
Capt. Donald Gordon King ..... Victor McLaglen  
Yasmani ..... Myrna Loy  
Lt. Malcolm King ..... David Rolfe  
Col. of the Black Watch ..... Lumsden Hare  
Rewa Ghunga ..... Roy D'Arcy  
Ahmed Khan ..... Mitchell Lewis  
Maj. Twynnes ..... Cyril Chadwick  
Harrim Bey ..... Walter Long  
Field Marshal ..... David Torrence  
Black Watch Officer ..... Joseph Diskay  
Murzin ..... Joseph Diskay

If for no other reason than its pic-  
turesque and imaginative mob scenes  
"The Black Watch" is worth seeing.  
Crowds of frenzied natives surging back  
and forth in a dimly lit cavern, their  
tossing arms and cruel faces half seen  
by the flickering light from altar fires,  
shadowy forms marching through the  
dusk on their way to battle, the regi-  
patter, and "I'm Looking for My Yankee  
Doodle Boy," an unmoving ballad about  
memory attacking under fire led by  
a little French girl just arrived in New  
York. Miss Kane should hold fast to the  
class of songs which have brought  
her a certain fame. Her vocal range  
and her histrionic abilities are not to  
be elastic. At the end she informed the  
audience that she was sorry an im-  
pression that she didn't like Boston had  
gone about. She denied that she was  
walking in trouble among the native tribes  
and out on "Good Boy" during a recent  
engagement of that musical comedy here,  
asserted that she really was sick, and  
that she did like Boston. A gorgeous  
basket bouquet of flowers was passed  
up to her. They were not the gift of  
Arthur Hammerstein.

The story concerns the adventures of  
an officer of the Black Watch, Capt.  
Donald King, who on the outbreak of  
war is ordered to leave his regiment se-  
cretly and go to India for the purpose  
of discovering who it is that is foment-  
ing trouble among the native tribes and  
out on "Good Boy" during a recent  
engagement of that musical comedy here,  
asserted that she really was sick, and  
that she did like Boston. A gorgeous  
basket bouquet of flowers was passed  
up to her. They were not the gift of  
Arthur Hammerstein.

## MODERN-BEACON THEATRES

### "Two Men and a Maid"

A screen melodrama by Frederick and  
Fanny Harting; directed by George Archaim-  
baud and presented by Tiffany-Stahl as a  
part-talking picture, with the following cast:  
Jim Crane ..... Grant Withers  
Mae Ellis ..... Gertrude Olmsted  
Peter Ward ..... John Davidson  
Doris Ward ..... Betty Compston  
Bertie ..... Bert Knack  
Mrs. Davis ..... Vivian Oakland  
Mrs. Winter ..... Gretchen Hartman  
Mrs. Park ..... Irene Haisman  
Professor ..... James R. Kirkwood

A more embracing title would have  
been "Two Men, a Maid, and a Black  
Cat." Had it not been for the prodi-  
gious energy of a restless feline which  
Chicagoans, Frank R. Adams and Wil-  
liam Hough, that they wrote a book and  
some lyrics, attached both to some-  
times by Joseph E. Howard, and thus  
created a musical comedy, or rather a  
comedy with music, which became pop-  
ular at once. That was back in 1907, to  
enjoy at least one night of romance  
Apparently the Warner Bros. have  
bought merely the title from Adams  
and Hough or their estates. Certainly  
aside from two songs, they reveal an-  
other unrelated story, with all her  
characters, in the picture now being  
heralded as an adaptation of the origi-  
nal product. Nor is the title perti-  
nent. In the stage piece, the scene  
were set in and around a sanitarium,  
and hotel in the mountains of Vir-  
ginia, populated by remorseful cap-  
italists suffering from overdoses of al-  
cohol, and by rich widows with idly  
sons. The plot was about a youth  
hiding following an affair in which his  
near-murder was committed; a girl who  
befriended and believed in the youth  
and a jovial gambler who called him-  
self "Happy" John Hicks, played by  
that stocky comedian, Arthur Dea-  
gon. There were at least eight good  
numbers.

We revive these ancient facts solely  
to indicate how carelessly motion pic-  
ture producers and directors can to-  
day a good story overboard, substitute  
of entirely different import and label  
it "adaptation." This all-talking pic-  
ture in itself a lively enough affair, has  
small co-ed college and the offices an-  
nisms familiar. But Jim is mad about

For a film which runs for more than  
an hour, there is a minimum of action,  
Most of the footage is given over to  
scenes in the cafe somewhere in Algiers  
where Rose waits on soldiers of the  
French Legion, in her room over the  
cafe, and among huge piles of sand  
supposed to represent the desert. Jim  
Oxford has hated women ever since  
he told his wife, two hours after their wedding,  
"She of entirely different import and label  
it "adaptation." This all-talking pic-  
ture in itself a lively enough affair, has  
small co-ed college and the offices an-  
nisms familiar. But Jim is mad about



Rose, though she be conceded to be the adjutant's property. Between the two men Rose is mauled about a lot. Jim is a bit nicer about it, and Rose is satisfied when she has forced him to say he loves her. After that comes the tragedy. For climax, we find Jim back in England, face to face again with his bride of five years ago. This, and a trifle between Mr. Collier and Mr. Gribbon, constitute the talking sequences. The trifle was almost comprehensible, but the conversation between Mr. Collier and Miss Quimby was badly muddled in recording. We assume that they made it up and went to housekeeping. It was all very sad.

W. E. G.

#### BY PHILIP HALE

Wilbur Theatre. First performance in Boston of "Boom Boom," a musical comedy in three acts and four scenes, adapted by Fanny Todd Mitchell from "Mlle. Ma Mere," by Louis Verneuil. Lyrics by Mann Holiner and J. Keirn Brennan; music by Werner Janßen. Dances by John Boyle. Settings by Watson Barratt. Directed by George Marion; produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Casino Theatre, New York, on Jan. 28, 1929, when Jeanette MacDonald took the part of Jean; Stanley Ridges that of Tony Smith; Nell Kelly that of Tilly McGuire; Frank McIntyre that of Worthington Smith; while Harry Welsh played the head waiter. Cortes and Peggy danced.

The cast last night was as follows:

Jean	.....	Jane Alden
Tony Smith	.....	Harold Conklin
Stanley Ridges	.....	Kendall Capos
Worthington Smith	.....	Brady Mitchell
Nell Kelly	.....	Kitty Clark
Tilly McGuire	.....	Nell Kelly
Head waiter	.....	Frank McIntyre
Cortes	.....	Richard Lee
Peggy	.....	Archie Leach
The Four Nightingales	.....	Marcella Swanson
Evelyn Sayre	.....	Harry Welsh
Doreen Glover	.....	Cortez
Jessie Payne	.....	Peggy
Jackie Hulbert	.....	

Also the 12 Jack Donahue-John Boyle Girls and Bernard Smith and his orchestra. It was announced in the newspapers of Dec. 2, 1928, that a musical show called "Make Boom Boom" would open in Wilmington "10 days hence" with Frank McIntyre and Roy Atwell in the company. Thus the title should have incited the players, singers and orchestra to strenuous, uproarious endeavor, but "Boom Boom" turned out to be an amusing show with a coherent story carried out to the end, with music that for the sentimental moments was not nauseatingly mushy and for the chorus and the dancers was rhythmically exciting and not insensitively boisterous.

The story, it is true, has for its motive amatory entanglements that have served many dramatists and librettists in years gone by. There is this variation of the theme: The chief comedian married a young girl with whom his son was in love and was loved by her. This comic husband is convinced that he has a high and holy mission, to comfort, console all pretty women, to be a benefactor to the sex. Jean, married to him because her father, Sunk the reformer, insisted on it, to save her honor, which had never really been called in question, disgusted by her husband's philandering, awaited the psychological moment when she would be untrue to him. She went to a roadhouse with an admirer, but left unspotted and at the end met her reward by being handed over by her delighted husband to his son—a most amicable arrangement necessitating only a trip to Reno.

The story, however well it is told, with entertaining complications after the model of the French farce, is secondary in interest to the dancing which is now graceful, surprising in the variety of evolutions, now athletic but not painfully so. Seldom are so many pretty girls so well trained and so neatly formed seen in a musical comedy. Besides the dancing chorus, there were special dancers, chief among them Cortez and Peggy, poetic in their movements, even in their tours de force.

Miss Alden, charming to the eye, with a sensitive and expressive face, played Jean in the vein of comedy, not with the farcical intensity that too many leading women in shows of this nature think necessary for the winning of public favor. Miss Kelly was captivating in her eccentric disporting. In her wildest pranks, she suggested her own enjoyment of apparently spontaneous outbursts. A remarkable young woman, especially in this: She did not try to "hog" the show though the audience was with her from her first entrance on the stage. Miss Swanson is a sumptuous beauty but one with life and a sense of humor.

Mr. Conkling of manly behavior, was not your ordinary musical comedy lover, for he not only bore himself well; he was not anxiously awaiting the moment when he should burst into song, regardless of what happened on the stage between bursts.

Mr. McIntyre was in fine form; funny in his familiar manner, funny in speech, when the librettist favored him, funny in his pursuit of the female. Mr. Welsh played the head waiter in the old burlesque style with the expected thick German accent. Then there were the four quaint "Nightingales," who in the world writes the words and music of their songs? But who composes the music played by piano tuners?

An audience that filled the theatre was simply delighted, like Clara in the story. "Boom Boom" should have a prosperous run.

#### LOEW'S ORPHEUM THEATRE

Loew's Orpheum Theatre this week offers an excellent vaudeville bill headlined by Blackstone, rated as one of the world's foremost magicians. With 12 assistants and a carload of mysterious paraphernalia and effects to serve him, the master Blackstone occupies the stage for the better part of an hour. In addition to his regular nightly program, Blackstone will attempt to escape tomorrow night from a special steel boiler to be assembled and welded together on the stage in full view of the audience. Friday evening will be "Spook Night," and a Bunny matinee will be held for the children Saturday morning.

Other acts this week include Al Tucker and Manny Smith in a comic musical act; the three McCann sisters, a trio of appealing singers and dancers; and the Paul brothers in a series of acrobatic stunts. "The Pagan," which introduces Ramon Navarro as a singer on the vocal screen, was filmed in its entirety in the South Sea Islands. It tells of a young islander's struggle against the encroachments of civilization. Renee Adoree, Donald Crisp, Dorothy Janis and others appear with Navarro.

#### SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF SPIRITUALS

Descendants of slave owners of the old plantations of South Carolina demonstrated last evening in what was perhaps one of the most unusual and dramatic concerts ever presented before a Boston audience the rhythmic songs still sung by descendants of those slaves. It was unique in that white people of the South were interpreting spirituals which they themselves had collected from dark lips, and were singing them with a sense of love and appreciation such as only those who had lived amid such surroundings could possibly demonstrate.

"Shouting," which the large company that nearly filled the Repertory Theatre discovered to mean tapping with the feet, hand-clapping and swaying, constituted an important part of every song. As the curtain rose there was disclosed a lovely and picturesque sight. Seated beneath long graceful, overhanging fringes of grey-green southern moss were the 40 or more members of the Society for the Preservation of Spirituals from Charleston, S. C., the ladies gowned in the lovely, off-the-shoulder, full-skirted costumes of 1860—bright in tones of rose and yellow and orange and green and blue, as if they had just stepped in from a party on the old plantation.

Led by the president of the society, Maj. Alfred E. Hoge, who gave a brief explanation of the music, the singers launched into the opening number, "Cum, Cum, Cum, En Go Wid Me," a camp-meeting song that has doubtless never before been given in Boston. As the tones rose and fell, now louder, now softer, one after another of the group rose, clapping and swaying, the rhythmic foot-tapping giving the necessary impetus, and each person individually expressing the spirit of the occasion.

Sometimes the swaying was amplified by a slow revolution of the singer, as she waved or swung her arms. Sometimes a single voice led the refrain, with a humming accompaniment that gradually melted into words until all rounded into a great crescendo.

An expert in musical notation would be somewhat piqued to attempt to write the score for so varied an ensemble of tones. Yet with each singer carrying on apparently heedless of what

the rest were singing, there was produced a rare and satisfying harmony. Among others of the nearly 20 spirituals were "Play on Yo' Harp, Little David," "Tha Angels Are Comin' Down," "Doan Yo' Min' Wat duh Debul Do," "Somebody Knockin' at duh Do," one of those with "real shouting"; "Vere Yo' Dere W'en Judas Betrayed My Lord," "De Angels Are Comin' Down," "Lord I Can No' Help from Cryin'," "Lettle Weel A-Tunnin' Een Muh Ha'at," "Chu'ch I Know Yuh Gwine Miss Me W'en I'm Gone," "Who Built De Ark but Nora," and "I've Got to Cross Dat Sipated Line."

One of the few numbers already known to a Boston audience was "I'll Meet Yo' Een Duh Primus Lan," one of the touching spirituals from "Porgy." This, like the others, was originally discovered and preserved by the Charleston Society. This demonstration of rich, American music of the South closed with a sort of negro "God Be

With You Till We Meet Again," called "Lebe Yo' Een Duh Han' ob a Kin Sabyuh," the singers grasping each other in a hearty hand-shaking ceremony.

Maj. Hoge expressed the enjoyment felt by the members of the society for the enthusiastic reception accorded them in Boston, and stated that when the songs which they have collected are published, the proceeds from the sale of the books will be used to benefit the colored people of the South. The concert was sponsored by the Southern Club of Boston, of which Maj. Robert E. Green is the president. At its conclusion there was a reception for the visitors. The audience expressed the keenest enjoyment of every number on the program.

F. A. B.

#### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

##### "The Voice of the City"

A screen melodrama, written and directed by Willard Mack, and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as a Cosmopolitan production with the following cast:

Bobby Doyle	.....	Robert Ames
Biff Meyers	.....	Willard Mack
Beebe Barrett	.....	Sylvia Field
Wilcox	.....	James Farley
Wilkes	.....	John Miljan
Johnny the Hop	.....	Clark Marshall
Mary Doyle	.....	Duane Thompson
Kelly	.....	Tom McGuire
Martha	.....	Alice Moe
Betsy	.....	Beatrice Bayard

When Willard Mack puts his shoulder to the wheel he usually does most of the shoving; in fact, "The Voice of the City," his first contribution to the talking pictures, finds him as author, director, and principal actor. In spite of this, however, he cannot really be accused of monopolizing all the best opportunities. There are several others in the cast, also from the legitimate stage, who acquit themselves admirably. It is only to be regretted, therefore, that they should all have spent their time on so routine a plot and such stereotyped characters. We have the innocent youth fallen into bad company and framed for a murder that he did not commit; there is his trusting sweetheart, a smooth and villainous scoundrel, and an apparently hard-boiled but really soft-hearted, even soft-headed it might unkindly be added, detective; this latter part having been chosen by Mr. Mack for his screen debut. As entertainment it is not at all bad, nevertheless, and there are a good many admirably photographed scenes and some clever tricks. One character stands out particularly, that of Johnny the Hop, the young dope-fiend whose shattered nerves, unable to endure the merciless grilling of the police, give way so that he betrays the hiding place of his friend whom he had tried to save.

Bobby Doyle was sentenced to 20 years in jail for killing a policeman he had never seen. It was a put-up job, of course, and Bobby's friends were on the alert to get him out. Johnny the Hop engineers his escape from jail and arranges to hide him safely until the police shall have given him up. The only one who knows of this hiding place is Bobby's sweetheart, Beebe Barrett, but there is a certain Don Wilkes, leader of a gang and avowedly Bobby's friend, who is very anxious to find out the secret. In love with Beebe, he knows that he will have no chance while Bobby is alive and out of jail, so he tips off Biff Meyers, the police detective in charge of the case, to shadow Johnny because he knows where to find Bobby. Meyers follows this advice, seizes Johnny and by extremely cruel methods forces the truth out of him. Proceeding to break into Bobby's hiding place, he finds that the boy has hanged himself rather than be caught. The moment he leaves the room Bobby promptly unhangs himself and rushes off to Beebe, hearing on the way some news he makes clear to him who it was that had him framed. In Beebe's room there is a grand showdown and the mystery is cleared up to every one's satisfaction. The solution must not be revealed here, however. It should be seen to be appreciated.

Willard Mack in the part of Biff Meyers seemed somewhat inclined to overdo his extreme knowingness and sarcastic humor, but at least his voice reproduces well and he should prove more successful in a less conventional part. Sylvia Field as Beebe was pretty and sympathetic, though called on to display less than the usual amount of intelligence allotted to moving picture heroines. Robert Ames was an excellent Bobby, sufficiently crude and ingenious to be quite plausible. Clark Marshall as Johnny the Hop gave the

most interesting characterization in the picture—E. L. H.

#### THIS WEEK'S STAGE

GOPLEY—"The Man Who Changed His Name," comedy, fourth and last week.  
PLYMOUTH—"Jenny," comedy, with Jana Cowl, fourth and last week.  
WILBUR—"Room Boom," musical comedy, with Frank McIntyre.  
NEW B. F. KEITHS—Vaudeville, matinee and evenings: Helen Kane, Jay C. Flippen, Vaness, and other acts.

#### BREATHING SWEET ODOR

It has been remarked that women old and young no longer delight in the perfume that nothing better than a stench. The perfume now affected are subtle; they do not shriek. It is true that the ancients favored sweet and powerful odors; there is praise of them in Old Testament; on the other hand, when a certain gallant youth "smelling hot of sweet bal and perfumes" came to Vespasian ready to thank him for a favor, the emperor "after a strained countenance showing his dislike of him, gave him also in words a most bitter and grievous check, saying, 'I would rather thou hadst stunk of garlic.'" And old poets hinted that use of perfumes argued that all was not sweet all was not sound.

There are many books about perfumes; so curious as "Osmotheriology," by Dr. Albert Hag, which might bear its motto:

"Strange spice and flower, strange savor of crushed fruit,

And perfume the swart kings tread underfoot

For pleasure when their minds wax amorous  
Charred frankincense and grated sandalwood."

but it was left for Richard Le Gallienne to write "The Romance of Perfume," which contains exquisite illustrations in color by George Barbier. The volume, conspicuous also for beauty of type is published by Richard Hudnut.

While Mr. Le Gallienne has an amazing acquaintance with his subject, he writes as a poet, once having marshalled his facts. He believes that to follow the associations with the word "perfume" is to survey all human history to trace its adventures would be to write the story of civilization. Perfume is mysterious, its origin and its operation. If Plutarch says "The soul of a man in love is full of perfumes and sweet odors"; the deeds of a good man "smell sweet and blossom in the dust." (Mr. Le Gallienne might have quoted what was often said of New England clergymen in the old days: "dying, I left a sweet savor behind him.")

He tells of odoriferous ancient China. Greece, Rome, Egypt, India, Persia, Elizabethan England, France of the eighteenth century—what coun-

try does he not visit? What flowers, gums does he not lovingly describe? What noble dames does he not inspire him—from the dead Egyptian beauties whose scent-bottles are now taken from their tombs to Madame de Monaco, who rouge before mounting the cart that took her to the scaffold; from the sweet-smelling ladies of Alexandria to Madame Tallien, who, leaving her bath of strawberries and raspberries, was gently rubbed with sponges soaked in milk and perfumes.

At no time, says Mr. Le Gallienne, was the civilizing influence of perfumes more needed than at the present day; "the world is still uncivilized and a new barbarism of gasoline is upon us. It is still a world of bad smells, and we still need our cassettes, our casting-bottles, and our pomanders. . . . And perfume means not only elegance and refinement, it also means gladness. That old slave was not so far wrong when he told the king that he must be a happy man because he smelt so expensively."

#### METROPOLITAN THEATRE

##### "Thunderbolt"

A screen melodrama, adapted by Jules Furthman and Herman J. Mankiewicz from a story by Charles Furthmann and Jules Furthman; directed by Josef von Sternberg, and presented by Paramount as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

Thunderbolt	.....	George Bancroft
Ritz	.....	Fay Wray
Rob Moran	.....	Richard Arlen
Warden	.....	Tully Marshall
Mrs. Moran	.....	Engene Besserer
"Snapper" O'Shea	.....	James Cagney
"Bad Al" Friedberg	.....	Fred Kohler
Prison Chaplain	.....	Robert Elliott
Dist. Atty. McKay	.....	E. H. Cline
Mr. Corwin	.....	George Irving
"Kentucky" Sampson	.....	Mike Donlin
Negro Convict	.....	S. R. S. Stewart
Police Inspector	.....	William L. Thomas
The Doc	.....	King Tut

It is said that George Bancroft and the Furthmanns, who though they spell their names differently, are still brothers, sit on the beach at Santa Monica, gaze out into the lazily rolling Pacific, and think up plots for pictures. This time they thought up a good one, so good that it seems a great pity that they allowed themselves



make one giving error which nearly ruins the picture. One more tale of the underworld, devoted in more than half of its footage to what might be called the intimacies of prison life, "Thunderbolt" introduces a new species of warden, not the benign type made likable by William L. Holden, but a mere caricature of a warden. As Tully Marshall plays him he is just a common cold, a petulant, whining old man, lippant with his guests, jesting over execution engagements, even accepting the medicinal whiskey rejected by a man about to be electrocuted. It is not Mr. Marshall's fault that the audience laughs. Those who made the pictures should have realized that every line he utters detracts from the suspense, weakens the dramatic structure which they otherwise have skillfully reared.

Mr. Bancroft bulks ominously and talks tersely and grimly through another big-man role. Sought by the police of seven cities, he eludes them through screen courtesy to that point where he is about to kill Bob Moran, a young bank clerk for love of whom "Ritzzy" Mary has renounced the ways of the flesh, the devil and "Thunderbolt" Jim Lang. He is tried on an old murder charge, convicted and sentenced to the chair. Still powerful, he has young Moran framed for a bank hold-up and killing. In the death house their cells face each other. Each man hates the other, at first. Other prisoners, all headed for the chair, taunt them, egg them on. "Thunderbolt" laughs at the warden, scoffs at the chaplain, refuses to tell the district attorney that Bob is innocent. Before he dies he intends to kill Bob with his own hands. But a stray mongrel dog, really the cause of Lang's capture, teaches him something as do the tears of Bob's mother. Yet he still is ready to exact his vengeance as he is allowed to make a farewell round of "Death Row." Face to face with Bob, he learns that Bob did not steal Ritzzy from him; it was he who stole Ritzzy from Bob. So he grins that sardonic Bancroft grin, rumples Bob's hair, pats the little dog, has his last joke with a keeper, and enters the death chamber, laughing like a longshoreman over his bottle.

A hardy tale, for the most well told, well acted. The character bits by Messrs. Kohler, Spottswood and Donlin as condemned convicts, and the natural performance of Mme. Ecserer were particularly good. Miss Wray and Mr. Arlen struggled with negative roles. Mr. Bancroft and King Tut, the dog, are always the dominant figures. The earlier photographic portions were of von Sternberg's best; later action and dialogue outpaced him. But that warden!

W. E. G.

June 23 1925

**LAST WEEK OF THE POPS**

The Pops concerts at Symphony hall are entering upon what is virtually their last week, although there will be two more concerts next week with Tuesday, July 2, as the closing night of the season. Alfredo Casella will repeat the request program on next Wednesday for the benefit of the many who were unable to gain admission to the request night last Tuesday.

An important novelty will be George Gershwin's "An American in Paris," which will have its first performance in Boston next Thursday. It will be repeated on Saturday. This foremost of jazz composers is visiting Boston to supervise the preparation of this piece. He will be present at its performance. Next Friday will bring the "Italian Night" of the season at which Mr. Casella will introduce several new scores of his country.

There follow the programs of the week, including that of tonight, which is the last Sunday concert of the season.

June 25 1925

**LOEW'S STATE THEATRE**

**Eternal Love**

A screen romantic drama, adapted by Hansraly from a story by Jacob Christopherson; directed by Ernst Lubitsch and presented by Joseph M. Schenck as a United Artists picture with the following cast:

Marcus Paltam	John Barrymore
Ciglia	Camilla Horn
Lorenz Gruber	Victor Varconi
Tass	Hobart Bosworth
housekeeper	Bodil Rosing
a	Mona Rico
a's mother	Evelyn Selbie

There are times when it is hard to find excuses for such films as John Barrymore's most recent effort, somewhat oddly entitled "Eternal Love," directed by Ernst Lubitsch, and boasting an unusually good cast quite apart from the scintillant Mr. Barrymore, not to mention an impressive Alpine setting, manufactured in Hollywood. It impresses one first as dull and then as ridiculous. Why such a galaxy of talent could not produce an impressive picture or at least a moderately interesting one remains a mystery. The fact remains that neither Mr. Lubitsch nor John Barrymore has enhanced his reputation in the slightest, and a few more efforts such as this will have a serious

effect on their popularity and artistic standing. Particularly hard is it to forgive John Barrymore for such a slovenly performance. Granted that the character he chose to portray was not supposed to be anything but a gloomy young scapegrace there was not the shadow of an excuse for such out-and-out mugging, such habitual vacancy of expression engendered by a perpetually open mouth, and such extremely unattractive make-up and unbecoming costumes. If Mr. Barrymore wishes to retain his eminence as a great romantic lover he will have to make a radical change in his methods of acting and do it at once.

The story tells of the unfortunate love affair of Marcus Paltam and Ciglia, a lovely peasant girl, in a Swiss village high up in the mountains. Marcus is a dare-devil, rather too prone to heavy drinking, and Ciglia's guardian is opposed to their union. Finally his consent is won, but that very night Marcus, having over-indulged once more, succumbs to the advances of a clever little minx, Pia, and is forced to marry her by the law of the village. Ciglia, caring little what becomes of herself, marries Lorenz Gruber, a young and attractive villager who had loved her for years. At first their marriage seems very happy but Lorenz becomes jealous and tries to rid himself of Marcus, first by bribing him to get out of town and then by endeavoring to kill him. His failure to return home casts suspicion on Marcus and Ciglia, who flee to the mountains and are killed in an avalanche.

The acting honors of the picture were carried off by Victor Varconi as Lorenz Gruber. He made the jealous but devoted young husband most sympathetic and likeable and, though doubtless intended to be the villain, he quite overshadowed the unconvincing heroics of Mr. Barrymore. Camilla Horn made a very lovely and appealing Ciglia, though she had little to do but look forlorn. Mona Rico as the desiring Pia contributed a vivid and skillful characterization.

E. L. H.

June 23 1925

**BOWDOIN SQUARE THEATRE**

**"Love and the Devil"**

A screen drama adapted from a story by Josef Lavso and Leo Berinski; directed by Alexander Korda, and presented by First National with the following cast:

Lord Dryan	Milton Sills
Giovanna	Maria Corda
Barotti	Ben Bard
Maid	Nellie Rly Baker

Not all the interesting films are confined to the down-town or up-town picture houses. The comfortable Bowdoin Square Theatre, which has a substantial and loyal following, frequently presents a first-run picture which is worthy of any fan's serious attention, and "Love and the Devil," of silent type, is one such. It is not so much the story, which is more or less conventional in theme; nor the acting, which though steadily competent is not extraordinarily scintillant. It is in the settings that one finds something fairly novel. Most of the scenes are laid in Venice. While we know that all concerned in the making of the picture never journeyed out of Hollywood, the wonder remains that they were able to create so completely the illusion that the scenes were not taken abroad. In other words, alien atmosphere, manners and customs have been skilfully supplied by home skill and talent.

Mr. Sills has the role of Lord Dryan, a noted English explorer who, returning from the Congo, stops off in Venice and falls in love at first sight with Giovanna Ett, an Italian opera singer of blonde beauty, pursued by many admirers and especially by Barotti, a foppish, conceited operatic tenor. Lord Dryan, supposedly a confirmed bachelor, sits night after night in a box, worshipping his angel and writhing when Barotti is permitted by stage usage to embrace her. Finally the Englishman wins, and takes his bride to London, where the fog and the rain so depress her that she pines for sunlit Venice. So back they go, only to encounter Barotti again. Ordered out the front door, he sneaks in through the servant's entrance and hides in Giovanna's chamber, where Lord Dryan finds him and shoots at him. Barotti escapes through a window. Lord Dryan then tells the innocent Giovanna to get out. Police, finding her shawl in the canal, charge her husband with murder and he is tried, and acquitted, thanks to the unwritten law, apparently an easy defence in Italy. Meantime Giovanna, saved from suicide by a woman of the streets, loses her memory temporarily, recovering in time to learn that Lord Dryan

has been freed and that Barotti had intimidated in court that she had been his mistress. She and Lord Dryan reach Barotti's apartment at the same time, but it is she who fires the bullet which takes the fellow out of their lives.

Mr. Sills makes his Englishman properly cold, cautious, unemotional. Mme. Corda apparently followed his lead, for she displays little of the passion which

**The Theatre**

June 23 1929

By PHILIP HALE

Sybil Thorndike, the English actress, who has been "whirled away by her art into realms that few of her contemporaries have attained and whirling her audiences with her"—to quote a London critic—is the subject of a biography by her brother Russell, who is described as having a breezy personality. How many remember her as touring in the United States for four years in Ben Greet's company, or playing with John Drew in "Smith"? When she was with Greet her salary was \$25 a week. The Daily Telegraph publishes amusing extracts from the biography of this actress who began as a public pianist, but turned to the theatre on account of a lame wrist.

She was asked in her early years to understudy Candida. Shaw at rehearsal said to her: "Splendid, my dear young lady. You go home and learn housekeeping and have four children, or six if you'd rather, and then come back and show me Candida."

She is the wife of Lewis Casson, actor and stage director. She wrote to her brother, who was on tour in the United States, of her first meeting Casson.

"I've seen a man I could marry—it's most absurd. He's in an odd repertory company called Miss Horniman's. Nigel said, 'His clothes are appalling' and Dawson Millward said, 'I can't listen to him, his clothes are so frightful.' I couldn't see anything wrong with his clothes."

"May and I met Casson in the lion house at the Zoo. He was standing in front of a tigress trying to hypnotize it. I'd be terrified if he tried to hypnotize me. I'd go in raving hysterics. He never spoke a word to me, and I don't think he remembered I existed."

"That man argues a dreadful amount, but I find he likes heaps of the things that I like. I mean he'll stop watching performing dogs on Brighton Pier—and, oh, Russell, such a mercy he doesn't like games. The love of games is such a barrier, I do so dislike them."

"Lewis Casson has asked me to marry him. I'm so taken aback. He's never even called me by my Christian name. I didn't fall flat on my face when he proposed in the Kardomah Restaurant over coffee and toast, but the whole room spun around me, and so did the houses outside. So I suppose it means I shall marry him, though everything doesn't look quite as Mother says it ought to when you're in love."

Her brother tells us that Sybil as a young girl loathed needlework—"still does. A most undomesticated female she was, and is, and ever will be." She even loathes mending for her beloved babies.

She was invited by Shaw, after she had followed his advice about having lots of children to a reading of his "Joan of Arc." She compared it with "Moby Dick" as "too good to be true. It simply can't go on"; but she triumphed in the part.

Studying acting at Greet's Academy she gained her poise by walking on to the stage with Hooker or Cruden's concordance on her head.

The brother and sister as children delighted in acting. Wearing bath towels to impersonate Abraham, she sacrificed the infant Russell, as Elijah rejoiced in destroying the prophets of Baal.

There was a discussion in London about doctors on the stage. "The stage doctor is too well dressed in an out-of-date fashion. He wears a frock coat 16 years after that ghastly raiment was as dead in Harley street as the dodo. Or he is arrayed in what the tailor calls a 'morning coat and vest' when in fact Harley street has adopted the short black coat and striped trousers of Throgmorton avenue."

When the Village Players at Preston Conover performed "Macbeth" and "caught the spirit of Shakespeare," Malcolm's shield was the lid of a dustbin. It was bronzed and decorated with rosettes from disused harness, lined with wood and fitted with two strap loops. The population of the village is under 100, including children; 33 of the adults took part in the performance.

Mr. W. A. Darlington, discussing the question why opinions on plays differ sharply, says that first night audiences and special audiences are nearly always unconsciously dishonest. "The people who compose these audiences have an attitude towards the play which is quite different from that of the ordinary theatregoer. They bring into the theatre a kind of 'party' feeling, as though the occasion were a social function which it is to everybody's interest to make 'go' as well as possible. The auditorium is full of people who will applaud wildly on the slightest provocation. When a really good play comes along, a first-night audience becomes like any other audience—rapt, attentive, enthusiastic; and its applause is genuine. But at a play which is less than good the applause ceases to be spontaneous."

"Before a man has been very long a dramatic critic, he unconsciously becomes an audience expert, and he very soon learns to take no notice of applause. As a result, when the kind friends have been more than usually kind to a play more than usually bad, the critics are unanimous in dispraise; and indignant people who have happened to like the play write to the papers in protest."

Concerning records of prize specimens of American syncopation by crack American bands, Mr. Ernest Newman writes:

"The only result was to show that 'syncopated music'—that never had much in it—has sunk to a level at which no musician can waste any more of his time on it. This stuff is plainly written by people for whom 'composer' is only the most flattering of courtesy titles; none of them seems to have an original idea in his head, while their boasted and boosted 'rhythmical variety' is nothing but a helpless ringing of the changes on a few mechanical tricks in the way of misplacing or omitting an accent."

The standing joke on the Comedie Francaise is the story of the man who took his little son to this theatre for the first time and watched him growing enthusiastic over an actress whom he himself had enthusiastically applauded in similar circumstances 20 years before.

Readers of detective stories remember how a gramophone record in "The Canary Murder Case" furnishes an alibi for the murderer. In Roland Pertwee's one-act play, "A Voice Said 'Good Night!'" the voice that says good



night is that of a dead man. The similarity might easily raise the question of plagiarism, but Mr. Pertwee stated that his play appeared as a short story in England before the novel was published, and he had made notes for it about 10 years before.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor writing about Mme. Tietjens apropos of Rosa Poncelle appearing in London as Norma, mixes up the two Col. Maplesons, father and son. It was the son, not the father, who married that charming singer, Marie Roze (not "Rose" as Mr. O'Connor has it), and was separated from her. Mr. O'Connor writes: "That she was the mother of Monsieur Rose (sic), who in his day was an operatic conductor, with the alternating fortune of wealth and poverty which was then the characteristic fate of the operatic impresario."

Raymond Roze was associated with the Boston Opera Company as stage manager in 1909-10. He was an excellent musician, who had conducted in London theatres and written much incidental music for plays. His grand opera "Joan of Arc" was produced at Convent Garden in 1913 and was performed four years later in Paris, where it was the means of raising a large sum for the Red Cross. Roze made many friends in Boston. He died in London in 1920 at the age of 45.

is supposed to dwell in the breasts of the Latin races. Mr. Bard's Barotti was a careful, consistent portrayal. The court room scenes showed the caged prisoner, the hatted judge, and judicial procedure of Italian courts. All this was particularly well done. W. E. G.

#### COHASSET CARILLON RECITAL

Kamiel Lefevre, the Belgian carillonneur, will give a recital on the carillon at St. Stephen's Church, Cohasset, this evening from 8:30 to 9:30 o'clock.

- The program will be as follows:
1. Largo Celebre ..... Handel
  2. When the Swallows Homeward Fly ..... Abt
  3. Chantons, je vous en prie ..... Weckert
  4. Third Sonata ..... Old Christmas Carol
  5. Gavotte ..... F. J. Gossec
  6. Berceuses from the Eighteenth Century ..... Weckert
  7. Old Flemish Folk-songs
  8. Oud minnelied (Old love song) (About 1700)
  9. Geouetst ben ic van binnen (1500)
  10. Ave Maria ..... P. Benoit

#### THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COLONIAL—"Show Girl," musical comedy, first times anywhere.

WILBUR—"Boom Boom," musical comedy, second week.

B. F. KEITH'S—Vaudeville, matinees and evenings. Jules Bledsoe, Waldorf-Astoria orchestra, and other acts.

#### COLONIAL THEATRE

"Show Girl"

First performance on any stage of "Show Girl," a musical comedy in two acts, with 14 scenes and 24 musical numbers; story and dialogue adapted by William Anthony McGuire from the novel by J. P. McEvoy; lyrics by Ira Gershwin and Gus Kahn; music by George Gershwin; dances staged by Beth Connell, ballets by Albertina Rasch; scenes by Joseph Urban; costumes designed by John W. Harkrider; produced by Florenz Ziegfeld, and presented last evening at the Colonial Theatre with the following cast:

Dixie Dugan	Keeler
Jimmy Doyle	Frank McHugh
Denny Kerrigan	Eddie Fox, Jr.
John Milton	Austin Fairman
Alvarez Romano	Joseph Macaulay
Mrs. Dugan	Sadie Duff
Matt Brown	Howard Morgan
Geary	Lou Clayton
Deacon	Eddie Jackson
Nozzie	Jimmie Durante
Sushine	Barbara Newberry
Peggy Ritz	Noel Francis
Sylvia	Carl Boehman
Hazel	Maurine Holmes
Premiere Danseuse	Harriett Hootor

Like that other patron of the arts, Mr. Belasco, we again behold Mr. Ziegfeld pouring the riches accruing from "Show Boat" into still another opulent production, this time "Show Girl." Of different type, set to music of livelier tempo, it is still Ziegfeldian musical comedy, prodigiously staged, beautifully costumed, amusingly, capably performed by an immense troupe of principals, dancing girls, ballet dancers, singers of lightly pointed verses in as lightly melodic draping, a trio of the most energetic, tireless and often comic clowns we have ever encountered in such entertainment, and finally, a little woman elevated to stardom overnight on the strength of her ability as a tap dancer, backed by a simplicity, modesty and winsomeness which can not fail to be counted as future assets. In brief, Miss Ruby Keeler, acting, singing and dancing the title role of Dixie Dugan, very much as we had pictured the same personable Dixie after reading Mr. McEvoy's oddly compiled narrative, and despite the anguish engendered by viewing a distorted motion picture version of the same.

Last evening's performance is, of course no criterion for future performances. The first act curtain fell at 10:45, exactly 2½ hours after it had risen on that first impressive scene showing a

southern home flanked by brick walls and beautified by flowering magnolia trees. The second act curtain descended near midnight; and all this with not a single encore. There is work ahead for the pruning shears, and doubtless they will be employed ruthlessly on the unyielding endeavors of the Messrs. Durante, Clayton and Jackson. When these three first appeared as stage property man, carpenter and electrician, they made it evident that they had an inexhaustible fund of wisecracks and intended to voice them. Mr. Durante particularly was deemed a rare droll, with his gags, "I've got a million of them," his song, "Can Broadway Do Without Me?" and later, his nonsensical chatter with Mr. McHugh as they sat on the Flatbush avenue house-stoop and he discoursed about love, and the advantages of one room over a plurality of rooms. There were moments beyond that when he and his companions set the house in an uproar of laughter. That they did not know when to stop weakened their own triumphs, prolonged the performance beyond natural bounds. Doubtless these excesses will be curbed.

The story follows Mr. McEvoy's characters and ~~is~~ commendably. We have the ~~naive~~ Dixie, with her naive ~~ambitions~~, her histrionic ambitions; Denny, the greeting card salesman, droll, by Mr. Fox; Jimmy Doyle, the ~~per~~ man who becomes Dixie's playmate and lover; Milton, the rich philanthropist, the proud and belligerent Mrs. Dugan, the fiery Argentinean, Alvarez. For settings there are exteriors and interiors of the Ziegfeld Theatre and the Club Caprice, a night resort, each freshly decorated from Mr. Urban's imaginative brush. The costumes, likewise are brilliant in coloring, from the fresh muslins and pantalettes of the opening scene to the purples of the minstrel scene, with var-colored plumage and furbelows tucked all the way between. The girls are uniformly pretty and pert and adept in the dance. Mr. Gershwin's score is characteristic, original in style if not notably tuneful. His most pretentious number is "An American in Paris," which opens the second act. Here Mr. Ziegfeld and Mr. Urban come to his aid with a sweeping arc of background, revealing Paris at night, with its lighted windows in homes and ~~factories~~, its long boulevards, its trees and greenery. Here also, Miss Hootor, premiere danseuse, and her coryphees, animate and decorate Mr. Gershwin's rhapsodic poem.

Miss Keeler seemed tired. She has much to do, in her quiet, unassuming way, and dancing is not least of her assignments. A born tap-dancer, she has two such numbers, both toward the end. In the minstrel scene her husband, Al Jolson, arose unexpectedly from his second row orchestra seat and sang "Liza" while Miss Keeler swayed in rhythmic steps. This naturally gave an added flavor to an evening marked by splendidly concerted endeavor to please by those on the stage, and by unwonted and earnest enthusiasm and approbation from the audience which filled every seat and stood five deep in the rear.

From first glance, "Show Girl" should go into New York, jauntily unafraid. To Mr. Ziegfeld we extend congratulations on one more achievement in the theatre. W. E. G.

On the 16th of June, in Cincinnati, an opera company set up and produced Giordano's "Andrea Chenier." That same evening two visitors from Boston set out, from the heart of Cincinnati, up the hill to the "zoo."

For the opera company holds forth in the zoo! The Cincinnati Zoo, however, is an extensive park, richly be-

## SUMMER SIMPLICITY

Is it ignorance or affected modesty that leads the dweller in a huge and sumptuously appointed summer house to speak of it lightly as a bungalow or cottage? The real estate dealers are not so guilty as the owners themselves in this misuse of words, for it is doubtful whether they could give an exact definition of bungalow; to them it is only a high-sounding name, like Mesopotamia grateful to the ear. They prefer the word "estate" to "cottage," but think that "bungalow" is still more alluring, though the house itself may have a dozen "masters' bedrooms" with bathrooms galore.

Even in England there are strange ideas about leading the simple life. A woman recently advertised for sale her "charming cottage" in the South of France. According to this advertisement in the Morning Post the cottage has rooms for five servants, a dining room for the seating of twenty people, and a servants' loggia. This humble cottage has for grounds, a garden, beautiful grass lawns and an orange grove.

Then there is the "camp" in the wilderness; the camp that might attract attention if it were on the North Shore. There was a time when "camp" meant sleeping under a roof of boughs and toted blankets, disturbing sounds of prowling animals in the darkness; up at dawn for a breakfast of fried salt pork or bacon, johnny-cake, coffee, perhaps a mess of trout, with a guide, the cook; old clothes; a bath, if one were taken, in pond or running brook. There was the feeling of adventure. The city man went back to Cooper and Mayne Reid, and would have welcomed an Indian paddling or stealthy on the trail.

The camp of today! Dinner coats for night; "sport clothes" for day, only the city life in purer air, with scenery wild or charming, if one deigns to look at it; the telephone, the radio, the gramophone, all the disturbers of peace. Man speaks disparagingly of the city, but loves to make it follow him into the wilderness.

## A NOTE ON "OBSCENITY"

By PHILIP HALE

"Obscenity" is a word carelessly used by professional and amateur censors, who believe it to be synonymous with "pornography." At first the adjective "obscene" meant disgusting, repulsive, distasteful to thought or sense. This meaning survived. There was no reference to sex when Ruskin spoke of refuse and "obscene crockery" being thrown into a river or pond; when James Huneker described trombones in a certain composition as "obscene"; when William Foster Aphorip angered many readers by calling Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony "obscene."

Some might say that certain pages of Rabelais and certain passages in the Old Testament are obscene, just as prurient prudes might find pornography in the Song of Solomon and a chapter in Ezekiel. Mr. Gerald Bullett, reviewing "To the Pure . . ." by Morris L. Ernst and William Seagle, concludes that "obscenity" never has been and never can be satisfactorily defined: "that its scope varies grotesquely with time and place; and consequently, that the prosecution of a work of art as obscene means, in effect, censorship by the nearest magistrate." If a statutory definition is absent, the magistrate must rely on his personal taste and fancy.

Lord Chief Justice Cockburn in 1868 declared the test of obscenity is this: "Whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences and into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall." This definition contradicted the words of the man who first devised the law. Lord Campbell said that the measure was intended to apply "exclusively to works written for the single purpose of corrupting the morals of youth, and of a nature calculated to shock the common feeling of decency in any well-regulated mind." Books written "for the single purpose of corrupting the morals of youth" are pornographic. There are poems by Dean Swift that are obscene, but they could not corrupt old or young.

Prudery today is hysterical in Boston, yet it should be remembered that when "Jane Eyre" came to the United States it was thought by many to be shockingly immoral. Young women, curious, read it stealthily in the garret or behind the locked door of a bed-chamber. On the other hand the pious Cowper read aloud "Tom Jones" to the gentlewomen with whom he lived. The pure-minded Southey borrowed a famous chap-

dowered and wooded. From the incense, therefore, roofed but wall-less, a gaze to the left falls on luxuriant foliage waving in a pleasant breeze, gleaming under the light of the moon. Since be it told, the animals who live in the zoo do no harm at all—ducks quacked once during "Andrea Chenier," but quickly the orchestra drowned them—a more agreeable setting for opera—nature, without, in full sight, art within—could scarcely be devised.

A fine spirit of art stood forward that opening night. The management, wise people, had made it their business to secure an unusually able musical director in Isaac Van Grove. Recognizing, too, the importance of a capable stage manager, they had found Louis Raybant to fill the place. So well had they worked together, those two, so intelligently, that they gave "Chenier" more nearly aright than many an opera company can manage though more pretentious, not forgetting La Scala itself at Milan. They made the picture of the Revolution vivid—and that is all there is to "Andrea Chenier."

## EFFICIENT HELP

They had, of course, efficient help. From the Chicago Opera Company they drew their chorus, a small body of singers so soundly routinized that they could move about at their ease when told to do so and how. For dramatic soprano they had Myrna Sharlow, who made her operatic beginnings in Boston; as Maddalena, though, she displayed a prowess in voice and technique, in musicianship and dramatic intelligence she has not yet shown in Boston. They rejoiced also in the noble voice and fervor of Martino Rossi, a baritone from Providence, who has studied some in Boston. Fortunately, too, they were in Forrest Lamont, always excellent when singing the Italianate type of music, that suits him best. They had Natale Cervi, as well, to help, that skilful character actor. These artists and Mr. Van Grove, with the aid of capable lesser singers, gave a performance downright stirring.

But entertainment did not begin or end with this brilliant performance. To allow for rest and variety, the management had decreed a pause of 45 minutes after the second act. One of the Boston visitors, following the crowd, found himself presently in a smaller theatre, watching the graceful evolutions of a troupe of ice-skaters, including the famous Charlotte herself. The younger visitor from Boston chose rather to dance, to music by the "Russland Steppers." Had they so preferred, they could have refreshed themselves by a quiet walk about the charming park, or by the excellent food and drink available. A pleasant evening, every minute of it.

## SIX NIGHTS A WEEK

This pleasure is to be had in Cincinnati six nights a week for ten weeks; on the seventh night there is ballet. The zoo in Cincinnati is private property. To make it attractive to the public, the management provide the usual type of entertainment found in resorts of the kind. To attract a different type of person, they added, nine years ago, opera. Since this opera does not quite pay its way, one person has always met the necessary deficit.

There would be no deficit to meet if every seat were occupied every night. The theatre seats 1500 people, the best places costing a dollar and a half, plus the 25 cents admission to the zoo.

others much less, all good. There are also many unreserved seats to be had for the price of admission, the best of them in fairly good view of the stage, all of them good to hear from.

The offerings are well worth while. The repertory, two operas a week, is skilfully varied. The orchestra, though small—on an average 38 men—is excellent, the players coming from the Cincinnati Orchestra. When necessary, as in Wagner opera, it is enlarged. Although the stage is small and the scenery not elaborate, intelligent direction makes of the settings a feature. Minor singers, largely from Cincinnati, do very well; they also bring their following. There are well-known singers on the list as well as those already mentioned, among them the baritones Valle, Picchi and Ringling; Josephine Lucchese and Marta Witkowska.

They give good performances, which the people of Cincinnati appreciate and support. But outdoor opera, like the farmer, is the victim of weather. If skies look foul, people think twice about sitting outdoors, though outdoors be always roofed and, at need, snugly curtained. With all else at command, the management can only hope for clement weather.



er in Rabelais to enrich humorously his own "The Doctor." Forty years ago the name of Casanova was hardly whispered in polite circles of Boston; today his entertaining memoirs are openly discussed.

The history of censorship applied to works of art is full of contradictions and absurdities. If the category of crime," says Mr. Bullett, were missing from the modern world it would perhaps be necessary to invent it for the relief of people hagridden by a lust for interfering with their neighbor's conduct. It is such people only that are benefited by the application of the present obscenity law to works of art." Even he "pure-minded instigator of the prosecution" does not ask to be protected; "he is rendered immune by his exceptional virtue."

June 27 1927  
**"THE ILL-BRED DRINK"**

This is the title given by an English journalist to the cocktail in an article neither approving nor disapproving the present popularity in England of this reviver and stimulative. The writer notes, however, that cocktails are taken by women, especially young women in London, "more commonly than any alcoholic drink since the Regency." They are served in women's clubs; in country hotels frequented by motor-car people, where the landlord charges 1s. 6d. or 2s., and groans at the necessity of keeping ice. But as yet there are no cocktail parties as in the United States, the habit is confined to the south of England, and is encouraged only by the well-to-do.

This student of social manners finds that the cocktail appeals to women by its dainty size, its color, the ritual of making and serving; especially to women who know nothing of wine. There is this to be observed: the drinker is at the mercy of the mixer, whereas "with well-bred drinks he knows exactly what he is drinking; so besides being a mongrel, the cocktail may have a nasty bite."

French writers on the other hand object strenuously to the cocktail and not only because it is a sign of the Americanization of Paris. The French object because the cocktail gives the drinker a fictitious, wolfish appetite; it destroys a fine taste for artistic cookery and wines. The objection is made in unexpected quarters. Mr. Pierre Bost, reviewing an American play on the screen, states that "it throws light on manners and customs in the United States: rich young American girls drinking hard, dancing half-naked, pursuing men, crazy for all the pleasures of life. . . . But all these scenes of cocktails and the Charleston are rather tiresome."

It is a wine merchant of London who strongly puts the case against the cocktail: "The Americans are a curious people, very strange people. They took gin and brandy and vermouth and whiskey and lemon and oranges and cherries and olives and sardines and anchovies and goodness knows what, and they mixed them up with ice—with ice—and put them into their stomachs. They were not worthy of God's great gift of wine. And God punished them, and condemned them for the rest of their lives to drink nothing but—raw spirits."

June 28 1927  
**GLAND-FED GIANTS**

Because a salamander fed with the anterior lobe of the pituitary gland became twice as large as when it partook of its normal diet of earth worms, Dr. Oscar Riddle believes, or is reported to believe—which is not always the same thing—that an experimentalist who has learned the use and special power of a specific hormone can heighten the stature of a man or a woman. It will even be possible to develop a generation of giants; also men of overpowering intellect.

Will this be desirable? Mr. H. G. Wells in one of his novels, written before he attempted to reconstruct the world and invented a religion that he fondly thinks is objection-proof, described the wretched fate of those who, partaking of giant's food, became giants; how rats thus fed became as terrible as beasts of prey.

A man of normal but commanding stature and imposing weight is treated more respectfully by hotel clerks, officials of every sort, than the shorter and the feather-weights. Of this there is no doubt. He is more respected by the crowd. The giant is not so fortunate. He excites attention, that is, gaping wonder, as does the advertising man on stilts. Rude boys laugh at the two.

Down the centuries the giant has been reproached for his feeble intellect. There are variants of old Thomas Fuller's remark about cocklofts with nothing in them. Dwarfs on the

other hand though, charged justly or unjustly, with malicious speech and behavior, have seldom been dull-witted. The giant in the side-show, whatever his nationality, has a foolish face, a vacuous expression. Sometimes he is slow of speech; sometimes he is a silly babbler. It remains to be seen whether the giant developed by the experimenting scientists will not lose in a large measure what brains he originally had. The father of Frederick the Great, rejoicing in his tall grenadiers, would have welcomed these experimenters as recruiting officers; but these soldiers were only cannon-fodder, while in campaigns the most enduring are "pony men," as was proved in our Civil War.

June CAIN'S WIFE 30

Christopher Morley's play, "East of Eden," has come under the ban of the Lord Chamberlain, who would not condescend to give the reason. "It is not a question of cutting or altering the play. The whole performance has been banned." The reason, however, is not far to seek.

In Mr. Morley's curtain-raiser which plays for about a quarter of an hour, there is a discussion in the Garden of Eden as to the former dwelling place of Cain's wife. The characters are Adam and Eve, Cain and the woman he married. For many decades any stage work that introduced characters in the Bible was disapproved by the censor. Gounod's opera, "The Queen of Sheba," was not performed in London until the title was changed to "Irene," with the story modified. There was the same objection to Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba." Other musical and some dramatic works have been rejected for the same reason, yet the old mystery plays in England took all sorts of liberties with sacred characters, who were often grotesquely represented. "Everyman" is often performed. In England, as in this country, censorship is marked by amusing inconsistencies; thus "La Dame aux Camellias" was long forbidden in the original and in the translation, while "La Traviata" was a favorite opera.

"Who was Cain's wife?" and "Where did Cain find her?" are questions that have exercised the ingenuity of Jewish and Gentile commentators. "Who were the dwellers in the land of Nod?" "Was Lilith the first wife of Adam"; these questions have also excited controversy. If devout fathers of the church have inquired into the home and character of Cain's wife, why should not Mr. Morley be allowed to put legendary characters on the stage? Walt Whitman rejoiced in the myths, and in a fine burst accepted Adam and Eve. Is not Cain's wife worthy of acceptance, even by a Lord Chamberlain?

June 28 1927  
**7000 SEE OPERA AT BRAVES FIELD**

**"Aida" Presented for Benefit Of Herzl Memorial by N. E. Zionists**

More than 7000 persons in Braves field grandstand last night watched a production of the opera "Aida," the greater part of the proceeds of which were given to the Herzl memorial committee of Boston to be used in perpetuation of the life of Dr. Theodor Herzl, late founder of Zionism.

Through the courtesy of Judge Emil Fuchs, the opera was presented by Maurice Frank, well known for his production of open air music, and David Kahan, managing director. The Boston Herzl committee is composed of Henry Yozell, chairman, Judge David A. Lourie, Max Schoolman, Elihu D. Stone and Mrs. Albert Salter. The production was sponsored by the New England Zionist organization, the Hadassah group of New England and the Federated Jewish Charities.

Julia Peters, well known operatic soprano, sang the role of Aida, assisted by Elizabeth Hoeppel, contralto; Fernando Bertini, tenor; Miguel Santacanna, basso, Ciro De Ritis, baritone. Gabrielle Simeoni conducted an orchestra of 60 pieces.

**"AN AMERICAN IN PARIS"**

The storms of applause that broke loose at the conclusion of the final blazing strains of George Gershwin's new suite, "An American in Paris," having its first hearing in Boston last night, demonstrated the heights of enthusiasm that can be reached by a Pop concert

audience, given the right incentive. Again and again must the composer bow his acknowledgements to satisfy the throng that so nearly filled Symphony hall. Gracefully he responded to the oft-repeated acclaim, and as graciously indicated his thanks to Mr. Casella and to the orchestra for their fine rendition of this vivid and amusing tonal representation of life in "the City of Light."

There is really but little need for the guidance of the printed description of Yankee's experiences as he saunters

down the Champs Elysees on a sunny morning to comprehend that he is somewhat confounded by the swirl of traffic, with the "real Paris taxi horns" bleating out their bellows of warning. He glimpses the cafe life, and the gay dancing holds his eye for a time. Then comes an amusing interlude when he is addressed by a gentle voice—so hints the solo violin—with which (or should we say with whom?) he holds pleasant, though subdued converse.

A wave of nostalgia overtakes him, soon to be swept away by a more joyous sensation indicated by the nonchalant strains of the Charleston, swaying gloriously and riotously along to the final blaze of a full orchestra in all its most rampant hilarity. In fact, this general theme of joviality left the audience in a refreshingly happy mood. There was also a great ovation for the rendition of the Brandenburg Concerto by Bach. The delicate and plaintive dance suite from "Cephalus and Procris" by Gretry-Mottl called forth much enthusiasm.

For the rest, the numbers included Palsiello's overture to "Nina, O La Pazza per Amore," Beethoven's overture to "Leonore," and the three Wagner selections—the Bacchanale from "Tannhauser," the introduction to Act III of "Lohengrin," and "The Ride of the Valkyries."

June 29 1927  
**METROPOLITAN THEATRE "Careers"**

A screen drama, based on a German play, "Karrlere," by Alfred Schirokauer and Paul Rosenhayn, adapted by Forrest Halsey, directed by John Francis Dillon and presented by Richard A. Rowland as a First National Vitaphone picture with the following cast:

- |              |                |
|--------------|----------------|
| Helene       | Billie Dove    |
| Victor       | Antonio Moreno |
| Hortense     | Thelma Todd    |
| The resident | Noah Beery     |
| Carouge      | Holmes Herbert |
| The woman    | Carmel Myers   |
| Laverne      | Robert Frazer  |
| Bibi player  | Soin           |

"Careers," censored in Chicago because of its alleged naughtiness, is given a clean bill of health here as far as its moral tone is concerned. In fact it was evident at its first showings at the Metropolitan yesterday that the audiences were more intent on deriving a crumb or two of humor from the performance than in passing judgment on the peccadilloes and temptations of its married women. It is obvious that in changing the characters from German to French its adapter hoped to imbue it with a Gallic spice which would mitigate its heaviness. When acted by studio players, practically all of them reared in the atmosphere of Hollywood and tutored in the peculiar technique which obtains there, "Careers" becomes simply a laboriously creaking body, propelled sadly much as the ancient galley slaves propelled their cumbersome tiremes. Our idea of proper censorship would have been to introduce the Zigfeldian doctrine; rehearse and rehearse until a

smooth, rapid, perfect performance is assured.

"Careers" is a smouldering tale of a beautiful young French woman, wife of a brilliant young magistrate in a segment of the French colony in Indo-China. The resident, a Frenchman, supposed to have gone native morally, admires the wives of his various subordinate officials. If a wife be amiable, her husband stands a chance of promotion. Helene, unable to dissemble, to stoop to bargaining, piques the suavely villainous resident, who gives out an impression that he is to advance Victor, Helene's husband, to a Paris post and then humiliates both in public. Helene, desperate after thoughtlessly informing the resident that Victor is to complain to the colony governor, is about to barter with the resident when he is strangled and stabbed by a native musician. Sojin, caught in the act of stealing, Helene saves her honor and holds her husband's love.

In the earlier scenes Miss Dove acted with charm, sentiment and joyousness. As she approached the more melodramatic situations she became a new Theda Bara, guilty of gross over-acting in her scene in the resident's chamber. Mr. Beery was Mr. Beery, in familiar posturing and vocal inflections indicative of sinful subtlety. Mr. Herbert, as the Frenchman Carouge, tactful, wise and

the Creole belle, Francois-Densmore and A sudden influx of summer visitors and company, and the Three Aces, a clever patronage from the artists colony provided an R. O. houseful of devotees. The Provincetown selection, devoting from their policy of not allowing theatrical performances on Sunday, granted special permission for the inimitable Gissie to display her talents. She is a favorite of many townspeople. Aided only by a curtain background, a little table and a pianist's accompaniment, Miss Loftus impersonated such famous stage figures as Ethel Barrymore, Marie Cahill, Sophie Tucker, Miss Fiske, Ruth Draper and Pauline Lord.

**WHARF PLAYERS THEATRE**  
[Special Dispatch to The Herald]  
PROVIDENCE, June 30.—With Clissie Loftus, noted English mimic and artist, while Shakespearean player presenting impersonations of stage stars, the Wharf Players, now turned professional, had an auspicious opening here tonight.

Scorilla Alcaniz and Cortes is ordinary, but when she dances, either alone, or with Puertas, then the audience is given a treat. Both are graceful, both possess showmanship and Puertas, whether doing the tango or a folk dance has the ability to be graceful without being effeminate.

Roy D'Arcy, famous movie villain, sings songs about himself and Hollywood, and William Halligan presents an uproarious skit entitled "Pre-War Scotch," or two traveling salesmen in a small-town hotel. Danny Small, with

It is a great week for the veterans of vaudeville, for Clifford and Marion take honors almost equal to that of Miss Tucker. The inanity of the feminine member of the act is delightful, starting with the opening remark to the effect that she was born in Salem so that she might be near her mother. The third outstanding act on the program is that of Scorilla Alcaniz, assisted by Juan Puertas, Ector Cortes and the Louis Broussard Marimba band. The music furnished by the band is sweet and soothing, the singing of

and the miracle of it all is that her voice successfully withstands the demands made of it. But Sophie Tucker is Sophie Tucker. There are spots in which vulgarly creeps in, there is slight tawdriness, but only Sophie Tucker, with that wonderful voice, that wonder-ful personality and her way of putting over every line, can make these negligible. And Boston loves Sophie Tucker, not hesitating to let her know the fact, bursting into applause when her name is flashed on, and continuing for two minutes until she finally makes her appearance

loyal, really gave the best performance among the men. Had the piece been acted with far brisker tempo its frailties might have been less easily detected. W. F. G.

**B. F. KEITH'S**  
Sophie Tucker weaves her customary spell of magic at B. F. Keith's this week, her clear, clarion voice ringing out and breaking with the wildery of Sophie Tucker alone. The "last of the red-hot mamas," as she bills herself, is also the last of the old-time "shouters."



# 148 The Theatre

By PHILIP FALE

There was a time when Boston was known throughout the land as a "theatre town." Managers in New York looked confidently towards this city as a place where profits would accrue; they gave it of their best. Actors and actresses, native and imported, felt sure that here they would be judged according to their deserts. The verdict of Boston on a play or a performance carried weight. Playgoers were experienced and critical, quick to praise, not deceived by a reputation gained elsewhere, not greedy swallows of puffery. The first night of an important drama or of a celebrated actor was an event. "All Boston" was in the theatre, alert, expectant.

Why is it that today the theatre in Boston is held in less regard? That first nights seldom call forth curiosity and excitement? That a play or a performance is not often the subject of general and lively discussion? That the most successful plays are, as a rule, either musical comedies or reviews? There is a public that would welcome the better class of plays, as those performed here by Miss Le Gallienne's company and the Theatre Guild. This public would gladly see certain plays that have been applauded and discussed in New York, cities of the West, even in London, but these plays are long in coming to Boston, or do not come at all. And when there is finally an opportunity of seeing them, how are they produced? If they have won success, after a long run elsewhere, the players by reason of the many performances are mannered and weary in the accomplishment of a perfunctory task. Or the performance is by a second company, often a second-rate company, with only one or two members of the original cast, and frequently they are not the ones in leading roles. Though the prices of admission are high, beyond the reach of many lovers of the drama, the entertainment is then one only in name.

Many rejoiced in the establishment of the Copley Theatre and of the Repertory Theatre. Before Mr. Jewett was at the head of the Repertory, at the other theatre, then under his direction, interesting plays were performed by a competent company. There has been a brave attempt to produce plays of worth at the Repertory, but the players themselves have seldom been adequate. When Mr. Clive became the director of the Copley, it was his intention to bring out plays of a high order. He soon found out that his audience preferred "mystery" plays; they were good of their kind, and they enjoyed long runs, surprisingly long runs in some cases. These runs discouraged in a measure his faithful and friendly band of subscribers, who missed the weekly change of bill. Mr. Clive frankly said that if he were to produce each week a comedy or drama of indisputable worth, he could not afford to keep the theatre open. Only by producing "thrillers" could he meet expenses and make a reasonable profit. During the last two or three seasons when he did produce a play of comparatively high order, without a mystery to be explained, without situation or stage effects calculated to raise goose-flesh, the public did not respond.

Managers in New York have been led to fear the censorship exerted at times in Boston, a censorship that sometimes prevents the coming of a play to this city, especially when the theme discussed is of a social or religious nature. Yet salacious lines in lighter entertainments, jokes in a stupidly coarse vein are allowed; the comedians are unchecked, though now and then a line may be blue-penciled to prove that there is a censorship.

It should be remembered, also, that when the managers in this city did not hesitate to bring here sparkling comedies, romantic plays and even tragedies, the audiences, long accustomed to good performances, fine acting, demanded these plays and applauded the managerial policy, the playwrights and the players.

There were then no motor-cars, no radio, no mechanical musical instruments. Prices of admission were reasonable, for the production of plays and the transportation of companies and scenery were less expensive. The salaries of players were also less.

We have spoken of the success won by the "thrillers." Mr. A. T. K. Grant foresees the day when some ingenious dramatist will write the Perfect Thriller. "It will be simple and straightforward; nothing will happen in it without adequate reason; the characters will behave, if not as human beings do, at all events with some simulation of intelligence; the comic relief will be comedy, and not knockabout farce—and the whole will be pervaded with such an atmosphere of terror that hardened critics will clutch their programs and quake with fear."

For Mr. Grant thinks that as many good crime-and-horror stories have been written it is surprising that stage plays should often be reduced to "international conspiracies of Chinese origin for their story, and for their villainy to incoherent gibberings in the dark." The dramatists are too prodigal in their effects; each individual effect loses its force. There is a difference between mystifying an audience and puzzling it, "for an audience must see what a play is getting at before it can be interested in how it gets there."

The essence of horror is expectation; but these dramatists begin "to build up an atmosphere of suspense, and then, just as the spectators are beginning to be interested in the fate of the heroine, the corpse of the butler falls out of a cupboard. The tension is broken for a premature and minor thrill." In this perfect thriller "the butler will remain intact to the end. Once the lady has been safely kidnapped the villain will not take her in his arms, enter Right, run across the stage, and exit Left, every time the action begins to flag. Then there is the 'silly ass' character who supplies the comic relief at the house party in the moated grange; he will be banished—after all, he would be tolerated in no house party in real life."

Mr. Grant reminds his readers that in any one of Andre de Lorde's plays of horror at the Grand Guignol, Paris, the atmosphere has been built up, so that the audience is in a state of panic-stricken expectation before anything has happened. "Mr. Lorde, were he so minded, could write a piece in which nothing did happen, and the spectators would be terrified without quite knowing why. There is a lesson in these plays; may it go to the making of a Perfect Thriller, for most of us would like to have our flesh creep now and then in these dre-

Some one should write a study of the stage butler. L. Celler wrote a good many years ago a valuable book in which he described and gave the history of various types in the French theatre. We all know many butlers on the stage: The familiar, jocular butler; the devoted old family retainer; the villainous butler; the mysterious butler who could explain everything, if he only would, to the detective who suspects him of the murder; the courteous, polished butler, superior to his master; the butler that apparently is the one man of distinction on the stage.

Paul Hindemith's latest opera, "Neues vom Tage" ("News of the Day") produced at Berlin, is a satire on modern life, "chiefly on the social advantages of divorce and the material rewards of unblushing publicity." The libretto by Marcellus Schiffer, includes the employment of a Bureau for Domestic Affairs to provide the necessary grounds for divorce. The manager of the Bureau, admiring the young wife, decides to make himself "the grounds," so he intrudes on the privacy of her bath, for in the first scene of the second act she is shown seated in a hotel bathtub, and singing about the advantages of having hot water. The male intrusion leads to a duet. There is a trio when another woman enters to insist that this particular bath was ordered for her. The hotel staff, drawn into the controversy, furnishes the finale of that scene.

Among the 11 scenes is one of typists clicking lyrically their machines; one of a museum crowded with tourists; one of a variety theatre interior with a performance going on. The divorce is obtained, but not until the husband has been jailed for smashing a statue of Venus in the museum when he was in a jealous fit. The complex finale is devoted to news notes of the day. "There is much of modernist counterpoint, with an intricacy of small effects that suggest chamber music rather than opera." Jazz instruments, as saxophone and banjo, are added to the traditional orchestra. There are piano episodes for six hands. Grete Stuckgold, English by birth, sang the bath-tub aria.

Who, by the way, found stardom in the role of O'Neill's Anna Christie—the same Anna who experienced her metamorphosis in Provincetown harbor and others.

Tomorrow night Miss Loftus, costarred with Frank McGlynn, creator of Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," will open in "The Patriarch," by Boyd Smith, assistant to Prof. Baker of Yale.

## OLYMPIA-FENWAY THEATRES

### "The Gamblers"

A screen drama adapted by J. Grubb Alexander from the stage play of the same title by Charles Klein; directed by Michael Curtiz and presented by Warner Bros. as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

James Darwin ..... H. B. Warner  
Catherine Darwin ..... Lois Wilson  
Carvel Emerson ..... Jason Roberts  
Emerson, Sr. .... George Fawcett  
George Cowper ..... Johnny Arthur  
Raymond ..... Frank Campeau  
Tooker ..... Charles Sellen  
Isabel Emerson ..... Pauline Garon

We suspect that in recent months Henry B. Warner, an actor of intelligence and experience, has suffered many discouraged hours in the studios of Hollywood. He has been compelled to appear in sorry roles, concocted out of the feeble dreams of some overworked scenarist. What a relief, then, it must have been when his employers turned to the stage plays of current or remote periods. "The Letter" restored Mr. Warner somewhat. "The Gamblers" probably has given him new faith. For here is something into which he can set his teeth. In its day, some 30 years since, "The Gamblers" was considered a fine specimen of that type of melodramatic writing then in vogue. Mr. Klein, who had written "The Auctioneer" and "The Music Master" for David Warfield, had graduated from the German school to that of American finance, as witness "The Lion and the Mouse," and later, "The Gamblers." He was a repertorial and a "box office" dramatist; as Montrose J. Moses called him, "a typical disciple of sheer theatricalism."

That same theatricalism, it appears, is just as effective today on the audible screen as it was in 1890. If there are illogical situations there are strong climaxes to offset them. There is a nice balance of love interest and material villainy. The dialogue is crisp, deftly pointed, seldom superfluous. The characters have substance, contrast. They might well exist today.

Mr. Alexander apparently has found little to change in general structure of Mr. Klein's story of "the gambling Emersons," father, son and daughter even. He has made cuts, of course, chiefly in the last parts. Emerson senior, founder of the Emerson Trust, with its capitalization of 50 millions, has retired in favor of his son Carvel. The latter, with a group of the bank's directors and other financiers, has planned a Wall Street coup in steel which goes wrong and jeopardizes the bank's reputation. For funds these men signed notes for vast sums which were loaned them illegally by the bank. James Darwin, an ambitious attorney seeking national honors in his profession, acquires these damning notes through Cowper, a weakling bank employee who betrays his associates in the deal. Darwin's wife, Catherine, loved Carvel Emerson but had refused to marry him because of his gambling tendencies. They still thought they loved each other; but when circumstances arose to make Catherine choose between her husband and her former lover, she made the proper decision, and thereby ended forever the triangular complication.

The story is told and pictured superbly. The scenes in a Venetian cafe, in the bank, and in the Emerson mansion

are impressive in their completeness. The performance is amazingly good. Miss Wilson has several stirring scenes, with Mr. Robard, with Mr. Warner. Mr. Robard and Mr. Arthur are splendid in their scene when the former forces hysterical confession of duplicity from Mr. Arthur. Mr. Warner's performance, however, is the finer-grained, indicative always of perfect mastery of a difficult role. Mr. Fawcett as the sturdy old banker, Mr. Campeau and Mr. Sellen as two bank directors, the one imperturbable, the other childishly apprehensive, were excellent. A good cast in a very entertaining play. W. E. G.

## KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

### "His Lucky Day"

A screen comedy by John B. Cleaver and Gladys Lehman; directed by Eddie Cline and presented by Universal as a part-talking picture with the following cast:

Charles Blayden ..... Reginald Denny  
Kay Weaver ..... LoRayne DuVal  
Jerome Van Dyne ..... Otis Harlan  
Snider ..... Eddie Phillips  
Dowager ..... Cissie Fitzgerald  
Weaver ..... Harvey Clark  
Chaufeur ..... Tom O'Brien

It was not until the play was half finished, when one of the characters tumbled over a basin of milk set down for the cat, that a real, honest-to-goodness guffaw was heard from a previously bored audience at yesterday's presentation, although truth compels the admission that there had been a distinct titter when another player put his foot into a pail of scrub water that had been maliciously arranged for that purpose. After the milk basin episode an occasional sedate and decorous laugh sufficed to attest the fact that it was a comedy with leanings toward farce that was being exhibited on the screen.

"His Lucky Day," truth to tell, is a painfully labored production, with nothing in it calling for serious comment and just enough bright spots in the way of acting to prevent the spectators from indulging in comfortable naps while waiting for the other items on the bill. Reginald Denny plays the role of a young real estate operator who tries

to sell two adjoining mansions to his sweetheart's father. The old gentleman who occupies one of the houses, refuses to go through with the deal unless the other now vacant is rented. Young Blayden, in desperation, lets the premises to a gang of "society" crooks, hiding from the police. Trouble starts when the crooks cannot keep their fingers off their neighbor's valuables and when one of them manages, for a time, to fascinate the lovely heroine.

The only time when the action really shows signs of life is when the young man, in an attempt to force the undesirable tenants to leave, tells them a cock-and-bull story about the place being haunted and, in a costume suggestive of the familiar "Felix," himself impersonates the ghost. His clappings and caterwaulings provide fun for an all too brief moment.

Mr. Denny plays a thankless part with briskness and spirit, but the real dramatic part of the show is furnished by the veteran Otis Harlan, as the elderly leader of the crook band. Harlan's long stage training counts, for he does not overlook a single opportunity and his pantomime and physiological work should be a shining example to the superficial players of today. Miss DuVal is undoubtedly dowered with a full share of good looks. Like the others of the cast she is handicapped by having very little of real consequence to do, but she does that little in a way that promises well when, some day, she gets something better.

Spoken dialogue is provided with part of the play, but one fails to see where



It adds anything to the production. The performance is quite intelligible without the projection of the rather harsh voices. J. E. P.

### "Mother's Boy"

A screen comedy-drama by Gene Marker, with songs by Bud Green and Sam H. Siept; directed by Bradley Barker, and presented by Pathe as a singing-talking picture with the following cast:

Tommy O'Day	Marion Downey
Mrs. O'Day	Beryl Mercer
Harry O'Day	John T. Doyle
Harry O'Day	Brian Donlevy
Rosa Lyndon	Helen Chandler
Sturmberg	Osgood Perkins
Joe Bush	Lorin Baker
Beatrice Townshend	Barbara Bennett
Mrs. Apfelbaum	Jennie Moskowitz
Mr. Apfelbaum	Jacob Frank
Mr. Bumble	Louis Sorin
Gus LeGrand	Robert Gleckler
Duke of Pomplum	Tyrell Davis
Dunlow	Allan Vincent
Evangelist	Leslie Stowe

We are willing to concede at the outset that Mr. Downey has a gift as a whispering tenor—or is he a contra-tenor, as the late Richard J. Jose, famous in the lost-for-ever days of minstrelsy, delighted to be called? We will agree further that Mr. Downey has a dogged way of walking and talking and acting which smacks more of fortitude than of histrionic aptitude. But by no kind of evasion of veracity can it be said that "Mother's Boy" is a great picture, or even a good picture. It takes more than an Irish brogue, a canary which sings only once, a willing balladist, a fond maternal parent brought close to death with grief for a missing son, and a series of routine scenes in a night club to convince the average motion picture audience that it is getting its money's worth.

Tommy O'Day, his brother, Harry, a scallawag, his father, a stern man, and his mother, a slave to all her men-folk, are seen at breakfast. Of course there is a piano in the kitchen and Tommy croons his mother's favorite song. Then he rushes out to his job as a delicatessen store basket boy. Accused of steal-

ing man O'Day's board money, Tommy runs away, while his brother, the thief, sneers, and makes up to Rose, Tommy's sweetheart. Thence we hear Tommy singing "Onward, Christian Diers" for a meal in a down-and-outers' refuge. A bankrupt press agent, Martin, whose voice, foresees an income, and sells Tommy to a night club owner. A society girl becomes interested, helps him to a featured position in a new musical comedy. Tommy puffs up, forgets his old friends; but, like Al Jolson in "The Jazz Singer" and Eddie Dowling in "The Rainbow Man," he walks out on the show before the first curtain when Rose gains the back-stage to tell him his mother is dying. Tommy rushes to her bedside, scales his top-hat on to the lounge, and sings his mother back to life and happiness with her now famous son.

Most of Mr. Downey's songs are depressing, even bringing tears to the eyes of the members of a stag club, before whom he gets his first job. Generally he accompanies himself at a convenient piano. The story is maudlin, the dialogue stilted. There is no effort at continuity; the action jumps around without the slightest regard for logic or proper sequence. If Mr. Downey cares to try again we will be among the first to try to give him a hand. In "Mother's Boy" he needs far more than that.

W. E. G.

May 21, 1929

### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

#### "The Idle Rich"

A screen comedy, adapted by Clara Re, from the stage play "White Collars," by Edith Ellis, directed by William de Mille, and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

William Van Dyke	Conrad Nagel
John Thayer	Bessie Love
John Thayer	Leila Hyams
John Thayer	Robert Ober
John Thayer	James Neill
Mrs. Thayer	Edythe Chapman
Tom Gibney	Paul Kruger
Frank Thayer	Kenneth Gibson

Composed under the stimulating force of a vivid and virile imagination, skillfully directed, acted with more than usual competence and admirably photographed, "The Idle Rich," gives us the motion picture in one of its most effective phases. Said to be William de Mille's first all-talking picture furthermore, it is, a demonstration that that gifted gentleman has thoroughly mastered the technique of this department of screen management for the incidental conversation fits the action as the hand the glove.

Of course the episode portrayed in "The Idle Rich," could not possibly have occurred in real life and the occasional comedy is a bit on the obvious side, but it is quite permissible to forget all that and settle down to a couple of hours of real enjoyment.

The play has been most suitably cast. The compact little group who carry it are, personally, quite satisfactory to the eye and they do their work with refreshing enthusiasm and intelligence, steadfastly refraining from exaggeration or from dwelling overmuch on their individual importance. Result a closely knit, easy flowing, well balanced performance.

The story is that of a young New York millionaire business man, who falls in love with and marries his pretty stenographer with startling suddenness. But the bride and her family, who represent "the great middle class" typified by a revolving cruet stand and a parlor what-not, in their tiny flat, proceed to develop "middle class consciousness" with a vengeance. The bride insists on her husband living with her people in the heated stuffiness of the flat and

the others, inspired by the half-baked and windy philosophy of a need-do-well cousin, rebuff the bridegroom's best meant attempts to give them a boost upward, refusing as they say to have his "charity" forced down their throats.

Well, that is a game two can play at. The millionaire becomes a convert to the doctrine thus expounded and one fine day announces his intention of giving away all his wealth and himself becoming one of the proletariat. Whereupon comes a most disagreeable awakening, mitigated by the fact that the young man has been "on to the game" and his only made the announcement to bring the others to their senses. He has not the slightest intention in the world of pauperizing himself.

Conrad Nagel, suave and good looking, fills the ideal of the leading role most capably and without losing his self respect. Bessie Love, as the heroine, is charming in her blonde loveliness. She is a little idiot but one cannot help liking her. Lella Hyams gives us one of the most attractive "kid sisters" that we can remember and Robert Ober's work as the wordy young cousin, with his radical preachments, fits in to a nicety. We liked too, Paul Kruger's little bit as sister's truck driver "sweetie."

As a cross-section of life in New York's downtown "flatdom" "The Idle Rich," is compellingly realistic to the utmost detail. J. E. P.

### THIS WEEK'S STAGES

WILBUR—"Boom Boom," musical comedy, third week.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S—Vaudeville, matinees and evenings: Sophie Tucker, Roy D'Arcy and other acts.

### SCOLLAY SQUARE THEATRE

#### "The Woman from Hell"

A screen drama, based on the stage play "From Hell Came a Lady," by George Searborough, Jaime Del Rio and Lois Leeson, adaptation by Ray Doyle and Charles Kenyon, directed by A. F. Erickson, and presented by William Fox with the following cast:

Dee Renaud	Mary Astor
Alf Roslin	Robert Armstrong
Jim Coakley	Dean Jagger
"Slick" Erick	Roy D'Arcy
Master Price	May Boley
Pop Coakley	James Bradbury, Sr.

A lurid title, derived from the fact that the beautiful heroine is the attraction at a somewhat tough beach concession known as "Hell." There is plenty of melodrama and thrill in this piece, the action of which for the most part takes place in a lighthouse. The climax is reached when the girl keeps the light revolving by means of the hand lever, the while keeping off with a pistol her former lover who has managed to insinuate himself into the place while her husband is ashore, and storm bound.

But this is anticipating. The story begins with Jim Coakley, the young keeper fascinated by the distant lights of "Joyland" meeting the lady and, in the lightning express manner of film-dom, wooing and wedding her and bearing her off to his tower. They are deliciously happy for a season and then the reaction sets in. During a trip to the resort an encounter with "Alf" the "barker" for "Hell"—and the aforementioned lover excites young

Jim's jealousy. In fact he is ashore seeking the other's gore when the old head keeper gets drunk, disables the machinery of the light and precipitates the dramatic finale.

When Jim does get out to the rock and finds Alf there it is naturally a case of look out for squalls. But Alf manages to impress it upon the stupid and hasty young keeper that his wife is really the squarest shooter of them all and so the stage is set for the blissful fade-out.

Mary Astor, giving up, for the once, the "clinging vine" role, plays the converted vamp with spirit and is a delight to the eye throughout. Dean Jagger puts just the right amount of simple honesty and thickheadedness into his part to hit off the author's idea. Robert Armstrong is not so villainous as to destroy all sympathy and Mr. Bradbury contributes a capital bit of character as the surly, bibulous old head keeper.

The lighthouse interior pictures are remarkably well done and the resort scenes are Coney Island to the life.

J. E. P.

### TELLING THE BEES

Dr. Charles James, a teacher of chemistry in New Hampshire, known here and in Europe by his researches in rare earths and minerals owned fourteen hives of bees. A swarm disappeared not long ago and was found buzzing

about flowers placed on his grave two miles from the University of New Hampshire.

The question naturally arises were these bees told that Dr. James was dead, according to the good old custom which led Whittier to write his charming and familiar verses? If the bees were not told, they would not stay in the hives. At funerals in Devonshire the hives that belonged to the deceased were turned round at the moment the corpse was carried out of the house. John Molle asked over 300 years ago: "Who would believe without superstition (if experience did not make it credible) that most commonly all the bees die in their hives, if the master or mistress of the house chance to die, except the hives be presently removed into some other place? And yet I know this hath happened to folks no way stained with superstition."

Strange to say, there is little or nothing in the old English books of folklore about the necessity of telling the bees by word of mouth. Dr. Tho. Mouffet in his "Theatre of Insects," published at London in 1658, devotes nearly twenty folio pages to the bee. They are full of curious lore: see for example the chapter "Of the Politick, Ethick, and Oeconomick Virtues of Bees." There is praise of their cleanliness and chastity. "Neither are they altogether impatient of musical sounds, as other ruder sorts of creatures are, but are very much taken and delighted therewith; provided it be without variety, simple and unaffected. And although they cannot dance by measure or according to the just number of paces, as the Elephant is said to do; yet according as he that tinks on the brazen kettle pleaseth, so they slack or quicken their flying; if he beat fast and shrill, then they mend their motion; if dully and slowly, then they abate it."

The excellent Mouffet says nothing about the behavior of bees on the death of the bee-master, nor in his page on the uses of the bee in medicine does he recommend the stings for rheumatism; but he believes that the bee "hath in it a particle of divine understanding and heavenly wisdom. Who I say will deny them to have fantasie, memory and some kind of reason?" These bees in New Hampshire missed and mourned Dr. James. No doubt one said to the others in the words of Ebn Zaiat, "If I should visit the tomb of my beloved, my grief would be in a measure lightened."

Who first thought of "telling the bees" at the death of their master? Will some apiarist enlighten us? Perhaps Mr. Oliver Herford, who when he was asked if he were fond of pets, replied: "Yes, madam, I once kept a bee," could give the required information.

### IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR

Some time ago it was stated that a new law had been proposed in Iowa, a law that sought to prevent barbers from asking questions or telling stories when their patients were seated, helpless, in the chairs. If even the framing of this law seems preposterous, it should be remembered that there have been laws against smoking in this sweet land of liberty.

That the barber is a distressingly garrulous person is a belief of the centuries, older than the amusing story in "The Thousand Nights and a Night." Some have wondered why Pharaoh when he hanged his chief baker, spared his chief barber. There is the oriental proverb, "Only the Almighty can make the corn grow, but only Selim, the barber, can tell you how it is done."

With us the barber is often a hair-dresser, though the hair dresser is not necessarily a barber. The man shaved is not inclined to be talkative. The brush is too near his mouth; the razor demands facial quiet; but the one whose hair is cut, whose whiskerage is neatly trimmed can chatter fearlessly. He is the one that often introduces subjects for discussion and is questioner and answerer; or he is a man of jests and anecdotes which he tells, hoping that the other sitters in chairs, and those waiting for the cry "Next!" may appreciate his wit or be impressed by the soundness of his opinions. It might be said that the barber has unjustly been accused of loquacity; that, like the dentist, he listens sympathetically to the men and women he serves.

For the dentist is intimately acquainted with the female patient of long standing—perhaps "long-sitting" is the proper term. She looks on him as a familiar friend. She has admitted him to the privacy of her teeth, and will acquaint him with her joys and sorrows, her hopes and disappointments. There are women who consult Dr. Tusk-maker on investments in

the music. A thoughtless southwest wind was blowing down the river, right into the very jaw of the acoustic shell where were seated the musicians in half-circle.

So vicious was the wind that several music stands were upset, many port-folios sent scurrying into the crowd. Had the wind been in any other direction, or had there been no wind, the effect would have been more favorable. During those infrequent pauses, last night when the wind abated somewhat,

Made possible by the philanthropy of public spirited citizens, the initial concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Arthur Fiedler, held last night on the Charles river esplanade, thoroughly rewarded the efforts of the sponsors. Had it not been for an ill wind, the 5000 persons present would have carried away an even greater appreciation of

## FIRST CONCERT ON ESPLANADE ATTRACTS 5000

mate acquaintance with potmates to visiting countrymen and countrywomen. And if the hair-dresser of Marie Antoinette published his memoirs; if a famous American dentist in Paris had much to say in print, they were exceptions not wholly worthy of the honorable professions which they otherwise adorned.

locks, bonds and mortgages; who ask his advice concerning the management of husbands and children; who fill his ears with gossip and scandal, while he gives breathing time between filling the teeth. It must be said to the honor of barbers and dentists that few disclose the secrets of the confessional, though there were American dentists in European capitals, who could not refrain from boasting of their inti-



even the strings could be heard 300 yards away.

Inaugurating the first concert, Davis B. Kenniston, metropolitan district commissioner, thanked those citizens who had subscribed funds for the undertaking, hoped that future concerts would be as well attended, requested that the gathering be as quiet as possible. Metropolitan police assigned to preserve order at the affair enjoyed a most peaceful evening in as much as there was no disorder or boisterousness manifest during the entire performance.

Appropriately, the first number on the program was Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever." The wind had no chance against the stirring march, and the horns sent the music far into the crowd. Yet with the playing of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" by Nicolai, the string instruments had difficulty in making themselves heard at 100 yards. The program continued with a largo from the "New World" symphony by Dvorak; Invitation to the Dance by Weber-Berlioz; Fantasia from the opera "Aida" by Verdi; the "Tannhauser" overture by Wagner; Strauss's waltz "By the Beautiful Blue Danube;" "New Moon" by Romberg; concluding with an American fantasia by Herbert. The huge acoustic shell, constructed by the metropolitan district commissioner, is shaped not unlike a monster sea shell. In theory it serves as a sounding board against which the music is deflected toward the audience. It is collapsible and made of wood.

Between numbers Arthur Fielder said he was pleased with the size of the audience, that the wind somewhat handicapped the musicians and predicted a successful season.

That the first-night crowd far exceeded the expectations of the sponsors, was evidenced by the business done by the man who had been awarded chair concessions. He had taken two huge truck-loads of folding chairs to the Esplanade, but found it necessary to return for more.

The concerts will continue for five weeks, ending August 8. Every night, with the exception of July 8, 14, 22, 29 and Aug. 4, Fielder will lead the symphony players on the Esplanade. The program tonight will be: 1—March, "Blue-White," by Schmidt. 2—Overture, "Oberon," by Weber. 3—Prelude to "The Deluge," by Saint-Saens, with a solo violin by Boris Kreinin. 4—Elli-Elli, Hebrew melody. 5—Finale of the Fourth Symphony of Tchaikovsky. 6—Fantasia from the opera "Samson and Delilah," by Saint-Saens. 7—Waltz, "Estudiantina," by Waldteufel. 8—Selection from "Show Boat," by Kern, and "Ride of the Valkyries," by Wagner.

## Improved Conditions on the Esplanade

A cosmopolitan crowd of 2000 men, women and children, undaunted by the prospects of rain, attended the second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra on the Charles river esplanade last night. Although rain was threatening, conditions were better than on the opening night when an adverse wind served to keep the music away from the crowd.

A canvas addition to the huge wooden sounding board helped to send the music out toward the crowd and the strains could be heard for more than 100 yards. Even a violin solo was satisfactorily heard for that distance. Only the honking of motorists' horns on the roadway interrupted the stillness of the embarkment.

It was announced by Arthur Fielder, conductor, that the wings of the sounding board would be extended so that all of the instruments will be under it, thereby providing better acoustic conditions. This will be done as soon as possible and is expected to add to the enjoyment of the concerts by a large crowd.

The program for tonight's concert which starts at 8 o'clock, is as follows:  
March, "El Capitan".....Sousa  
Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini  
(Solo cello, Joseph Keller)  
Waltz, "Roses from the South".....Strauss  
Spring (for strings).....Grieg  
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg".....Wagner  
INTERMISSION  
Rhapsody, "Espana".....Chabrier  
To a Water Lily.....MacDowell  
Fantasia, "Rikolto".....Verdi  
Overture, Salome.....Tchaikovsky

## METROPOLITAN THEATRE

### "Fashions in Love"

A gathering which packed the Metropolitan Theatre yesterday afternoon paid tribute in both applause and laughter to an all-taking picture, "Fashions in Love," a screen comedy which has been adapted from Hermann Bahr's "The Concert." As shown on and heard from the screen it was the story of a piano celebrity whose playing won him the love of another man's wife, with outcome in the discovery that his own spouse had been similarly "captured" by the husband whom he had offended. At first a hostile collision seemed imminent, but it simmered down to talk of possible divorce proceedings, the crisis being finally averted when one of the women declared that she loved her husband, while the other blurted out that she would have nothing more to do with the man who did not belong to her.

Adolphe Menjou, representing Paul de Remy, won most of the applause meted out by his playing, singing and acting; his mingling of humor with gravity, of telling jokes with angry explosions, "caught the crowd." Miriam Segar, who played the part of Delphine Martin, gave a fascinating exhibit, clouded only by a threat of suicide, of what it is to be in love. Serious Fay Compton, representing Marie de Remy, contributed much to turning threatened tragedy into humorous comedy; and plain-spoken John Miljan it was who gave a decidedly common-sense turn to "fashions in love." For the other characters in the comedy, Miss Weller, Levisohn, Joe, Jane and the Valet, appeared John Standing, Robert Wayne, Russ Powell, Billie Bennett and Jacques Vanaire. Paramount presented the pictures, and the comedy was under the direction of Victor Schertzinger. The comedy is to be shown at the Metropolitan daily during the ensuing week.

## TEETH AND EARS

Rutsky was driving an ice cart when it hit Giannoccaro's automobile. A fight followed, and in the course of it Giannoccaro bit Rutsky's ear. This is the story told by The Herald. Is Mr. Giannoccaro a Sicilian by birth or by descent? In "Cavalleria Rusticana" an ear is bitten as an invitation to a duel. Giannoccaro, biting Rutsky's ear, extended no invitation; the two were already in action.

In the heroic years of the United States biting ears in hand-to-hand encounters went with gouging eyes. There is an allusion to this in "Moses, the Sassy; or the Disguised Duke," by Artemus Ward. Moses was foreman of Engine Co. No. 40, which had just been having the annual reunion with No. 50 when he entered the parlor of "a bloated aristocratic mansion on Bacon street in the classic presinks of Bostin"; entered with his arms full of trophies: "4 scalps, 5 eyes, 3 fingers, 7 ears (which he chewed off) and several half and quarter sections of noses." "I thank the gods," said the fair Eliza. "Thou didst excellent well."

Is there any connection between the biting of the ear and the common phrase "to get up on one's ear?" which "Slang and Its Analogues" defines "to bestir one's self"; not the only ludicrous misunderstanding of Americanisms in the volumes. And what is the precise meaning of "A man who walked on his ear out of a store"? (Puck's Library, May 1888.)

## DOGS

Prof. David Katz, a psychologist of Rostock, Germany, arriving in New York, hastened to say that the old belief in the high intelligence of the dog and in his friendship for man is all bosh. "He said he'd prefer a gorilla to a dog." As a pet? As a playmate for the children? As a guard and protector? The professor may be a deep thinker, versed in the works of Freud and Dr. Morton Prince, but the testimony of the civilized world is against him with regard to the dog. The stories of this animal's devotion to man are not all romantic; for centuries they have been based on facts.

The true stories are so numerous, so widespread in the world that they are known to all: the dog the protector, the life-saver, the avenger, the mourner after the master's death. The dog is a judge of character. Carlo does not wag his tail if he suspects meanness, slyness, treachery in the man that tries to pat his head and says, "Good dog; good old fellow."

The dog of Anatole France looked up to him as his god; and France was susceptible to this flattery. That the dog does not bear a good name in Holy Writ is easily explained, for the oriental animal is a wretched creature, neglected, despised, a pariah. As Charles Lamb said that there are books which are not books, so there are dogs that cannot be called dogs.

## NAMES IN BAPTISM

Mrs. Frank Makinson of New York wrote to her husband that she had named her new born babe Shirley Agatha. The birth certificate with the name of the child was registered at the Bureau of Records. Mr. Makinson wrote to his wife that he wished the child's name to be Edith. The health department would not allow the name to be changed in spite of the letters from the parents begging permission.

The wife wished Shirley Agatha because her sister was so named. The husband paid his wife a compliment, for Edith was her name. The child will not suffer even if she is called Shirley at home and Edith in legal documents. Suppose she had fared as badly as the baby christened not long ago Georgiana Augustine Edgewood Homopathic Taylor Boys Miller Goodwill Macklin?

Only a father rejoicing in the name of Tollemache would venture to name his son Lyulph Ydwallo Odin Nestor Egbert Lyonel Toedmag Hugh Erchenwyne Saxon Esa Cromwell Orma Nevill Dysart Plantagenet. Biblical names are no longer supposed to protect young hopeful from the world, the flesh, and the devil. Nor is the father that named his four sons Primus, Secundus, Tertius and Quartus to be commended. On the other hand, names once common are now unfortunately out of date, as Thomasin.

Boys have sometimes been unhappy at school because they bore a name that would induce an uncle or a grandfather to enrich them in his will. Azariah Johnson Perkins, reaching man's estate, disappointed in the contents of the will, then signs himself A. Johnson Perkins, or drops Azariah, as Mr. Arnold Bennett dropped Enoch, although the Scriptures tell us that Enoch was a righteous man.

## APPLES

A husband in court complained that his wife had thrown a quarter of an apple at him across the large mahogany dining table. Complained? Has he never read Virgil's third Eclogue? The one containing the lines "Malo me Galatea petit," etc.; "Galatea threw an apple at me, the frolicsome girl, and fled to the willows, wishing to be seen before she hid herself." The learned commentators say that as the apple was sacred to Venus, it consequently had much to do with love matters. To give an apple to one showed the affection of the giver; and so to partake of an apple with a person or to strike him with it was a mark of affection.

The apple is thus preferred because as some one quoted by Plutarch once said, the particular excellencies that are scattered amongst all other fruits are united in this alone. "As to the touch it is smooth and clean, so that it makes the hand that toucheth it odorous without defiling it; it is sweet to the taste, and to the smell and sight very pleasing; and therefore there is reason that it should be duly praised, as being that which congregates and allures all the senses together."

And so the schoolboy, unconscious of symbols, taking his luncheon with him for the recess in the old days, or for the noon hour when drifting snow forbade his returning home for dinner, gave his swathecart an apple, preferably a red one, sometimes from his basket or tin pail, sometimes as warm as his affection from a pocket. Or he divided it with her, gallantly keeping the core to himself. Fairer to her was this apple than the golden fruit of the Hesperides.

## "THE CURSE OF FAME"

An exhibition entitled "The Curse of Fame" was opened at Stuttgart some weeks ago. Its purpose was to persuade the public that the heads of famous men do not inevitably belong to ash-trays, canes, collar studs, cigar boxes, notepaper. Among the chief sufferers are Goethe, Wagner, Hindenburg, Count Zeppelin.

Did William Cullen Bryant or Longfellow resent the appearance of their heads on cigar boxes? Though they may have felt a glow of pride, they did not publicly indorse the cigars within the boxes. Did Robert Burns smoke? Byron in "The Island" extolled tobacco—"sublimely tobacco"—especially in the form of a cigar; but is there a brand named after him? And how about Henry Clay? At the height of his popularity his face appeared on the backs of clothes brushes. It is meet and proper that Sir Walter Raleigh should at last be commercially



connected with tobacco. Did he at first smoke a silver pipe, or one of a walnut shell and a straw? Old John Aubrey tells us that Sir Walter in a stand at Sir Ro. Poyntz Park at Acton, took a pipe of tobacco which made the ladies quirt it till he had done; yet not many years afterward women in London puffed pipes and were satirized for it by writers of comedies. Will Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Dawes be intimately advertised? Did not the former in a speech recommend a particular brand of tobacco?

Some of the fast-disappearing conservative class find it surprising that women of high social rank, members of our untitled aristocracy, lend their faces to advertisers of creams and washes, teeth preservers, hose, corsets, lingerie, etc., and write and sign eulogies of the various goods. "My face is my fortune, sir, she said." Do the poor dears really need the money? Mr. Kipling, sojourning in this country, purchasing a magazine, would read the advertisements and throw away the serious and lighter articles, no matter how important was the writer. His enjoyment would be doubled today. He might even be tempted to purchase some of the goods so recommended.

Yet at a convention of Women's Clubs held recently at Rochester, N. Y., a resolution protesting against advertisements "depicting women smoking or proffering lights" was unanimously adopted, and at Sioux Falls, S. D., the city commission forbids billboards showing women smoking cigarettes. There are kill-joys in both sexes.

Will voluptuous Turkish and Cuban ladies portrayed in the act of smoking, or proffering a brand, come under the ban? Who knows but that glorious unknown with pipe in mouth saying between puffs:

"Or seek no further,  
Better can't be found"

will be censured by the advocates of a rigidly paternal government? If there were today cigar shop wooden Indian maidens, Pocahontas and her sisters inviting the passer-by to step inside, members of the Women's Club would wield the axe with a fervor worthy a better cause.

#### 24 8 1929

#### THAT DOG EDITORIAL

To the Editor of The Herald:

In regard to your recent editorial: The gorilla may be a fine fellow in his own way. Visitors at the Amherst College Museum in the 60's used to look with wonder at the stuffed gorilla with a gun barrel in his paws, but he did not inspire affection. Emily Dickinson must have seen him before she became a recluse, but the sight did not inspire a poem, not even a couplet. Readers of Paul du Chailu at first looked on the gorilla as a fabulous monster; the Frenchman was denounced as a liar, but his reputation was saved by later travellers, as Burton, who confirmed many of Chailu's assertions by his own experience, related in "Gorilla Land," especially in the chapter entitled "Mr., Mrs. and Master Gorilla," yet Burton softened some of Chailu's statements. According to Burton, the gorillas most approaching man are usually the tamest and the most melancholy—"perhaps their spirits are permanently affected by their narrow escape." Nor is the old native legend true: the gorilla does not draw travellers up trees and quietly choke them.

One cannot easily imagine a hourl gorilla greeting hospitably a caller after the manner of the friendly dog, nor baying deep-mouthed welcome to a returning master. Nor, in spite of sedulous trainers, is the gorilla a cheerful table companion. In these respects, as in many others, Carlo, Rover, Towser and his brethren and sisters are greatly to be preferred.

HENRY ROBINSON.

Seltuate, July 3.

#### B. F. KEITH'S

Joe Frisco, he of the silent, active feet, slight stutter and plenty of clog, returns to Boston with his dances, his chuckle-evoking monologues and impersonations. Frisco is an aristocrat of vaudeville. His wit is subtle and rapid-fire, at times just a little too fast for a summer audience, which likes its humor of the bludgeon sort, the type of humor which needs little effort in its realization. Yet Boston, despite the heat, finds Frisco to its liking and shows its appreciation.

The rest of the program is virtually a revue, headed by Ruth Mix, daughter of the famous motion picture star. Ruth opens the show with her "high school" horse, Lindy, and then introduces the rest of the acts. Following her is a travesty on her trained-horse act by Dorothy Douglas, Johnny Wright & Co. Then comes a double quartet. The Rangers, who are pleasant to hear, having nice voices and an unusually good selection of numbers. But the honors of the revue go to two comedians, Jed Dooley, who is assisted

by Audree Evans and Ben Blue, who includes in his company Viola Evans and the personality boys.

Dooley is a versatile comedian, who does not hesitate to use his foil to perfect advantage. He plays a little tune on the xylophone, the straight saxophone, sings a little, dances a little and twirls the rope for the western atmosphere.

Blue, every bit as funny, and perhaps more ridiculous, is in a difficult position as he has to follow Dooley on the program, yet he manages to continue the roars of laughter. His personality boys serve the purpose with their appearances and contribute some acrobatic bits of dancing, while Miss Evans adds a little to the act.

Toby Tobias and his jazz band of Texans supply the instrumental music for the finale, in which all the others make their final appearances of the program. All in all, it is a very good entertainment for any sort of weather.

#### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

#### "Behind That Curtain"

A screen mystery drama, adapted from a story by Earl Derr Biggers, directed by Irving Cummings. A Fox movie-tone with the following cast:

John Beetham	Warner Baxter
Eve Manning	Lois Moran
Sir Frederic Bruce	Gilbert Emery
Sir George Manning	Claude King
Eric Durand	Philip Strange
Soudanese servant	Boris Karloff
Habib Hanna	Jamali Hassan
Scotland Yard Inspector	Peter Gawthorne
Alf Forde	John Rogers
Billary Galt	Montague Shaw
Galt's clerk	Finch Smiles
Charlie Chan	E. L. Park
Nunah	Mercedes De Valasco

A very fine picture indeed, admirable in conception and execution. "Behind That Curtain" is a picturization of a popular "mystery story," but, beyond the title and ascertain correspondence of plot and the identification of the leading characters with those in the novel. The original tale is so much of a mystery that not until the very last chapter is the mysterious "curtain" finally lifted. It defied the most adept solvers. In the screen version there is no doubt as "who did it" from the start and the main interest lies in the melodramatic features.

The story is that of a murder in London, with Sir John Beetham, noted explorer, under suspicion. Eric Durand, the real murderer—you might as well know it at once—has married Eve Manning, beloved by Beetham, by trickery, but soon shows what manner of beast he is. Eve leaves him, in India, when she accidentally discovers him to be a criminal, and takes refuge with Beetham's caravan. The situation seems pretty dubious but it is all cleared up satisfactorily by a legitimate stage device. Durand is shot making a getaway and the true lovers are reunited, in the good old way.

Miss Moran, as Eve, has a difficult and exacting part, and in it she scores an undeniable success. It is restrained and yet effective, not marred by "over acting" despite temptation and appealing in a high degree. Warner Baxter makes a gallant hero and Mr. Strange gives us a good concept of Durand.

In this version of "Behind That Curtain" the detective role falls to the Scotland Yard man, played with ease and dramatic effect by Mr. Emery. Charlie Chan, the Chinese inspector, who is the star of the original, sinks to a minor role in the picture. Such as he is, Mr. Park makes him sufficiently suave and oriental.

Technically the picture is one of striking power, the desert scenes (filmed in Death Valley, California), being exceedingly beautiful. The spoken dialogue synchronized perfectly with the action. It is seldom that the talking parts are so clear and so satisfactorily explain and assist the visual features.

J. E. P.

#### SCOLLAY SQUARE THEATRE

#### "Frozen River"

A Warner Bros. screen melodrama, directed by Harmon Wright. The cast:

Lobo	Rin-Tin-Tin
Billy	Davey Lee
Jerry	Raymond McKee
Jane	Nina Quartero
Harry	Joseph Swickard
Potter	Frank Campeau
Pierre	Lew Harvey

Another "Northern," with plenty of ice and snow and visible frosty breath in the atmosphere to make the play eminently suitable for the prevalent weather. Here we have a combination of two favorites—little Davey Lee, who captivated several million hearts as "Sonny Boy" and Rin-Tin-Tin himself. Both boy and dog act with their accustomed naturalness in "Frozen River" and make a very fine and novel "team" if the combination can be so described.

"Rinty" takes the part of a husky pup, reared by a wolf pack who has of his own accord come back to civilization. He is adopted by Jerry, the hero, of course—and, through his courage and intelligence thwarts the schemes of Potter and Pierre to steal a cache of hidden gold and, incidentally, the girl Jane.

# The Theatre

July 7

By PHILIP HALE

'928

Mr. Jascha Heifetz, arriving in Paris last month, told a reporter of the New York Herald that no artist can do his best unless the audience is receptive. "There are only a very few places like Philadelphia and Boston where I have found bad audiences. In these cities the audiences seem to be in a constant state of nervous terror that they may not be doing the right thing."

Are fiddlers, like republics, ungrateful? Has Mr. Heifetz so soon forgotten the enthusiastic applause that rewarded his performance of Brahms's concerto at a Symphony concert last season; of the applause that greeted him in Boston whenever he gave a recital? What more would the gentleman have had? And why did he wait until he was in Paris to lift up the voice of his complaint? He told the reporter that he found the strain of fiddling so great, he often lost two pounds during one recital; he also said: "Music which is not based on jazz or spirituals cannot be called American music."

Perhaps Mr. Heifetz was not quoted correctly. If he was reported accurately, even his warmest admirers should regret that he does not confine the expression of his opinions to the violin.

The London critics liked "Caprice" and praised the performance to the skies. They were disappointed in "Coquette." Mr. Agate said of Miss Fontanne, the heroine of "Caprice," that her great talent was established before she opened her lips. "Some day somebody must tell us what it is that proclaims the great player, that determines our verdict before we have heard the evidence. Can it be that cunning brilliance projects an aura before it? There is never question of mistake. Rejane had only to appear on the stage, and suddenly everything was different. It was as though the lights had gone up. Miss Fontanne has this quality. After she has played for some time we begin to note the accessories of her art, her gifts of mime and expression, her changes of intensity and varieties of emphases, her knack of persuading you that every word comes from her brain. Then you note certain physical attributes, her way of walking as though the boards were moorland turf." Mr. Lunt's "urbanity under stress must surely be one of the finest products of civilization." Mr. Montgomery's boy, the callow German youth, was played with "a sincerity which almost takes our breath away."

Mr. Agate described "Coquette" as artless, because it is put together without art. "The characters all give one the impression of being subsidiary, of tumbling over each other to get on the stage, and of having nothing in particular to do when they get on. The atmosphere is that of the small-town American comedy, and is perfectly remote from tragedy, with the result that when the tragic thing happens you no more believe in it than you would believe in a single raisin which had strayed into an otherwise innocent pudding." Mr. Agate sums up the gist of the tragedy in the lover's statement to the father: "Your daughter and I have lived together. We're as good as married. Aw, hell! Perhaps that'll shut your mouth." "The father does not believe this, but promptly shoots the young man, 'in case,' as Ethel Monticue said when she put the rouge in her bag. . . . We do not know what happened to the father, except that he was helped into yet another room and told that he would feel better there," after his daughter had shot herself.

Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner, giving a recital in London last month, was unnecessarily, but probably inevitably, compared with Miss Ruth Draper. (We are not among those who are wildly enthusiastic over Miss Draper's art.) The Daily Telegraph spoke of the indefinable gulf which separates genius from talent, yet it was gracious enough to say that Miss Skinner's is "no mere imitation gift, but real observation. Her study of one of those pathetic wrecks of humanity who haunt the tables at Monte Carlo is a fine piece of character-acting; and there is freshness, originality and humor in all her sketches."

"The Messrs. Shubert are arranging to sign agreements with the stars in their various shows, under the terms of which the artists will not be permitted to be seen in public places during the terms of their engagements."

About a century ago William Hazlitt wrote an essay in which he maintained that actors should not be familiarly known, or even seen, off the stage. In recent years interest in Maude Adams was more than doubled by the fact that little or nothing was known of her private life; that she did not allow herself to attend receptions, afternoon teas or dinners, and thus serve hostesses as bait to catch guests that otherwise would not have accepted invitations; that she had nothing to say to reporters even if they forced themselves on her. She, or perhaps it was her astute manager's command, wished to be known to the public only as one of the characters she portrayed. The Shuberts are wise in thus following the policy of Charles Frohman. It would also be wise on their part if they forbade their stars to make speeches in the acceptance of curtain calls, however insistent the audience might be. The people of the stage are mortals; they eat and drink and wear other clothes than their stage costumes, but not for the great public. For the sake of art the nose of Mr. Hampden should always be the nose of Cyrano; his coat, the inky cloak of Hamlet.

No matter how catholic the taste of a compiler of an anthology may be, a reader always wonders why this poem is included and that one is omitted, and so it is with the volume "Great Modern British Plays," edited by J. W. Marriott. There is naturally nothing by Bernard Shaw, for his plays are secured by copyright, but why is Barrie not represented? Is it because as Mr. Ivor Brown has said: "Sir James has made Fairyland safe for Suburbia, and the sticky sweets of Wendyism are a popular market, but he has hardly qualified for a volume of this sort." Mr. Milne is ignored; Mr. Pim does not pass by in this volume. Strange to say, there is no play by Wilde, Granville-Barker, Masefield, Binyon, Drinkwater, Houghton. No Irish dramatist from Synge to O'Casey is thought worthy.

"The great mass of picture production is governed by the basic belief that the average level of the millions who are to form an audience is intellectually negligible. And by acting upon this belief the industry has reaped profits beyond computation, and immeasurably beyond anything that has been known hitherto in the world of entertainment. So that in this respect the belief has justified itself. Nearly every picture is made with an eye to the fact that if it is made to the proper pattern it may gain the suffrage, not



of a select and fitting audience, but of those fifty or hundred or, for all I know, 500,000,000 people weekly. This circumstance has reacted upon what is, for want of a better term, called the legitimate theatre.

"The capitalists who control this theatre could not fail to be aware of the immense new field that was being so richly worked by the moving picture corporations. And their appetites have inevitably been whetted. During the past few years there has fallen upon the theatre world not a desire to improve or even to maintain the general level of its productions, but an almost frenzied desire to emulate the new industry in bringing the millions to the box office."—John Drinkwater.

Mr. St. John Ervine, writing about the production of "The Shanghai Gesture" in London, reminds his readers of certain scenes in Shakespeare's "Pericles" and "All's Well That Ends Well," and asks why what was permissible to Shakespeare in Matylene should be banned to Mr. Colton in Shanghai. But Mr. Ervine's taste was shocked by liberties allowed on the New York stage. "One is not a prude because one objects to hearing foul speech. I see no reason why I should be expected to listen with delight to the language of the sewer in the playhouse when I would not listen to it anywhere else. In various plays, produced on or about Broadway, words were freely used that were merely offensive and had no artistic merit. The theory on which their use was based was that the business of an author is to reproduce life on the stage, and that obscene speech is a common part of life. Those who propound this theory are infatuated with a false belief that the facts of life are interesting merely because they are facts of life. But surely that is a heresy. Life is full of facts that have no significance or value by themselves."

There is a terrific fight in a cabin in the wilderness in which the dog comes off a glorious victor. His best stunt is the pursuit of a run-away dog team, dragging the boy, which is headed for a precipice. Rinty jumps aboard the swaying sled and drags the infant passenger to safety, the traditional hair's breadth from the brink. Another is a scene where, when pursued by the settlers who believe he is a "killer" and want to shoot him, he is mounted on a blacksmith's forge, and, heedless of fire and smoke, climbs the chimney by way of the interior and escapes.

There is plenty of "atmosphere" in the film, rough prospectors, a bar, towering mountain peaks, the inevitable love story and plot and counterplot on the part of the brace of villains. But little "Billy," with his cherubic smile and his gallant steed, fashioned out of wood and named "Parkplug," and Rin-Tin-Tin, with his honest, lolling tongue and his almost human acting, are the highlights of a piece which has evidently been written around them. "Rinty's" bark, in the "speaking" part needs several stages of amplification to be really impressive.—J. E. P.

ONDAY, JUNE 24, 1929

## THE S

OLYMPIA-FENWAY THEATRES

### "The Squal"

A screen drama, adapted by Bradley King from the stage play of the same title by Jean Bart; directed by Alexander Korda and presented as a First National Vitaphone talking picture with the following cast:

Subt. Josef Lajos	Myrna Loy
Maria, his wife	Richard Tucker
Paul, the son	Alice Joyce
Anna	Carroll Nye
Peter	Loretta Young
Uncle Dan	Harry Corning
El Moro	Zasu Pitts
Nick	Nicholas Soussounis
George	Knute Erickson
Anna	George Backhouse
	Margie Harris

Old Uncle Dan, one of the few solid, sane characters in the play, tells us that God sends the night in order that we may later appreciate the luminous day, that back of all shadows is the sun, and that during squalls we should simply close the windows and remain calm, for squalls must pass. The household of Josef Lajos, prosperous Hungarian farmer, is celebrating the end of a successful harvesting season with a dinner when a symbolic squall, none too effectively developed, evokes these words of wisdom from Uncle Dan and sends Nubi, the conscienceless gypsy girl, in a clumsy stage fall through a hospitable door. She has run away from El Moro and his cruel whip. Given protection and shelter, Nubi proceeds to sow hate, jealousy and illicit passion, so that no male within that hitherto placid domicile is safe. Her methods are acquisitive; for her lecherous kisses she expects, demands gewgaws; from Peter, the servant, a ring intended for Lena, the maid-servant; from Paul, the only son, bracelets, a necklace of pearls. Such gifts beget estrangement, duplicity, even theft. Not even the head of the house is immune from the plague of Nubi's presence. As he scolds her he embraces and kisses her. Later he raises a chair against his son, not, as the patient, observant wife says, with paternal wrath but with maniacal jealousy which would not hesitate at filicide.

Mr. Korda, the director, is Hungarian, so he changed his locale from Granada to Hungary; changed the family name

from Mender to Lajos, with different given names. Manuella, betrothed to Juan, becomes Irma; Juan is now Paul. Mr. Korda's exteriors, the wheat fields and their workers, the farm yard and its livestock, sheep, geese, horses, even suckling pigs, are attractive. So are the costumes. The picture is very long, too long for the tragic key to which it is pitched. Detail, in action and dialogue, is effective only when cumulative, when piled for a terrific dramatic climax. "The Squal" has two anti-climaxes, and it ends abruptly. El Moro returns for Nubi, who it seems was not only a wife but a mother. With her departure the story ends. The readjustments of family faith and harmony must be imagined by the audience.

Miss Loy, a unique physical type of the screen, makes Nubi a tempestuous creature, alluring only because of the devilry in her eyes. Miss Joyce as the

patient Maria gives a fine characterization always. So does Mr. Cording as the stalwart Peter, especially when his enraged master orders him out after years of faithful service. In fact each of the principal players has at least one big scene. Moreover, all seem grateful for opportunities to do something out of the conventional order of studio patterns. For whatever may be said of "The Squal," it is unusual in theme, treatment and performance. For that we should give thanks. W. E. G.

### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

#### "Broadway Babies"

A screen musical comedy, adapted by Monte Katterjohn from a story by Jay Geiser, directed by Mervyn LeRoy and presented as a First National Vitaphone picture with the following cast:

Delight Foster	Alice White
Billy Buvanny	Charles Delaney
Percy Gessant	Fred Kohler
Scotty	Tom Dugan
Sarah Dugan	Bodil Rosing
Neville King	Sally Evers
Florence Chandler	Marion Byron
Blossom Royale	Josephine Lee
Gina Brand	Louis Nalband
Nick	Maurice Black

Alice White goes up a peg, in all truth several pegs, in this, her latest endeavor in the realm of the spoken word on the screen. For such advancement she is indebted to the authors and the directors of the picture. While toying with that back-stage, theatrical boarding-house romance stuff which has served as the main prop of at least half a dozen feature pictures this season alone, they have so garnished and improved on the idea that "Broadway Babies" seems destined to be one of this summer's real smashes, as they say in Hollywood and on Broadway. In the first place, the action and the dialogue are genuinely characteristic not only of those who live in the theatre but of those who engage on a large scale in such rackets as "wholesale importing" and framed card games. Atmosphere, variety, comedy, tense melodrama, and a bit of pathos, all have their innings. The photography is unusually sharp and informing and with a few exceptions the voices register with agreeable effect.

As Doc Foster, whom Billy Buvanny, her stage manager and lover, seeks to elevate from the chorus to stardom, Miss White is called on to sing several numbers and to dance. Her voice is not strong, her dance routine is so limited that it becomes tiresome; yet by a certain earnestness of speech and look she wins her audience. She becomes for the nonce something more than a little blonde poseur dependent on pouting lips and blinking eyes. Miss Eilers and Miss Byron, as her dearest pals and her severest critics also deserve applause. Mr. Dugan, again stuttering, has many funny lines, and does them justice. Mr. Delaney as the loyal but diffident lover was handicapped by bad vocal recording, as was Bodil Rosing as the old-time actress reduced to a slave's position. It remained for Mr. Kohler, one

of our most admirable tough men of the films, to give, as Percy Gessant, such a superb creation of a square racketeer and gambler that repeatedly he practically steals the picture. The scenes of the poker game in which Messrs. Nathanael, Black and others try to frame him, the clever trick by which he outsmarts them, the lashing talk he gives them, all these incidentals are well worth going to the Keith-Albee to see and hear. The one captious note we have to offer is that the picture should end with the midnight scene in the boarding house, into which they carry Gessant after the vengeful crooks have "got" him. He had planned to marry Delight but when things went wrong he gave her his bankroll and his blessing. His last words are a fitting climax. Instead, the additional shots, again of a theatre stage, again of Miss White in tights, are out of place. At the last moment the director's courage oozed out and he stuck to the conventional tag.

### MODERN-BEACON THEATRES

#### "The Valiant"

A screen drama, adapted by Tom Barry and John Booth Hunter from a play by the same title by Robert Middlesmas and Holworthy Hall; directed by William K. Howard and presented by William Fox as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

James Dyke	Paul Muni
Mary Douglas	Marguerite Churchill
Warden	DeWitt Jennings
Judge	Henry Foller
Mrs. Douglas	Edith Yorke
Robert Ward	John Mack Brown
Chaplain	Richard Carle
Police Lieutenant	Clifford Denning
Dr. Edmondson	George Pearce
Policeman	Don Ter

The most worthy things in the arts frequently receive the least recognition, at least contemporaneously. We are fearful that this will be true in the instance of "The Valiant." Here is a moving human document, submitted without prejudice, without a fanfare of trumpets. Expanded into one hour of screening from a one-act playlet, it tells without hysteria or distortion a narrative so gripping and so near to nature that it takes on the proportions of a truly great picture. Probably a very few will see it; it is a pity that this is so, for surely it is destined to a high place when the history of the silent and audible cinema is fully written.

A typical street scene in lower New York, a single pistol shot, a door in a tenement house slowly swinging inward, a man backing out as slowly, making his way to the street. He waits as a wrathful policeman toots the horn of an automobile parked too near a hydrant, discovering that the owner is a priest, apologizing and riding with him to the next corner. "That officer may not be so kind," he explains. "He isn't one of us." The strange man, with tragedy in his eyes, stops to pat a lad who has fallen while playing ball in the street, continues on till he enters a police station. He has killed a man, he says. He wants to give himself up. "What is your name?" He sees a name on an insurance calendar. "James Dyke," he answers. And James Dyke he remains through the ensuing scenes, filled with emotional stress, sad beyond words but without calmly beautiful, the story of a youth who would not disclose his identity because he knew that to do so would bring a hideous grief and shame to his mother and his sister, 1000 miles away in an Ohio home. We are shown that home, the mother, played touchingly, by Miss Yorke, wondering if Dyke could be the son who left home years ago. She must know, so Mary, the daughter goes. Her scene with Dyke is pathetic. Both are deeply stirred but Dyke remains Dyke.

He does admit he knew a Joe Douglas, who died a hero's death at Vimy Ridge, and he gives Mary \$2500 in Liberty bonds. He urges that the mother buy a little gold star. Mary has tested him by quoting couplets from Romeo and Juliet wherein the two lovers say good night. In childhood brother and sister had exchanged these lines nightly. He feigns ignorance, yet when she rushes out, completes the quotation, alone, with staring eyes. Then, the electric chair beckons, he answers, and is gone. And back in the Ohio home, a happy mother retires, the front door is closed. In its centre hangs the hero's star.

Of such finely restrained but wonderfully affecting performance as Mr. Muni gives, one could write columns. Mr. Muni is the same Muni Weisenfreund who is credited with astounding stage performances in New York. On the audible screen he is a welcome figure. His voice alone is a golden asset. A happy choice for Mary was Miss Churchill. She endowed this lovely girl with an intelligence, sympathetic understanding and sensitiveness altogether appealing. W. E. G.

### VAUDEVILLE

#### NEW B. F. KEITH THEATRE

Jules Elcedoe, late of "Show Boat," and of "Old Man River" fame, brings his magnificent voice into Keith's this week. Despite the influence of art early in his act, he gradually approaches the repertoire which vaudeville audiences

expect of him and does so excellently as he applauds. He opens "cold" and his first offering is a classic utterer unsuited for this type of entertainment. His second number is the Volga Boatman, and this, too, is only mildly received, but when he swings into a spiritual, he swings the audience with him and his closing number, "Old Man River," gives him a smashing finale.

Secondary prominence goes to Grace Hayes and Neville Flesoon, who offer an album of song photographs which are well selected. Miss Hayes shows great versatility in adapting her voice to her characters, which vary from opera singers to the throaty, hoarse and harsh blues purveyors.

The Waldorf-Astoria orchestra of string musicians proves that theatre-goers welcome a change from the present day jazz band when they are forced to give two encores. Harry Holmes, who closes the program, has one of the most ridiculous and novel "nut" acts trotted out in variety. "Hap" Farnell, who is assisted by Florence, is excellent as a "drunk" monologist, although the act is somewhat drawn out and loses its punch toward the end. Teck Murdoch has assembled a nice skit of songs and dances in which his colleagues are Iris Kennedy, Marion Meredith and Virginia Bell, while Scott Sanders offers two character sketches. The Four Ortons open the show with a fast bit of action. I. S.

## WIND HAMPER'S CONCERT AGAIN

The concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra last night on the esplanade was again hampered by the wind. Though blowing with less fury than on the night of the Fourth, it was far from ideal for the 6000 persons present. There will be no concert tonight, and with the resumption of the program tomorrow night the orchestra will be benefited by an added section to be attached to the mouth of the acoustic shell.

Commenting on the concerts last night, Arthur Fiedler, conductor, said: "Thus far the concerts have been a distinct success. There is to be another section placed on the front of the shell which will be ready for the concert Tuesday night. As it is now, all the stringed instruments are without the enclosure, and when the shell is extended to the end of the platform, I think the audibility will be much better."

One of the most desirable places from which to hear the concerts is a section about 25 to 50 yards distant from the shell. Unfortunately, precisely at that distance, a pathway runs diagonally through. A constant stream of foot traffic passes to and fro over the path obstructing the vision, and cutting off much of the music for those who sit beyond.

Metropolitan police stationed at the esplanade said that there was no reason why the pathway could not be filled with chairs.

Having been educated by the wrath of the wind on past occasions, the metropolitan district commission had provided a windbreak last night on the side of the shell nearest the river, the shape of a huge canvas.

The four numbers played following intermission last night were entirely the works of Tchaikovsky. It is to be noticed that a piece such as his Andante Cantabile from the String Quartet, opus 11, depending mainly on stringed instruments, were almost inaudible beyond 50 yards. Whereas, the staccato tempo of his Overture Miniature, from the Nutcracker Suite, lending itself to wind instruments, could be heard almost anywhere.

The orchestra is arranged, logically, so that the horns are deeper into the shell and are consequently given more carrying power; while the strings, first and second violins, seated on either side of the conductor on the extreme outer edge of the shell, are afforded no chance to strike the sound boards and carry into the audience. In theory, the addition to the shell will place the strings within the diameter of the sound apparatus and lend them strength.

Without any wind, or a favorable wind blowing from the rear of the shell, the concerts are little inferior to indoor performances. Lapses in the wind last night proved that the concerts can be splendid.

Each evening finds a larger crowd gathered to hear the programs. The man given the chair concession sold nearly 3000 seats last night. The police on duty continue to enjoy peacefully their work, inasmuch as an orderly, well-behaved audience patronizes the concerts.

The program tomorrow night:

- 1—March, "Pomp and Circumstance" Elgar
- 2—Overture, "Orpheus" Offenbach
- 3—Waltz, "Jovious Vienna" Kralak
- 4—Tish Rhapsody Heber
- 5—Fantasia, "Madame Butterfly" Puccini
- 6—Largo (With solo violin by Boris Kravtchenko)
- 7—Selection, "The Vagabond King" Paderewski
- 8—Songs, "My Noble Task" Tchaikovsky
- 9—Hungarian March, "Rakoczy" Liszt



July 9, 1929  
"POPS"—OLD AND NEW

Now that the "Pop" concerts are over, a few remarks about the nature of the programs may be pertinent, for it has been said that they were as a rule too "classical," a word that in the minds of many is synonymous with "highbrow" with all that word implies. The older patrons go back to the concerts in Music hall when dance music, potpourris, light overtures were most in favor, for they were a pleasing accompaniment to joyous conversation and the clinking of glasses. Music for the "Pops" was then selected with a view to entertain, to amuse, to promote hilarity and general good feeling.

Now there are some who believe that the audiences at the "Pops" are prepared to hear and enjoy symphonic music, or music that would not be out of place at a symphony concert; that the lighter forms should be put on a program only as a sop to the benighted beings who can say only "I know what I like," and, sitting in outer darkness, like only what is obviously tuneful, with strongly marked rhythms, music of furious speed, alternating with sentimental tunes from musical comedies.

A conductor who is also a composer of serious and important works may not readily unbend. Perhaps he is not so catholic in taste that he can find merit even in jazz; he may think that he has a mission—a high and holy mission—the education of the public; that the audience must learn to like what he himself finds good. If he is more or less self-centred he may wish to show the public that though he is a conductor of the Pops, he is as competent as any other man to interpret the great compositions, old and recent; not merely to beat time but to show himself a "creative interpreter." And so there is little attention paid to Offenbach, Sullivan, Suppe, Johann and Joseph Strauss, Lecocq, Planquette, Waldteufel and other composers who gladdened the hearts and quickened the pulses in the old Music hall. Supporters of the Symphony concerts do not expect or wish programs of purely symphonic nature at the Pops. The conditions—sociability, smoking, serving of refreshments—are not favorable. Nor do they think the performance of the highbrow music would reward them for the absence of the light works, neglected in the symphonic season. It would be easier than some think to restore and maintain public interest in the Pops. Mr. Fiedler's experiment on the Esplanade may turn out to be useful and profitable in the consideration of this problem.

LOEW'S STATE THEATRE  
"A Man's Man"

A screen comedy adapted from the play by Patrick Kearney. Director, James Cruze. The cast: William Haines, Josephine Dunn, Sam Hardy, Mae Busch.

This is a comedy, with the scenes laid in Hollywood, but, as the press sheet truthfully announces, guiltless of a "backstage" studio scene without which no Hollywood play could seem to be complete. However, believe it or not, such is the case.

Here we have William Haines attempting a serious role, but still "kidding" most of the time, playing opposite Josephine Dunn, whose chief stock in trade is a pretty face and an attractive figure, which are made the most of by Mr. Cruze in a tremendous number of close-ups and poses. There are only four characters in the cast and the story is simple as the first three letters of the alphabet.

Mel, a prankish soda jerker, with a correspondence school complex and a desire to develop "personally," meets and marries Peggy, who is ambitious to be a film star. For a time it is "love in a cottage" and much mutual bliss. Presently, into this Eden steals the serpent, in the guise of one Charlie, who sells simple-minded Mel a bunch of phoney oil stock and practises another line of blandishments on innocent Peggy by promising to make her another Greta Garbo.

Violet, a hard-boiled "extra" girl, being wise in ways of Hollywood, opens Peggy's eyes to the gentleman's true nature and real intentions and, simultaneously, Mel awakens to the fact that he is a "boob" of the first water who has suffered himself to be bunced out of his slender savings.

That is the signal for the real climax and central event of the whole show, for Mel goes out and poms the everlasting daylight out of the smooth spoken villain. The fight, with bare fists, takes place in a pool room, with

Peggy on hand to encourage her husband. Feet, fists, chairs and pool cues are among the weapons used and the battle rages all over the place, under and over pool tables and over several square acres of floor space. It is a gorgeous bit of give-and-take and when virtue triumphs and wrong falls a battered wreck on one of the tables, the audience shows how its sympathies lie by a spontaneous and vigorous burst of applause in which the floor and galleries join democratically.

Yes, it's a great fight. Without it "A Man's Man" could well have been cut to one of the most abbreviated of "shorts."

J. E. P.

OLYMPIA-FENWAY THEATRES

The Warner Bros. spectacular "Noah's Ark" has returned to Boston for a season and is shown at the Olympia-Fenway theatres. This combination of the world war and the deluge, with its armies of people, its vast stage, its terrific effects of battle and flood, of roaring guns, bursting shells, the crash of falling buildings and the wild shriek of tempest, give the spectator about all the thrills he is legitimately entitled to. Dolores Costello, George O'Brien, Noah Beery and Louise Fazenda repeat their former successes.

GOLD AT PARAGON PARK

Thousands of "Treasure Hunters" were on the job bright and early Sunday to find some of the gold hidden at Paragon Park by the Nantasket Beach Steamboat Company. Because of the wide interest in this "Treasure Hunt" the company will again hide \$500—in \$2.50 and \$5 gold pieces in manila envelopes—throughout the park next Sunday. These envelopes are hidden in conspicuous places at and near the entrances of the various amusements. Free admission tickets to Paragon Park are given away with every boat ride to the beach Sunday.

LOEW'S ORPHEUM

"Spite Marriage"

A comedy by Lew Linton, directed by Edward Sedgwick and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with the following cast: Buster Keaton, Dorothy Sebastian, Edward Earle, Leola Hyams, Ethel Remorse, William Bechtel, Sesshuu, John Byron.

Buster Keaton's capacity to amuse lies in the imperturbability of his expression and the ineptness with which he meets every situation. He is not the tramp or hoodlum like Charlie Chaplin but the ordinary young man who, when he tries to light his best girl's cigarette burns her eyebrow and, in general, makes her wish she was out with any other young man or even at home alone. In "Spite Marriage" Buster is merely passive and things "just happen" to him. He is put on the stage and the scenery crumbles about him; he is married out of spite and his wife leaves him; he falls into the water too often to be funny, gets on a rum-runner, is left in command of a steam yacht and ends by inadvertently rescuing his wife from the hands of a villain. The best pictures show his struggles in the air while attempting to yamish the top of a mast at sea and when he gazes at himself long and earnestly in the glass while putting on his make-up.

This film is neither the farce nor straight comedy which the advance notices heralded it to be, but a weak mixture of both. The other characters are entirely negligible, the comic incidents happen only semi-occasionally and the padding is very tiresome. There is quite an appallingly vulgar scene in which Keaton takes as usual his dense and conscientious role.

Does any one know what his voice is like? J. D.

LADY DIVER AT NORUMBEGA

May Collier, champion lady diver, won hearty applause at Norumbega Park, where she is the special free outdoor attraction this week. She presented a series of back dives, front dives, somersaults, and even double somersaults before she climaxed her act by diving 85 feet into a tank containing four feet of water.

The stunt caused a sensation. Miss Collier's bravado and natural showmanship, coupled with her smooth skill in executing the most difficult dives, won the crowd. "While the City Sleeps," a drama, was the feature of the open-air theatre. On Thursday, "The Office Scandal" will be presented to continue until Sunday night.

ESPLANADE CONCERT

March "Pomp and Circumstance".....Elo Overture, "Orpheus".....Offenbach Waltz "Joyous Vienna".....Komz Irish Rhapsody.....Herbe Fantasia "Madama Butterfly".....Puccini Largo (Solo violin, Doris Kreinin).....Hand Selection "The Vagabond King".....Fri Songs My Mother Taught Me.....Dor Hungarian March "Rakoczy".....Berli

COMING SHOWS

The Cape Playhouse, Inc., opens its season at Dennis tonight with Frederick Lonsdale's "On Approval," with Helen Freeman and Leonard Mudie. Next week they will present Janet Beecher in Arnold Bennett's "The Great Adventure."

COHASSET CARILLON RECITAL

Kamiel Lefevre will give a recital on the carillon at St. Stephen's Church, Cohasset, this evening from 8:30 to 9:30 o'clock.

The program will be as follows:

Serenade, from Milenka.....Jan Blockx Chaconne.....Durand Simple Aveu.....Fr. Thome Third Sonata.....Mendelssohn Allegro Adagio, Rondo Allegro.....Flesel Ave Maria.....J. Denyn A Virgin Unspotted.....Traditional Christmas Song Slape zacht (Sleep tenderly).....Hullhebreck Song without words.....Mendelssohn Ballade.....K. Ballade Ave Maria.....J. Denyn Preludium.....

METROPOLITAN THEATRE

"Dangerous Curves"

A screen drama written for Miss Bow by Lester Cohen and directed by Lothan Mendes. An all-talking Paramount production with the following cast: Clara Bow, Pat Delaney, Richard Arlen, Larry Lee, Ray Francis, Tony Barretti, David Newell, Col. P. P. Brock, Anders Randolph, Ma Spinnelli, May Boler, Pa Spinnelli, T. Roy Barnes, Jennie Silver, Joyce Compton, Spider.....Charles D. Brown

In "Dangerous Curves" we see Clara Bow abandoning the hilarious flapper assignment of "wild party" for a role in which, most of the time she doesn't have a chance to turn up the corners of her mouth or to indulge in any of her characteristic high jinks. A solemn and serious Clara, which is rather a difficult matter to realize.

The celebrated demonstrator of "It" on the screen is, in this production, a nervy, loyal, plucky little troupier with a circus, who does some bareback riding and aspires to be a tight-wire walker. She is completely enveloped in "circus" and the canvas top, the horses, the acrobats, the clowns and the bandmen, not to mention spectators galore and lemonade and peanuts in quantity, contribute a realistic atmosphere.

It's a simple enough story. "Pat"—that's Clara—is in love with Larry, the star tight wire performer of the show. Larry ignores her and is attracted by the statuesque charms of his aerial partner, Zara. This lady, in her turn, is infatuated with Tony, who is the third person in the act. Larry discovers this fact while performing in mid air and straightway proceeds to do a rose-dive that smashes his ribs. He takes to drink, on recovery, and quits the show but it is the loyal Pat who brings him back and when he incapacitates himself with whisky impersonates him and goes through with his "death-defying feats" to the imminent peril of her own life. Then his eyes are opened and all is bliss for the final fadeout.

Either the versatile Clara has actually learned something about tight rope walking or there is some very skillful doubling for the illusion is remarkable. She puts plenty of pep and punch into her work and on the few occasions where her effervescent spirits are allowed to be uncorked she is the lively Clara Bow we all know. The others are, as usual, kept rigorously subordinate to the star, although Larry's fall from the high wire is a spectacular bit of photography.

The speaking part of the performance is fair but not essential to the tale. A few well-chosen "came the dawn" titles would have served quite as well, or even better. Miss Bow's voice registers "average" but it will be a great day when the chromatic pictures arrive and we can see her hair in its natural tints. J. E. P.

B. F. KEITH'S

For continuous action and sustained interest, two acts at B. F. Keith's this week take their places at the head of vaudeville's best, these two being Lew Pollack and Henry Dunn in one and Douglas Leavitt and Ruth Lockwood in the other. Neither is merely a two-person affair and this is the factor which contributes to the fact that their lengthiness fails to bring with it weariness or boredom.

Pollack and Dunn are assisted by two young ladies, Helen Weaver and Doris Walker, who can sing and dance. Pollack is the well-known song writer, while Dunn, a Bostonian, has a clear, strong tenor voice admirably adapted for this type of work. Whether it be a ballad or a slightly ribald jazz song, Dunn puts them over equally well, with the young ladies interpolating their

bits to add color and variety. The Leavitt-Lockwood duo is a bit of a dancing team, the Hays-Gloria dancing girls, Helen Burns and Teddy Eddy and his band. All are accomplished, the musicians showing that they can contribute to vocal as well as instrumental entertainment. Leavitt and Miss Lockwood, however, are the mainstays of the act, featuring in various hilarious skits, the funniest of which is that of two slightly deaf people making an acquaintance at a movie show.

Other honors of this program go to Glenn Hunter, exponent of the adolescent young man of 17 years of age, who will be remembered especially for his work in Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen." Hunter appears in a sketch of similar nature, entitled "His First Dress Suit" and while the plot is obviously overdone, Hunter is excellent. Mabel Turner, as the mother, is pleasing.

Miss Bobby Folsom has a delightful repertoire of song, including of course, the customary heart-rending ballad which always is sure-fire in vaudeville, while Harry Royce and Billee Maye, excellent dancers, assisted by Ray Clements, fail to add to their act by essaying vocal selections. Miss Maye has a rather nice little voice, but her partners sing neither loud nor well. Ashley Paige is quite clever at the xylophone, while Schepcs Comedy Circus makes a hit with the youngsters. The news reel and animated cartoon complete the program. I. A. S.

MODERN AND BEACON THEATRES  
"The Flying Marine"

A Columbia screen drama by Albert Page and directed by Harry Cohn, with the following cast: Mitch Moran, Jason Robards, Steve Moran, Ben Lyon, Molly, Shirley Mason.

Just another moving picture—ordinary, average, profoundly usual. Estimated on a critical scale of excellence, ranging from one up to 100, the results would figure out something like this: Idea, 45; plot, 45; acting, 80; technical execution, 85; dialogue, 25; artistic interest, 20. If you care to add these and divide by six you will get exactly 50, which represents "The Flying Marine" very fairly. Not bad, by any means, and still, most decidedly, not very good. It is a typical specimen of the deadly commonplace which becomes inevitable when the Hollywood machine persists in grinding out millions of feet of celluloid film and hundreds of thousands of words of dialogue like grist from a hopper every day.

But to the story. You will have no difficulty in visualizing it from the barest outline. We are, in the beginning, introduced to "Mitch" Moran, proprietor of an aerial taxi-stand, and in love with pretty Molly, his childhood companion. While he is making up his slow mind to tell her about it, his idolized younger brother "Steve," stunt flier in the marines' aviation corps, is discharged and comes joyously home.

He is welcomed into the firm and into the family circle and, being a "go-getter," proceeds to "rush" the dazzled Molly off her feet and becomes engaged to her before the dazed Mitch realizes what is going on. Large hearted "big brother," steps out of the way, even to the extent of giving up his mother's engagement ring, which he had hoped to use himself.

Steve proves to be made of poor stuff. He "borrows" the ring back from Molly and pawns it for money with which to bet on a horse race and, of course, loses. This performance opens Molly's eyes to the fact that good, honest old Mitch is the man she really wants and, when he remains impervious to the most well-meant hints, she tells him so, outright.

In this situation, the play not being written as a psychological tragedy, there is nothing for Steve to do but to pass out of the picture which he does while "stunting" for a motion picture outfit. He, as Cotton Mather would put it, "makes an edifying end" on a neat, white hospital bed and the required

"happy ending" is right around-the-corner.

Mr. Robards makes a conscientious study of the self-effacing elder brother and Mr. Lyon is the conventional good looking scallawag in Steve. Miss Mason in looks and work is entirely "adequate." Yes, the acting is a good 80 per cent. on our scale. Technically the performance is well up. Airplane adventures always titillate the interest, and the final rocket-like crash of the victim, blinded by the searchlights, makes a dizzy climax.

One word only applies to the spoken dialogue—mediocrity. Come to think of it, if it should come to pass that all motion pictures were to rate at 100 (in our imaginary scale) would not a new standard of mediocrity be thereby established? It is all very puzzling.

J. E. P.



# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

The death of Georges Courteline, characterized by leading critics of Paris as the greatest writer of French comedies since Moliere, called forth anecdotes as well as eulogies. Many of his "bons mots" were published, although Pascal said, "Sayer of good things, bad character," and it is true that at home or traveling he was argumentative, delighting in disputes, contradicting right and left. Yet he was loved by all that knew him. A warm friend of Antoine, the actor and manager, he said: "Ah, you've never heard him say at a rehearsal 'Nom de Dieu.' No one says 'Nom de Dieu' as he says it." He dreaded old age and death and never allowed his grand-children to call him "Grandpa." His handwriting was like that of Anatole France's, rather mannered but elegant. "Yes, my handwriting is like a cocotte's." Three years ago he sold his "Museum of Horrors"—wretched paintings which he had picked up at auctions.

One day he said to Charles Levade, the operatic composer, as they were seated in a cafe: "You're a musician?" "Yes, prix de Rome." "Well, what do you think of the violoncello?" "The violoncello? Why, it's the instrument that is nearest the human voice." "Let me tell you, sir, it's a calf that has lost its mother. There's a scoundrel who plays the violoncello all day in the apartment above me—a calf, sir, one that has lost its mother, that's your violoncello." Modest about his own brilliant comedies, he idolized Dumas the elder, and Victor Hugo. Men were to him stupid rather than wicked. He would not say with Bolinbrook, "Mankind is a damned rascal."

Courteline's last years were full of suffering which he bore bravely. He underwent three operations, finally losing a leg. Was it a case of diabetic gangrene? It was when he had stopped writing that he was made Commander of the Legion of Honor and became a member of the Goncourt Academy.

The daughter of Henry Arthur Jones is writing her father's biography, the "Life and Letters." She is doing this at his request. Among his correspondents were Hardy, Shaw, Pinero, Barrie, Conrad, Stevenson, Wells, Gosse, Kipling, Anatole France, Matthew Arnold, Max Beerbohm, and many others. There are nearly forty letters written by Shaw which she has saved,—she told a reporter of the Observer. The two were unsparing critics of each other's work. Having read "The Princess's Nose," Shaw wrote: "You will lose your public if you do not reform at once; fast, pray, forswear meat and alcohol; turn your back forever on Monte Carlo or you are lost."

Jones once said to his daughter: "I do not want my life to be a mere slop of eulogy," so she does not hesitate to publish this letter from Shaw. The play that provoked it is not named by the reporter: "You will have to live in Kentish Town and in Hell hereafter if you do not make your peace with outraged British morality. If you do it again you are lost forever. I am now a respectable married man, and as such I positively decline to tolerate any more of these stalking horses for smart harlots. You cannot really be morally dead. You talk all right and you look all right. You shall have one more chance; but if you miss that, I disown you forever. Yours on the highest moral ground,—G. Bernard Shooked."

On the other hand Jones having seen "Fanny's First Play" wrote to his daughter that he enjoyed himself hugely. "What a brilliant chaos it is! Shaw's world would march all right if there were no children in the world, only men and women."

Shaw's own comment on his controversy with Jones is found in a letter to the daughter on the death of her father: "After the war, which does not count, as every one was mad then, it was a queer sort of play which perhaps only a fellow playwright would have understood. . . . So away with melancholy and buy a perfectly gorgeous spring dress. I am sure he would have liked that. Long faces should not be pulled on the death of a hero."

There is an interesting letter from Thomas Hardy about his own dramatization of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." The letter contains this significant paragraph: "I sometimes wonder that new plays from your hand do not appear oftener now that the terrible Victorian restrictions are removed, and events can be allowed to develop on the stage as they would in real life."

Arranging his books on shelves, Jones spoke of exigencies of space and size. He put Thomas a Kempis as a spiritual guide to Voltaire, "but I thought Thomas might perhaps get worsted, so I put him to bed with Rabelais, as being more in accordance with external fitness of things. . . . Shaw was sure to make a disturbance wherever I put him, so I shoved him next to T. W. Robertson."

Jones liked best of all his plays "Michael and his Lost Angel," which was produced in 1896. Yet this play, praised warmly by Shaw, was withdrawn after 11 performances. Shaw wrote: "The melancholy truth of the matter is that the English stage got a good play and was completely and ignominiously beaten by it." Jones believed that Mrs. Patrick Campbell persuaded the manager of the Lyceum to withdraw it. When the play was in rehearsal with her and Forbes-Robertson in the leading parts, the author and the actress quarrelled; she threw up her part and was replaced by Marion Terry. Jones had in mind Irving and Ellen Terry. When asked why Sir Henry did not produce the play, he replied: "Irving did not want to have a dramatist around his theatre."

When Handel's oratorio "Saul" was performed on June 16, at Wellesley College, it was stated that the performance, as far as it could be ascertained, was the first in this country. A correspondent writes: "Records are available which show that 'Saul' was performed with orchestra in Boston on March 13, 1853, on the occasion of the opening of Williams hall, corner of Washington and Dover streets. A. M. Hayter was the conductor; G. F. Hayter, the organist. There was a performance at Portland, Me., by the Haydn Association, Hermann Kretzschmar, conductor, on March 17, 1890."

The Musical Art quartet (Sacha Jacobsen, first violin; Paul Bernard, second violin; Louis Kaufman, viola; Marie Roemaet-Rosanoff, violoncello) will give concerts in Jordan hall on Wednesday evening, Nov. 20, Jan. 15, March 12.

Harold Brighouse wrote to the Manchester Guardian a few weeks ago from Hollywood:

"I see the fantastic ugliness of petrol supply stations. I see statuary groups used at street corners for advertising, illuminated at night by a

floodlight in the ground. I see pyjamas in daylight on Hollywood boulevard, and in film costume an Indian princess, warranted genuine, breakfasts at the next table. I see from my window white buildings, domes, palm trees, and a line of low hills which compose a picture exactly like a colored plate of Jerusalem in a Bible of my childhood. I am made an offer, fabulous to me, to stay here and to write dialogue for the talkies, and I look, more urgently than ever, for the way out of Hollywood.

"It will, in a few hours, be the road to Santa Barbara and San Francisco, or the way to Canada. There is sanity in the north."

"When His Holiness the Pope heard a Hungarian play on the tarogato he was so delighted that he took the instrument in his hands and blessed it." This incident aroused in the mind of a vindictive person "a fervent longing that some one will next call at the Vatican with a saxophone, when the Pope may be induced to invoke bell, book and candle and rid at least a portion of the Christian world of one of its modern plagues." Now the taragato is a kind of saxophone; it is an old Hungarian folk instrument, which W. J. Schunda, in 1900, turned into a saxophone with a darker sound and a wooden tube. Karl Garaguly, as a virtuoso, plays it. In Paris and Brussels, this instrument of conical bore and clarinet reed has been substituted for the English horn in "Tristan and Isolde."

But the saxophone is an emotional instrument if it is not abused. How it voices pathetically the character of the Innocent in Bizet's music for Daudet's "L'Arlesienne!"

According to foreign newspapers, Paul Robeson has greatly pleased the Viennese by singing spirituals.

During the year 1928 there were 1886 performances of plays by Shakespeare in German on 149 stages in Germany, Switzerland, Austria and German speaking districts of other countries. "Twelfth Night" was the most popular comedy (273 performances). Among the tragedies "Romeo and Juliet" came first (116 performances) followed by "Hamlet" with 90. There were 235 performances in Berlin alone.

Coleridge Taylor's "Hiawatha" was performed as a play with music at London last month and on an imposing scale. There was a chorus of 800; corps de ballet of 200. The 66,000 square feet of backcloth depicted a snow-capped mountain range. Mr. Fairbairn, the producer, believes that the inherent drama of the most conventional opera can be, "must be" vitalized by doing away with the proscenium arch.

"There are thousands of people in London eager to see plays who are barred from doing so because of the prohibitive prices of the theatres. Consequently many are driven to the pictures."

"The Man who Changed His Name," Edgar Wallace's play brought out in Boston by Mr. Clive, has filled the Kemoedie Theatre, Berlin, for weeks.

## PLANES AND WHALES

The poor whale's chances for escaping the greedy pursuers bent on gain grow less and less. Perhaps he might now and then dodge harpoons shot from guns, but what can he do against the aeroplane? Capt. Finn Luetzon Holm purposes to cruise in the air above the east Antarctic. When he sights a school he will descend to a whaler. "Small chasers equipped with harpoon cannon will do the rest" is the callous announcement.

A true sportsman would hurl his harpoon from the air above, but harpooners possessing Queequeg's skill are not now to be picked up in every port. One likes to think of Capt. Ahab chasing Moby Dick, shouting to Queequeg or his own mysterious man, "Now give it to him."

Ahab is dead, but Moby Dick undoubtedly is alive. Nor should one be surprised at hearing that he can be seen raising his huge white dome and spouting defiantly in the Antarctic, for Moby Dick was seen in all the oceans before he sank the Pequod. Immortal, he has not changed his habits, nor, glorying in his widespread fame, would he be content to be the bully of one sea, and that the only one.

## "YARD" FOR "GARDEN"

A correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle writes: "In some parts of America they still call their gardens 'yards,' which is another form of the same word, and was once used here."

"Yard" signifies an enclosure. The particular character of the enclosure is usually made known by the context. That "yard" was once synonymous with "garden" in England is shown by the line in the nursery rhyme "Sing a Song of Sixpence," which is so old that it is quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Bonduca."

The maid was in the garden  
Hanging out the clothes.

But was a yard, back or front, ever called a "garden," flower or vegetable, in New England? Sir Walter Scott in "The Heart of Midlothian" wrote: "Any of her apple-trees or cabbages which she had left rooted in the yard," etc., but Scott put "yard" in quotation marks. Mary E. Wilkins in "Far Away Melody" placed some old apple trees in "the yard" back of a cottage. (Were "orchard" and "garden" ever synonymous terms in New England?)

In English and Scottish dialect there are curious uses of "yard," as in a Norfolk version of "The Song of Solomon": "Let my beloved come into's yard and ate his pleasant fruits"; as in Ferguson's

## KEITH-ALBEE

### "Divorce Made Easy"

All all-talking picture by Wilson  
son produced by Al Christie and rele  
Paramount The cast:  
Billy Haskell Douglas M  
Mabel Deering Marie  
Percy Deering John  
Eddie Stanley Frank  
Aunt Emma Fred  
Uncle Todd Jack  
Jerry Biddy  
Parkins Hal

This picture might get by if silent and one could look at it with eye open, hearing soothing music enjoying the comforts of a refrig theatre. The talk kills it. On the illusion of listening to a ventriloquist and any one who hears listening to members of the fession at parties in their child knows how exhausting that can be ing every word spoken slows the considerably and in a farce a de a comeback is equivalent to zero. quite easy to imagine that these chanical difficulties will be remote time but meanwhile we cannot them or the producers might re their efforts to rival the legitimate

Here is the story: Percy D. newly-wed, hears from his rich that she is displeased by his ma In order to propitiate his aunt h her that he is planning to divor wife as he suspects her fondness best friend. To make this seem plausible he arranges that h should be in his friends arms an he and his aunt will interrupt. Each time this attempt fails th as the friend is holding another w This might be funny, as indee thing can be, but the cast has no ceeded in making it so, and the di is uniformly dull.

## Director Fiedler Quits Baton to Hear Players

The audience of last night, more 6000 persons, which attended the planade concert by members of Boston Symphony Orchestra, was far the most appreciative which yet assembled for the outdoor fest Consequently Conductor Arthur F was bowing a good part of the ever recognizing the insistent applause, loving an excellent playing of Kreis "Liebesleid" and "Liebesfreud," pietous, delicate, with emphasis on str as might be expected from the violinist, Fiedler encoored with Tales of Hoffman.

An unexpected gesture of appreciation was made by a little girl presented the popular leader with bouquet after the second num



hen father Adie first put spade in bonny yeard o' antient Eden." we find no reference to a church-gar- though many churchyards are rich! in the hope of the resurrection, when teous shall bloom.

adler left the platform during an en- e—Souza's "The Fairest of the Fair," order that he might hear his own hestra. At intermission he said that was highly pleased with the sound it issued from the acoustic shell. was the first time that he had heard orchestra during the esplanade con- ts.

Boris Krelnin, Fiedler's first violin, ducted the orchestra during the der's offstage visit, and received a und of applause for his effort. The dre program was played well, one of best that has been heard, with unod's "Faust," the Bacchanale from annhauser," Strauss's "Vienna od," Planquette's "Chimes of Nor- ndy," closing with the Second Hun- lan Rhapsody of Liszt's.

or tonight the following operatic gram has been arranged:

ude to "Carmen" Bizet

ture "Barber of Seville" Rossini

Scene from "Parafal" Wagner

aria "I Pagine" Leoncavallo

Intermission

of the Hours "La Gioconda" Ponchielli

t from "Ricoletto" Verdi

t from "Der Rosenkavalier" Strauss

"Tannhauser" Wagner

## LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

his Is Heaven

A United Artists picture, the scenario den by How Loring and directed by el Santell. The cast:

Petrie Vilma Banky

es Stankoffe James Hall

ie Chase Fritz Riedway

ace Frank Lucien Littlefield

Richard Tucker

This reviewer finds no difficulty in

ecing with the oft-repeated assertion

at Vilma Banky is "the loveliest wo-

n on the screen." And in "This is

aven," the Hungarian star's blonde

d individual beauty is capitalized to

utmost. A long succession of full

nts and profiles, of full-length poses

d "close ups"—which latter have no

ror whatever for her—marks the

gress of the play and no one in

audience would willingly spare a

gle one of them.

What is more, Miss Banky—one of

a few foreign visitors to "make good"

filmdom—proves herself again to be

actress of no mean ability. She

far from being a beautiful-lay figure

h the cameramen and the support-

company working their heads off

put the piece across.

Miss Banky, moreover, capitalizes her

lial origin and makes her bow in the

ture as an emigrant peasant girl,

t landing at Ellis island. However

sheds her petticoats which form a

underbasis of her national costume

d blossoms forth as sophisticated a

w York damsel as you could imagine,

n before the first reel is run off.

She gets a job in a restaurant where

e develops a skill in tossing flap-

ets that is positively uncanny. She

d a young millionaire—the latter

squandering as a chauffeur because of

natural mistake which the girl has

ide—speedily fall in love. The ro-

ntice is in danger of shipwreck when

a's fatuous old uncle steals their sav-

es it all, and when Eva borrows the

oney—needed to pay for a taxicab

ch she and her lover are buying on

e instalment plan—from her cousin

tle's wealthy man "friend." This

ids to a misunderstanding, but an

counter in the street clears up the

ublic in jlg time—so suddenly, in fact

at it leaves you rather breathless—

d all is well again. As a matter of

et the abrupt and jerky ending is

ry amateurish. The early part of

e play is by far the better.

Many of the scenes are remarkably

aphic, those shown in the immigrant

tion, the restaurant and the New

ork subway, for example, being

arked by an originality and realism

uch above the ordinary "shots" of

e kind.

Miss Banky's performance of the

le of Eva shows the result of skillful

patient direction. Mr. Santell has

overlooked a single bet. Her facial

pression is especially well managed.

he support is strong and competent.

r Hall succeeds in being a real man

d not a tailor's dummy. Miss Ridg-

ey plays the part of the flippant and

teented cousin with spirit and Mr.

lfield as the bad but lovable old

le contributes a real gem of char-

acter.

As has, unfortunately, been the case

several "talkies" brought to Boston

cently, the spoken dialogue is apt to

harsh and uncouth, spoiling the

ect of the admirable photography.

es Banky speaks in English, but her

ntal European accent is noticeable

nd not altogether agreeable.

J. E. P.

"The Idle Rich." Metro-Goldwyn-

ayer talking picture, at Loew's Or-

num Theatre tells a true-to-life story

## WEDDING "CONFETTI"

No confetti are to be thrown henceforth at weddings in the Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church at Worcester. If confetti are thrown on the steps or walks as the presumably happy couple are about to leave the church an extra charge will be made for accommodation and ceremony (including the fees of clergyman and organist). Now confetti are sweetmeats, sugar plums, and are usually associated when thrown with the Carnival at Rome. Is there any instance in New England of a bride and groom being bombarded with chocolate, jackson balls or gumdrops as they enter or leave the church? Should not one read "rice" for "confetti" in this announcement issued at Worcester?

It is true that in ancient Greece and Rome, the bride as she entered her husband's house was pelted with figs and junkets. In Greece the "trumpery thus thrown or poured out they called Katachusmata"—we quote from "Archaeologiae Atticae" by the excellent Francis Rous and Zachary Bogan of Oxford in the 17th century—"as the word is used by the poet in his comedy of 'Pluto,' where he brings in the woman ready to do the like upon him and so to give him the joy for his new bought-eyes," but the scholiast also says that this was done for a new slave entering the house. Absit omen! Nuts, too, were thrown on the floor, and a singular reason is given for this. Coins were sometimes thrown, which was more to the purpose.

But with us it is rice that is sprinkled over the couple and their luggage, often to their discomfort, as when baggage men and fellow passengers grin knowingly at the blushing bride and the shrinking groom. Then there is the throwing of an old shoe at the departing

pair. One good old English custom has unfortunately been abandoned: the drinking by the couple and persons present of a bowl of wine in the church immediately after the ceremony.

When did the throwing of rice first advertise a wedding—make public to those uninterested what should be private? But there are some who look on a wedding-show as only a curtain-raiser to a drama in which even the first act ends with the heroine about to leave for Reno.

And one sip is devilry, and two is madness, and three is corruption. Some stomachs are used to it. They can handle it. But a raw man . . . There was a drunken crew on the beach when Mark left the ship; it was with the sober ones bringing fruit that Mark went to "pandander." And Mark had not been cold sober for a week before.

Joel had good luck whaling, but he vexed in several ways the fastidious, fussy Priscilla. She did not wish him to put his feet on cabin cushions. "He offered to take off his shoes; and she shuddered." She wanted to see land to step on it. He thought he would surprise her by sighting land the next

morning. When he yawned in a middle of a sentence: "There, Priss . . . you'll be all right in the morning," she slapped his face. They anchored at Tubual, and Mark boarded the Nathan Ross. He was all strength and vigor. "He seemed to shine like the sun." He resented Joel's command of the ship, as did Jim Finch, who thought the captaincy was due him. Mark kissed Priscilla. Joel saw "a mocking and malignant little devil in his eye." One night Mark told Joel of his extraordinary life when he was three pagans in one, bewitched by moon, twisted by drink, trembling with fever; how he met a little brown girl who nursed him; how he rescued her when she had been borne off by a schooner, after pearls. A story of killing, wildness on the vessel, the finding of pearls; how the little brown girl, who had a knack with a rifle, drilled a couple of blacks and was killed; died as Mark held, in the sun, drifting with the wind, held her in his arms. Priscilla, unknown to the brothers, heard Mark's story. To her he was "a gigantic, an epic figure; he had lived red life, and fought for his life, and killed."

Mark wished Joel to go after the pearls he had hidden, but Joel was a whaler and would stick to his trade. Mark made hot love to Priscilla, and, telling the crew about the pearls, inspired a mutiny. Even Priscilla taunted her husband: "All the brothers were valiant. Are you—just a coward?" The description of the fight on the deck: how the mutineers bound Joel, who was secretly freed by Aaron; the battle that was to be told and retold at many a gam upon the whaling grounds, "a story of overwhelming odds, of epic combat, of splendid death where blood

fresh and blood by their speech and action. Without being himself excited, Mr. Williams has written an exciting tale of high adventure.

July 20 1915

## METROPOLITAN THEATRE

### "The Greene Murder Case"

A screen version of the novel of the same name by S. S. Van Dine. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast:

Philo Vance . . . . . William Powell  
Sibella Greene . . . . . Florence Eldridge  
Dr. Von Blon . . . . . Ulrich Haupt  
Ada Greene . . . . . Jean Arthur  
Sergeant Heath . . . . . Eugene Pallette  
Dist. Atty. Markham . . . . . E. H. Calvert  
Mrs. Tobias Greene . . . . . Gertrude Norman  
Chester Greene . . . . . Lowell Drew  
Rex Greene . . . . . Morgan Farley  
Mrs. Mannheim . . . . . Augusta Burmaster

Every Van Dine fan—and his name is legion—will contrive to visit the Metropolitan Theatre this week and see "The Greene Murder Case" on the film. He will be highly satisfied with the presentation, too, and so will others who have not read the book.

We have here a mystery story of the most intricate and baffling sort, with a multiplicity of detail, "clews," true and false, and a whole army of characters, which is handled with deft skill and a sure knowledge of essentials. Adapter and director had, of course, to cut and trim tremendously but they never lose the thread of continuity, and the story, while moving at express train speed and calling for plenty of intellectual effort if the spectator cares to try his hand at foreseeing the conclusion before the camera does, is never obscure or out of balance. It has the merit of working up to the climax progressively and leaves one entirely satisfied with the solution.

It is one of the traditions of theatrical criticism that the outcome of a mystery play shall not be "given away" in advance and it will not be in this instance. The plot of the Greene case is far too complicated for detailed description. Suffice it to say that the

Greene family, obsessed by mutual hatreds, live inharmoniously in their gloomy old mansion, held by the provision of the deceased father's will that they shall all continue to dwell in the house for 15 years in order to be entitled to share in the estate.

The decadent family consists of a bedridden mother, two sons, two daughters. Successively the two sons and the mother are killed and another daughter wounded by an unknown assassin prowling about the place. Philo Vance, the amateur criminologist, spots the murderer, who, in the end, is conveniently disposed of in a most dramatic catastrophe.

Vance, of course, is the central figure of the play. He has been considerably modified in the course of his translation to the screen and made much more of the Sherlock Holmes type. Gone is his debonaire insouciance as exhibited in the book. He sounds all has terminal "g's" and never quotes philosophy or poetry as does the original. You may like the change and you may not. As the Mikado says, "It all depends."

Mr. Powell handles the role well and resists the temptation to be theatrical. The remainder of the cast has been carefully selected, both as to looks and capacity. Florence Eldridge as the cynical and selfish Sibella makes much of her part and Jean Arthur, as Ada Greene, furnishes a real treat. Mr. Pallette makes Sergt. Heath less of a numbskull than did Mr. Van Dine.

If the medical examiner had not been caused to introduce into his discovery of Rex Greene's body a bit of most ill-timed comedy, the play might have been rated nearly 100 per cent. perfect. As it is, it ranks very high. The "talking part" is most helpful, although, the "reception" might be improved considerably.

J. E. P. ble  
ran not and strong," the ngnt or sever- cal  
against a score"—this description, de-  
Homeric. Joel would not have bloo-  
spilled. Mark said: "If it's fists, Joel-  
I think I'm safest to fight beside you.  
"I counted on that, Mark—in the last  
long run." A Cape Verde, whom Mark  
had once tied to a davit and lashed till  
he bled, slew him with a harpoon.  
Dying he whispered: "That was—a  
fight to tell about, Joel. . . . Treasure  
—Priss, Joel. She's worth all . . . in  
kissed her, but she fought me."

In his hair, set down in the log the  
ship's position, the capture that day of  
a bull cachalot, and then:

"This day Mark Shore was buried at  
sea. He died last night, from wounds  
He received when he fought valiantly to  
nd put down the mutiny of the crew.  
ia. Fourth brother of the House of Shore."  
he Below there was the ancient and en-  
He dearing epitaph: "All the brothers were  
He valiant." Priscilla, who had called Joel  
rk, a coward, said: "I know better now,"  
and, taking the pen, "underscored with  
id three deep strokes the first word of that  
ge honorable line."

Mr. Williams tells a melodramatic  
story with expressive reticence; without  
words that others might add for em-  
phasis; with a simple force that gives  
life to what was said and done. There  
ng is no labored analysis of the various  
characters; they stand up and move in  
-way



July 21 1929

## The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

That Claude Debussy was a shrewd, sane and entertaining critic of composers and performances was shown by the publication of "Monsieur Croche Antidilettante" a collection of articles contributed by him to various Parisian periodicals; but this book contained only a few of his reviews and essays, which were not in all cases judiciously edited, or, perhaps, were too much "edited."

A more valuable book is "Les Idees de Claude Debussy, Musicien français" by Leon Vallas which, translated by Maire O'Brien, is published by the Oxford University Press. It might be wished that the various contributions had been published in their original form, not appearing as extracts connected with comments by Mr. Vallas. One might also say that as the articles are now arranged there is unnecessary repetition; but one should be grateful for a book that is as valuable for its contents as it is readable especially when Debussy writes bitterly and as some might think, paradoxically. The articles are taken from the *Revue Blanche* (1901), *Gil Blas* (1903) and from other periodicals (1902-1914). There is an index of proper names. The picture of Debussy from a photograph by Pierre Louys differs greatly from the portraits that are familiar. The proof-reading is not flawless: M. Vallas is made to write "Saint-Bcuvc" for Sainte-Beuve.

Debussy thought that criticism too often resembled variations on the theme: "You went wrong because you did not do as I do." or "You are talented, I am not." His aim was to confine himself to "sincere impressions actually experienced; to discover in works the various impulses that gave them birth, and what they contain of inner life." There was to be no minute dissection; no taking of works to pieces, as though they were watches of curious construction. There were critics who felt themselves obliged to defend mediocrity at all costs: "Those who undertake its defence can always rely on support." He would not borrow the classical jargon that "lends us fluency." The only passion that can compete with and sometimes out-rival the love of music is the love of nature. This led him to praise Weber, and censure great masters whose vision was warped by reading. "Music is the sum total of scattered forces. . . Musicians listen only to music written by skilful hands; they never hear what is written in nature. There is more to be gained by seeing the sun rise than by hearing the Pastoral Symphony."

"Because I love music I try to free it from barren traditions that stifle it. It is a free art, gushing forth, an open air art, an art boundless as the elements, the wind, the sky, the sea! It must never be shut in and become an academic art. . . Music should receive the mysterious accord that exists between nature and the imagination. . . Music should humbly seek to please; extreme complication is contrary to art. Beauty must appeal to the senses, must provide us with immediate enjoyment, must impress us or insinuate itself into us without any effort on our part. Take Leonardo da Vinci, take Mozart: these are the great artists." And for the same reason Couperin and Rameau are great; for, being French musicians, they have followed the national tradition and wished above all to give pleasure. Debussy was led to a hatred of "classical development whose beauty is only technical and can only interest the highbrows among us."

"There is but one music, and it exists of its own right, whether it assumes the rhythm of a cafe-concert waltz or the imposing setting of a symphony. Why not admit that of the two good taste is often on the side of the waltz, while the symphony conceals with difficulty the pompous mass of its mediocrity."

These ideas are developed at length, forcibly, often with eloquence but Debussy did not think ignorance of the past necessary to the essential quality of freedom. Music has a Past whose ashes need stirring, for they contain the unextinguishable flame to which our Present must always owe a part of its splendor, yet each period must possess its own peculiar art, harmonizing with everything else. "The age of aeroplanes has a right to its own music. Every musician should create the forms necessary to the expression of his genius. He should not employ standard forms." He praised the music of the Javanese based on a counterpoint "beside which that of Palestrina is child's play." In comparison with their percussion instruments "ours produce but the barbaric noise of a traveling circus. . . And these people never thought of going to Munich in search of their formulas! What were they thinking of?"

It was to be expected that he disapproved the instruction at the Paris Conservatory where he had studied; its teaching of harmony—"the most pompously ridiculous method of assembling sounds." Although he was a Prix de Rome, he never wearied of condemning it, as an absurd institution, which "diverted laureates from the straight artistic path and put them on a level with prize cattle."

Debussy loved Couperin and Rameau; admired the power of Berlioz's genius; did not like his purely musical qualities; but admired him as a symphonic composer, calling the "Enfance du Christ" perhaps his masterpiece. Charpentier's art is individual as regards that which he wishes to express intimately in music. Saint-Saens was one of the few French musicians severely censured by Debussy, yet the *Danse Macabre* showed the promise of Saint-Saens becoming "a very great musician." Debussy wrote at length and beautifully about Cesar Franck. "With Franck time was of no consequence; he was never bored. Once he makes a good beginning there is nothing to fear, but sometimes he has difficulty in expressing his meaning."

Franck is at one with the great musicians for whom sounds have a definite meaning in their sonorous acceptance. They employ them just for what they are, without ever asking of them more than they contain. And herein lies the great difference between the art of Wagner—beautiful, singular, impure, seductive—and the art of Franck, who is content to serve music, hardly asking for glory in return. What he borrows from life he repays to art with a modesty which even goes the length of anonymity. When Wagner borrows from life he dominates life, places his foot on it, and obliges it to cry out the name of Wagner louder than the trumpets of Fame." There is a long chapter on Debussy's writings about Wagner whom he enthusiastically admired in his younger days; later he had his doubts concerning the Wagnerian formula and thought it could serve only

Wagner's particular case. Still later Debussy wrote fervently against Wagnerism. His chief grievance against the man who "degraded symphony to the services of his tragedies" was a lack of disinterested love of music.

"The Huguenots" is one of our little daily trials. The music is so strained that even the anxiety to massacre unfortunate Protestants does not altogether excuse it. Then, how pleasant it must be for those in the audience (the Protestants), for there are certainly some left. Moreover, in spite of Meyerbeer's genius, I cannot approve of gunshots as orchestral effects."

In the Paris Opera House, the outside of which "resembles a railway station and the inside Turkish Baths they keep on making a strange noise which the people who have paid for it call music. One must not altogether believe them."

Defending Gounod: "Gounod's art represents a phase in French feeling. Whether we like it or not such things are not forgotten." Debussy praised him for having escaped from the imperious genius of Wagner, Gounod, loving Mozart, never sought inspiration from him; he owed to Mendelssohn the method of developing the melody in sequences which is so convenient when one is not in the mood. "Gounod will live because he aroused emotion in a large number of his countrymen." The success of Reyer led Debussy to say: "There are people who view a landscape with as much interest as would a cow. Such people listen to music with cotton wool in their ears."

There are several pages of warm appreciation in the case of Massenet, who "understood the true role of the art of music . . . music should humbly seek to please," but he admitted that Massenet made the mistake of seeking too much after popular approval. "One bends over a woman's head intent on discovering what goes on behind her brow . . . philosophers and healthy folk declare that nothing goes on there; but this does not altogether eliminate the opposite opinion, as M. Massenet's example proves, at least in melody. It is to this care that he owes the place he occupies in contemporary art—a place which others secretly envy him, and which, one may therefore assume, is not to be despised . . . owing to his success, it was at one period considered good form to copy M. Massenet's melodic manias; then suddenly, those who had so calmly pilfered his art treated him harshly."

Debussy wrote warmly in praise of Chausson; he deplored the fact that Chabrier "so marvellously endowed by the Comic Muse" should have chosen subjects beyond his genius; he regretted that Bourgaud-Ducoudray's opera "Tamara" and Lalo's ballet "Namorina" were neglected. There are interesting comments on the music of Bruneau, d'Indy—"some people appear to lose sight of the fact that the finest of all symbols is music." He preferred the earlier works of Verdi to the Transalpine realism.

While Debussy wrote nobly about Bach, he thought Gluck had influenced French composers injuriously. As we have said he extolled the pure art of Mozart. Beethoven's symphonies are somewhat overburned programs especially the "Pastoral" but the 9th Symphony "apart from its marvelous intrinsic beauty, is magnificent in its fulfilment of his expectations." Weber and Chopin were loved by Debussy, but there was contempt for Mendelssohn. There is a symphony by Schubert which "cannot irake up its mind to remain unfinished once and for all." Schubert's songs "smell of the chest of drawers of some nice provincial old maid's dried letters, photographs that are dead indeed."

Liszt, Strauss, Moussorgsky, are here held in honor. Debussy in turn liked and disliked Grieg's music: "Peer Gynt" much better than the piano concerto and the songs. Albeniz had a "marvelous knowledge of the craft of composition and a lavishness of ideas." Sousa conducting amused Debussy: he "beats time in circles, shakes (sic!) an imaginary salad, sweeps up imaginary dust and catches a butterfly out of a contrabass-tuba."

There is no allusion to Ravel. As for the younger composers, "hasty judgment is one of the plagues of modern times."

The translation is not always clear, sometimes clumsy, but Debussy's writings are not easily translatable.

## ADD "PRESERVATIVES"

A man's body was found standing upright in a block of ice and was chopped out of a crevasse in a glacier of Mt. Rainier. Thus there is a reminder of the pathetic story told many years ago when Mr. Frederick J. Stimson was writing as "J. S. of Dale": The story of the body preserved in an Alpine glacier, slowly moving, but finally restoring the loved one to the patient waiter. Or there is the frozen pirate, the hero of a novel by Clark Russell, though this pirate was not saved from immediate death by a glacier.

Ashes and lava are also indifferent unconscious preservers: Witness Pompeii and Herculaneum. There are natural earths that have been said to retain bodies as they were above the ground. Was the coffin that held the Marquis of Dorset of a special wood or metal that after seventy-eight years his body was found uncorrupted, "in color, proportion, and softness like an ordinary corpse newly to be interred"? Or was this due to the properties of the cerecloth?

Is there any index of stories in which the strangely preserved, mummies included, have come to life, and welcomed the amazingly changed world; moved as strangers in a strange land; worked evil on descendants who had mistakenly revered their memory and boasted of lineage? It is no doubt better as Bert Williams used to say that "death is so permanent."

## TOP OF THE MORNING

The choir will now sing and sing at Quoso, the pathetic lines put by Don Marc's into the mouths of the nine children of Mrs. Swartz: an appeal that should bring tears to the eyes of stony-heated day agents: "Oh, do not take our Mother's still, For she is old and worn. What will she do if she can't make The moon shine from the corn?"

"Oh, do not lock our Mother up! What will become of we Without the hooch we learned to At dear old Mother's knee?"

This reminds us of a passage in Whitfield's life of Mrs. Gaskell: though once concerned lest she breathe gin on a fellow traveller, was proud to own that she liked glass of sherry at eleven."

The happy homes of England! glimpse at an intimate scene a tenham:

"Solicitor: Was there much of quarrel?"

"Wife: Not much. My husband me on the chin, blacked my eye, at threw an ornament at him. Then he was taking a hammer I bit his and a policeman came."

A Scottish parent never has so much pride in a son as when that son ce to cost him money.—Prof. Grierson

## Mr. Johnson's Outing

Mr. Herkimer Johnson has written several letters to us but not of Clamport. In the first he quoted Psalmist: "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh help," but he did not name the place of these hills. Perhaps he following the example of those persons who when they are asked where they are going for a vacation say, "Oh, somewhere in Hampshire, or perhaps Maine," and having engaged board and lodging fearing if they are more definite place may become familiar with crowds. That Mr. Johnson hills surprised us, for in a confidence he once told us the nightmare is the sight of high mountains; we know that when he is obliged to pass a day in a vacation manding an imposing view



Presidential Range"—a hideous outfit he pulled down the shades in his room so that he might not see Mt. Washington and the rest of the "rising ground."

Mr. Johnson's notes of travel will perhaps enrich his colossal work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast," sold only by subscription. There are instructive comments on the character of the sandwiches obtained at railway stations and village drug stores. He was bitterly disappointed when on July 4, ordering lamb at a mountain inn his scanty portion was from the shoulder, not the leg, nor was he consoled by the sight of a "dinky little flag stuck in a gum-drop for the patriotic adornment of the table." There are complaints about husk mattresses, old fashioned glass kerosene lamps, outrageous charges for motor trips, comparatively little about the glories of scenery; but he was interested in fellow passengers:

"I heard an elderly man of clerical appearance, in his shirt sleeves, for it was steaming hot, say to a youthful companion, 'See that mountain over there. That's Killington's Peak. It was named after a friend of Col. Ethan Allen and it is the highest mountain in Vermont!' There were only three gross misstatements in this information, but the young companion was duly impressed. The man of clerical appearance then ate three hard boiled eggs but offered nothing to his seat-mate. As this man of miscellaneous misinformation mopped his face and I saw his damp, collarless, none too clean shirt, he reminded me of the young man Artemus Ward saw in his village of the early Sixties, who said he'll be Dam if he goes to the war. He was settlin on a barrel & was indeed a Loathsum object."

Mr. Johnson was especially interested in the library of a house that had been the home of five generations. There would he gladly dwell for a season—books of past centuries, books of today including some that are thought prejudicial to the morals of Bostonians; old herbals, folios about landscape gardening, sets of Blackwood's and The Edinburgh Review, many of the Leisure Hour series of novels—those that Henry Adams and John Hay were unwilling to sign as theirs—books of all descriptions and of all years, any not easily found even in the largest second-hand shops.

We doubt if Mr. Johnson's letters published in full would interest those who did not know this remarkable man. They would say why does he not describe the magnificent scenery at Lyford's Siding; the mercantile activities at Doolittle; the flora and fauna round about Dyer Switch; the huge factory at Cardigan for the manufacture of the justly celebrated jackets; the waterfalls at East Hardwick. But Mr. Johnson has not dated his letters, and generations to come will be unable to follow reverentially his route on this vacation.

### "It Takes Nine Tailors"

(North Austin, Ill., Citizen)

Florence Gilman is the name of the new baby daughter to be born to the proprietors of the United States Cleaners & Tailors, 5520 West North avenue.

### A Cinema

(Inez Holden in "Sweet Charlston")

The big picture—that was different. It was a composition of Love, Honor, Orphans, Religion, misjudged convicts, attempted suicides, and unmarried mothers. Jacques bathed himself in the sweat of his sentiment, he drenched himself in its pathos, and left the cinema refreshed.

The most hideous of all male garments—plus-fours.—Osbert Burdett.

People now flocking from the cities into country villages have about as much religion in them as the chaffs they sit on.—The Rev. E. W. Grevatt.

### The Call

(From Charlotte Mew's "The Rambling Sailor")

The world is cold without  
And dusk and hedged about  
With mystery and enmity and doubt,  
But we must go  
Though yet ye do not know  
Who called, or what marks we shall  
leave upon the snow.

Who was it that told Richard Cobden the cotton trade would be safe for years if only the Chinese would learn to blow their noses?

The very years we now so actively occupy will soon be packed up in an old satchel and labelled the 'twenties; and our little, hot, cold, violent, affected, brand new, exquisite, fresh little habits of mind, manners, hobbies, fashions, ideals will have thinned and vanished

some music, some machine-voices, an immense quantity of most of it never to be disturbed—Walter de la Mare.

### OLYMPIA-FENWAY THEATRES "On with the Show"

A screen version of the story by Humphrey Pearson, all color, all talking, a Warner Brothers production, directed by Alan Crossland, with the following cast:  
Nita ..... Betty Compton  
Harold ..... Arthur Lake  
Kitty ..... Sally O'Neil  
Beaton ..... Joe E. Brown  
Sarah ..... Louise Fazenda  
Bernice from Birmingham ..... Ethel Waters  
Jimmy ..... William Bakewell  
Twins ..... The Fairbanks Twins  
Jerry ..... Sam Hardy  
Pete ..... Lee Moran  
Duran ..... Wheeler Oakman  
Joe ..... Harry Gribbon  
Dad ..... Thomas Jefferson  
Bert ..... Josephine Houston

The most gorgeously beautiful thing ever shown on the screen. The hackneyed old phrase "a riot of color" describes it exactly. This is not the blurb of the passionate press agent nor was it dashed off on the typewriter while the glamour of the spectacle remained impressed upon the mental retina. It was set down in cold blood, the morning after, and the writer repeats, deliberately, it is the most gorgeously beautiful thing ever shown on the screen.

In "On with the Show" the screen has made a long and tremendously significant advance toward a more close approximation with the stage, peopled with living actors and vitalized by human voices. Its representation of a play, in full natural color, is by far the most important technical development since the advent of the talking pictures which have so revolutionized the films. It pushes still farther back "among the things that were" the old black-and-white photoplay, and establishes an inexorable standard with which all producers in the near future will be obliged to conform or quit the field.

Screen shows in color have been attempted before, in whole or in part, with various degrees of success. We remember "The Durbar," a dozen years ago, and others. But while these were largely experimental "On with the Show" is the real thing. Never before has such a chromatic marvel been accomplished. Its effects have not been gained by a promiscuous dabbling on of primary colors, crude reds and yellows, like the pages of a child's painting book, but with a true artistry of combinations, contrasts, shadings; moderation where moderation is called for, and bursting into dazzling prismatic glories, like the crescendo of an orchestra in the climaxes.

"Fine writing" perhaps. But you've got to talk in hyperbole when speaking of "On with the Show." The producers have selected a very fortunate medium for the demonstration of the new invention. "On with the Show" is "a play within a play." It represents the troubles of a show company, whose objective is "Broadway or Bust" to give a performance under every conceivable sort of difficulty. We are shown the presentation of the revue from all angles—from the front, as the audience sees it, and in all the intimacies of "back stage," from the chorus girls in their dressing room to the electrician "doing his stuff." We see the dances, the ensembles, the comedy business, the spectacles at close range and from the misty distance. We see the romantic hero at his lovemaking and rival stars scrapping for the best dressing room; we see a distracted stage manager trying to keep things going, and villainy and love, hand in hand, stalking behind the curtain. All in color, color intense, exact, unexaggerated, investing the moving scenes with a realism that makes on rub one's eyes.

### "ON WITH THE SHOW"

The plot is nothing remarkable. Is a sort of comedy melodrama but it gives a big cast of clever people plenty of opportunity to show their skill and exhibit their personalities. Disaster hovers like a nightmare over the show. The company has not been paid but a full house promises to replenish the empty treasury. A rapacious creditor threatens to seize the scenery. One of the leading men is taken ill and the manager has to double for him at a moment's notice. A hold-up man cleans out the box office. The leading lady becomes temperamental and refuses to go on until her back salary is paid. Then the little cheek girl, who has studied the part in secret, does the familiar old stunt of stepping into the breach and "saving the show," amid a cyclone of applause. The curtain is not "rung down" after all but is held by an eyelash.

Space is lacking adequately to characterize the notably good individual work of the cast. Betty Compton, in color, is a dream of loveliness; Sally O'Neil is the cleverest of "cuties"; Joe Brown's celebrated laugh is there in the flesh; Sam Hardy as the harassed manager hits the bulls-eye squarely; Louise Fazenda as the "second lady" is a picture all by herself; the Fair-

banks twins come and go, a pair of familiar sprites; Ethel Waters, her chocolate-hued self, sings and dances as if she were right there before the footlights in person.  
The songs, the music, the dialogue are

rendered with exceptionally good effect and contribute mightily to the exceeding realism and beauty of this notable production.  
J. E. P.

### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

#### "Pleasure-Crazed"

From the stage play by Monckton Hoffe. Screen version produced by William Fox under the supervision of Donald Gallaher.

The cast:  
Nora Westby ..... Marguerite Churchill  
Capt. Dean ..... Kenneth McKenna  
Alma Dean ..... Dorothy Burgess  
Gibbs Ferguson ..... Campbell Gullan  
Nigel Blain ..... Douglas Gilmore  
Col. Parquhar ..... Henry Kolker  
Holland ..... Frederick Graham

For more than an hour and a half a gathering which crowded the theatre's main auditorium followed the unfolding of a situation vividly portrayed and kaleidoscopic in its variety. The scene is laid at Montevideo in California amid ideal natural surroundings, but the "pleasure-crazed" sojourners there, yielding their reason to the love impulse, are called upon to go through all sorts of startling experiences, some of them due to the stealing of precious jewels, to a chase after the thieves in automobiles, and to the sounding out of shots from a revolver. Poison is a factor in the development of the plot, and it comes in after one lady has formally refused to accept whiskey as an alternative, and does so while refusing her lover's request to obtain her husband's forgiveness. When the missing jewels are demanded she leads the way up to their place of concealment, closely followed by the man who is eager to recover them; yet when he is half way up the staircase she turns suddenly and with a quick push hurls him to the floor. "Can I do anything for you?" asks a nurse of a lady who groans head downward with a strange bottle in her hand. "No," comes the reply: "I want to do something for myself." The poison is not taken, and the show culminates in what seems much like a reconciliation all round. But while conflicting love interests are at work the Misses Churchill and Burgess exchange glances which seem to threaten tragedy itself. One of the striking scenes shown is a California polo match reproducing all the excitements of the game, including the vociferous applause of the spectators.  
E. N.

### MODERN-BEACON THEATRES

#### "The Bachelor Girl"

A screen romance by Columbia Pictures, directed by Richard Thorpe, with the following cast:

Jimmy ..... William Collier, Jr.  
Joyce ..... Jacqueline Logan  
Campbell ..... Edward Hearn  
Glady ..... Thelma Todd

A likable little piece well conceived—in the main—and well acted, and put on with a painstaking care that would have atoned for many more histrionic sins than there were. "The Bachelor Girl" is a play of two people, all the others being very much subordinated to them.

Right at the start he it said that Jacqueline Logan is pretty, very pretty, and her director has seen to it that that factor is stressed to the utmost. Mr. Collier has to step out smartly to keep his end up. The way that girl dresses is a dream and the array of wedding finery paraded in the scene when she is out to choose a bridal outfit would make any flapper's eyes stick out with envious excitement.

Joyce, the bachelor girl of the story, gives up a good place to help her careless and boastful sweetheart, Jerry, who loses one job after another through his irresistible propensity for "kidding" and his frequent divergence from the truth. Becoming private secretary in an establishment in which, through her efforts, he lands another position, she covers up his numerous shortcomings until, after a particularly bad break on his part, they "get their wires crossed" and Jerry is incontinent fired again. He quits in a huff, blaming the girl, and Joyce, advancing to the status of a successful business woman, is on the point of following out Prof. Rogers' "snob" philosophy and marrying the boss, when, through a succession of quite impossible circumstances, she meets her young scapegrace again and—well, you can figure out for yourself what happens.

The "business" and boarding house shots are the best and most convincing. There is a country club episode that is rather exaggerated and the author's device of making the young hero—working in overalls in the packing department, undo a costly imported wedding dress and carry it to the showroom of an ultra-fashionable establishment, where mannequins are parading and smartly dressed people are selecting gowns, where he meets the girl again, shows a terrible lack of ingenuity.

Old timers—of the feminine sex—will be interested to see that Joyce, in

her role as secretary, has revived the old-fashioned shirt waist, once the badge and uniform of her calling. Are shirt waists coming in again? Who knows?  
J. E. P.

## THE THEATRES

### B. F. KEITH'S

The essence of vaudeville is variety, which also is another name for this form of entertainment. A little of everything is the principal feature of any vaudeville entertainment, but at B. F. Keith's this week variety is carried one step farther and coupled with cosmopolitanism. From the opening act on the program, which has Aussie and Czech in a "Dash of Argentine" through to Long Tack Sam and Co., which is really a dash of all nations, cosmopolitanism is the outstanding factor.

So well-balanced is the bill that the honors are shared by several acts. Nan Halperin, diminutive comedienne, presents satires of famous women in history, including Catherine of Russia, Lucrezia Borgia and Martha Washington, and so capable is Miss Halperin that for every type she adapts her voice and her method of rendition.

Next there is the Avon Comedy Four, old friends of vaudeville, and now featuring Joe Smith and Charles Dale. Very little need be said, for they are as funny as ever and sing just as well. Their rapid-fire work keeps the audience in a continuous uproar.

Long Tack Sam and Company presents a bewildering variety of entertainment. From Chinese magic, accompanied by phrases of French, German, Italian and Russian, to jazz singing and dancing by Mina and Nessa Long, to aesthetic dancing by another young Chinese lady, to Chinese plate-spinning and ribbon twirling and then to thoroughly international acrobatics, there is not a wearisome moment in the act.

Jay Dillon and Betty Parker, assisted by a very able young lady and a young colored man, have a pleasant act. Dillon and Parker have their customary charming songs, while the other two members of the act do some excellent dancing.

Mario and Lazarin are two very good singers who stay on the stage too little to satisfy, while Casey and Warren have a nice sketch entitled "Gem Jams" and Bernice and Emily are a dancing team of the acrobatic, well-trained type, who deserve far more appreciation than they get. Aussie and Czech perform tricks with the bull-whip and axe. Then there are the usual news reel and animated cartoon to complete the program.  
I. A. S.

July 23 1929

## Top 'o the Morning

To the Editor of Top 'o the Morning:  
Mr. P. G. Wodehouse in "Fish Preferred," recently published by Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., remarks: "The object of all good literature is to purge the soul of its petty troubles." This sentence, referring to a letter written by the efficient but disagreeable Rupert J. Baxter, might serve as a motto for any one of the whimsical stories by the ingenious Mr. Wodehouse who has the rare gift of maintaining high spirits from the first page to the last. If his men and women at times have a family resemblance in the rough there are variations in their respective positions in life, their opinions, and the manner of expressing them.

Mr. Wodehouse is as fortunate in naming his men and women as he is happy in the invention of their speech. In "Fish Preferred," we meet the Hon. Galahad Threepwood who had led a stormy life. "Bookmakers had called him by his pet name; barmaids had simpered beneath his gallant chaff. He had heard the chimes at midnight. And when he looked in at the old Gardenia, commissionaires had fought for the privilege of throwing him out." He never went to bed till he was 50. He should never have been taught to write, for in his later years he was at work on a volume of reminiscences that would alienate family friends and provoke rage throughout Great Britain. Note the manner in which he is introduced, a dapper little man "automatically associated in one's mind with checked suits, tight trousers, white bowler hats, pink carnations, and race glasses bumping against the left hip." As he ambled briskly across the lawn of Blandings Castle, he seemed out of place away from a paddock or an American bar.



"His neatly shod foot had about it a suggestion of pawing in search of a rail."

A thoroughly misspent life had left him in exuberantly perfect, physical condition, though he should have had the liver of a century. When he tripped over a spaniel, his agility was so graceful that in recovering his balance he did not spill a drop of the whiskey-and-soda in his hand. "He continued to bear the glass aloft like some brave banner beneath which he had often fought and won. Instead of the blot on a proud family he might have been a teetotal aerobist." No tea for him. He told his niece Millicent to beware of that stuff and told the story of poor Bubby Struggles back in '93 who was lured into a temperance lecture illustrated with colored slides. He called, ashen faced, on Gally the next day and asked how a fellow would set about it to buy tea. "No more alcohol for me; look what it does to the common earthworm." In spite of Galahad's remonstrances, Bubby ordered in "ten pounds of the muck and was dead inside the year." "Dead as a door nail. Got run over by a hansom cab, poor dear old chap. You'll find the story in my book."

I had no notion writing was so easy. The stuff just pours out. What year was it that there was that terrible row between young Gregory Parsloe and Lord Burper when Parsloe stole the old chap's false teeth and pawned them at a shop in the Edgware road? '96? I should have said later than that. The sunlight then went out of Lady Constance's life—the stately sister of Galahad. She felt as if foxes were gnawing her vitals, for Sir Gregory Parsloe now smug and respectable was her neighbor.

There is the repellent Percy Frohisher Pilbeam whose eyes were too small and too close together, and he marcelled his hair in a manner distressing to right-thinking people. Hugo Carmody who with Ronald Fish had opened a night club that failed thought that Pilbeam should not have been wearing pimples with a red tie. "One or the other if he liked, but not both."

There is charming Sue of musical comedy fame, who acted on a fellow's system like a powerful pick-me-up. "She was the human equivalent of those pink drinks you went and got—or, rather, which you used to go and get before a good woman's love had made you give up all that sort of thing—at that chemist's at the top of the Haymarket after a wild night on the moors. Hugo was something of a sport, for he asked Pilbeam of the private detective office: "Perhaps you can tell me where the village swains go these days when they want to dance upon the green? What is the best that London has to offer to a young man with his blood up and the vine leaves more or less in his hair?"

Sir Galahad had been in love with Sue's mother. He also remembered that old Johnny Schoonmaker mixed "the finest mint juleps in America." "Insidious things. They creep up to you like a baby sister and slide their little hands into yours and the next thing you know the judge is telling you to pay the clerk of the court fifty dollars."

Of course Mr. Wodehouse tells a story. It's about Lord Emsworth's prize sow which he tended carefully, hoping she would win for the second time in two consecutive years the silver medal in the Fat Pigs class at the Shropshire Agricultural Show. Millicent asked him if he read bed-time stories to his pet. How this sow was stolen by Hugo, aided by the butler, that hiding her and restoring her he might win Emsworth favor—how there were plots and counter-plots—love quarrels and reconciliations—its all amusing, especially so by the wild improbability of the tale. There is a constant setting off verbal fireworks and not one is a dud. There's Mac, the guardian of the stage door, not noted for his tact. "He was the sort of man who would have tried to cheer Napoleon up by talking about the winter sports at Moscow."

"The steady superstitious eye of a frog which resembled that of a bishop at the Athenaeum inspecting a shy new member."

"When some outstanding disaster happens to the ordinary man, it finds him prepared. Years of missing the 8:45, taking the dog for a run on rainy nights, endeavoring to abate smoky chimneys, and coming down to breakfast and discovering that they have burned the bacon again, have given his soul a protective hardness, so that by the time his wife's relations arrive for a long visit he is ready for them."

If Hugo talks wisely to Millicent about Schopenhaver, who "says suicide's absolutely O. K. She says Hindoos do it instead of going to church. They bung themselves into the Ganges and get eaten by crocodiles and call it a well-spent day." Ronnie, who had in turn

yearned to be an engine driver, a professional cricketer, to run a prosperous night club, found at Mario's in London the only thing in life worth while was to massacre waiters.

When Mr. Wodehouse described a faint sound "swelling and swelling to a frenzied blare, seeming to throb through the air with a note of passionate appeal like a woman waiting for her demon lover—it was that tocsin of the soul, that muzzelin of the country house, the dressing-for-dinner gong" did he have Calverley's lines in mind: "But hark! a sound is stealing on my ear—

A soft and silvery sound—I know it well.

Its tinkling tells me that a time is near Precious to me—it is the Dinner Bell."

One other question: How in the world does Mr. Wodehouse write with unflagging, amazing gusto?

PHILIP HALE.

An Englishman today would need a good deal of moral independence to be seen reading a Bible in a crowded railway carriage.—John Drinkwater.

They have been celebrating the centenary of the omnibus in London. An epigram of Luttrell improvised at the house of Samuel Rogers was reproduced.

#### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

##### "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney"

A screen version of the play by Frederick Lonsdale, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, directed by Sidney Franklin, with the following cast:  
Mrs. Cheyney.....Norma Shearer  
Lord Arthur Dilling.....Basil Rathbone  
Charles.....George Barrard  
Lord Elton.....Herbert Russell  
Lady Maria.....Hedda Hopper  
Jnan.....Moon Carroll  
Mrs. Wynnton.....Madeline Seymour  
Willie Wynnton.....Cyril Chadwick

Lonsdale's clever comedy does not lose one whit in its transcription to the screen. In fact, in some particulars it distinctly gains. Being done on a larger scale and at a slightly more deliberate tempo, none of the points in the author's clever dialogue are lost or fumbled, and the settings—as a Hollywood studio would of course provide them—are incomparably more realistic and impressive than the best the stage could offer.

The comedy, as shown at the State Theatre, is projected substantially in its entirety, both spectacularly and audibly. There have been no cuts to speak of and the plot has been faithfully followed. The result is that we get the play as its author intended, with its smart society atmosphere and people most graphically presented.

Mrs. Cheyney, as impersonated by Miss Shearer, is a sort of feminine "Raffles," one of a gang, who is introduced into a great country house for the purpose of stealing her hostess' pearls, a feat which she successfully accomplishes. But she is detected by Lord Arthur Dilling in the act of passing the plunder to a confederate and the ensuing bedroom scene is one of real dramatic intensity. She extricates herself most cleverly and becomes "the last" Mrs. Cheyney by being transformed into "the future Lady Dilling," and all ends as it properly should.

For one horrid moment, when pistols are produced, there is a suspicion that the lovely lady is going to make her exit by the gunpowder route, a la Mrs. Tanqueray of bygone years. But Mr. Lonsdale deftly avoids any such dismal contretemps.

It is a notable cast that has been entrusted with the delicate and exacting task of playing the comedy. Several of them took part in the stage production and all were associated in a brilliant and spirited performance. Miss Shearer herself is bewitchingly beautiful, marvellously dressed and, in the role of the aristocratic, sophisticated and completely charming woman crook, does not suffer in the least in comparison with Ina Claire's assumption of the part.

Basil Rathbone makes a happy debut on the talking screen as Lord Arthur, the handsome philanderer who exposes Mrs. Cheyney and later makes gallant amends by losing his heart to her and marrying her. George Barrard, familiar to screen audiences, is seen—and heard—to advantage as Charles, the suave butler-burglar. The other members of the company respond nobly to the opportunity—notably Mr. Bunston in a trying "silly ass" part that might easily have been overdone.

The "talkie" part of the performance is remarkably successful and the witty lines of the play keep the audience in a continual chuckle of laughter from start to finish.

J. E. P.

#### FILMS NEW AND FAMILIAR

OLYMPIA-FENWAY—"On with the Show," all color, all talking, with Betty Compson, Arthur Lake, Ethel Waters.  
METROPOLITAN—"The Greene Murder Case," all talking, with William Powell, Jean Arthur, Brandon Hurst.

KEITH ALBEE—"Pleasure Crazy," all talking, with Kenneth McKenna, Dorothy Burgess, Marguerite Churchill.  
LOEW'S STATE—"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," all talking, with Norma Shearer, Basil Rathbone, George Barrard.  
MODERN-BEACON—"The Bachelor Girl," part talking, with Jacqueline Logan, William Collier, Jr., Thelma Todd.  
SCOLLAY SQUARE—"Noah's Ark," with Dolores Costello, George O'Brien, Noah Beery.  
LOEW'S ORPHEUM—"A Man's Man," part talking, with William Haines, Josephine Dunn, Mae Busch.  
BOVDON SQUARE—"Eternal Love," all talking, with John Barrymore, Camilla Horn, Hubert Bussworth.

NETOCO GLOBE—"The Black Watch," all talking, with Victor McLaglen, Myrna Loy.  
First half of week: "The Studio Murder Mystery," all talking, with Neil Hamilton, Doris Hall, second half of week.  
EXETER—"The Wheel of Life," with Richard Dix, and "Jesse's Mockery," with Betty Compson, first half of week; "All at Sea," with Dane and Arthur, and "The Streets of Algiers," with Camilla Horn, last half of week.

LANCASTER—"Innocents of Paris," with Maurice Chevalier, and "Stairs of Sand," with Wallace Beery, first half of week; "His Lucky Day," with Reginald Denny, and "Eternal Love," with John Barrymore, second half of week.

## July 24 1925 Top 'o the Morning

### "With Colors Idly Spread"

(Eyebrows and eyelashes tinted to match the frock may be seen in Paris.)

The rose with powder soft  
Pure white is made;  
On lips a pigment red  
Is thickly laid;  
The hair, whate'er its hue,  
As taste may guide,  
Auburn, or brown, or black  
Is quickly dyed.  
Henceforth, so Paris says—  
Who dare transgress?  
The brows and lashes curl'd  
Must match the dress.  
One site alone remains  
For modern maids:  
To paint their glistening teeth  
With rainbow shades!

—J. S.

But women, dear sir, have for centuries painted their teeth to enhance their beauty. Certain East Indians accounted red teeth irresistible; therefore they had betel always in their mouths. (And so the fireman, when the question of painting the engine house came up for discussion, said he didn't care what color was chosen as long as it was red.) Those of Java "use to champe areek mix with chalk, which renders their mouth of a purple color, and their teeth grow black, which they now and then polish with the attrition of a certain herb, which must needs make them show like polished ebony." And so the Cherebichenses "do not take out of their mouths leaves of certain trees but when they receive meat or drink: the teeth grow black with that medicine even to the foulness of a quenched or dead coal; their teeth continue to the end of their lives, and they are never pained with the toothache, nor do they ever rot." Women of Goa ate continually betel with garlic that turns their teeth red and black; "always chewing they go in their houses with a dish of it in their hand, being their daily chewing work."

At Cariajan the women used to gild their teeth. Not many years ago when American chorus girls appeared on a London stage, a reviewer spoke of "the long glittering line of American dentistry." Who was the joyous creature that in a musical comedy on a Boston stage, disported herself with a blazing diamond firmly set in a front tooth? Her name should not be forgotten.

Apropos of embellishments and beauty doctors, let us consider the tortures to which Dorothea Herbert and her girl friends underwent in Ireland of the 18th century:

"Every Night we were wrapped up like Pomatum Sticks in Greasy brown paper, and I'm sure if any Stranger had seen us at Night They would have taken She, Fanny and I for three Egyptian Mummies ready Embalmed—Our Hands, Faces, and Chests were completely cover'd with Tallow and Brown Paper made into various sorts of Ointments—Our arms were Suspended in the Air by strong Ropes fastened to the Tester of the Bed—Our feet tied to the Valance to stretch our Legs and Make us grow tall, or to prevent our kicking and plunging in the Night by which we might have rubbed off the Precious Ointments that covered us—To divert our Agonies, which never let us sleep till Morning, we got into a Way of telling Stories in Bed, and the laughter they excited, was The only thing that saved us from sinking under Excruciating Torments as real Martyrs to Beauty."

From Dorothea's "Retrospections" one learns that She lived in the age of high spirits and Mad Ways. Old ladies were thrown on the ground; husbands feigned to be drowned that they might enjoy the alarm of their families. Dorothea was pinched black and blue and

it was. My acute  
my foible, my bane  
So it is not Surpris-  
at She fainted when She first  
saw an orator. She tells of a  
harming girl of fourteen, who "was  
devoutly carried to a Confirmation, but  
was so vex'd at being forced to take  
all her Sins on herself that She stuck  
her head full of Iron Pins with the  
Points up to annoy the Bishop Who  
was terribly Scratched and torn When  
he laid his hands on his Contumelious  
Disciple."

### Add "Scientific Discoveries"

(From "Middletown: A Study in Contemporary American Culture," by Robert S. Lynde and Helen Merrell Lynd.)  
"Meal-time serves a double-function—nutrition and social intercourse."

"Clothing plays more than the mere workaday role of protecting the body against inclement elements."

June 29th was the first day of open revolt in London against the tyranny of the collar stud. The rebel army, recruited in less than a fortnight, numbered over 1000. There were large troops in Liverpool, Manchester and other towns. The army was composed of doctors, dentists, headmasters, barristers, solicitors, actors, musicians and others, enrolled in the Men's Dress Reform Party. Some clerks, timid souls, on entering a building put on a cravat to conceal their daring: "Their discretion was not without reason; it was not that they feared the ridicule of the typists (these are taking the open-neck imitation as the sincerest form of flattery) but there was the chief in the inner sanctum to be considered."

Comfort? Yes; but the Byronic, Whiteman dressing is not for every one. Oliver Wendell Holmes in his "Rhymed Lesson" noted this when he discussed the question of turn-over or stick-up collars.

"But O, my friend; my favorite fellow-man!  
If Nature made you on her modern plan,  
Sconer than wander with your wind-pipe bare—

The fruit of Eden ripening in the air—  
With that lean head-stalk, that protruding chin.  
Wear standing collars, were they made of tin!

And have a neck-cloth by the throat of Jove!  
Cut from the funnel of a rusty stove!"

Meanwhile the No Hat fashion among men has spread from Germany to France; to such an extent in the latter country that hatters are alarmed, and the sticklers for the etiquette of the hat complain that the hatless cannot pay respect to women by the flourish of a bow. There was a French duke of the 18th century who, fearing injury to the nicety of his wig if he removed his hat, carried another hat under his arm when he walked abroad that he might display his gallantry on meeting a noble dame by sweeping the ground with a chivalric gesture.

How is it that the straw "boater," the once favorite summer hat in England—it even made its way into the House of Commons—is now rarely seen? "When we see them in American films they have a strange, out-of-date look."

What is to be said of the English couple who rented a villa near Florence, kept 35 wolf-hounds there and two wolves, and then disappeared not long ago, leaving the animals to shift for themselves?

"Killed by an omnibus—why not?  
So quick a death a boon is.  
Let not his friends lament his loss—  
Mors omnibus communis."

Henry Luttrell, according to Harriet Wilson, whose amazing memoirs have just been reprinted—was "the ugliest man alive"; but she was piqued by his indifference: "Would you believe it? That witty fright, in all our long intimacy, had the impudence never once to put the question to me!"

#### PLAYGOERS THEATRE

##### "White Collars"

A play in three acts, by Edith Ellis, directed by Mary Virginia Heinlein. The cast:

Cousin Henry	Bruce De Lette
Helen Thayer	Dorothy Calhoun
Mr. Thayer	William H. Malone
Mrs. Thayer	Hilda Bristoni
Frank Thayer	Maynard Burgess
Joan Thayer	Margaret Hatfield
William Van Luyk	Priest Butler
Sally Van Luyk	Ruth Seely
Tom Gibney	Edson Pace

Under the title "The Idle Rich" the screen version of this play has recently been shown in Boston and it is interesting to contrast the two. In finish, in clockwork precision and in detail the film presentation takes the precedence but, for all that there is a humanness, a sympathetic intimacy about the stage interpretation which cannot be represented by any mechanical contrivance, even when reinforced by a phonograph



th a loud speaker.  
The Cambridge Players give a remarkably well balanced performance of Miss Ellis's popular comedy. If we can forget the utter impossibility of the main motive and the fact that no human beings in their sober senses would ever act as these characters are made to do, we then settle down to an instructive and enjoyable evening.

The story of the flat-dwelling New York family, obsessed with a super-luxurious consciousness, and the earnest young bride who compels her millionaire husband to come and live among their shabby surroundings, and the manner in which he turns the tables on them and clears up the situation, is familiar to theatregoers. It is invested with plenty of realism and most competently acted by this company.

Miss Hatfield makes an appealing loan and Mr. Butler a handsome and raging hero. Mr. De Lette as the lazy young radical "Cousin Henry" gives an almost ideal characterization and Mr. Malone is delightful as the old father. As for Miss Calhoun's work as the "cutie" sister, it was "something to write home about," which is to say, very good. Indeed. J. E. P.

## WALDRON'S CASINO TO PRESENT BURLESQUE

Waldron's Casino, for years one of Boston's leading burlesque theatres, will this season go back to its popular policy of giving burlesque, talking motion pictures and vaudeville, according to an announcement today by Charles H. Waldron, Aug. 26 is the opening.

Mr. Waldron recently returned from New York, where he arranged to present 40 burlesque shows at the Hanover street theatre. The burlesque will be Mutual Burlesque, the finest burlesque in the country, Waldron declares.

"The Casino will present a new burlesque show every week," he said in explaining the new policy. "This policy was made because of popular demand. It was the original policy of this theatre."

"The burlesque will present new faces each week, with new shows, new scenery, new everything, in fact. They will be dancing, prancing girl shows."

"In addition to the burlesque there will be feature vaudeville acts and the theatre has been equipped to present talking pictures. In that way, patrons of Waldron's Casino will see a burlesque show, talking motion pictures and vaudeville, a five-hour show. It will be the biggest entertainment bet in Boston. Every seat will be reserved and the usual scale of popular prices will prevail despite the enormous show. The first show will be given Monday afternoon, Aug. 26."

## NEW UPTOWN THEATRE WILL OPEN AUG. 2

Renovated, redecorated, re-seated, re-equipped, made more attractive than before, the building on Huntington avenue at Massachusetts avenue, known to theatregoers as the St. James, has become the new Uptown Theatre. This newest acquisition of Public Theatres Corporation has been fitted with every comfort and luxury. The work of transformation was so extensive that the opening date had to be set forward to Friday, Aug. 2, at noon.

The latest, most approved sound equipment has been installed for reproduction of both sound on film and sound on discs, and the policy of the house will be the finest exhibition of strictly first run, highest grade talking motion picture attractions, with continuous performances, from 1 to 10:30 P. M.

The feature attraction for the opening date is "Show Boat," adapted for the speaking screen from the best selling novel by Edna Ferber and the stage play sensation by Florenz Ziegfeld. Leading players are Laura La Plante and Joseph Schildkraut, supported by Otis Harlan, Alma Rubens, Emily Fitzroy and Jane LaVerne, with also the Ziegfeld players, Helen Morgan, Jules Bledsoe and Aunt Jemima.

## Top 'o the Morning

"A scrip with herbs and fruit supplied And water from the spring."

While there is discussion in Boston about the advantages or disadvantages of a thin diet, in Chicago the Fasting clubs are sending out circulars. We learn from one of them addressed to us that the "World-wide fasting movement is the most basically spiritual movement ever undertaken on earth"; that these clubs organized for world-wide regeneration have a triple purpose. 1. To regenerate the world with advertising of fasting knowledge as an act of philanthropy; 2. To provide free facilities for fasting in Chicago, as an act of philanthropy; 3. To regenerate ourselves, to act as free instruments of God in the new civilization at hand.

"We proclaim two (2) principles: 1st, fasting; 2nd, fasting."

## HOMAGE TO A TOWER

The proposal to destroy the Eiffel Tower and replace it by a structure that would better represent "the spirit of the present day" has called forth indignant protests. Jean Ajalbert writes: "Raze the Eiffel Tower? Why not Notre Dame? There are other cathedrals, but the Tower! Do you know another one?" The painter Delaunay reveres it as one of the world's wonders. Georges Goyau says it should stand either as a symbol of the present time or that of a great moment in the past. And what is to be said of the heroic Jeanne Ramuel-Cals, who rather than see it disappear would "cover it with her body"!

Andre Maurois does not think it would be wise to destroy the tower. "It has taken its place in the historical and legendary imagery of Paris, but I wish that modern architecture would produce for us something truly grand. I saw recently the Acropolis. To think that this little people could construct those temples! What a lesson for us. Stockholm and Copenhagen are the only modern cities I know that have City Halls worthy of our time."

No one in Paris has spoken of the practical uses to which the Eiffel Tower has been put. For some years, like the Washington Monument and the Brooklyn Bridge, it served those wishing the notoriety of a spectacular leap to death. It has also been used for the display of electrical advertising. It is a pleasure to find Parisians stirred in a matter of art, as when Sarah Bernhardt played Hamlet. The question whether the Prince should be portrayed by a woman was argued by at least two disputants with rapiers with all the customary formalities including the unnecessary presence of a surgeon.

that the psychological condition during fasting is the key to world-wide regeneration; 2d, that the hypnotizing and re-education of the world's sub-conscious mind by holding the 'PERFECT VISION' during fasting is a reality."

We are requested to save the advertisements and program as they are of historical importance. "Save it. Some day it will be priceless." Free instructions on fasting are now being revised and printed. Vol. 1 describes the technique of fasting. Vol. 3 tells "what to think about during the fasting in order to set up a new and higher constructive ideal. (Section 1. Magic words defined. 2. Aspects of the INDIVIDUAL in the PERFECT VISION; 3. Outer Aspects of the Perfect Vision, the State in the New Civilization—based on Plato, Aristotle, Montesquieu, Fourier and Marx.)

There is a page of extracts from the opinions of great men, past and present. Among these "great men" are Moses, Dr. Carrington, Dr. Boffenmeyer, Dr. Schyman.

"I fasted three months (90 days) before writing each book." Andrew Jackson Davis, America's great seer and clairvoyant, in his last book of autobiography, entitled "Beyond the Valley."

Well, what did Dr. Tanner think about while he was fasting? The watermelon with which he would break his fast?

What did Sacco, the "Hunger Artist," think about when, confined at Vienna in May, 1905, in a small cabinet with cemented glass sides, he was watched night and day by relays of firemen, besides some doctors and the public? Mr. Sacco at Berlin in September, 1904, was bricked in and could be seen only through a small grated window, through which rude students stoned him, thinking he was a fraud, until the police dug him out and told him to starve elsewhere.

There were noteworthy fasters before Sacco and Tanner. There was Francis Nicholas Petra-Underus, a Helvetian, who died in 1470, at the age of 70, having fasted 20 years. He predicted several things that came to pass, but Paul Zaccarias, who saw the faster's portrait drawn from the life, wrote: "He was of a squalid aspect and emaciated in a wonderful manner, so that his image would strike a kind of horror into those that looked upon it."

Katherine Binder, born in the Palatinate, examined by a divine, a statesman, and two doctors of physic in 1585, fed only upon air for the space of nine years.

Dr. Hakewel wondered at the case of Eve Fleiger of Meurs who took no kind of sustenance for 14 years. Over her picture in a Dutch book are lines in Latin which have thus been translated:

"This maid of Meurs thirty and six years spent, Fourteen of which she took no nourishment; Thus pale and wan she sits sad and alone, A garden all she loves to look upon."

Hermolaus Barbarus knew of a priest at Rome who lived forty years only by sucking in of air; Rondelectus knew a girl who up to the 10th year of her life lived only upon air, yet she was later married and bore children.

And what is to be said of a man seen by Fabricius (Obs. Chirurg. Cent 2, obs. 40, p. 116) who had lived without food or drink for three years. When a bit of sugar was privately put in her mouth, she swooned. "That which is most wonderful," wrote the learned Fabricius, "is that this maid walks up and down, plays with other girls, dances, and does all other things that are done by girls of her age; neither has she any difficulty of breathing, speaking, or crying out."

There was a man known to Olympiodorus, the Platonist, who so long as he lived neither ate nor slept, but only stood in the sun to refresh himself.

There are other instances, all marvelous, but well authenticated by men incapable of deceit or any sinful games. Truly this is a little world of great wonders.

"I tell you honestly what I think is the cause of the complicated maladies of the human race; it is their gormandising and stuffing, and stimulating those organs (the digestive) to an excess, thereby producing nervous disorder and irritation. The state of their minds is another grand cause; the fidgetting and discontenting yourself about that which can't be helped; passions of all kind—malignant passions, and worldly cares, pressing upon the mind, disturb the cerebral action, and do a great deal of harm."—Abernethy's Lectures.

### Top O' the Morning:

It is related that distinguished persons are now charging \$50 when people invite them to formal luncheons. We think they're right. People don't invite a distinguished person to a public luncheon because they love him or like to see him eat heartily. They invite him because it brings so many more people to the luncheon at so much per head. And, besides, at a luncheon a guest is always expected to speak "just a few words, y'know, anything you happen to think of," and all the pay he gets for that is the tough hind leg of a superannuated chicken, some potatoes and green peas, a dish of warm ice cream and a dry macaroon. And then he has to listen to the other speakers; that's the really hard part. He has to listen and look interested and applaud just at the right time. And although he is bored to death, he is not permitted to burst out crying or get up and say "this is certainly one bum lunch." Yes sir, it's easy worth \$50 to be honor guest at a luncheon. And if the man who sits next to the guest of honor insists on telling him the story about the Irishman who met a Swede at a Jewish dance given by a German and three Spaniards—oh, you know—well, then, the guest of honor ought to charge double rates. R. H. L.

There is a type of youth who considers a trifling fine a small price to pay for the adventure and the advertisement of a riotous night—Manchester Guardian.

A correspondent wishes to know the origin of the name "Brussels sprouts." It is said that Dr. Thomas Wheelright took his family to Brussels in 1835, with Charlotte Bronte as governess. The doctor became acquainted with the sprouts at Bruges the melancholy city that led Rodenbach to write his remarkable novel on which Korngold based an opera. Wheelright liked the sprouts so much that he introduced them into England and christened them Brussels Sprouts.

This may or may not be true, but we have succeeded in bringing the sprouts, Rodenbach, Korngold and Charlotte into one sentence. And it may here be mentioned that Brussels sprouts and trips are the two dishes that Mr. Herkimer Johnson shuns. The sprouts make him sick at his stomach; trips offend his delicate sensibilities.

## Top 'o the Morning

There is a sort of author who, when he goes into the country to live, allows his neighbors to know that he does not expect to receive "calls." He forgets that in refusing to be neighborly he is refusing also to meet his raw material. Great books are generally written about ordinary people by extraordinary observers: They are rarely written about exclusive, literary, arty—and-crafty persons.—St. John Ervine.

But does a writer find the quiet—the supposed quiet of the country—a quickener of inspiration? Even if he finds a retreat, far from passing motor-cars, and boisterous picnickers, is he able

to concentrate thought? Does the sight of a fair or stern landscape awaken slumbering but beautiful or noble thoughts, so that they stir and call to him from the reservoir of his sub-conscious mind?

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, as is well known, toils best and easiest on his colossal work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast," when he breathes the air and sniffs the odors of Blossom Court; and so Schiller, writing eloquently of the ideal, smelt of rotten apples which he kept in a drawer of his desk for mental stimulus and encouragement. Some authors are at their best when they write standing at a high desk, so that they may not grow round-shouldered. Many prefer to write lying down, even in bed, propped up; as Mark Twain and Marcel Proust. Mr. Ben Ames Williams loves the country in summer, but it is in a city room—a room in Huntington avenue—unknown to the distracting public that he plots and elaborates his excellent novels and short stories. No telephone communicates with his cell. Ibsen had a tray before him holding grotesque figures including cats, rabbits and a devil. Bernard Shaw says much of his early work was done on top of buses, and the composer Honegger writes fluently in railway cars. If Bulwer Lytton's work room was heavily scented, Theophile Gautier wooed the muse most successfully when he breathed "The incense of burning pastilles." Coleridge found walking over rough ground or trampling down undergrowth favorable to composition. The excellent Albert Barnes wrote his notes to the Gospels before breakfast seated in a summer house. It is not stated whether slugs crawled about him; whether an old fashioned and stinking garden-pump met his gaze when his eyes were wearied by writing. A long table with a decanter of port at either end was of great assistance to Joseph Addison as he walked along it, thought, drank, and wrote.

Is it true that Fennimore Cooper found inspiration by eating honey cakes and chewing licorice?

Of all authors commend us to William Prinne, Esq. Old Aubrey tells us that Prinne's method of study was this: "He wore a long quilt cap, which came 2 or 3 inches at least over his eyes, which served him as an umbrella to defend his eyes from the light; about every 3 hours his man was to bring him a role and a pot of ale to refocillate his wasted spirits; so he studied and drank and munched some bread; and this maintained him till night; and then he made a good supper; now he did well not to dine, wh breaks off one's fancy, weh will not presently be regained."

"Refocillate." What a glorious, imposing word! Much more euphonious and grateful to the ear than revive, refresh, reanimate, comfort—all pedestrian terms. Think, also, and enviously of the great Gorenlius who kept bottles of Rhenish wine in his study, and when his spirits waned "Drank a good rummer of it." ("Rummer," a noble word for a large drinking glass, a word valued at its true worth by Dryden. Sir Walter Scott, Browning and Thomas Hardy, whether the rummer hold Rhenish—with or without sugar—or steaming punch.)

Some writers in the country, disturbed by the chirping birds and crowing cocks, long for the noises of the city. Newspapermen are heedless of the din in the city room and the roar of presses. Yet Dr. Edgar Stern-Rubarth, editor-in-chief of the Wolff Telegraphic Agency—the German equivalent of the Associated Press,—arriving in New York, made disagreeable remarks about many things done there with the maximum of noise. The eminent visitor surely has read Schopenhauer on "Noise," how he quoted with approval what Thomas Hood said in "Up the Rhine": "For a musical nation, they (the Germans) are the noisiest I ever met with." Schopenhauer agreed to this and gave as a reason that the senses of the Germans are obtuse. Noise "does not disturb them in reading or thinking, simply because they do not think; they only smoke, which is their substitute for thought." He complained bitterly of the cracking of whips, "Hammering, the barking of dogs, and the crying of children are horrible to hear; but your only genuine assassin of thought is the crack of a whip." And so the Frenchman Adolphe Rette, years after Schopenhauer, dreamed a fantastic dream in which to his delight a voice announced from the sky "That Monsieur Bruit, was dead, and that Retter, rejoicing, attended the funeral."

Is it generally known that the name Phairistie was originally given to lawn tennis; that when Maj. Winsfield took out a patent for this game in 1874 he intended that the court should be shaped like an hourglass; that three years later the rectangular court was adopted, and the game was soon known as "lawn-tennis"? These statements are made by a respectable London journal.



but the Army and Navy Gazette mentioning in 1873 the patenting of the game by Maj. Wingfield described the game as "lawn-tennis."

Why "Pharistike" if the game was first so called?

#### LINE TO A DRESS DESIGNER

"Some of the leading Paris dress-makers tonight announced that they are agreed that women's skirts are too short and offend aesthetic taste. There is every indication that skirts will become longer in the future.—Fashion forecast."

My lad, you are mistaken;  
You've pitched that tale before,  
But woman, quite unshaken,  
The shorter skirt still wore;  
"The skirt shall not be longer,"  
The cry from Paris rang;  
But woman's will was stronger  
And skirts remained unchanged.

My lad, as a dictator  
You cut but little ice;  
Eve, bolder grown and straighter,  
Thinks legs are rather nice;  
Those legs she won't abandon—  
But you are left in sight  
Without a leg to stand on  
In this unequal fight.

My lad, they will not swallow  
Your edicts as of old;  
You may not lead but follow  
And do as you are told;  
In vain you tell them daily  
That knees must not be shown—  
They pull your leg more gaily  
The more they show their own.

LUCIO.

Is there any truth in the statement going the round of the newspapers from time to time—it was made recently in the New York Herald-Tribune—that many doctors in the forties opposed the installation of bath tubs as injurious to health, so much sentiment was stirred up against them, that Boston and Philadelphia passed ordinances prohibiting the installation in those cities? There are still newspapers in this country insisting that witches were burned in Salem.

### A Mysterious "Juanita" Gives Mere Man Much Good Advice

THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S GUIDE TO MARRIAGE AND CELIBACY, by Juanita Tanner. Bobbs-Merrill Co. 312 pp. \$3.50.

By PHILIP HALE

Charles Lamb wrote to Coleridge in 1809: "I borrowed this 'Coelebs in Search of a Wife,' of a very careful neat lady, and returned it with this stuff written in the beginning:

"If ever I marry a wife  
I'll marry a landlord's daughter.  
For then I may sit in the bar,  
And drink cold brandy and water!"  
What would this "careful, neat lady," what would the excellent Hannah More herself, as Coeleb's guide, philosopher, friend say to Miss (or Mr.) Tanner's book?"

Juanita professes to be the daughter of the John Tanner, who, she says, "was shown to be a person of noble intentions which sometimes failed to see him through a difficult situation." All through her book, she calls herself the granddaughter of Shaw whom she knows only by his writings, though she does not regret that she has grown up an American. "Mother who is without reverence for anyone calls him Bernard, or even, when she is angry, George, but I can never think of him except as Mr. Shaw."

Juanita discusses the question whether it is better for a man to marry or remain a bachelor in view of the present condition and behavior of the women of today. She inquires into the religious, scientific and romantic guides to happiness. She admits that celibacy may be genuine or nominal. What will individual freedom lead to? There is much about the "sex business"; she finds the emphasis put on sex an evil. If "sex" were not made so important, the world would be happier and more intelligent. "I can see no real reason why a man should be appointed administrator of the eighth commandment while a woman is given charge of the seventh."

Grandfather, in fact, before I was born, pointed out the disadvantages of a society in which the serious business of sex was left by men to women, and the serious business of nutrition left by women to men."

Her argument is developed at great length, and not without repetitions. She is original in her point of view.

sometimes whimsical, sometimes cynical, at times witty and eloquent, occasionally flippant. It is evident that she has read much; the book abounds in quotations from the ancients; she knows Freud, Havelock Ellis, Proust as well as the old Greeks and the writers of the biblical books; she discusses prostitution, perversion birth control, without prudery and without a grin.

There is the view of marriage as a practical undertaking to found a home and a family; and there is the romantic marriage of two persons designed to complement each other. There is the celibacy that is a state of devotional chastity; there is the state of single blessedness "permitting extra-legal intercourse without the bother of family responsibilities."

As for women going into business, she sees no reason why man should welcome the immigrant horde. "Men are not to be taken up with the sex."

giggling or grinding at routine work, or, maybe worse, slipping into real jobs. Too often, just when a girl is doing nicely, she will suddenly appear with the latest in platinum settings on her third finger, a disillusioned man higher up will begin hunting another man to take her place." Women have gained social as well as economic and (theoretical) political equality. "With most intelligent people the Double Standard has come into disrepute."

There is now a matter-of-fact view of physical matters, a useful heritage of the war. Morality dependent upon propriety in dress is not a stable or desirable sort of morality. Sex is not a sacred mystery today, and there is no sex in mind. Sexual differences must be minimized. Marriage problems were not the chief concern of Christianity. Instead of the physical quality of virginity the Christian recommendation stresses the mental quality of innocence. The main difference between the present and the past is not the discussion of sex but whether sex is regarded as a pleasant and simple, or an unpleasant and difficult problem. "The good old days" in which the average girl's notion of a man was of "a shaved cheek, tobacco-scented coat sleeves, instant susceptibility to her charms, and permanent provision of a living" are gone. "Today's novels lead us in full possession of all the worst scandal about the hero and more, since she has now become an interesting character, too, about the heroine; so that the problem is not can they get each other but can they stand each other."

There have been claims that the old values are being reversed. Juanita quotes Dr. G. V. Hamilton's "A Research in Marriage." He finds that a steady increase in virtue among women was noticeable until the 1890 group. "Those confessing illicit experience dropped from 45.45 per cent. for those born during or before 1880 to only 24 per cent. in the 1890 group; but of the women born after 1890, 60 per cent. admitted such experience. Observe that this percentage corresponds to 51.22 per cent. among the men; that is, among Dr. Hamilton's subjects the modern girl proved more immoral than the modern young man. . . . You cannot, of course, intelligently object to a girl's enjoying liberties which you enjoy. You can not carry a sense of property rights into the past; indeed, as an intelligent man, you have no sense of property rights in any other human being."

There are pages on behaviorism, mental affinity, mutual help, natural selection, the two varieties of marriage and the two varieties of chastity, whether a new morality should be adopted—"The chief difficulty with the old morality seems to be that it was made for sinners, and so the sinners flourished"—chapters on educating Eve and acclimating Adam, the results in the world at large of a diminished or at least a better-controlled sex interest in the family. "I am determined to blame sex for a great many of the evils which my grandfather attributes to capitalism."

Juanita says firmly that she has not intended to write a reform book. "I realize that I have not given any very specific directions. This is partly because, in these days of reckless acting but cautious thinking, my conclusion must be hedged about with so many ifs and buts as to be well nigh invisible."

When I have said all that I have felt compelled to say against the present system I still must consider at last both marriage and celibacy as parallel roads to a romantic goal which is also a religious goal, being happiness or the hope of heaven ahead."

### Top 'o the Morning

The B. B. C. of England published a list of 322 words that announcers found difficulty in broadcasting. Correct pronunciation was prescribed. The Society for the Preservation of Pure English submitted the list to Lord Balfour, Earl Grey, Earl Russell, Granville Barker and Dr. Onions. Their opinions are published in tract 32 of the society. Ninety proposals of the B. B. C. were opposed; a majority vote was cast against 13.

"Envelope" is condemned. "Ontooraazh" becomes "entoorage" or even "intoorage." "Enui" shall be "left in its native French purity." Then there's "fauteuil"—(but why pronounce it all?). "Fotill" is recommended, though four of the judges said "no, no." "Onsemble" is recommended for "ensemble," but Dr. Bridges, the editor of the Tract, will not have it.

Fortunately there is no dispute in this country about the pronunciation of "hobo," although there are various explanations, unsatisfactory, about the origin of the term; nor will any announcer stumble over "ham" as applied to an actor. A correspondent of the New York Sun quotes an old negro minstrel song:

"Ham fat, ham fat a-fryin' on the pan;  
I'm a hootchy, cootchy, cootchy an' a ham fat man."

(As we remember the song, the first line ran "Ham fat, ham fat, a brimmin' in the pan.") The correspondent adds: "To express their contempt for the variety and minstrel blackface comedians, dancers, singers, etc., the 'legits' sneeringly referred to them as 'ham-fatters!' Later on it became 'ham actors' and finally abbreviated to 'hams.'"

This is ingenious; possibly the true explanation; but "ham" in American slang of the eighties also meant a loafer.

In English slang "hams" meant trousers; early in the 18th century, breeches. This definition is also found in American slang. ("Vocabulum; or the Rogues' Lexicon," by G. W. Mat-sell, Special Justice, Chief of Police, etc., New York, 1859): "Hams. Pants." The word follows on page 40, "Hamlet. A captain of police." On the same page we find: "Guy"—A dark lantern. "Hang out"—The place one lives in. "Hang it up"—Think of it, remember it. "Half a hog"—A five-cent piece. "Half-a-ned"—A five dollar gold piece.

The portraits on the new bills will not excite disapproval on account of the men portrayed, though scandalous stories about Washington and Jefferson were current when they were alive, and Hamilton and Cleveland did not escape. We remember that when shin-plasters were issued by our government at the time of the civil war, puritan pruders objected to the handsome women portrayed, on the ground that the originals were light skirts who had found employment in government offices in Washington owing to the friendly interest of senators and others high in authority, who certainly showed good taste in picking.

#### Book-Legging

Top O' the Morning:

"Shush!" shushed a furtive looking individual at us. He walked unbidden by our side and in a low tone that was almost a whisper he said, "I've just got thirty of 'em in from Canada. How many do you want?"

As a law-abiding citizen of these United States or as law abiding as it is possible for the average man to be, we said sternly we wanted none of his wares, and to be gone and gone quickly, lest we be arrested and dragged to gaol for being observed on the same street with a bootlegger.

"None of it cut," said the mysterious stranger. "This is the real thing. Do you want a couple?"

"No," said we, coldly and sternly. "Avant thou bootlegger."

"You got me all wrong," said the stranger. "I hain't no bootlegger. No, I'm a booklegger."

"Yes," said we, somewhat puzzled.

"Sure," said the stranger, "I'm book-leggin' the genuine English edition of 'All Quiet on the Western Front.' Not a word or a page cut out. The genuine article, nothing cut, nothing changed. The federal agents grabbed a lot of English editions last week, but I've just got in thirty copies from Canada. If you want the real thing, I'm the guy. I've got 'em. Get your book from a booklegger if you want the genuine wine."

We hurried away from the booklegger. We did not wish to buy and peruse a book that is not permitted. The English edition of "All Quiet" is not permitted to American citizens by the laws of our country, and so on and so on.

Besides, we have three copies already.

—R. H. L.

#### Believe It or Not

A body was found  
Of a pretty girl  
With bobbed brown hair  
And one spit curl.

Height: five foot four,  
And light blue eyes,  
Wore a dark brown dress  
And Oxford ties.

Tan-rose stockings.  
A front gold tooth.  
And near the body  
Was a bottle of vermouth.

Her weight was judged  
At a hundred and five;  
The body was found  
Near the Willow Drive.

I read the item  
And was shocked to see  
That the description  
Just fitted me.

And I regretted  
Walking those lanes;  
So broken hearted  
I claimed my remains.

—Naomi Duckman Furth in N. Y. Sun.

#### "Home Cooking"

Top o' the Morning:

Tha vacation is nearly over, so I'll be back to work soon and get a good rest. Tha food at this resort is very good. Tha speshully on Sunday when they have meat. Yesterday tha B. and C. goes nutz again (or yet) an decides we shoold drive to tha next town where a guy advertises a old fashioned farm dinner at 6 bits a mouth. If I was on tha jury an this racketeer went to trial, instead of giving him tha rope, I'd make him eat one of his own feeds. Tha home made noodle soup must of been made in the home for feeble minded. Tha Mama was lucky, she got 3 two inch noodle strands. I drew nearly a couple. Tha sand woodn' of been so bad if there was a liddle more spinach in it. Next came what they called prime beef but they didn't say whether tha year that it was in its prime was A. D. or B. C. My knife was dull so I stropped it on the beef. Theres efficiency. I wish you cood of tasted tha desert, they had many kinds namely rice custard with raisins. After eatin about 1/2 of it I noticed one of the raisins moving, this jus spoiled my appetite so I didn't order tha 2nd cup of coffee. Tha coffee had kind of a funny taste but I'd crabbd so much before that I just drank it. Five minutes later tha waitress apologizes to me saying she made a error an gave me tea. Tha place is sure run economickally. I think a guy comes in once a week to plug tha holes in the salt and pepper shakers. When we pay tha check tha boss says he hopes we'll come again and tha Mama says "I hope you get your hope."

DUKE BAKRAK.

P. S. If ptomaine I dont set in before night Im gonna see a doctor an find out whats wrong with me.

Arthur Fiedler as conductor, and 47 players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra again last night, gathering on a hooded platform facing the Charles river basin, took up their task of carrying music to the people. The presence of thousands, most of them women, made a new success of the esplanade concerts which began on July 4 and are to reach their close with intermissions, only on Aug. 7.

Warned by the program not to make "unnecessary noises," the listeners were lost in attention to the players' except when the opportunities came for applause, or when the whirl of an airplane-cager to get within range of notes far more harmonious than its own, turned all eyes upward. It was a masterly presentation of well-known classics lasting a full hour and leaving everybody eager to hear more. After a march and "Regiment Connection" by Reeves, the musicians turned to Mendelssohn's famous "Fingal's Cave," an overture which its author was inspired to compose after a trip he paid to the Hebrides islands. In "Ave Maria" the gathering made acquaintance with the originator of many exquisite compositions which have had and still have their day in the services of the Roman Catholic church. As that fantasia from Verdi's opera "La Traviata" was reached the same listeners must have rejoiced in its complete recovery from the ruin which is said to have overtaken it when it was "queered" at Venice in 1853 by "the excessively fat Madame Donatelli."

A treat also came with "Panaderos," a Spanish dance by Glazounov, known as the best song composer of the new Russian school, with many symphonic poems to his credit, including "Stenka Razin," "The Forest" and "The Kriemlin." Other notable compositions presented were a Rumanian rhapsody by Enesco, Saint-Saens's "The Swan," and Waldeufel's waltz, "Tres Jolie." All the pieces were broadcast. During the evening Boris Kreinin gave a violin solo and Joseph Keller a cello solo.

Beginning at 8 P. M., the following is the program for tonight:

Wedding March	Mendelssohn
Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor"	Niccolai
(a) Air	Bach
(b) Minuet	Bach
Fantasia, "Mourning Butterflies"	Puccini
(Intermission)	
Second Hungarian Rhapsody	Liszt
(a) Humoreske	Dvorak
(b) Third Slavonic Dance	Brahms
Selection, "The New Moon"	Tchaikovsky
Marche Slave	



# The Theatre

July 28

By PHILIP HALE

1929

The New York Herald Tribune, in its obituary of Charles Forepaugh, published a head-line stating that he "was first actually to stick head in a lion's mouth."

Now Forepaugh did stick his head in a lion's mouth, but the first time he ventured to do this was in 1874. Has the writer of the head-line never heard of Van Amburgh? Never sung

Van Amburgh is the man

Who goes to all the shows.

He shuts himself in the lion's den

And tells you all he knows

He puts his head in the lion's mouth

And keeps it there a while,

And when he takes it out again

He greets you with a smile.

No doubt there are variants of the old story.

Not only was Van Amburgh long before Forepaugh in the performance of the feat, but in 1848 Ellen Chapman with Wombwell's Menagerie in England was complimented by Queen Victoria, who asked how she felt when her head was inside the lion's mouth. The Prince Consort patted Ellen on the back—she was a pretty girl; the Queen gave her a gold watch and chain. The affecting story is told at length in "Sir" George Sanger's "Seventy Years a Showman."

Van Amburgh trained two lions which were introduced in "The Lion Doomed, or the Bandit of Benares," produced at the Bowery Theatre, New York, on Jan. 8, 1834. Henry Wallack played Moraska. One of the characters in the play was thrown into the den to fight with the male lion. The Mirror in its review stated: "The prisoner escapes, and this scene, which probably exceeds anything of the kind ever before witnessed here, closes amid the cheers, and the free respirations of the excited spectators . . . The drama closes with the conflagration of the city of Benares."

Mr. George C. D. Odell in his "Annals of the New York Stage" reproduces a print showing a scene in "the Bowery menagerie 1826." (Was there a "Bowery menagerie" in that year?) The print is entitled "Magnanimity of the Elephant." There is this description: "A male and a female tiger, breaking on that thrilling occasion, the bars of their cage, seized a llama and began to devour it. At that moment J. Martin, the keeper, entered the room to feed the animals, whereupon the tigress abandoned the llama and sprang on Martin. And then the elephant rescued him by throwing his trunk around him, placing him securely on his (the beast's) own back. Meantime a male lion from his cage reached out a paw purposeful and deterrent, and held the tiger (sic) till help arrived for the keeper." Mr. Odell calls attention to the details of the print—the dying llama, the blood of the lion-lacerated tiger, the frightened monkeys, etc.

Van Amburgh was showing in December, 1834, at the Zoological Institute, 37 Bowery, New York, "the most extensive collection of Beasts and Birds in the known world." It was announced that at 4 o'clock and at 8 he would "enter the cage with the Lion, Lioness and Tiger, all three confined in one cage and living in a state of harmony together." In April, 1837, he played at the Bowery Theatre in "The Lion Lord," taking the part of Constantius, a Greek. Nero, Moses and Zenobia were characters in the play. A spectacle, "Blue Beard," with Van Amburgh's "rare and magnificent animals," was given at the National. The stage was "so arranged as to give the audience a perfect view of the encounters, with the utmost safety."

Another animal tamer in New York was Herr Driesbach, who took the part of Abdallah, an outcast Arab, in "The Lion of the Desert, or the Conquest of Algiers." This fearless Driesbach, in 1843, in a pavilion that would hold 6000 to 8000 people at Broadway and Thirteenth street, appeared as an outcast slave who subdued a fierce and hungry Brazilian tiger. "After which he will harness his noble lion to an ancient car, and drive over a road erected across the pavilion." A whole caravan of wild animals was let loose upon him and Driesbach fully exhibited his skill in controlling them. At his benefit "he will at 6 P. M. preside at a table set in the den of his animals, and take supper with them, dispensing their portions, and drinking from the same vessels with them, thus displaying one of the grandest and most daring exploits of human courage ever presented to an audience."

Yes, there were passionate press agents even before "Tody" Hamilton, and the man who, to injure a rival circus, persuaded the manager to advertise it as "a grand monohippic show."

Of course there were lions in New York long before Van Amburgh. One was advertised to be seen there in 1728.

The public thinks of mllady too much in terms of "Home Sweet Home"—Eugene Goossens.

The Commonweal, reviewing "Jubilee Jim" by Robert H. Fuller, says that Jim Fisk "found time to promote and manage the first presentation of French opera-bouffe in New York." The statement is incorrect. Mr. Fuller was likewise in error.

H. L. Bateman was the man who first brought a French opera-bouffe company to this country, producing Offenbach's "Barbe Bleue" at Niblo's Garden, New York on July 20, 1868. As manager of Pike's Opera House, the corner of Eighth avenue and Twenty-third street, he produced there "La Grande Duchesse." Irma was the leading woman in "Barbe Bleue." She was the sister of Galli-Marie, the first Carmen, and Paola-Marie, whose Bettina in "The Mascot" is well remembered in Boston. Irma was the first wife of "Edouard" Colonne, afterwards the famous conductor in Paris of the Colonne concerts at the Chatelet. When he conducted here in opera-bouffe he was known as Jules Colonne, and it was his habit to play a violin solo in one of the waits. Bateman produced "La Grande Duchesse" at Pike's Opera House on Oct. 14, 1868, with Mlle. Tostee as the Duchess and the excellent singer Aujac as Fritz.

On Jan. 9, 1869, Bateman sold his interest in the French company to James Fisk, Jr. Fisk and Gould became the proprietors of the theatre, which was then named "The Grand Opera House." Gould's name appeared

only for a few days. In March Fisk was named proprietor. Under Bateman's management "Barbe Bleue," "Les Bavards," "La Perichole," and a few smaller operettas by Offenbach were produced. Tostee, born in 1837, died in 1874. She had been a pupil of the Paris Conservatory and had taken a first prize for solfège. Audacious on the stage, delightful as singer and actress, in private life, off stage, she was quiet—not falsely demure—and she amazed American women who were with her on the steamer by passing her time knitting for her dearly beloved daughter, whose death some time afterwards hastened her own. We remember her well, at the head of her troops, proclaiming her love for the military, wooing the stupid Fritz who could not forget his Wanda, dancing the cancan with her fellow conspirators. Aujac came from the Monnaie, Brussels, where he was highly esteemed. If we are not in error, he was killed in the Franco-Prussian war.

What would Filmland be without its dangerous woman? The latest is Baclanova whom we have seen before distinguish herself in silent pictures, in which her Slavonic charm has stood her in good stead. Associated with Clive Brock in this rather tawdry melodrama ("A Dangerous Woman") Baclanova demonstrates the fact that unpleasant as the American voice can sometimes be in talking films it is the essence of harmony compared to what a Russian lady is able to emit in the shape of screen noise when she wants to ventilate her feelings.—Sunday Times (London).

The "American Voice." This reminds us that Mr. Martin Wells wrote to the Observer (London):

"I venture to suggest that English actors and actresses will not be in such great demand for talking picture production as Mr. Abrahams avers. I believe that, through natural causes, and despite objections about accent and speech, America and American cinema artists will dominate the new industry in the same manner as they gained control of the silent film industry. This is far more probable than educating existing stars to talk pure English or making use of well-spoken actors. So it is likely that more American idiom will find its way into general use here with the advent of this form of entertainment, more so even than was possible through the caption of the silent film."

"Shall we thus become Americanized by their influence? Herein lies the menace of the 'talkies'."

This question of voices leads to many articles in English newspapers, the Manchester Guardian, for example, thinks it is not easy to find voices that will go with film faces and record.

"One knows scores of people whose voices quite belie their appearance, and the same experience is afflicting Hollywood directors with despair. Leading ladies whom the public had been trained to believe the personification of ingenuie girlhood turn out to have deep sonorous voices instead of a larklike twitter. The villain of a hundred Westerns betrays a high-pitched lisp. The clinging vamp speaks in harsh, metallic tones."

"Nor is this all. If it was simply incompatibility between voice and appearance a change of make-up would be enough, and the villain could set himself to playing duds. But it has for years been the policy of the cinema magnates to present their servants to the public always in some characteristic part, and it is too late to change that now. The audiences which loved and cheered Ferdinando FitzCohen as a leading juvenile will not stand him in whiskers and a scowl, however gruff his voice may be."

It is greatly to be regretted that Mme. Nazimova has seen fit to withdraw from the Civic Repertory Theatre. Her playing in Chskov's "Cherry Orchard" and in "Katerina" will be long remembered here.

Mr. Sydney Carroll on the "talkies": "The public will not long endure even as a novelty badly written, grunting, squeaking twangs."

## METROPOLITAN THEATRE

### "River of Romance"

A screen romantic drama, adapted by Ethel Doherty, Dan Totheroth and John V. A. Weaver from the story by Booth Tarkington; photography by Victor Milner; directed by Richard Wallace and presented by Paramount as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

Tom Rumford . . . Charles Rogers  
Lucy Jeffers . . . Mary Brian  
Elvira Jeffers . . . June Colver  
Gen. Jeff Rumford . . . Henry B. Walthall  
Gen. Orlando Jackson . . . Wallace Beery  
Capt. Blackie . . . Fred Kohler  
Mexican . . . Natalie Kingston  
Major Patterson . . . Walter McGrail  
Joe Patterson . . . Anderson Lawler  
Mme. Rumford . . . Mrs. George Fawcett  
Rumbo . . . George Reed

A soft-spoken, wholly delightful comedy is "River of Romance." Its movement is as languorous as that of the wide river on which float those old-time steamboats of the 1840s. Its theme, charmingly and faithfully retained by its trio of adapters, is witchingly sentimental, or archly humorous as the situation demands. Its characters seem to have stepped out of the fascinating pages of Tarkington's "Magnolia." The players without exception have been assigned with a canny shrewdness unusual even in these days of advanced intelligence in the movies. Before writing further this column hastens to urge all who seek in their cinema entertainment mental stimulation and relaxation by turns to see this satisfying production directed by Richard Wallace.

Mr. Rogers, one of our most engaging juveniles of the screen, is making tremendous strides forward. In "Close Harmony" he amused us vastly, in a role devoted to the simpler humors of life. Here, as the upstanding scion of an old southern family which counted honor and dueling as synonymous, he takes on a more manly part, yet remains the ingenuous boy of earlier pictures. By no means a coward, young Tom

Rumford has a distaste for the duel. He sees in it no saving grace, no sense. So, when Maj. Patterson, who admits that he is some fire-eater, challenges him to deadly encounter after Tom's

engagement to Elvira Jeffers has been announced, Tom smilingly refuses to consider himself insulted. It is merely jealousy because the major thought he had won Elvira, explains Tom. His father, bitterly disappointed, intimates that Tom should depart. He does, and in his subsequent wanderings meets Gen. Orlando Jackson, a gambling house owner who wears a patch over the eye which his first wife closed with a hymn book. The general explains to Tom how he dominates his fellow-men by a show of bravado, a menacing glare, an order to sit down, in blood-curdling tones. Tom, after nearly brainning the bullying Capt. Blackie with a chair, and later by following his mentor's counsel, becomes known as the notorious Col. Blake. In the end he returns home in time to claim the first waltz at her coming-out party with little Lucy Jeffers, who always has adored him, to turn the tables on the blatant Maj. Patterson, and to win his father's forgiveness.

There are times when the voices are pitched so low that it is difficult to hear their utterances. The southern accent in general is treated skilfully. Mr. Rogers is splendid. Miss Brian may well count Lucy as her most delicate and most appealing portrait from the audible screen. There are times when Mr. Beery dominates the picture. Speech has no terrors for him. No more ingratiating rascal ever trod the stage than his Gen. Orlando Jackson. While at times the pictorial continuity was marred by jerkiness and abrupt transitions, the camera for the greater part contrived to give many beautiful scenes, particularly that of the long, winding staircase in the Rumford mansion.

W. E. G.



# Artists and Pupils Happy

## In Playhouse and Workshop

Lighton Rollins's Repertory Company at  
Surry, Me., Is Striving to  
Produce the Best

By JOAN DICK

Although in our cities now most of the theatres are dark and we must go in search of entertainment either to a talkie or an occasional leg show, scattered about the country are various stock companies and repertory companies with open doors. By their enthusiasm and a sense of freedom engendered perhaps by their agreeable surroundings, or by the lack of competition with more standardized productions, they convey a feeling of vitality and robustness very reassuring to lovers of the stage. The latest development of this kind is the Surry Playhouse and Workshop at Surry, Me., which is situated about 20 miles from North East Harbor and Bar Harbor.

The director is Leighton Rollins, who was for several years in charge of the Try Out Theatre at Wellesley, where by producing only new plays an opportunity was given young dramatists to have their productions seen and perhaps thoroughly overhauled before appearing in New York. Mr. Rollins appears to have the necessary requirements needed for such a many-sided and complicated job as running a combined playhouse and dramatic school. He is young, with a well-developed sense of the comic, and a lack of egotism and prejudice which makes him responsive both to human beings and to ideas.

### STARTED IN MAY

The building of the theatre was started in May, and on July 2 the doors were open for the first performance. Outward appearances make a strong impression and no one could fail to be charmed with this building.

It has a seating capacity of 250, but in the future Mr. Rollins hopes to build a larger theatre and to use this only for the school. It is in the midst of open rolling fields, with pine groves, and a winding inlet of the sea, making a river of salt, with the hazy mountains of Mt. Desert in the background. We were there in haying time. The mechanical devices of these days which have also invaded the fields had not reached there, an dthe mowing, raking and spreading of the hay by horse and man were each a process of exceeding beauty.

### COTTAGES HOUSE STAFF

Several small cottages in the woods at the water's edge house the staff and the pupils which, number 10 girls and six young men. Other cottages are used for workshop and eating purposes. The school lasts for two months, July and August, and the pupils give one-act plays, also having the opportunity to take minor parts in the company if they are sufficiently competent. From the

spirit of gaiety and the capacity for pulling together, which was greatly in evidence, we concluded that most people enjoy the community life, meeting together and working for some definite purpose, and that this terrific racketing and tearing over the roads by which the youth of this country ruin all summer resorts is simply a case of misdirected energy and lack of aim.

Among the members of the company of the Surry Players are Miss Helen Robinson, Miss Barbara Boyd, who was with the Huddersfield Repertory Theatre in England, taking the part of Anne Hathaway in "Will Shakespeare"; Miss Nell Burt, who was with the Irish Players; Miss Judith Elder, in Shakespearean repertoire at Stratford-on-Avon; Miss Sylvia Ware of Boston, and Mr. Ben Hoagland, who was at the Berkshire playhouse at Stockbridge last summer.

Seven plays in repertory are being given during the summer, and on Aug. 10 Margaret Anglin is to be guest artist for a week, when a special performance is being given for the benefit of the Actors' Fund of America.

It is to be regretted that the play given the evening we were there was Clyde Fitch's "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," a comedy which has been virtually in the possession of amateurs for years. However, it made a hit and was probably used for box-office purposes, very much as "Aida" is at the opening night of the Chicago Opera Company in Boston.

Much of the success of the performance was due to Miss Sylvia Ware's role of a newsboy, into which she injected life and humor. It would have been a better test of the company to have seen Noel Coward's "The Rat-Trap," which is to appear probably next winter in New York. The other plays to be given are "The March Hare," by Harry Wagstaff Gribble; "Dramatic Young Lady," by Sicra; "Dover Road," by A. A. Milne; "Caroline," by Somerset Maugham; "Cock Robin," by Philip Barry and Elmer Rice, and a modernized version translated from the French of "The Birds" of Aristophanes.

This is only a beginning. Mr. Rollins is going abroad for the winter to visit the dramatic centres of Europe. He hopes to engage for next season a European producer and one or two first-class English actors. He would like to include also a school for creative writing and a school of music, and to give performances of modern ballet and light operas. This might be the forerunner of a civic repertory company in Boston, which will surely come if we continue to complain bitterly enough of anything which is not good theatre.

The stocking spells utility:  
Don't grudge with incivility  
The maiden of ability

The best that she can buy:  
For plain the truth (and fruit) is:  
Though just skin-deep mere beauty is,  
Efficiency and duty is  
Apparently knee-high!

LUCIO.

Lord Hewart objects to the term "turn up" as not English. It would be interesting to hear Mr. Micawber's opinion on this subject. "Turn up," meaning "to occur," was long in use before Mr. Micawber, as in "they must watch the occasions, which in the whirl of time will turn up." The term undoubtedly came from the game of cards. Who was the man in one of Bret Harte's "Condensed Novels" that had an unpleasant habit of turning up an ace—or was it a jack—from the bottom of the pack?

The great Oxford Dictionary admits "turn-down" as adjective and substantive, but calls the verb, meaning to snub, rebuke, reject, repulse, American slang; yet the well written Spenser in 1902 contained this sentence: "I look back on that period of sour welcome and curt turn-down with feelings I cannot express." The Daily Chronicle recently regretted the importation of the very "turn-down" for "reject." "One has a tenderness for slang which adds a new shade to the language, but where is the difference between saying (as so many do) that a proposal has been 'turned down' and that it has been 'rejected'?"

### "READING MAKETH A FULL MAN"

Top o' the Morning!

Every day I read 15 mins. to improve my mind. What I read is ads. Do you read? Well, you should. I think everybody should read and in that way develop the best that is in each an every one of us to the end that we may someday attain that perfection. . . well suffice it to say I see in the papers that three frenchmen landed in europe in an airship and the first thing they asked for was a bottle of white wine please. Now theres a psychology about that what I want to point out to you because youre my friend an weve had lots of good times together aint we? Well as I say, what they wanted was a bottle white wine when they lands in france. Had tha trip been vice versa, that is to say, had the three frenchmen landed in the U S from france they would not have asked for a bottle white wine because the whole psychology of the adventure would have been reversed which is altogether to plain and simple as mud with a straw hat in it. Had tha 3 frenchmen landed in these U S after crossing the ocean in an airship they would have asked for fishmen's yeast, parts garters, Huylers cigarets, five gal. blue crown gasoline, 3 pair honey dew pajamas, red rubber chewing gum, McSullivan rubber heels, acold point flat iron, one case hoka hola, two pounds hundydy coffee. . . but I must get back to my reading or else come to no good and pass on like tha unsuccessful young man what didnt say a word tha whole evening.

ORACLE.

Until Ramsay MacDonald became leader of the opposition in 1922, "Who's Who" and "Hansard" spelled the name without the internal capital. "MacDonald" is really one of the names which should always be so spelt. The Gaelic rule is that where the prefix is followed by a personal name (as, in this case, Donald), the capital D should be retained; where it is followed by any other than a proper name (as in MacIntyre—"son of the carpenter") the capital should not be used. But it is a rule with which individual taste and fancy have played a good deal of havoc. There is a Macdonald (small 'd') in Mr. Baldwin's own ancestry. His mother was a daughter of the Rev. F. W. Macdonald.

In the utopian city there will be one-way sidewalks, or a broad sidewalk will have a line dividing those going and those coming. How few there are in Boston who, passing, keep to the right! Women old and young often stand in the middle of a sidewalk, chattering and obstructing; or they will dawdle along three or four abreast.

They are still telling stories about Georges Courteline in Paris. Here is one, showing his admiration for the elder Dumas:

"You know the chapter in the 'Vicomte de Bragelonne' where D'Artagnan is bothered by an officer of the King. 'Stop following me, sir,' says D'Artagnan. The other persists. Then our musketeer: 'Sir, I have been angry only twice in my life and there were two dead men.' Then the officer crosses himself. 'Heh! What do you say to that? Isn't that excellent? Show me anything like it in your modern literature!'"

### THE MODERN YOUNG MAN

One witnesses with astonishment the attitude of the fond and foolish mother and negligent father in the management of their sons and daughters at this critical age. The lad appears to do exactly as he likes; he often smokes the cheapest cigarettes all day, even at his work, keeps bad hours, reads trash, and in so many ways offends against the ordinary principles of hygiene; yet there is little control. Here is an opportunity for the establishment of a different regime, difficult to arrange and formulate, but necessary as a preliminary to the best training of the future heads of families and fathers of the race.—Dr. C. E. Goddard, medical officer of health for Harrow.

### CHARLOTTE NEW IN "THE RAMBLING SAILOR"

"Smile, Death, as you fasten the blades to my feet for me.  
On, on let us skate past the sleeping willows dusted with Snow;  
Fast, fast down the frozen stream, with the moor and the road and the vision behind  
(Show me your face—why, the eyes are kind!)  
And we will not speak of life or believe in it, or remember it as we go."

### ANECDOTE FOR THE DAY

A man who had a magnificent library was asked why he would never lend a book to anybody: "It's curmudgeonly. What's your reason?" "That no one ever returns books lent to them."  
"That's far too sweeping" said the friend.  
"I know what I'm talking about. All these," he said with a sweeping gesture, "are borrowed books."

### MODERN-BEACON

"Kitty"

A screen melodrama, adapted from the novel by Warwick Deeping, directed by Victor Saville and presented by World Wide Pictures with the following cast:  
Kitty Greenwood . . . Estelle Brody  
John Stuart . . . John Stuart  
Mrs. St. George . . . Dorothy Cumming  
Sarah Greenwood . . . Marie Ault  
Purnival . . . Winter Hall  
Leander . . . Olaf Hylander  
Reuben . . . Charles O'Shaughnessy  
Dr. Dazeley . . . E. F. Postwick  
Dr. Drake . . . Rex Maurice

The first 10 minutes' run of "Kitty" tells one unmistakably that this picture was made in England. It is not so much the quality of photography; that as a matter of fact is unusually sharp and interesting in that it reveals authentic views of the river Thames and its lively boating parties, of busy London streets and quiet rural lanes. It is the manner of performance, "the one-two-three, face the camera, register scorn," procedure which sticks out all over the film. The actors are of the stagey sort familiar in our own melodramas of three decades ago. They do not quite ring true.

"Kitty" tells of the loyal love of a little English shopgirl for a young aristocrat whom she meets in her mother's tobacconist's shop, marries secretly and ultimately brings back to normal health after a series of episodes in which the youth suffers paralysis of the lower limbs following a plane crash in a wartime sortie, is sequestered from his plebeian bride by a doting but thoroughly selfish mother, is kidnapped by Kitty and removed to a little riverside cottage which she and her mother have purchased from savings, and is finally able to walk again, thanks to a shrewd surgeon's ruse and Kitty's plucky encouragement. It is a long picture, running well to 90 minutes. Originally it was an all-silent affair, but when the talkie epidemic broke out World Wide imported it, did over the closing scenes in mome to smooth dialogue in the R. C. A. studios in New York, and there you are. W. E. G.

### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

#### "The Flying Fool"

A screen comedy by Elliott Clawson, with dialogue by James Gleason; directed by Taylor Garnett and presented by Pathe as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

Bill Taylor . . . William Bord  
Patsy Burke . . . Marie Prevost  
Tommy Taylor . . . Russell Gleason  
Tom "Poison" Dugan . . . Tom O'Brien  
Aviation Field Manager . . . Dan Wolheim  
Mrs. Burke . . . Kate Bruce

Bill Taylor, known to his friends and enemies alike as "The Flying Fool," brought down four Hun airmen near the close of the world war, acquired a decoration from a French general or something, and went home to take up stunt flying from a Los Angeles aviation field. He had an excellent opinion of himself, believed that he knew all about women, and was never averse to mixing it with males who affronted him. In the opening scene "Poison" Dugan, another aviator with ribald song interrupts Bill's sentimental interchanges with a couple of vivacious little French girls. "Excuse me a moment," says Bill. "I have important business to attend to," and he meets Dugan half-way. "Pardon me," says Dugan, "Was you looking for something?" "Yes, I was," retorts Bill, and he sends Dugan down with a snappy left swing. Four times in the course of the picture these two have occasion to ask each other this same question, and each time one of them gets it. Bill, being the star, gets it only once; poor Dugan is less fortunate.

Bill's kid brother Tom falls in love with "Patsy," a shy, domesticated cabaret singer who actually lives with her mother and knows how to cook. Bill undertakes to squash the infatuation and himself falls in love with the girl, and she with him. She was just "playing along with Tommy." Bill takes her home from the cabaret in his rattle-trap car, which runs wild and snaps off a street light pole. "When you kiss, you wreck 'em," remarks "Patsy." Hitherto Bill's motto has been to "find 'em, fool 'em and forget 'em"; but "Patsy" puts different ideas into his head. After a series of quarrels in which the girl and the two brothers figure, everything is straightened out, Bill promises to quit the dangerous "stunt" game, and, to celebrate, takes a final sock at the pestiferous Dugan.

There are many really comical scenes, thanks to Gleason senior, who knows well how to write that sort of stuff. One is the scene in bed, when Bill tells Tommy about women; another when both fall asleep, sitting up, telling each other what a swell girl "Patsy" is. The air shots of two planes twisting and diving as Bill and Dugan engage in vicious aerial pursuit are fairly exciting, the concluding flash is the big surprise of the whole picture. As to the players, Mr. Boyd and Mr. Gleason were particularly entertaining. The

## Top 'o the Morning

### STRICTLY BUSINESS

(An American expert on efficiency says that silk stockings ought not to be regarded as an extravagance on the part of the business girl, but rather a professional investment, because the increase "the sense of personality, without which nothing can be achieved in modern business life.")

Our typist's an authority  
On hose superiority,  
And, like the vast majority,  
She wears (and shows) a lot;  
This is not, in reality,  
A form of prodigality,  
Because her personality  
Would suffer did she not.

She wears the best obtainable,  
The sleekest that are gainable,  
But this is quite explainable  
On business grounds, you'll find;  
It is no sign of jollity,  
Or leanings to frivolity—  
Her legs display the quality  
Inherent in her mind.

Though Puritans grow furious  
At tastes they deem luxurious,  
Their point of view a curious  
Misunderstanding hides;  
Their protests are croneous:  
Silk stockings aren't felonious—  
In lustrous legs harmonic  
Ability abides.



former discloses a good speaking voice and is still the good-natured actor of the by-gone silent films. Young Gleasons' work suggests the idea that he would be capital in Charles Ray's old roles. Miss Prevost was a kitchy little thing, with a vocal delivery resembling that of Helen Kane. Apparently Marie sings a couple of songs. Whether she does or not matters not overmuch. They are not very good songs, and they are not very well sung. W. E. G.

SCOLLAY SQUARE THEATRE  
"Protection"

A cinema drama, from the Fox studios. Story and scenario by F. H. Brennan. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff. The cast: Wallace Crockett, Robert Elliott, Chick Slater, Paul Page, Myrtle Haines, Dorothy Burgess, Big Jim Dunning, Ben Hewlett, Joe Brown, Roy Stewart, Ollie Board, William H. Tinker, Harry Lamson, Arthur Hoyt, Society Editor.

In "Protection" we have still another "newspaper" film. It is pretty close to being a burlesque. We are shown a newspaper office with reporters and editors in action, all according to approved Hollywood standards. That means that there is plenty of life and action and all sorts of comedy thrown in. We see a managing editor taking his coat and hat and "walking out" on his boss between editions, because he has been told to "kill" a story, and getting the corresponding job on a rival sheet in less time than it takes to tell it, taking his star reporter and a "sob sister" lady along with him.

All of them say things and do things that are never said or done on any regular newspaper under heaven's dome but it's all in the play, so what's the odds? The exuberant young lady afore-said, for example, she is titled. "There's at least one in every newspaper office." We beg to differ. There was never one in any newspaper office. If there had been she would have wrecked the establishment before morning. When the kittenish thing throws the star reporter's pipe, cigarettes, corkscrew, etc., into the wastebasket for the sixth or seventh time the audience laughs just as faithfully as it did the first time and when he retaliates with her gift of carnation it is still all to the merry. Even the spectacle of the sissyish male "society editor" hiding under the desk when bootleggers wreck the press with a bomb is still funny, if riotously impossible.

This is the story of a battle between a newspaper and an all-powerful crook and run runner. The newspaper fight with scare heads and snap shot photographs. The bad man retaliates with pistols, high-powered cars and bomb. He looses out, in the end, of course, and the star reporter, aided and abetted by the pretty sob sister fade away in a blaze of matrimony. There is shooting and racing and chasing and bribing and pictures of a city room with a hands running about like the inhabitants of a disturbed ants' nest. No one can complain that "Protection" is slow anything but.

Robert Elliot, well known to the stage as Crockett, the "managing editor" gives a spirited conception of what he believes a managing editor ought to be when on the job and Paul Page is capital stage reporter. Dorothy Burgess is charming to look at and her cute diversions entertain hugely. The rest of the cast, gunmen, society guests etc., are "all right." We almost forgot to mention Mr. Hewlett as the super crook, with his hair line moustache and his ability to effect a complete disguise by putting on and taking off

a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. He satisfies all the requirements and his goggling eyes would scare anyone who didn't know who he really was. J. E. F.

THE THEATRES

B. F. KEITH'S

Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield, old friends of vaudeville and musical comedy, patter their way to the distinction of being the outstanding act on the program at B. F. Keith's this week. Unpretentious, although billed as the headliners, Lean and Miss Mayfield swiftly sing-song from one topic to another, and even their encore is a rapid-fire recitation which is consistent with the rest of their act. Their entertainment is charming and thoroughly refreshing.

On the other hand, Fanchon and Marco's Revue, is quite ostentatious, with a battleship scene, a sailor jazz band and the cast outfitted in sea-going regalia. Arthur "Pat" West is the m.c. of ceremonies in balletic manner, while Kramercr sings a la Helen Kane, and Scotty Weston does his own bit of hard-

shoe dancing. Perhaps one major honors in this elaborate set at a take by the colored quartet which does this proud, especially in its last number, "Ain't it a Shame?" There's nothing startlingly original in the routine of the revue, but all the singers and dancers and musicians are capable and keep the audience well-amused and entertained.

Ann Butler, assisted by Clarence Rock, offers some broad side-walk humor which is rather funny, but her best bit is in singing "Driftwood" at the close.

Miss Butler has a deep, pleasing contralto voice and it seems a pity that she does not give more of the act to singing and eliminate some of the conversation.

Two excellent tap dancers are Worthey and Thompson, who possess remarkable agility and sense of rhythm. Recently of Lew Leslie's Blackbirds, they offer some imitation of Bill Robinson, but do not need that worthy's steps to put over their act.

William A. Gunn and company take the audience back to the days of blood and thunder melodrama, while Jay Velle, an old favorite, has some very pleasing songs for his equally pleasing tenor voice. Mingie, Ernesto and Jose Del Ortos have an unusual dancing act. The customary news reel and animated cartoon complete the bill. I. A. S.

SHUBERT THEATRE  
"The Street Singer"

A new musical comedy in two acts with four scenes: book by Cyrus Wood and Edgar Smith; lyrics by Tom Graham Johns; music by Jean Gilbert. Nicholas Kemper and Samuel Timberg; settings by Watson Barratt; production staged and directed by Busby Berkeley, and presented for the first time in Boston at the Shubert Theatre last evening with the following cast: Mabel Brown, Jane Alden, Ronnelle, Nicholas Long, Jr., Claire, Ruth Shields, Manager of Cafe Royal, Eddie Garvie, Col. Brown, Nell Kelly, Annette, Harry K. Morton, Louis, Andrew Tombs, Picot, Jean Romero, John, Queenie Smith, Suzette, Gus Robertson, Prefect of Police, Frank Lalor, Erminie, his wife, Audrey Maple, Louise, Marian Palmer, Muriel, Peggy Cornell.

No one, seated in the Shubert Theatre last evening and watching those romping dancers and those hard-working principals, could detect in any one of them the slightest sign of annoyance at the almost unbearably sultry temperature within and without. A less propitious setting for an opening could scarcely have been found. Yet despite such tropical conditions, "The Street Singer," now about 40 minutes too long, gave substantial indication that it will survive the summer heats and, shaped into more compact form, emerge as one of the early fall's popular musical comedies. There is a good story, with all the action in Paris, the major roles are in capable hands, and the dancing chorus is one of the best drilled ensembles seen here in some time. The settings are rich and in excellent taste, and the costumes fresh and attractive. Three men have collaborated on the musical numbers so that it is difficult to name those back of such song hits as the piece may contain.

The story, for a wonder, is allowed to run consistently to the final. It tells of the wager of a young American millionaire that in three months he can mould the manners of any woman to suit his ideal of what a womanly woman should be. He makes the wager in pique, when his fiancée rebels at his irritating efforts to correct what he terms her faults. George's 'academic excursion into psychological behaviorism' is focused on Suzette, a product of New York's East Side streets, brought to Paris by a mountebank father and now a vendor of flowers but still a gamine. Suzette, an apt pupil, deludes herself with the idea that George is refining her that she may become his wife. When Mabel, George's fiancée, opens her eyes to the real tenor of the wager, namely that if he succeeded in his purely scientific experiment he would forthwith marry Mabel, faults and all, Suzette shames George at his house party, is ordered out, and becomes a ballet dancer at the Folies Bergere. Two years later George encounters her, declares his love, and all is well. Mabel meantime has mated with Ronnie, her dancing escort.

It would seem that in attempting to make a prima donna out of Queenie Smith they bid fair to ruin a perfectly good tap and ballet dancer. With such a burden of dialogue, characterization and song, she has little time left to display her well-known and well-liked talent in terpsichore. She still is pert, inclined to broaden her early speech by needless profanity, and rather wistful in her later scenes as the venerated damoiselle. Mr. Robertson, as the rich youth, was in excellent voice, letting his tones out sonorously after he had tired apparently of clouding his high notes with the faintest falsettos. His best scene was that in which he at-

tempts to teach Suzette table manners. Mr. Tombs and Mr. Lalor, and in more humble degree, Mr. Garvie, three veteran stage comedians, strove with varying degrees of success to be amusing. Mr. Long, Miss Kelly, Mr. Morton, Miss Maple, Miss Shields and Miss Cornell filled in odd moments. A first impression is that the cast is top-heavy, that fewer principals, cutting of dialogue, one or two dance numbers and a song or two would prove beneficial. As it is, "The Street Singer" owes its sustained vivacity chiefly to Queenie Smith and that remarkably durable chorus of dancers, both male and female. W. E. G.

THE PLAYGOERS' THEATRE  
"Caste"

A play in three acts, by T. W. Robertson. With the following cast: The Honorable George D'Alroy, Bruce Butler, Capt. Hawtree, Shirley Braithwaite, Eccles, Katharine Warren, Esther Eccles, Dorothy Calhoun, Polly Eccles, Maynard Burgess, Marquise de St. Maur, Hilda Heiström, Dixon, George Spelvin.

If there were any friends and well-wishers of the Cambridge Playgoers' Company who were fearful that "Caste" might be too much for them, and that they would have difficulties in translating themselves from the super-modern atmosphere of "Ariadne" to the mid-Victorianism of the Robertson classic, such faint hearts were agreeably disappointed by last night's performance. The famous old play was capitally done. The players resisted the temptation—it must have been rather hard for young folks—to burlesque it and they managed to bring out the really strong dramatic points while applying the soft pedal to the glaring artificialities, the almost comic "asides" and soliloquies and the everlasting moralizing which makes "Caste" a terror to the inexperienced.

Acting honors were impartially distributed but Mr. Braithwaite's "Eccles" demands its full share. The lovable old scoundrel was delightfully represented. Miss Calhoun made a bewitching "Polly," not the bouncing, hoydenish flibbertigibbet of tradition, but arch and lively just the same. Miss Warren was about as pretty an "Esther" as is often seen and played the part with distinction. The role of the Honorable George D'Alroy is as stiff and uncomfortable as his own cravat and collar—especially in the prevailing weather—but Mr. De Lette was quite equal to it. Mr. Burgess, too, scored a real "bit" as the temperamental Sam Gerridge.

The costuming was remarkably good. Eccles's trousers—all the trousers in fact—were sartorial dreams of the period. J. E. P.

LOEW'S STATE THEATRE  
"Wonder of Women"

A screen drama, adapted by Best Meredith from the novel, "The Wife of Stephen Tromholt," by Hermann Sudermann; directed by Clarence Brown and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as a part-talking picture with the following cast:

Stephen Tromholt, Lewis Stone, Karen, Leila Hyams, Eva, Peggy Wood, Bruno Heim, Harry Myers, Anna, Sarah Padden, Doctor, George Fawcett, Housekeeper, Blanche Frederick, Willie Willie, Wally Albright, Jr., Lottie, Carmenetta Johnson, Kurt, Anita Louise, Fremault, Dietrich Haupt, Ulrich Haupt, Jr.

To have a good story to tell is or should be the first requisite of a picture, and in this case excellent material is at hand. "Wonder of Women" is about the life of a composer who, deriving the inspiration for his symphonies from his intense and numerous love affairs is leading a congenial and well-balanced life. This is interrupted by a chance meeting in a railway carriage with a woman of quiet charm whom he follows to her home and in a moment of overwhelming sentimentality asks to marry him. She is a widow with three children. After she has accepted him, he, terrified by the vision of what he is taking on, leaves her abruptly, but returns to her again. Their married life is a series of such revolts on his part, against gentle tyranny, mild monotony, and her monogamous love. He tries twice to break away. The first time he is recalled by the death of her son and the second time it is she who is dying. Then when he is finally free he realizes how much she meant to him, and he parts with a young prima donna in order to look after his wife's children.

This story is told with only slight leanings towards sentimentality and there are few places where a fastidious taste might be jarred. Mr. Stone does the more practical side of the musician excellently. He is good in the way he makes him eat, display his vanity and become subject to the fair sex, but he cannot make us feel his charm. He has no method for signalling temperament. Miss Woods's portrayal of her part is

extremely satisfying. Her face, when has very clear cut lines, photographs well, she made the scene of her child's death extremely poignant and moving, and did well by her own death, though it comes as an anti-climax. The minor parts were admirably cast. Miss Hyams as the singer was very beautiful, and the bits of German country shown were pleasant.

This picture is called part-talking, which means in this case the first part is silent except for some music, and the second is all talking. The first part is the best. One resents the fact that characters of whom one has grown reasonably fond should abruptly issue queer whistling hisping sounds to say banal unnecessary things. J. D.

THIS WEEK'S STAGE  
COLONIAL—Murray Anderson's Almanac, revue.

SHUBERT—"The Street Singer," musical comedy.  
B. F. KEITH'S—Vaudeville, matinees and evenings; Fanchon & Marco's "Gobs of Joy," Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield, and other acts.

NEW UPTOWN THEATRE  
WILL OPEN FRIDAY

Practical reconstruction of the entire orchestra and balcony areas of fire-proof cement flooring in the St. James building was required in order to install the new seats and the modern ventilating and air conditioning system for the new Uptown which will open as a Publick theatre, Friday, at noon, Aug. 2, with the spectacular film, "Show Boat" as the initial attraction.

When the old seats that had long served the St. James were torn out and removed it was seen that in order to afford the Publick standard of ample space between the rows, as well as to allow for installation of the air chambers, ducts and outlets under the seats necessary for the functioning of the refrigerating and ventilating systems, the old cement concrete flooring, in step gradations literally from pit to dome, would have to be broken out and altered in a great many places. This was a long and expensive job and accounts for considerable of the \$500,000 which Publick has expended on the renovation and refurnishing of the building.

"BOZO" SNYDER IN TOWN

The inimitable Bozo Snyder, the man who never talks, heads the stage program at the Scollay Square Theatre all this week. He is appearing in a comedy skit entitled "Boys Will Be Boys." In this act Bozo portrays the part of a hired companion to a millionaire's son, and he is assisted by his partner, Sam Green, Electa Havel, Bert Hunter and Joe Murphy. A number of songs and dances are introduced and Bozo also does his famous comedy trombone specialty. Harris and Pepper introduce a new line of "Salesmanship" in their latest comedy singing skit. Marga Reta, the singing violinist, assisted by the O'Connor Twins, offers a variety of solos, duos and group songs and dances. Edwards and Sanford present a bit of musical comedy called "Just Fooling Around," and Miss Raffin and her monkeys close the vaudeville bill. On the screen is the Fox film "Protection."

Top 'o the Morning

Calling in the Cat  
(By Elizabeth Coatsworth in the Dial.)

Now from the dark a deeper dark  
The cat glides  
Furtive and aware,  
His eyes still shine with meteor spark,  
The cold dew weights his hair.  
Suspicious,  
Hesitant, he comes,  
Stepping morosely from the night,  
Held but repelled,  
Repelled but held  
By lamp and firelight.  
Now call your blandest,  
Offer up  
The sacrifice of meat,  
And snare the wandering soul with  
greeds,  
Lure him to drink and eat,  
And he will walk fastidiously  
Into the trap of old  
With feet that still smell delicately  
Of withered ferns and mould.

Top o' the Morning:

I was interested in the excerpts from Mr. Herkimer Johnson's letters, especially as he seems to suffer from mountainphobia. One should not be too familiar with high peaks. They are forbidding, austere. They resent foolish compliments about their height and majesty; also inquiries about their age and geological formation. Yet there are travellers who would patronize the awe-inspiring Sinai, or the terror-evoking Diablerets.

I am for the gentler hills, as Mt. Holyoke and Mt. Tom; Tobey, Warner, Sugarloaf. The Peterborough hills are preferable to Monadnock. A friend of mine, wishing to rent a cottage in Peterborough, vainly sought a



cottage from which Monadnock was not visible. He was tired of hearing young women quoting Emerson about the mountain.

And so I now am happy, seated on a piazza—Should I say veranda? No, I am a Yankee—from which certain celebrated mountains are seen only vaguely through the branches of trees. No one has suggested the removal of these trees. Mountains and the State House in Boston are the more impressive by reason of the trees that clothe stark nudity. As Hazlitt found the cumbrous concealment of woman's dress in the 17th and 18th centuries more exciting than frank revelation would have been.

"Piazza." It's a good word, even if it does not answer in English the foreign definitions. The piazza has its drawbacks: the rocking-chair is one of them, an excellent aid to comfort and meditation if it were only noiseless. As elderly women use it rocking leisurely it is not so bad, but holding a small and restless boy it becomes a thing to strike terror to the stoutest soul. It has a rival in the screen door provided with an active spring. It is surprising how many persons in a summer hotel or boarding house are impelled to pass through these doors, rejoicing apparently in the clashing and the din. There should be courses at schools and colleges in the art of using a door. There was an old saying of a boy who continually left doors open that he was brought up in a saw-mill. Is there any sarcastic rebuke for the man or woman that slams a door?

One is at times tempted to say that summer would be a delightful season were it not for summer pleasures and summer tourists. The motor cars of the latter have led men bent on gain to plant filling stations, lunch stands, signs telling where balsam pillows, "antiques" and what-not may be purchased, so that one's eyes may not be wearied by looking at meadows, brooks, ravines, mountains and waterfalls. It is amazing how natural scenery whets the appetite; the more beautiful or impressive the view, the more lunch booths, with flaring placards and wild appeals to guzzle and gorge. And as Shawmut avenue boarding houses in winter proclaim in basement windows Sunday dinners of turkey and ice cream, so summer camps and shacks along the mountain roads summon the passer-by to "chicken and steak."

LEONIDAS SWETT.

### Lettuce Again

Top o' the Morning:

The table knife is exclusively used as an auxiliary (except in "column" conductors' cults) so that, for Bostonians, there are only two active tools for the lifelong task of eating. When the large variety of foodstuff and of shapes of faces it must enter, is taken into consideration, it is remarkable that three tools—knife, fork and spoon—enable mankind to eat politely.

There are exceptions—corn on the cob, macaroni, peas, lettuce. These bring into etiquette various idiosyncrasies; personally, I prefer retirement. Yet macaroni can be threaded on the tines of a fork as one affixes a worm on a fish-hook. Difficulties seldom occur today except with humorous contributors to the press.

But lettuce. In spite of the great drawback—consuming it—doctors have found sundry "vitaphones" in it, and so the leaf is in fashion. Should one spend time cutting it into small quadrilaterals, though one cannot stab them on account of their aqueous thinness, nor balance them due to their lightness and general irregularity; something like eating paper napkins.

A new aid to mastication would be appreciated, a kind of all-embracing, miniature pear-picker, shaped like a half-closed hand, to raise anything regardless of its inherent properties to the mouth.

VICE-VERSA.

Writers on etiquette for the benefit of uneasy newspaper readers assure them that our "best people" are now serving knives and forks with lettuce, especially the iceberg variety. Sugar and vinegar, however, are not approved as a dressing.—Ed.

### The Vacationists' Relief Fund

Careful investigation has revealed that this summer more people are in distress at the shore, mountain and lake resorts than ever before. Caught in stuffy rooms and at hotels where the food is, to say the least, inadequate, these vacationists are in a deplorable plight. Many of them are starving. Scores are prostrated through their efforts to find a hotel window with a good view. Hundreds have been knocked out by the music from summer hotel pianists. Not a few have been gassed by the front porch chin and chatter brigade. If you could only look into the faces of these summer vacationists and see the yearning for

city friends, good music and modern plumbing you would be the first to help.—N. Y. Sun.

I cannot endure certain chatterers who talk without looking at you, only now and then stealing a glance at your legs to be sure that you are still there.—Emmanuel Robin.

### My Murder Story

I think I shall write me a mystery tale of someone most brutally slain. The newspapers loudly demand an arrest;

The clues are all followed in vain.

There'll be a flat-footed old sergeant in charge.

From the regular, uniformed force; And a young millionaire with gray spats and a cane.

(And a real Oxford accent, of course).

This chappie with subtle psychology then

Will proceed to demolish the case.

That the sergeant with painstaking care has built up

Against the old butler named Chase.

And my brilliant departure from mystery tales

That have kept me awake late at night.

Is this: the millionaire chappie was wrong;

And the flat-footed sergeant was right.

### Top o' the Morning

T. O. P. writes: "Will you, can you, tell me why the White mountains are so-called? Surely not because of clouds or mists, for they are not peculiar to these hills. Sun and shadow give them various hues, but I have yet to see that they are distinctively white."

Herman Melville in the famous chapter about the color white in "Moby Dick," beginning "There lurks an elusive something in the innermost idea of this hue, which strikes more of panic to the soul than that redness which affrights in blood"—mentions the White mountains, and asks:

"Whence, in peculiar moods, comes that gigantic ghostliness over the soul at the bare mention of that name, while the thought of Virginia's Blue Ridge is full of a soft, dewy, distant dreaminess."

"Moby Dick." Mr. William S. Gleim contributes to the New England Quarterly an unusual article about Melville's story of the great white whale. Mr. Gleim, not content with vague comments on the book's symbolism and transcendentalism made by others, finds symbols definitely stated, suggested and many about which Melville is silent. "His (Melville's) purpose was to convey ideas without definite expression; to present the great enigma of life, in an enigmatic manner, and to emphasize the mystery of the incredible mysteries."

It has been said by Melville's latest biographers, and reviewers, that "Moby Dick," partly parable, partly allegory, argues that mankind is the helpless victim of predestinated suffering; that some "intangible malignity which has been from the beginning" is responsible for the world's misery. And so Capt. Ahab is "the practical redeemer who feels in his own heart the total sum of human suffering and seeks out the living symbol (the white whale) of all that misery and endeavors to destroy it, hoping thereby to annihilate the principle behind it, and thus to relieve the human race of its hereditary curse." Mr. Gleim associates Capt. Ahab with Perseus Prometheus, King Ahab, and Anacharsis Clootz; with all the historical and mythical rebels against Destiny, Fate.

There are many other symbols; the ocean represents truth; the ocean, a living symbol, life. And here Lafcadio Hearn is quoted: "I must confess that when I am either in the sea or upon it, I cannot fully persuade myself that it is not alive—a conscious and hostile power. Reason, for the time being, avails nothing against this fancy."

The ship is the symbol of the world. Mr. Gleim now gathers symbols by the bushel. Ahab is the will, or Ego, or soul. Starbuck, Stubb and Flask, the three mates, personify Platonism, Epicureanism and Stoicism. The harpooners are all symbols: Queequeg, Religion; Tashtego, Sin; Daggoo, Ignorance. It is to be noted that Queequeg served Starbuck; Tashtego, Stubb; Daggoo, Flask. Capt. Bildad stands for Hypocrisy; Ahab, Peleg for Honesty. The crew represents the entire human race.

Melville as a sailor cries out "Call me Ishmail." Mr. Gleim, asserting that Swedenborg's mystical writings had greatly influenced Melville, thinks that the name Ishmail was chosen because according to Swedenborg, it signifies the

"Spiritual and Rational Man." Bulkington personifies Reason; the Manx sailor, Prescience; the ship carpenter, Art, and so on through the 40 or more sailors who in the allegorical play staged on the forecastle "symbolize the virtues, vices, passions, and other qualities of mind and heart." To Mr. Gleim every word here spoken is the symbol of the emotion which gave it utterance. Here Mr. Gleim as a finder of symbols thus outdoes Sir Thomas Browne in his discovery of quincunxes in all Nature. (sic) Thomas, who, we think, influenced Melville far more than Swedenborg influenced him.)

Mr. Gleim can, also, be pleasingly fantastical as when he notes that the body of Fedallah, who personifies the future, is found entangled among the lines wrapped around the whale: "thus is the future bound up with Fate"; "the captain of the Rosebud, a French perfumer, was persuaded to give away a bad-smelling whale, which unknown to him, contained ambergris, thus was a victim of the irony of Fate"; and throughout the voyage "the works of Fate are made manifest by what befalls the persons on other ships the sequel meets."

At the end of his article, Mr. Gleim finds a striking parallel in the tragic ends of Capt. Ahab and Ahab, King of Israel of whom the learned Jew, Josephus wrote: "We may also, from what happened to this King, consider the power of Fate; that there is no way of avoiding it, even when we know it."

Well, this is all mighty interesting reading, as Horace Greeley used to say. The article is creditable to Mr. Gleim's ingenuity; it shows a lively appreciation of Melville's great romance. But we read "Moby Dick" today as we read it 50 years ago; read it as a story of adventure, as we read Cooper, Mayne Reid, Ballyntine; nor do we blush to add, tales of highwaymen and pirates. We did not skip Melville's pages about the variety of whales and the manner of cutting them up. Even then we found pleasure in his wild eloquence, but Queequeg was the man for our money. We thought Capt. Ahab crazy. As for "symbols" in the story, we might have spelt the word "cymbals" in a composition to be handed in. What, Mr. Gleim, is the symbolism in the apparition of the great squid; or in any scene at the Spouter Inn; or in the precise cooking of a whale steak? Symbols or no symbols, "Moby Dick," Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" and tales and poems by Poe were the books that were our daily companions for many of the susceptible years. Today we put aside the present best-sellers, the "epoch-making" and the rest of them—saving the books by Tomlinson and Mary Webb—and turn gladly to the old friends, not forgetting "The Thousand Nights and a Night."

### Old Age

(By Sheila Stuart)

The years go by on hasty feet.

And one who still is young and fair Shall mourn the copper of her hair, And deem them overfleet.

Soon, soon will she recall the white Of throat and shoulders with a sigh; Soon, soon will it become a lie To say her eyes are bright.

Yet she will see the canceled lease Of youth and beauty with no tears. All wrinkles she'll forgive the years If they but bring her Peace!

### ANECDOTE FOR THE DAY

The teacher was illustrating the great difference between the stately rose and a modest violet.

"You see, children," she said, "a beautiful well dressed lady walks along the street, but she is proud and does not greet anybody—that is the rose. But behind her comes a small creature, with bowed head . . .

"Yes, Miss—I know," young Tommy shouted, "that is her husband."

LOOKER ON.

### "Household Recipe" (1685)

"Golden Water: Take the brain of a young man under 24 that died violently, with all its membranes, arteries, veins and nerves. Beat it and add cephalic waters as of tide flowers, peony, betony, with black cherries, lavender, lily. Let them stand a while, and make a salt of the residue and join it to the spirit. It is a brave antileptic."

### COLONIAL THEATRE

#### Murray Anderson's Almanac

A revue compiled and staged by John Murray Anderson; lyrics by Jack Yellen; music by Milton Ager and Henry Sullivan; comedy by Fred G. Cooper, Peter Arno, Ring Lardner, Rube Goldberg, Paul Gerard Smith and Harry Ruskin; dances arranged by William Holbrook; orchestra under direction of Gene Halper; first performance on any stage last evening at the Colonial

Theatre with the following principals: Trixie Friganza, Jimmy Savo, Roy Atwell, Eleanor Shaler, William Griffith, Fred Keating, Millie Gerber, Eleanor Terry, Stella Fwewer, Frances Mann, Helen Thompson, Norma Maxine, Henrietta, Rita Glynde, Anita, Jack Powell, John Maxwell, Jerry Coe, Frederick Carpenter, Wally Coyle, Charles Barnes, Roy Rice and Mary Werner, Franc and William Lassiter, Matt Duffin and Jessie Draper, Charles and Helen Royal, and Myrlo, Ayers, Karrels and Rasche.

For six consecutive years John Murray Anderson's name was linked with artistic novelty in the theatre as his series of Greenwich Village Follies attests. He also did a Music Box Revue. Since 1924 he has devised perhaps a score of miniature stage shows for a popular chain of motion picture houses. It is possible that with "Murray Anderson's Almanac" he comes before a new public to a great extent. That element in last night's audience must have been astounded at the beauty of conception, design, coloring and fashioning of more than one briefly passing spectacle. To those who have sat beneath Mr. Anderson's spell in the past, these same spectacles were as old friends in new guise. But a revue may not be all glitter of gold and greens and yellows. There must be song and dance, and pantomime, and last evening a graceful touch of magic, thanks to Mr. Fred Keating, nominal master of ceremonies but actually one of the most diverting of necromancers it has been our delight to watch.

The program in itself is one of the most intricate and almost endless chronicles ever compiled for the theatre. Mr. Anderson in this, his first edition, opens with "Almanac Covers," with four singers costumed as covers of the 18th, 19th and 20th centuries. Thence his scenes run as pages, with 20 in the first section and 12 in the second. These various pages become satiric skits, discourses on such sub-

jects as "How to Choose a Chorus Girl," by Mr. Atwell, or Mr. Griffith's own labored review of the rise and decline of the American corset. In and out run songs, adagio dances, pictorial interludes and frequently something distinctively artistic, like "Tinkle, Tinkle," an episode in gold and white with a ballet and two dainty midgets, Helen and Charles Royal.

Like Mr. Ziegfeld, Mr. Anderson becomes a lavish spender when enthused to fever heat over a production. Seldom have we seen such gorgeous raiment, such heavy, obviously costly drapings, such substantial sets. The company is large, yet the magnitude is realized only at the finales, when all troop on and dance, filled the width and depth of the stage. The principals are of two sorts, the tried and more or less true, like Miss Friganza, with her undiminished amplitude and her ponderous burlesque; or Mr. Atwell, with his dignity and his impressive vocabulary, or Mr. Savo, he of the wonderfully plastic features, hands made for juggling, voice of deceitful power. Against these were set a number of Mr. Anderson's embryo stars like Mr. Griffith a broad caricaturist; or Miss Power, pupil of Mme. Melba and blessed with a soprano voice of very high if shrill range; or Miss Shaler, capable in more subtle travesty; or John Maxwell, with the singing voice of both man and woman, an amazing artist; or Roy Rice and Mary Werner, amusing in a blackface skit with a high open window and a painter's staging for props; or Jack Powell, also in blackface, doing a rat-a-tat-tat on chairs, tins, walls, anything reachable, with the most rhythmic pair of tossing drumsticks imaginable, all in perfect time to the orchestral accompaniment; or Franc and Warren Laster, a pair of jocosely youthful acrobatic dancers; or Charlotte, Jean Myrio, Harvey Karels and William Rasche in a whirling adagio number called "The Riveters" in which the girl, as a red hot rivet, is tossed desperately from one man to another until it would seem that the slightest slip would win her a broken neck. Also, there was Billie Gerber, "Miss," if you please, for a lively song or two, and Charles Barnes, Helen Thompson or Anita to sing or dance a step or two. It is possible that we have unwittingly omitted a name from his numerous band of entertainers. If so, we are sorry.

It is impossible here to deal with the

various numbers, more specifically. In general the music is appropriate, neatly scored and, last evening, admirably played by the orchestra under Gene Halper. One or two of the comic episodes seemed dull or needlessly spiced. Neither Mr. Atwell nor Mr. Griffith was very diverting in monologue. Ring Lardner's skit, "The Tridget of Gréva," with Atwell, Savo and Griffith seated in row boats, fishing, was not particularly funny. In fact, one did not care to waste too much time in its study. It was the full beauty of stage pictures, made generous by soft lights and lovely faces, which served sufficiently to hold one's interest. For once the esthetic sense triumphed over the ludicrous.

W. F. G.



Aug 1 1929  
Top 'o the Morning

Miss Lewys brought suit against Eugene O'Neill, accusing him of stealing the greater part of his play, "Strange Interlude," from her novel, "The Temple of Pallas Athene." She wishes damages to the amount of \$1,250,000. Mr. O'Neill through his lawyer says he never heard of the novel before the suit was brought; that he never received a copy of the novel; that there are no similarities between novel and play other than those "invariably to be found in literary works having similar themes." There you are, or as the heroes and heroines of Henry James would say, that's that.

"LITERARY ETHICS"

To the Editor of Top 'o the Morning: There are interesting pages about plagiarism in "Literary Ethics: A Study in the Growth of the Literary Conscience," by H. M. Paull, a large octavo volume of 358 pages, with a full index, published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.; but plagiarism is only one of the subjects. Under "Literary Crimes" are grouped chapters on piracy (books, abridgements, sequels, theatrical, sermons); under "Literary Misdemeanors" chapters on parody and burlesque, hoaxes, publishers, copyright, censorship, the literary "ghost," anonymous and pseudonymous literature. Editors of books, reviews, newspapers, hymnology, the propriety of introducing actual persons in fiction and drama. The third section is devoted to historical fiction and drama, history, biography, memoir, criticism and controversy, translations, the cinema, authors and patrons, literature and money.

Mr. Paull shows an imposing acquaintance with ancient and modern literature; taste and discrimination in the use he makes of his knowledge. Nor does he take himself too seriously; he does not lay down the law as one presiding in a court of last resort. His book has a definite plan: it is not a huge scrap-book, with facts and opinions thrown in at random; his rich material is carefully worked. As the subject of plagiarism and of censorship has recently been brought to the attention of all readers, let us see what Mr. Paull has to say about the crime and the misdemeanor.

There are persons with time to spare who are never so happy as when they find instances of what is to them plagiarism. They are of the same family as the writers about music who are forever hunting consecutive fifths and octaves in a composition. The pursuit of plagiarism often leads the pursuers into absurdities. Tennyson was indignant at a prosaic set, book-worms, index hunters, men of great memories and no imagination, who believe that the poet "is forever poking his nose between the pages of some old volume in order to see what he can appropriate. They will not allow one to say 'Ring the bell' without finding that we have taken it from Sir Philip Sydney, or to use such a simple expression as 'the ocean roars' without finding out the precise verse in Homer or Horace from which we have plagiarized it." He once exclaimed: 'Fools! As if no one had heard the sea moan except Horace!'

"Plagium" originally meant the theft of a slave, or selling a freeman as a slave. Martial was the first to use the word for literary theft. It is not easy to define plagiarism. Milton stated that it is borrowing without beautifying, but Butler of "Hudibras" compared a plagiarist to an Italian thief, "that never robs but he murders to prevent discovery. Some declare that it is impossible to be original; that originality is 'unconscious or undetected imitation'; Emerson wrote that one author is considered original in proportion to the amount he steals from Plato; Andrew Lang quoted the schoolboy's definition of plagiarist as "a writer of plays," and suggested as an alternative definition "any successful author."

As Mr. Paull says, the history of plagiarism is the history of literature. He gives examples from the ancient Greeks to the present day. There is a noble army of plagiarists: Demosthenes, Plutarch, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Chaucer, Shakespeare and other Elizabethans—for it was then thought right for a dramatist to take subject, plot, characters, even word from an existing play novel or other source—Otway, Moliere, Dryden, Pope (Swift borrowed remarkably little), men of the church, Voltaire, Sterne, a notorious unblushing offender, Byron, the elder Dumas, Lord Beaconsfield, Owen Meredith, Stendhal, Charles Reade—it's a long list.

Mr. Paull is fully aware that it is difficult to "decide what is plagiarism and what is legitimate borrowing." This very chapter is plagiarism of a sort. I must bear the blame of having sometimes used the investigations of

others with only a general acknowledgment of indebtedness." It is out of the question to ask my writer to be original; he must often confess like the late Dean Beeching:

"It all comes out of the books I read, and it all goes into the books I write." Mr. Zangwill, in reply to an editor's inquiry as to how he obtains his plots, etc., wrote:

"My plots and characters I get from the MSS. submitted to me by young authors, whose clever but crude ideas I hate to see wasted? With equal irony and humor Mr. Lucas makes Christie (the editor in 'Mr. Ingleside') assert: 'I never steal: I always acknowledge the source. I shall certainly use your epigram, but I shall attribute it to Sydney Smith.'" Piracy and plagiarism often overlap. Mr. Paull marks the difference roughly: "The plagiarist always hopes that he will not be found out, whilst the pirate makes no secret of his crime." Theatrical and literary piracy differ in many respects. "From a legal point of view they are distinct." (By the way in the chapter "Piracy—Theatrical" Mr. Paull mentions an article by "M. J. Mosses.") Should not the name be M. J. Mosses?)

Mr. Paull, an Englishman, writes about censorship as it is practised in England, but what he says in opposition applies to Boston. The motto for this chapter is a line from Shakespeare's 36th sonnet: "Art made tongue-tied by authority." He notes that the attitude of government toward literature has been on the whole repressive.

There is governmental censorship, the injustice and the utility of which cannot be better shown than in the case of the censorship of plays. Mr. Paull gives outrageous and ridiculous instances. George Colman, writer of plays that were coarse and profane, appointed Examiner, would not allow "heaven" or "Providence" to be mentioned. A lover was not allowed to call his mistress an angel. The suppression of plays that treat social questions seriously—does Mr. Paull mean "sexual" questions, for he cites "Ghosts" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession"—account for the restricted output of the serious drama in England as compared with France. Farces of a dubious character were readily licensed, but plays of "a serious character dealing with actual social problems were either passed with difficulty or absolutely suppressed." The glaring inconsistencies! "Salome" and "La Dame aux Camélias" forbidden as plays were allowed as operas; a play on the story of David passed but only when the names of 10 characters were altered; the tale of Joseph and Potiphar's wife forbidden, but passed when given in modern dress (or undress). Mr. Paull might have given many more examples of inconsistency, some of them happening since he wrote this book.

Mr. Paull arrives at this conclusion: "The only satisfactory solution is to give absolute freedom in all branches of literature." Milton's noble "Areopagitica" and Lord Chesterfield's impassioned plea will remain unanswered, and should be read by all who have an interest in the freedom of literature.

STILLINGTON PLAYERS

At Stillington hall, Gloucester. Mr. Prohack: A comedy in three acts by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knobloch. The cast: Audrey Prohack ..... Leslie Buswell  
Ever, his wife ..... Doris Rich  
Charles, his son ..... Ralph Roeder  
Sister, his daughter ..... Peggy Roeder  
Machin ..... Edith Piper  
Mr. Softly Bishop ..... Raymond O'Brien  
Ozzie Morley ..... Marshall Irvin  
Dr. Vega ..... Edison Rice  
Garth ..... Tom Houston, Jr.  
Sir Paul Spinner ..... Tom Williams  
Bath attendant ..... Kempton Searle  
Lady Masulani ..... Mrs. Fitzwilliam Sargent  
Mimi Winstock ..... Elena Miramova  
Hollins ..... E. Fleming Watkins

Arnold Bennett created a humorous, sensitive, gentle middle-aged Englishman in a book called "Mr. Prohack." Reading it one follows this gentleman's reactions toward his much loved and loving wife, his modern and outwardly aloof son and daughter, and his routine life as an official of the treasury, where by serving his country, he had become gradually though steadily poorer. Then comes a most delightful incident which makes even better reading than a love affair. He is unexpectedly left a fortune by a man to whom he had once lent 100 pounds, years before and from whom he had never since had a postcard. His god-like feelings as he breaks the news to his wife, and makes out the first checks for his children and from then on his growing feeling of bewilderment and helplessness caused by the complications attendant upon spending his wealth endears him to us all who are less fortunate. He tries making a profession of idleness, dividing his time between Turkish baths and tailors, until driven to desperation by boredom and his son's erratic business ventures, he jumps into the business world, and the book ending there we are reluctantly obliged to part with him.

With the dramatization of this tale we are now concerned. As so often happens a book transferred to the medium of the stage remains only conversations taken from the book and fails to become imbued with a life of its own.

The action does not advance, there is no developing of an idea and the public especially the actors feel entirely unconvinced. There were plenty of witty remarks and the curtain would fall after each scene on a good line, but it was very thin in between. How much a very distinguished cast such as that in Drinkwater's "Bird in Hand" could do with it might be interesting to see.

Mr. Buswell as the pivotal figure of Mr. Prohack misinterpreted his part. He lost an advantage by retaining his youthful appearance which made him look not only the same age as his son but disturbed the proportions of the characters. What happened to him was interesting largely because he had given up the idea that anything more was ever to happen. Mr. Buswell did not attempt to portray Mr. Prohack's ingenious yet subtle personality. He treated him as straight comedy, showed him to us in his gaudy braces, in his Turkish bath and in an inappropriate flirtation and lo. Mr. Prohack was no longer funny. Miss Rich who took the part of Eve his wife, was busy and voluble and inconsequential, but not quite romantic. Mr. Roeder, as the son, and Miss Rosing as the daughter did their slight parts well. The most finished performance was that of Mrs. Sargent, who has acted before with "The Stillington Players," and always with great success. It is unfortunate that her part as Lady Masulani falling in love with Mr. Prohack was so unconvincing. Mr. Williams as Sir Paul Spinner did an excellent character sketch, but unfortunately he was on the stage only a few minutes. Mr. Rice played the doctor well. The scenery and stage settings were admirable. J. D.

ESPLANADE CONCERT  
MUCH APPLAUDED

Aug 1 1929  
Composer Hears Symphony  
Play His Own Selections

For the first time during the esplanade concert season a composer sat in the audience, while members of the Boston Symphony orchestra, under the direction of Arthur Fiedler, played one of his selections. He was Paul Allen. His piece was the finale of the "Pilgrim" symphony, and to judge his pilgrims by his music they were not the ascetic souls of our grammar school history books. His music endows them with very human characteristics, and the rendition could not but have pleased him.

He was shrewd who wore his topcoat to the concert. A cool, almost cold, wind blew down the river and the fated-to-be-fine weather persisted. Prolonged applause following the third number, two pieces, Liszt's "Liebestraum," and Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Flight of the Bumble Bee," was met with Song of the Volga Boatman for an encore.

The feature of the second half of the program was the trombone solos by Jacob Raichman. First he played the Kol Nidrei by Bruch, and encored with a serenade. Such delicate melody is seldom heard issuing from the long brass horn as Raichman coaxed from his instrument. He included a surprising range of notes, and his tones were mellow as a far-away bell at October eventide.

Tonight the request program will be played. The pieces were selected from among thousands of votes, and the program promises a rare evening. Through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Kirstein, request night will be broadcast over station WNAC between the hours of 8 and 9. This request program of tonight will be repeated Aug. 7, final night of the concerts. The list of pieces follows:

Pomp and Circumstance ..... Elgar  
Suite, "Peer Gynt" ..... Grieg  
(a) Morning Mood  
(b) Aase's Death  
(c) Anitra's Dance  
(d) In the Hall of the Mountain King  
Reve Angelique (Kammenol Ostrow) ..... Rubinstein  
Overture, "Tannhauser" ..... Wagner  
Second Hungarian Rhapsody ..... Liszt  
Largo, Solo Violin ..... Handel  
Boris Kreinin  
Waltz, "By the Beautiful Blue Danube" ..... Strauss  
Overture, Solennelle "1812" ..... Tchaikovsky  
Encore:  
Liebestraum ..... Liszt  
The Flight of the Bumble Bee ..... Rimsky-Korsakov  
The Wedding of the Painted Doll Brown Barcarole ..... Offenbach

SYMPHONY CONCERT  
ENJOYED BY 10,000

Aug 2  
Request Program on Esplanade Proves Popular

The long awaited request program was played last night to nearly 10,000 persons by musicians of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Arthur Fiedler. Again the record-breaking fair weather continued to live up to reputation, and although a heavy thunder shower promised to force postponement of the concert, the promise was broken and the immense crowd not disappointed.

The program contained the most popular pieces according to vote of the audience, and to those present it was manifestly the winning program of the season. The musicians, too, seemed to enjoy the program more than any of the preceding, and a light-hearted atmosphere pervaded August's first evening on the Esplanade. But five more concerts will be given, and on the final night, Aug. 7, the request program will be repeated.

The majestic pomp and circumstance of Elgar's began the evening, followed by Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite. The latter provoked an encore, the first of four played during the evening—Offenbach's Barcarole from the Tales of Hoffman. The third number was Rubinstein's Reve Angelique, and the persistent applause brought another encore, Liszt's Love Dream. The first half of the program, which had been broadcast, ended with Wagner's overture from "Tannhauser."

Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody opened the last part of the program, beautifully played by the musicians, and followed by Handel's superb Largo. The violin solo was played by Boris Kreinin, with a melodious harp accompaniment. Fiedler recognized the applause by playing The Flight of the Bumble Bee. After the graceful Strauss waltz, "By the Beautiful Blue Danube," the announcer of extras said simply, "A piece you all know," and Brown's recent rhythmic number, The Wedding of the Painted Doll, concluded the encores. The concert ended with the Tchaikovsky Overture Solennelle, 1812.

The concert tonight will begin at 8 o'clock, and the program:

March, "Under the Double Eagle" J. Wagner  
Overture "A Midsummer Night's Dream" Mendelssohn  
Symphony in B minor, "Unfinished," Schubert  
1—Allegro moderato  
2—Andante con moto  
Introduction to Act 3 "Lohengrin" Wagner  
Intermission  
Fantasia from the opera "Cavalleria Rusticana" Mascagni  
a—Serenade  
b—Marche Militaire  
Selection, "Rose Marie" Friml  
Capriccio Italian Tchaikovsky

Top 'o the Morning

Reincarnate

(From the Kansas City Star)

I live in the switch yard, close to the tracks.

Where the trains go thundering by  
And the smoke clouds roll from the engine stacks  
To blot away the sky.

The clanging bells, like the tolls for a death.

Fill my ears with their measured peal,  
And the air is thick with the acid breath  
Of the juggernauts of steel.

But sometimes at night a breeze steals in.

All damp and sweet with rain:  
Then I close my ears to the horrid din,  
And am off to sea again.

The whistle's shrieks are the fog horn's scream.

The bells are the bellbuoy's hail,  
The grind of the brakes is the windlass groan  
As it strains to raise a sail.

For I have walked the deck of a ship,

A brigantine, maybe,  
And watched the wings of a sea gull dip  
In the swing and sweep of the sea.

I have lived all my life by the cindered track.

I have never left this plain,  
But some time, a hundred—a thousand—years back.

I have sailed the Spanish Main!

"Covered"

Someone recently mourned the "disappearance" of the covered bridge. He would dry his tears if he were to look about him in New Hampshire and Vermont. Has their glory departed? One misses the sound of horses' hoofs, but there is the good old smell; there is the presence of the dryness that gave rise to the simile "Dry as a covered bridge."

These bridges were associated in our boyhood with circus posters, advertisements of patent medicines and bitters—"S. T. 1860. x"—Salves, liniments, cures for all ailments—announcements of auction sales and the arrival of the stallion Abdallah, who would stand in a neighboring town—all ornamenting the bridge's interior. At the toll gate of the long bridge that spanned the Connecticut, the bridge connecting Northampton and Hadley, root beer was sold, in glass, to be drunk "on the premises," or by the jug to be carried home—a



home brew of the one-armed toll collector.

What to these venerable bridges are the engineering triumphs of modern times—bridges spanning the Hudson and other noble streams? There was more romance in the old ferryboats plying between Brooklyn and New York Dwellers on the Heights in the seventies were never weary of looking at the river with the ferries and the ship piling at sunset. The view from the Heights at night of the lighted New York towers is now more imposing, but there was a certain intimacy in the former panorama. Walt Whitman wrote of crossing Brooklyn Ferry—would the Bridge have so appealed to him?

The secretary of the Fascist party in Italy has ordered that all university students must wear straw hats in summer. These hats are adorned with colored ribbons showing the wearer's department—law, medicine, engineering—letters, for easy identification of the wearer.

In this country the hatters issue the orders for the seasons and the standardized Bostonian obeys with fear and trembling, without regard to personal fitness, whether his face is of the custard-pie order, or his head runs up to a peak.

There are the slaves to the barehead cult. Mr. T. Mallalieu, the general secretary of the Felt Hatters Union in England, recently declared: "No self-respecting girl who is employed in a hat factory should either look at or speak to any youth who walks into the town hatless." A new stove-pipe has been designed for the Prince of Wales, a topper distinguished by the height of the crown and the absence of curve in the brim. There are almost as many gray toppers to be seen as black.

When we were young the white stove-pipe with a weed around the crown was popularly supposed to be the distinguishing mark of a gambler, who sported a headlight diamond in his ruffled shirt. Gamblers were then thought to go about with a professional make-up, even when purchasing groceries or the "best-seller" of the day, as Miss Phelps's "The Gates Ajar."

Consider the personal appearance of a leading character in the melodrama "The Face at the Window" reviewed by the London Times: "Lucio Delgado is a declared villain from his first entry. His moustache, his eyebrows, his imperial, his sallow complexion, and his shifty look all proclaim that he is Loup, that his is the vile hand that plunges daggers into innocent bodies, that it is his voice which warns each victim with the howls of an animal in pain, that his face is concealed by the luminous mask at the window—in brief, that he is a bad man destined for the guillotine."

### The Hole Truth

(It is proposed that the holes on golf courses should be bigger.)  
I don't possess much golfing skill.  
I've heard no man my strokes excel.  
My victories are almost nil—  
And yet, I view with not a thrill  
This move toward a bigger hole.

I reach all else except the pin.  
In quandaries I knit my brow.  
Swear, scratch my head, or stroke my chin.  
And I don't relish getting in—  
To bigger holes than I do now.

W. S. L.

Advance information for Boston's censor of literature:

Luigi Pirandello is writing a novel in which he will portray "the experiences of the first human pair, Adam and Eve." And, what is more shocking, Senior Pirandello says: "I am handling the theme from the purely human point of view, presenting these two persons without any glamour of religiosity." For "purely human" the censor will read "impurely human."

### Shakespeare in Stamboul

"The Turkish theatre's interpretation of Shakespeare is interesting. Striking touches include a yellow wig for Hamlet to show that he is a Dane) and the treatment by Polonius, the King and others, of Hamlet's love for Ophelia as a huge joke."

Well, Charles Fechter was a blonde Hamlet with a yellow wig, and on the whole he was the most satisfactory, i.e., the most romantic Hamlet—and we have seen E. L. Davenport, Booth, Rossi, Forbes-Robertson, not to mention others, play the Prince. As for the treatment of Ophelia by Polonius, the King and even Hamlet there have been strange conjectures. Polonius evidently regarded Hamlet's affection for Ophelia as a mark of insanity which added its humorous side: "Still harping on my daughter." There have been critics who thought that Ophelia had held herself to Hamlet—hence his abuse of her and his urging her to enter a nunnery. Has there ever been a

pane of glass and keep it shaded and slightly moist. Do not wet it too thoroughly. Within a few weeks you will find most of the cuttings rooted and you can plant them out in the garden. Next year they will grow into large plants.

How will you acquire your first cuttings? It is easy enough. Follow the example of the nurserymen. They always carry in their pockets a few small paper bags and an empty match box. I assure you that there are not many days that they do not return from a visit or trip with some seeds, cuttings or little bulbs.

## Top 'o the Morning

### 'Twas Ever Thus

You are to me a young gazelle,  
O maid of thirteen summers,  
Gaze at you for just a spell  
I know you're with the comers.

So soon, my dear, a debutante,  
The years they turn quite promptly;  
Deny you things? I simply can't,  
You beg so nonchalantly.

It's dad, I want this hat, that coat;  
Dear child, can I deny you?  
You win me to you, get my goat,  
Most anything I'd buy you.

You are to me a young gazelle,  
With dainty grace and carriage,  
And, O, to think how short a space  
From thirteen until marriage  
CLARENCE P. MILLIGAN.

Mr. Milligan's verses might appropriately be headed "The American Father."

If women are going to continue to show their legs as freely as they show their faces, there should be beauty parlors for legs.—Edith Sitwell.

### The Worst Yet

Top 'o the Morning:  
If the plural of "hoof" is "hooves," how many of B. F. Keith's "hoofers" would be needed to make a "Hoover"?  
ZOCKO.

### "Piazza"

Top 'o the Morning:  
Now good for that correspondent who defends the use of the excellent Yankee word, piazza, which may look like the Italian word familiar to visitors in Venice, but isn't like it at all in either sound or significance. To be sure, one does hear tourists from the unenlightened parts of our country speaking of sitting in the "piazzer" of St. Mark's—just as one would probably find a Roman talking about sitting in a rocking chair on the "platza" of the Mt. Washington Hotel. One has to make allowances.

I line up with your recent correspondent in demanding recognition for "piazza" (pronounced as we Yankees pronounce it) when the reference is to the veranda, porch, or maybe stoop, of a house. I sometimes think we are too diffident in claiming a good standing for our own words—too slavishly respectful of the absurd notion that while other peoples and races are free to invent new meanings and new sounds for old words, we Yankees are disqualified. We have just as good a right as anybody else—and we may even have to admit that a similar right exists among the people of the Middle West.

Lowell,

ROMULUS RIGGS.

"Porch"—Would Mr. Riggs like to hear that word pronounced as we once heard it in Louisiana county, Va? We were enjoying the view from the piazza of a plantation house, when the charming daughter—she is now a grandmother—said sweetly to us: "You'd better come here. I reckon there's a heap prettier view from this part of the 'poach'."

And so we were glad to see a college professor maintaining that "foist" is the proper pronunciation of "first" in New York and up the Hudson, not to mention New Jersey, and that ex-Gov. Al Smith saying "foist" in his campaign speeches spoke as a gentleman and scholar of New York.—Ed.

### Mr. Johnson Loq.

Top o' the Morning:  
Reading the obituary notices of Paul Souday, the able literary critic and editorial writer of the Temps in Paris and reviewer of French books for the N. Y. Times, one eulogist of this brilliant man asked if he were a gourmand. "As many in Paris, I have seen him eat. When I invite Souday with nine others, I say to my cook, we shall be 12 at table" is a familiar saying. How he liked

sweets, the unfortunate man! I loved his appetite, his silences as he sat between ladies in evening dress, his happiness when the time came for cigars. Ah, if I had only known!"

The paragraph recalled to me pages in Leon Daudet's "Paris Vecu," published this year. For this violent royalist in exile has much to say about restaurants and food. He remembers how his father Alphonse took him when he was young to the Halles to purchase shell-fish and, in their season, melons. Leon has inherited, he writes, his father's pleasure in testing this "exquisite fruit or vegetable," in the hope that it will be perfect, which it rarely is. "Nothing is so secretive as a melon, except perhaps a pretty woman. The classic, pressing the thumb on the melon's little stem is not a decisive proof."

With what enthusiasm Daudet speaks of the onion soup he ate in company with Lemaitre, Capus and others at Hans in the Passage des Petites-Ecuries! A soup of concentrated onion on bread, blanketed thickly with Gruyere and Parmesan cheese. It was served piping hot, all golden yellow, and the spoon plunged into it, after a short resistance, cried "Plouic." Nose, tongue and palate were happy together, and the stomach said: "Thanks, oh more of it, thank you!" Nor does Daudet despise German cookery though it is heavy. "I still remember eating at Hamburg a sucking pig with lentils, to be heartily recommended. . . . The cruel war which has abolished so many things has not blotted from my memory the brasserie of Hans. I sincerely believe that the only international ententes possible are the gastronomic ones."

Sojourning in the mountains, I view curiously, sometimes with alarm, sometimes with horror, the feeding of tourists in hotel dining rooms. Is it possible that some of these avaricious persons have immortal souls, or at least are susceptible to spiritual impressions? I had fondly believed that Americans no longer clogged their systems with a gargantuan breakfast; no longer can I cherish this illusion. I have recently seen men, apparently intelligent, women of indisputably fair and well-bred appearance, devouring fruit, "cereals"—all fantastically named, some resembling wall-paper paste, a pocket book with whiskers—(would that I could again be served with the oatmeal or cracked-wheat of the Sixties—they are gone as the true oyster cracker and the good old barrel of baker's crackers, gone forever. Extinct as the dodo) and then eggs, bacon or sausage, rolls, toast, and finally flap-jacks plastered with butter and soaked in maple syrup—with here and there a doughnut. The waitress taking my modest sanitary order: A dish of berries or prunes, nude tea and dry toast, looks on me with amazement, and no doubt thinks I am a sufferer from some cruel disease.

I noted in your excellent family newspaper that some one asked why the White Mountains were called "White." Probably because in warm weather they often have the appearance of being white. The hour of the day, the comparative distance, the place from which the mountains are seen have much to do with the illusion.

Early in the morning and late in the afternoon I see a pleasant sight and hear a grateful sound: An old buggy drawn by a leisurely moving horse is followed by a hay wagon drawn by two horses.

"I hear the hoofs upon the hill,  
I hear them faint and fainter still."

Then comes the demoniacal rush of motor cars taking restless men, women and children from one village to another. Speed first! Scenery second!

HERKIMER JOHNSON

### UPTOWN-OLYMPIA

#### "Show Boat"

A screen version of Edna Ferber's novel, "Show Boat," made by Charles Kenyon, Edward J. Montague and Tom Reed, with interpolated music by Jerome Kern from Florenz Ziegfeld's stage production; directed by Harry Pollard and presented by Universal with the following cast:

Magnolia	Laura La Plante
Gaylord Ravenal	Joseph Schildkraut
Capt. Andy Hawks	Otis Harlan
Parthenia Ann Hawks	Emily Fitzroy
Julie	Alma Rubens
Windy	Jack McDonald
Magnolia, as child	Jane La Verne
Schulzy	Neely Edwards
Joe	Stein Fitch
Queenie	Gertrude Howard

The Uptown Theatre, formerly known as the St. James, at Massachusetts and Huntington avenues, and recently acquired and refurbished by the Publix Theatres Corporation, opened its doors yesterday afternoon with a feature picture long awaited by the movie enthusiasts, namely, Universal's costly production of "Show Boat." The same picture also is being shown at the Washington Street Olympia Theatre. Both houses were besieged yesterday by record throngs. That this strangely good and bad film will be a box office winner is certain.

Carl Laemmle and his numerous associates have repeatedly put on the screen some of the best and some of the most exasperatingly bad pictures we have ever sat through. For some reason there seems to be no fixed standard which will assure an evenly meritorious output from their studios. "Show Boat" is a pointed example. In many ways it is a beautiful film, with its scenes of the Mississippi and the Ohio rivers, the old "Cotton Blossom," the little towns scattered along the river banks where Capt. Andy and his troupers tied up and played their simple little melodramas on their own little stage. The first half of the picture particularly possesses charm and a certain degree of romantic illusion, perhaps because it is silent, with only the unforgettable Kern melodies, "Ole Man River," "Can't Help Lovin' that Man" and "Let's Make Believe" in restful accompaniment to the wanderings of the camera. During the second half, spoken dialogue replaces captions, close-ups begin to mar the continuity, and the acting becomes less natural. Against these annoyances may be set the really impressive ending. For fully 10 minutes we are enthralled as Jules Bledsoe croons "The Lonesome Road" in that rich bass voice of his, while Magnolia, all in white, erect, proud and lonely, stands on the upper deck of the old "Cotton Blossom," under a moonlit sky, and Ravenal, greyed and old and remorseful, creeps through the shore brakes, climbs his precious, talismanic cane into the river and kneels penitently at the feet of the wife he had deserted years before. That scene alone atones for much that has gone before.

The screen version differs in many ways from the stage conception. It is less happy, for it removes Capt. Andy by drowning at an early stage; it records later the death of Parthy Ann; it eliminates Julie as far as the dramatic exposure of her octoroon lineage is concerned; there is no mention of Steve, her loyal white lover. Mr. Pollard, the director, unusually competent for the most part, now and then is guilty of holding a scene or distorting its importance, as in the violent rain storm when Capt. Andy perishes. This smacked too much of that other monstrosity, "The Girl on the Barge," with its similar watery disaster, staged in a huge studio tank.

The acting, like the picture, is commendable and distressing by turns. Miss La Plante, capable actress though she may be, was not the soft, appealing heroine of the stage version; she seemed bound to accent Magnolia's moments of anguish, to belittle her happier moods. Mr. Schildkraut, of handsome profile and graceful gestures, overacted outrageously at times, specifically in his drunken scene. He was the stage actor showing Hollywood how he thought it should be done. Mr. Harlan made Capt. Andy a fussy old fellow, rather than the genial, lovable character created by Mr. Winginger. Nor could we find any justification for Miss Fitzroy's extremely severe portrait of Parthy Ann. Magnolia's mother was Puritanical, was immovable in her concepts of morality and duty, but she was no ogre.

In a musical prologue, Jules Bledsoe, Helen Morgan and Aunt Jemima and the jubilee singers are heard in the tunes which have helped to keep "Show Boat" of the stage memorable.

W. E. G.

### METROPOLITAN THEATRE

#### "Hungarian Rhapsody"

A screen drama, adapted by Julian Johnson for the American screen from the story by Hans Szekely; directed by Hanns Schwarz, produced by Erich Pommer, and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Camilla	Lil Dagover
Frank	Willy Fritsch
Marika	
Her father	Fritz Greiner
Her mother	Giulia Bathory
Gen. Hoffman	Erich Kaiser-Tiet
Baron Barsody	Leonard Kramer

"Hungarian Rhapsody" is an interest-

ing example of continental Europe's idea of what a motion picture should be. Its story was written over there, it was directed and photographed over there, and its cast includes several favorites of the European screen. What catches the American spectator is the novel and decidedly attractive setting. Here is something new. The atmosphere and surroundings are Hungarian and the representations of peasant life in that country, centering about the great harvest festival, with its religious ceremonies, its rustic revels, folk dancing and feasts, afford a welcome relief from the somewhat cut-and-dried theatre to which we have become accustomed. The opening "long shot" of a vast wheat field in which hundreds of workers are engaged in reaping is a striking introductory.

The synchronized score in which both time-honored and modern Hungarian tunes and gypsy airs are registered, and the dancing, singing and instrumental music which form a melodious background to the film, help to supply an agreeably authentic, lends an air of realism.



# The Theatre

Aug 4 '29  
By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Clive went to England, partly to find plays that would please audiences at the Copley theatre. Will he look favorably on "The Stranger Within," by Crane Wilbur, produced at the Garrick, London, in June? The hope so, for the story of the play is the one ever dear to the peepul: the chorus girl with "a heart of gold" who marries an honest man and tries to forget the horrid past. There's plenty of action in the play. Honest John is one of three brothers on a Canadian farm. Molly the chorus girl is thrown into his arms by a railway accident (heard and seen off-stage). John is ignorant of Molly's past, which was not so hideous after all, but his paralyzed father and puritanical brother Simon are "on." Simon, finding Molly a desirable young woman, stays away from church for the first time in many years. In a passionate scene with the girl, her baby is thrown downstairs and killed. Simon "then finishes a good day's work" by accusing Molly of killing her baby and she would have been dragged to jail, if the excitement had not cured the old man's paralysis enough to let him incriminate Simon. Hot stuff!

A carillon of 49 silver-toned bells weighing nearly 50 tons, lent to an exhibition at Newcastle, England, by the New Zealand government was played for a week by Nora Johnston, "England's first woman carillonneur." She was trained at Malines by Jef Denyn, and will play the bells next year at Wellington, New Zealand, when the bells are set up there on a hill above the town as a war memorial.

In London disapprobation of a play or a performance is manifested by the "boo." The recognized means was formerly the whistle; hence the old actor's expression, "getting the bird." In Paris whistling is still the thing, but there is a dispute concerning the proper application. A spectator may wish to condemn the author but not the actors; he may wish to show his scorn for the composer. Opinion is apparently in favor of a generally accepted code, which should be announced in the theatres: one whistle for the author, two for the composer, three for the actors and so on. Tristan Bernard writes that it is not fair to whistle if you are a dead-head, or even if you have paid what is supposed to cover the tax on an invitation ticket, but really leaves a balance on which many Parisian theatres live. He proposes that one should be free to buy the right to whistle by bringing the amount paid up to half of the full price of the seat.

## AT THE MOVIES

The Editor of the Sunday Herald:

Ma says the movies is made to depict slices of life which after all is nothing more or less than tense drama and pathos with some humor and romance. Since I been going out with Henry Hodpole I am gettin kinda skeptical about the truth and focus of the camera. The first scene is shots fired by some hijackers under the elevated railroad in the squalid section of a teemin city. Well what it was was seven cannon crackers the night of the fourth of July when me and Henry was in Joe Perkins speakeasy. Then Lotta Doodimple comes into the picture because she's a swell looker an gets ten thousand dollars a week. Well I get ten a week an I come in because it was the fourth an Henry says that he should make some hoopy and have a glass of beer—an I ain't so bad to look at myself. Lotta Doodimple comes in just in time to find her real fiance is no other than a swallow tailed generalissimo of the hijackers. Well I liked to died when I found out Joe Perkins run a speakeasy. Me and Joe had a spat three weeks ago but Lotta Doodimple and her guy had it right there. Ya little hussy, says the swell coat tails, I'll get even witcha—yer gonna marry Ted tha river rat yer that! An sure enough the villain makes her marry Ted tha river rat. Well did Joe Perkins make me marry anybody? Did Joe Perkins wrap a revolver up in a napkin an make me marry a river rat with a heart of gold? He did not. That big punk just gets me in the corner an says Come on now, Little Girl—less go on with tha engagement fer awhile till I gets on my feet fiddle. I don't own this place, I just works here! . . . Well then, theres rationally—I don't own this place, I just works here! . . . Well then, theres the fade out and tha end. Lotta Doodimple an the river rat go away just like me an Henry Hodpole only they get on a big ocean steamboat with rice an old shoes while me an Henry go out an get on a Brighton car fer home.

ORACLE.

The future of the cinema vs. the legitimate theatre and the future of the "talkies"—a hideous, vile word—are constantly, sometimes bitterly discussed in English newspapers. The Observer has this to say:

I believe we shall have very many bad 'talkies' for the simple reason that the directors who think about their job at all are working on the basis of silent technic dominant with vocalization supplementary, instead of hammering away at a new technic in which vision and sound are co-ordinate and co-relative. I believe we shall have 'talkie' versions of all the famous plays, novels, musical comedies and operas, as well as revivals of all the old silent films with new players in dialogue form. I believe we shall have a great deal to endure in the next few years from theme songs from 'talkies,' from 'talkie' comedians, from 'talkie' hoofers, from 'talkie' plays, from 'talkie' stars' faces, and from the banalities of 'talkie' productions generally. We shall have to put up with these things just as long as producers base their work on the old traditions of the cinema backed up by the traditions of opera house and stage. Until the new men come with the new materials there can be no satisfactory work for the new machines."

Luigi Pirandello has completed a hospital comedy; also a play entitled "Impromptu Theatre" and he is busy on a novel in which he portrays the experiences of Adam and Eve, "handling the theme from the purely human point of view," he says, "presenting these two persons without any glamour or religiosity." He is convinced that the art of cinematography has a great future, but that the modern film has still a long way to go. "Even today older and modern literary productions are adapted to the exclusion of new creations for the films, whereas the film stage has called into being a new form of art. One cannot simply make the drama of the legitimate stage into a film: such a procedure must, by the nature of things, result in superficial film productions which have but little influence on the public." According to Pirandello film producers either through lack of initiative or because they do not care to take financial risks, continue to produce films after the old pattern. "The art of motion pictures has still a great future; this

future is bound up, in my opinion, with the creation of fantastical, soul-stirring spectacles. I do not approve of the 'talkies' but vocal and sound effects would appear to present great possibilities."

Karel Capek, noting that Bernard Shaw condescends to move in front of a film apparatus and shake hands with a small girl, thinks it not improbable that "we shall live to see him one day galloping on an unsaddled horse through the Llanos of Arizona or rescuing Miss Gloria Swanson from a burning farm." Mr. Capek believes that the real spoken word will always remain "a preserve of the theatre, and that not only for purely technical reasons, but also because the moment the spoken word is raised to a position of equal importance with the picture, the film will cease to be a film and become a drama." Writers and actors should realize "the metaphysical and absolute privilege of the theatre, and it lies with them not to misuse it. The newspapers deprive people of the possibility of telling each other the news; the radio deprives them of the opportunity of exchanging, after supper, ideas on various aspects of life. Similarly, the cinema enables them to amuse themselves silently and without words. . . . The theatre cannot be replaced by anything else; it is the sacred reservation of the spoken word." And an advantage of the theatre is the actor, not because he plays better than a film actor, but because he is real and stands before us in the flesh. "In modern civilization the theatre ceases to be a house of illusions and becomes a house of realities. The actor of the film is a shadow; the actor of the theatre is a reality. . . . It is the lofty task of the actor to place before us living beings, a sight now so rare and so unusual. As long as there are actors, there will be theatres, as long as queer people are being born with a wild desire to reproduce a living man by shouts and gestures, we need not put to ourselves the question whether the theatre will be swallowed up by any other interest."

Arthur Bodansky, the conductor, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera House, now of the Friends of Music in New York, writes to a friend: "The musical conditions in Austria are simply atrocious; in Germany somewhat better, but only in Berlin."

"In Vienna I heard the Scala with Toscanini—'Falstaff.' What a performance! It will stick to my memory forever. No words can describe the beauty of the work and the interpretation. I also heard 'Lucia di Lammermoor.' Also a tremendous impression."

According to the New Yorker, Beatrice Lillie at Los Angeles was taken to an observatory that she might gaze at night on the beauty of the Californian sky. Looking at the stars raptly, the Californian murmured: "Beautiful! Beautiful—aren't they?" "Yes, beautiful indeed," said Miss Lillie, "but so artificial I expect them to come together at any moment and spell 'Marion Davis.'"

The guarantors of the Chicago Civic Opera have been called on to pay the deficit of last season, \$528,356. In that season 272,006 persons attended the opera, against a total of 307,354 for the previous season. The receipts were \$943,469 compared with \$1,013,664 for the preceding year.

Not long ago Mr. Bohren, the singer, spoke dolefully in New York of operatic conditions and gave it as his opinion that opera is dying. Nine new German operas were performed last month in the course of the Duisburg Music Festival. Perhaps the majority were still-born. "The cost of producing new operas is so enormous, and managers in Germany today fight so shy of them, that only the generous offer of the city of Duisburg to put its whole technical and artistic equipment at the disposal of the Society, and hand over the theatre free for six evenings during the festival, gained the composers a hearing." Among the operas performed were a "Salammbô" by Messen, and "The Trojan Women" (after Euripides) by Werfel.

For the play itself not much can be said. It is stilted and artificial beyond belief. The "romance" is a quadrangular affair, even five-dimensional if the bamboozled husband of the "naughty lady" is counted in. A young officer, a fiddler, the lady aforesaid (who is the wife of an elderly and suspicious general, and given to flirting), the pretty daughter of a bourgeois Hungarian and the general himself make the quintette.

Marika, the young officer's daughter, is most shabbily treated by Franz, the dragoon, who drops her flat to pay court to Camilla, the general's spouse. Camilla, for her part, after amusing herself a bit with the unlucky fiddler (his name does not appear in the cast), is not averse to a little love-making to wipe away theedium of her husband's absence on inspection tours. But the jealous violinist tells the general as to what is going on in the castle and an explosion is imminent when Marika comes to the rescue of her faithless sweetheart by assuming the place of the other woman, even at the sacrifice of her own reputation.

The dragoon proceeds to divest himself of his uniform and to marry the girl, and at the close we are shown him plowing with a team of six long-horned oxen, while Marika, smiling happily, scatters the seed in the furrow behind him. Somehow we are sorry for the poor girl, for Master Fritz has shown himself to be a pretty bad egg and no amount of reformation will make him fresh again.

The aristocratic beauty of Lil Dagover is emphasized in a score of carefully arranged poses, but that is about all that can be said. The acting throughout is of mediocre quality and the pantomime is conventional to the last degree, the sort of thing we used to see here 20 years ago when the moving picture was in its infancy.

J. E. P.

## Former St. James Remodeled At \$500,000 Cost

The newest addition to the evergrowing list of Publix Theatres, the Uptown

Theatre, situated at Huntington and Massachusetts avenues, opened yesterday noon before a capacity crowd. The new Uptown Theatre, formerly the St. James, was remodeled at a cost of approximately \$500,000. It is one of the most elaborate and costly theatres in uptown Boston, and with all its latest improvements for "talkies," looks forward to a busy fall season. It will be devoted to the exclusive exhibition of the best photoplays.

The lobby is done in blue and gold, with five handsome chandeliers suspended gracefully from the ceiling. Its beautiful foyer, done in simple but exquisite taste, handsome mirrors, soft and luxurious carpets, and roomy seats are in keeping with Publix theatres standards.

Its newly installed refrigeration and air conditioning system keeps one fresh and comfortable. One of the latest type of sound reproducing projectors has been installed along with an enlarged screen for magna-film. Also a magnascope for the projection of the new, wider film.

The magnificent new electric sign and marquee is studded with nearly 10,000 scintillating, colored lights, the largest number in any theatre sign in Boston. The theatre has a seating capacity of 2000.

## Top 'o the Morning

### A Plea for Reform

("No longer you hafter resemble a rafter. They're gonna wear curves in the spring.")

So sang a clever rhymester, now many months ago. Rejoicing that these gimlet-fashioned figures were to pass, That the forms like waxen tapers, that bedeck the daily papers, Were to cease to be the pride of every lass. They're a rank abomination, And a constant irritation.



Give us shapes that enrapture and enthrall.  
And with this glad rebirth,  
Pray give us greater girth.  
Or, you'll have to turn the pictures to the wall.

We're devoted to the fair sex, so I hasten to explain.  
It's the style in which they're fashioned we deplore.

From strong and lurid language we hardly can refrain.

For they're sundry slender beauties we adore.

But these naked, alleged ladies, we'd park in Harvard (Mass.) or Hades.

Or any place that's far beyond recall.  
Nature's dear to every poet.  
But these figures fail to show it,  
And you'll have to turn the pictures to the wall.

'Tis true one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.  
Basking in the sunshine, maybe there is fervor in a clam.

But nature cannot function with these shrimps so blighty thin.  
You could pack a dozen in a buggy, and not jam.

O advertisers, have a heart,  
And ye writers, do your part,  
To dethrone these freaks so slim and tall.

You must hide these human splinters,  
More bare than Arab sprinters,  
Or you'll have to turn these pictures to the wall.

Were these frilly dolls of fashion just a sawdust imitation  
Of living human beings, though one would scarcely weigh a pound,  
We'd put them on probation till we reached a filling station,  
When we'd have them featured full and round.

Though a weird inhibition,  
It's an honest proposition  
To dethrone these sorry slimsters, who now sicken and appal,  
For, as everybody knows,  
We approve of adipose,  
And you'll have to turn the pictures to the wall.

It's the fashion plates we blame for these types so lean and spent.  
Let the sex denounce suggestions these sordid prints imply.  
To tolerate their presence would seem to give assent  
Where the aspiration's really fine and high.

This free-to-all undressing  
Of the nymphs just keep me guessing,  
But there's no incitement to it—we are more inclined to crawl.

Though a little might suffice,  
It's a warmth that cuts no ice,  
And you'll have to turn the pictures to the wall.

They must strive for higher standards in the game,  
They must seek more modest methods to allure,  
They must walk the nobler paths to fame,  
They must stand for the living truths which endure.

While these synthetic Aphrodites Who can't half fill their nighties,  
Just quickly walk the plank—one and all.

We must rise as a nation,  
And demand by acclamation,  
You will have to turn these pictures to the wall.

RICHARD H. GORHAM,  
Cambridge.

Cheer up, Mr. Gorham. We read that leading dressmakers of Paris have decided that the era of short skirts must come to an end; that even the most monomaniacal French women agree with dressmakers, for what is saved on skirts is spent on stockings. We read that there is to be a change in the fashionable line. When the understudies of the minidresses began to go without which that they might preserve their 15-year-old figure, the high and noble ones voted the doom of slimmness.

Mussolini, whose name is given to a door coat, a "concillation" and a "caperial" (absit omen!) gown for rixist women, should remember that in times past lost popularity and he to grief by interference with men's dress or undress. The "convention," which is described as being "verely elegant with a touch of mysticism recalling the purity of dress in the 13th and 14th centuries," may not irritate women impatient of dictation as to what they shall or shall not wear.

o' the Mornings:  
They used to say in Washington that was cold and silent and somewhat icy. But he went back to the pact celebration and laughed and

laughed. From what the correspondents wrote, every time Cal looked across at the White House and saw Dr. Hoover parading back and forth on the portico he clapped his hands on his sides and shrieked, "Ha, ha, ha!" just like that.  
R. H. L.

Our excellent friend and co-laborer, Anne Singleton, in answer to a perplexed soul who wishes to know the proper manner of addressing a business firm, whether it should be "Dear Sirs" or "Gentlemen," says that both forms are correct: "Dear Sirs" is the most (i.e. more) usual; "Gentlemen" the more distinguished.

We beg leave to differ. Suppose the members of the firm are not gentlemen. Suppose that one is a man of fine breeding, and the other is a roughneck, retained to do the dirty business.

There was a time when a husband wishing to impress a hotel clerk and assure fellow-guests of his position in society registered: "J. Montrose Ferguson and Lady," forgetting that a suspicious clerk might ask to see the marriage certificate.

### The Philosopher

(From the Observer, London)

Goatlike he butts the solid wall  
Of Truth, with skull belligerent,  
And hopes, if not to see it fall,  
At least to find a sort of dent.

But yet the wall is very thick,  
And to the challenge day by day  
The hard and unresponsive brick  
Returns an everlasting Nay.

So I for one would rather be  
A sheep, and save an aching head,  
And keep away from masonry,  
And munch the wholesome grass instead.

"After the early morning bathe I was surprised to find that the beach had become the scene of busy labor. A number of men were raking over the sand looking for the lost treasures of the trippers who had thronged the seaside on the previous day." So writes a friend.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson told us some summers ago that a fair with a charitable purpose was held on the lawn of a rented cottage in Clamport. At daybreak the owner of the cottage was seen on his hands and knees in search of stray dimes, quarters and halves that might have been dropped by careless purchasers.

### CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

To the Editor of The Herald:

With no doubt many other admirers of Herman Melville, I enjoyed Dr. Root's letter in regard to "Moby Dick." Melville's greatest work. But isn't he in error in ascribing to B. L. T.—whose witty column, as I remember it, dealt very rarely with literary matters—any "enthusiasm" in that direction?

More than 20 years ago the enthusiasm of your other famous columnist, Philip Hale, led me to read "Moby Dick" again with renewed appreciation and understanding. To Mr. Hale, I believe, is due in a large measure the recent revival of interest in this great romance of the seas.

And, by coincidence, his hand is again seen in a characteristic essay on the same subject in an adjoining column to Dr. Root's communication.

C. FREDERICK ADAMS.  
Concord, N. H., July 31.

### KEITH-ALBEE

#### "Drag"

A screen drama adapted by Bradley King from the novel by William Dudley Pell, directed by Frank Lloyd and presented as a First National all-talking picture with the following cast:

David Carroll ..... Richard Barthelmess  
Pa Parker ..... Lucien Littlefield  
Ma Parker ..... Katherine Ward  
Allie Parker ..... Alice Day  
Charlie Parker ..... Tom Dugan  
Dot ..... Lila Lee  
Clara ..... Margaret Fielding

Breaking away from such shadowy stuff as "Scarlet Seas" and such sugary melodrama as "Weary River," Mr. Barthelmess now swings to the extreme limit of the pendulum. In "Drag," he finds himself called on to be actually human, just an ordinary, every-day young American, starting with ambition, ideals and blessed with a certain degree of mental and physical vigor, so that the world looks roseate as he steps into Paris, Vt., one sultry day, ousts the old fellow who has edited the Courier for a score of years, and becomes a moulder of public opinion. David Carroll is smart enough to fence wittily with a brunette who calls herself Dot, works as a dressmaker's assistant, and likes David at first glance; but he makes the tragic mistake of his young life when, in a moment of sentimental bewilderment, he succumbs to the blond appeal of Allie Parker, with whose family David has taken lodgings. He soon finds, after a noisy wedding, that he has also married Pa and Ma, brother Charlie and his wife, Clara, and a few

## ARTEMAS AND ARTEMUS

By PHILIP HALE

Harvard University received \$678,731 from the estate of Artemas Ward, to be added to Anonymous Fund No. 4. President Lowell made this announcement at the recent Commencement exercises.

It is probably needless to say that this Artemas Ward was not the great humorist who died at Southampton, Eng., on March 6, 1867, but the similarity in names brings up the question: What became of the humorist's estate? He directed by his will that with the exception of bequests to friends, all revenue should go to the support of his mother. In a codicil he directed that the reversionary right to his estate should be taken from her; that the residue should go toward the founding of an asylum for worn-out printers in the United States. That he left considerable property is well established. In London alone his lectures brought in a handsome sum; his letters to Punch, fifteen guineas apiece. Shortly before his death he said that as the Prince of Wales was receiving many gifts he would give him his panorama. There is a singular story told of the last few days of Artemus at Southampton, a story that is not in Don C. Seitz's life of Artemus. Mr. Seitz had heard the tale but did not believe in it.

According to a letter received by the present writer after the publication of Mr. Seitz's biography in 1919, an opera singer, "considered a beauty," went with Artemus to England. They were registered at the time of his last illness at Radley's Hotel as man and wife. He gave his money and valuables to the manager of the hotel for safe keeping. A few days before he died she demanded the money and valuables saying her husband wanted them. Having received them she immediately left. At Paris she met an Italian musician. They bought a villa on Lake Como where they lived until he died; and where she continued to live. "The last I knew of her was in the '90s. Dr. William Jarvis of Claremont, N. H., consul at Milan used to see her when, advanced in years, she still retained traces of her former beauty."

Mr. Seitz, having seen this letter, wrote to the present writer that he was unable to prove or disprove the statements therein. There was another legend, which was circumstantially disproved: that Artemus on his death bed was admitted into the Roman Catholic church. Surely E. H. House, the journalist, and George H. Stephens, the valet of Artemus, who were together on the City of Boston; Robertson, the playwright, Bayard Taylor and other Americans including our consul at Southampton, members of the Savage Club in London who loved Artemus; Moncure J. Conway who read the Unitarian service and delivered a eulogy at the Kensal Green Chapel, must have known if the woman in question was with Artemus. The story would have gone the rounds in London if there had been any truth in it.

brats on the side. With David hooked, they all lie down and quit work. Pa borrows David's savings to clear the mortgage on the Parker home, Charlie purloins David's best gray suit, Clara leaves her youngsters in the Courier office, to knock type on the floor, while she shops; and Allie becomes a slovenly, spineless creature, merely one of the swarm of leeches which pull David down to bankruptcy and despair. He remains loyal to Allie, however, despite Dot's indignant protests, her candid overtures. Soon after Dot departs for New York, David follows, to peddle a musical comedy he had written for amateur performance in Paris. Allie refuses to accompany him, but greedily accepts the money he sends her when his play is accepted, thanks to Dot's connivance. On the eve of Dot's departure for Europe in search of fresh costume designs, Allie and the whole Parker family descend on David in his elegant apartment. That settles it. David speaks a long piece, gives them the rooms and all they contain and rushes out with only a handbag, to catch Dot's boat.

Mr. Barthelmess plays David quietly, a bit heavily. Only a frequent fleeting smile brightens his too sombre features. Yet he has his effective moments. His voice still refuses to record clearly; something in the recording apparatus muffles it. This time we know positively that he does not sing, as the picture hints. Miss Day gave a convincing portrait of the weakling Allie, and Miss Lee was delightful as the keen-minded Dot, though a trifle too sophisticated for such a simple town as Paris, Vt. Mr. Littlefield found his role congenial and fat, as did Mr. Dugan. "Drag" is a well-acted little trifle, a homely treatise on a certain vicious phase of family-in-law life not exclusively indigenous to Paris, Vt.—W. E. G.

## MODERN-BEACON

### "The Fall of Eve"

A screen farce adapted by Gladys Lehman, with dialogue by Frederic Fanny Hatton; directed by Frank Strayer and presented by Columbia Picture Corporation as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

Eve Grant ..... Patric Ford  
Mr. Mack ..... Robert M. Le  
Mrs. Mack ..... Ford Sterling  
Tom Ford, Sr. .... Jed Prout  
Mrs. Ford ..... Gertrude Astor  
Tom Ford, Jr. .... Arthur Rank  
Mrs. Mack ..... Betty Farrance  
Police Officer ..... Fred Kelsey

The Hattons, who are adept if not always brilliant journeyman tailors, stage and screen productions, have taken situations from this and that bedroom farce, since forgotten, and have placed them in continuity, and labeled the result, "The Fall of Eve." The is the conservative, middle-aged manufacturer, the visiting buyer from the Middle West, the pretty secretary, couple of cumbersome wives. Ford, S. has just acquired his, the second, y he refuses to permit his son, Tom, J to speak of the possibilities of his o marriage to Eve, the efficient secretary. Tom, Jr., fired for his temerity thereafter hovers in the background smiling maliciously when his father b comes enmeshed in a scandal wh threatens to wreck his latest marit venture, and stepping in at the psych logical time to claim Eve as his p ropective bride and to make his harass parent grovel at his feet.

As a farce "The Fall of Eve" takes

the speed of a freight train loafing upward on a long hill. It could be played in two-thirds of the time devoted to it, and thereby made doubly entertaining. As it is Mr. Sterling, in a role dear to his heart, that of a good-natured fellow who loves his wife but admits her defects and is not averse to seeking his pleasures in other vineyards whenever opportunity comes his way, does his best to keep the picture up to tempo. He has a choice line of repartee ever at hand. Talking over the telephone with old Ford from his hotel room, the while his suspicious spouse takes in every word. Sterling, or Mack of the play, is discussing guardedly details of a proposed whoopee party, under guise of talk about various goods, such as sweaters and the like. When Ford tells him that the girl he has found for him for the party is named Eve, Sterling comes right back with, "On the Bear brand, eh!" which, of course, isn't what he meant. Later, when a policeman is trying to straighten out a tangle of claimants to the name of Ford, in Ford's house, he approaches Betty Farrington, who plays the weighty spouse to Sterling. "And I suppose you're another Ford, too," sneers Kelsey. "No, officer," retorts Sterling. "She's a Mack."

So much for motors. The rest is too complicated to chronicle. Suffice that all the players mean well, that laughs are frequent. Linked with this picture is "Behind the German Lines," a grim narrative of activities of the Teutonic hordes on land, on and under water and in the air, supposedly authentic and invariably interesting.

W. E. G.

### B. F. KEITH'S

Kenneth Harlan, motion picture actor; Flo Lewis, globe-trotting vaudevilian, and Fanchon and Marco's dance revue divide the honors at B. F. Keith's this week, each featuring a distinct type of entertainment. Harlan, assisted by Wilbur Cox and Evelyn Humes, stages an amusing skit involving a newly-wedded couple in a Niagara Falls hotel on the first day of their honeymoon. In this Harlan, with his soft, pleasing voice, runs the gamut of emotions, sympathy, anger, joy and exasperation. And, of course, the couple lived happily ever after.

Miss Lewis, who utilizes her pianist for more than an accompanist, has a rapid-fire act in which she sings a little but occupies most of her time distributing a nonsensical type of humor which is highly entertaining. The dance act has a couple of comedians, the brothers Stround, quiet, unassuming and capable, while the rest of the performers are excellent dancers with sensational capabilities. In addition, the producers have seen fit to equip the little revue with some nice settings and the tableaux are quite effective. It is a really diverting act.

Hooper and Gatchett, with the aid of Grace Connelly, Chappy Chapman and Baxter and Frank, bring the audience to war-time France, with soldiers and the inevitable rookie. Action moves swiftly, harmoniously and rhythmically.

Roger Williams shows what the human voice can do in the art of mimicry, and his partner, Girdle, does a difficult toe-dance. Billy M. Green and Blossom are entertaining, while Beebe Rubyette and company furnish a whirlwind athletic interval. The news reel and animated cartoon complete the program.

I. A. S.



Aug 6 1929

## Top 'o the Morning

### A Useful Gift

("The best form of burglar alarm is to smash a window or throw some crockery onto the pavement outside.")

At first it was certainly pleasant  
To hear from Aunt Mabel at Rhyl  
That she was dispatching a present  
To show she remembered us still.  
But later it took off a lot of  
Our gratification to find  
The vases she'd chosen were not of  
A taciturn kind.

But we've come to consider them  
splendid

Although their appearance offends,  
Now we've gathered that they were intended

For utilitarian ends.  
And we long for the day when we'll  
lose them.

When taking them up in our arms,  
We rush to the window and use them  
As burglar alarms.

The S.S. Bremen was especially designed  
for the comfort of American  
passengers. The bar in the smoking  
room is provided with a brass rail.

I never understood in the least the  
motives of Americans on the screen.  
Their ethics seem to me invariably  
wrong.—Sydney W. Carroll.

### Letters and Diaries

One finds in periodicals devoted to  
literature letters reading somewhat as  
follows:

"I am at work on a biography of the  
late Augustus P. Bolivar, scientist and  
poet, author of 'The Influence of the  
Sun on Curbstones,' and the epic poem  
'The Loves of the Dinosaurs.' I should  
be thankful for any letters written by  
him. After they are copied, they will  
be returned to the owners."

The question comes up: Should letters  
written in a confidential manner  
to friends be made public? Another  
question: Should diaries written without  
thought of publicity be used by a  
biographer regardless of the nature of  
the entries: should the diary be published  
as a whole?

Few of us, if any, ever heard of Johann Tichtel, a Viennese doctor and professor at the university in the second half of the 15th century, yet we are glad to know him in 1929 through his journal "Fontes Rerum Austriacarum" now publishing. Just as country doctors and college valedictorians receiving as village clergymen fees and salary partly paid in groceries and vegetables so Dr. Tichtel often received a barrel of wine as payment for medical attendance. In a grateful and devout spirit he would jot down in his diary, "Praise to Almighty God and to St. Leopold" or "Praise to the Wonderful Creator." If we read: "The Abbot of Klosterneuburg gave me 4 florins, corn, cheese, 40 loaves of bread, a partridge, etc. This is splendid," we also read that the wife of King Matthias of Hungary didn't pay him at all and Tichtel mournfully wrote that royal patients bestowed honors and were shy in the payment of money or even wine.

Who would miss knowing the Rev. William Jones whose diary covered the years 1777-1821? When he left Oxford to visit his home he abounded in "filthiness, and Vileness and Wretchedness"; he returned "a poor forlorn Worm." He accepted a position as tutor to the sons of Jamaica's attorney-general. "Mr. — lately had occasion to mention the name of the deceased Gentleman. He was, said he, a very sensible person, but (I believe) oppressed with Melancholy (not unusual, I find, to persons in declining life), he entirely devoted the Close of it to Wine and Negresses. O wretched End! O deadly pleasure! do all thy flattering Promises find this Doleful period?"

When Mr. Jones became Vicar of Broxbourne he resolved to leave off snuff-taking as John Wesley gave up tea. His nose, inspired by Satan, tempted him, and he thus addressed it: "I do not mean to starve you entirely, or even to wean you abruptly; you shall now and then, be indulged with a pinch or a smell at a box."

Add to his troubles a hen-pecking wife. "My friend Du Bois is linked with a tartar, a dogress, a tyranness. Charles says he often expresses his pity for me. Poor fellow! our mutual pity is unavailing."

The diaries of men who cut a more brilliant figure in the world are seldom so honest as the one kept by this "poor forlorn worm."

The late Paul Souday, of whom we have already spoken—he is missed by readers of the N. Y. Times's Book Review—received many letters from persons of prominence. He kept them for some time to re-read them and show them to his friends, then arranged them in his desk. M. Robert Kemp says that Souday would have been distracted at the thought of these letters lost or destroyed.

The correspondence of writers was in his eyes a legacy not for descendants, relatives, but for the whole world.

Whether private letters should be made public by biographers is a question considered by Mr. H. M. Paul in his "Literary Ethics." Sprat, writing the life of Cowley, admitted that he had many letters in which were expressed, "the native tenderness and innocent gaiety of his Mind" but Sprat would not publish them: "In such letters the Souls of Men should appear undressed: And in that negligent habit, they may be fit to be seen by one or two in a Chamber, but not to go abroad in the Streets." Mr. Paul regrets the loss of this correspondence as Prof. Walter Raleigh did before him, and is willing to profit by the indiscretion of less scrupulous biographers.

If Pope and Horace Walpole were more than pleased to have their correspondence made public, Dickens, W. H. Hudson, George Eliot burned letters they received. Prof. Saintsbury condemned the publication of Keats's letters to Fanny Brawne, and the letters of Mrs. Carlyle through Froude, for they were never prepared, they were not revised for publication. "Trivialities, faults of taste, slovenliness of expression" should be left out. But who is to decide? The trivialities may be important to one studying the period: slovenliness of expression may endear the writer, make him more human to the reader. The writer of a letter to a friend should be unbuttoned, not in a stiff shirt, high collar, frock coat.

That Mr. Paul would approve our saying this is doubtful, yet he admits that taste is a matter of opinion, "and in excluding expressions of vivacity pardonable in a private letter, there is the danger of taking out the 'salt.'" If there are the letters of Horace Walpole, Swift, Gray, Cowper, there are also pompous, or simply stupid letters that for some inscrutable reason have been thought worthy. Men who have shown intelligence and wit in books or essays, have been amazingly dull correspondents. Because they are afraid to let themselves go. Because they are curiously self-conscious in writing to one, though fearlessly frank writing for the world at large.

Mme. de Sevigne—Mr. Walkley thought there was a magnificence about her that demanded a choice edition—did not think of posterity. "I always begin without knowing where I am going; I don't know whether my letter will be long or short; I write as long as it pleases my pen, which governs everything; I believe that to be a good rule, it suits me, and I shall stick to it."

Martin Van Buren is quoted as having said, that he would walk 10 miles to see a man rather than write to him; but he was thinking of political campaigns and public office. Women writing to friends in social campaigns sometimes break friendships or destroy themselves especially when they add to the "charming, gossiping" letter; "This of course is in strict confidence."

### LOEW'S STATE

#### "Bulldog Drummond"

A screen drama, adapted by Wallace Smith and Sidney Howard from the stage play of the same name by "Sapper"; photography by George Barnes and Gregg Toland; directed by F. Richard Jones, produced by Samuel Goldwyn and presented as a United Artists all-dialogue picture with the following cast:

Hugh (Bulldog) Drummond	Ronald Colman
Phyllis	Joan Bennett
Erma	Lillian Tashman
Peterson	Montague Love
Dr. Lakington	Lawrence Grant
Alex	Claude Allister
Danny	Wilson Benke
Narcovitch	Adolph Miller
Travers	Charles Sellon
Chong	Tetsu Komai

That same perturbation of mind which assailed the ardent dries when they perused the Hon. George W. Wick-ersham's now famous letter undoubtedly will assail those "anti-talkies" groups who are gracious enough to sit through Ronald Colman's performance as the hero of this week's delightful satirical melodrama at Loew's State Theatre. For them it should prove a wholesome revelation; for all proponents of the audible screen it will supply an arsenal of ammunition.

Ignoring for the moment the character and the merits of "Bulldog Drummond" itself, we hasten to announce that in Mr. Colman we find all the attributes of the ideal screen actor; a player who has combined with remarkable success the two techniques of screen and stage so that one complements the other, aids the other, and makes for absolute perfection. This gallant young Englishman (he is still under 40) has done several distinctive things in the silent pictures. Now he reveals the most natural speaking voice we yet have heard. To that voice he adds intelligence, an air of culture, poise. One may snicker now and then at the delicious humor of "Bulldog Drummond" concealed in

some apparently sinister situation; but never at Mr. Colman. He is utterly likable and believable because he is natural.

The first interior shot by the camera gives an inkling of the subtle humors to come. It discloses the reading room of the Senior Conservative Club, where each seat is occupied by some gloomy-browed nonagenarian. When a luckless servant drops a spoon there is indignant outcry. When Capt. Hugh Drummond, bored to madness, goes out whistling, he attracts scowls of hatred. So the picture begins. Thereafter its thrills, its excitement, its suspense, are cumulative. Hugh's adventures, once he has committed himself to the rescue of Phyllis's uncle from a resourceful band of blackmailers and worse, are those of the hero of a penny shocker, as he himself admits; but they are of the sort at which we all love to gasp and shiver, and squeal in horror and alarm.

The acting throughout is praiseworthy, from Miss Bennett's exquisitely beautiful Phyllis, down to Mr. Allister's lightly comic Algy. The photography, like the deeds chronicled, is shadowy, suggestive of mystery and furtive acts. The sound recordings are wonderfully illusive—the purr or the roar of a motor car's engine, the patter of rain on window panes and on pavements, the gentle splash as a pistol drops from an overcoat pocket into a puddle of water. Salutations to Mr. Goldwyn, to Mr. Colman and all his fellow-players, and those unsung virtuosi who aided in giving sight and sound to "Bulldog Drummond." As any gum-chewing flapperette might well proclaim, "It's one grand picture." W. E. G.

Aug 7 1929

## Top 'o the Morning

In the delightful "Beggars' Opera" Macheath escapes the gallows and is supposed to be happy with Polly, but this ending has been revised, or Bolshvized, for a Moscow theatre. Macheath is not hanged, but the audience is called on to decide whether he shall marry Lucy, Polly, or Jenny. It would enliven many plays, perhaps better some of them, if the audience were allowed to dispose of the characters, voting gaily before the fall of the final curtain.

Ellen Terry's books—36 lots, some of them consisting of from 10 to 40 volumes—brought nearly £400 at auction in London last month. The majority of them had her signature and book plate. There were autographed presentation copies of books by Barrie, Lewis, Carroll, Meredith; Whistler's "Ten O'Clock" presented to Justin H. McCarthy.

Mr. Ziegfeld keeps assuring us that his glorified shows and chorus girls are passionately devoted to literature, whether they pronounce the final syllable "tewer" or "chure." Have any of our authors, poets, novelists, essayists, historians presented Miss Florence Montresor, or Miss Gwendolen de Sylva, with a handsomely bound volume (say, crushed morocco) with a flattering inscription written in an ornate Spencerian hand?

Last week we heard a man—we had thought of him as a friend—pronounce "laboratory" with a heavy, one might say aggressive, defiant accent on the second syllable. It is true English dictionaries allow this accent with the "o" long, but they prefer good old "lab—." Our misguided companion—"but never more be officer of mine"—made the "o" short. He also said "c-volution."

We remember that in the years when there was a craze for "Eastlake furniture" and Japanese fans and queer draperies were hung on the walls of sitting rooms, the too-too aesthetic in Albany, N. Y., endeavored to establish the pronunciation of "decorative" with the accent on the second syllable. They were not successful, so great was the number of the Philistines given to the pleasures of the table, consumers of strong waters and gross sensual beer. Some of the aesthetes were finally able to say "gawz," though every now and then they slipped and spoke of "gas" with a vulgar short "a."

How would a visiting American in London pronounce "Trafalgar," standing in that square or asking his way to it? The English themselves seem to be in doubt, if letters in the London journals are evidence. A Mr. Modlin—do not pronounce this surname "Maudlin"—he might not like it—writes: "In Spanish every word ending in a consonant (unless specially accented otherwise) bears the stress on the last syllable Trafalgar, Santander. There is no doubt, I think, that Trafalgar was accented as Byron accented it till a good many years after the battle. Compare Scott (Introduction to 'Marmion' Canto 1) in his noble lines on Pitt, who 'Bade the conqueror go forth

And launched that numerous or was On Egypt, Hafnia Trafalgar." Trafalgar was the name given to a hotel in Boston some years ago. The common pronunciation then was "Trifle-vulgar."

### King Alfonso's Lament

A modern King has very few Delights. He finds it slow,  
With nothing picturesque to do,  
And here and there to go.

Erstwhile, in gorgeous palaces,  
Mid priceless objets d'art  
He drank from carven chalices,  
Not lounging at a bar!

But now he shares the people's cares,  
And cons the people's ways,  
And scorns delights of Knights and nights,

And lives laborious days,  
And does his whack like Jim and Mac,  
Without a crumb of praise.

W. R. T.

### Concerning Cabbage

Lady Dorothy Brooke has compiled an anthology of Greek and Roman private letters from the Fifth Century before Christ to the Fifth Century of our era, and given the title "Private Letters, Pagan and Christian." There is a fine frankness about a letter attributed to Perianther, which begins: "I murdered my wife by mistake, but as a lover of the simple life, Mr. Herkimer Johnson calls our attention to a letter of Basil the Great to the Governor of Cappadocia: "How excellent is philosophy, if only for the reason that it cures even its disciples at a modest cost: for in philosophy the one and the same dish serves both for a dainty and for a sick man's diet. I hear you have recovered your lost appetite by eating pickled cabbage. At one time I used to dislike it both on account of the proverb, and of its reminder of the poverty that is generally its companion. Now I must alter my views, and regard cabbage as a splendid nourisher of men, since it has restored our Governor to health. In future I shall think that there is nothing like cabbage, not even Homer's lotus, nor the celebrated ambrosia, whatever it was, that the Olympians had for their salad."

### Printers and Snuff

Were printers in this country ever addicted to snuff? In Scotland and England the use of snuff has been, and is, known as the printers' trade vice. The reason for it is given as follows: "Printers' shops are very dusty. The snuff is required to sneeze out the dust, which contains lead and antimony from the types." Some of these printers carried snuff loose in a waistcoat pocket, the usual resting place for the snuff-box when not in use was on the lower ledge of the upper case. Walt Whitman in one of his thumb-nail sketches pictures the jour. printer enjoying "eating tobacco."

We read last year a list of "trade vices" as practised in England; Girls chewing dry tea at work; women working in the fields chewing rice and split peas. "Domestic maids used to drink vinegar." In New England they are still drinking tea which is kept on the kitchen stove or gas range all day: tea as black as "your hat," as strong as lye tea strong enough to have pleased Hazlitt.

There are men who are not to be confounded with their descendants or members of the same family; the surname identifies them. Now Hazlitt's son and grandson were both authors, but when Hazlitt is casually mentioned, there is only one in mind unless Christian names are prefixed, as in the case of W. Carew Hazlitt, whose memoirs were so frank that the first edition was called in.

The churches are empty and the theatres are frivolous for the same reason—that we are too self-conscious to be willing, or even able, to feel together. We like to keep our social intercourse on a superficial level. We try to hold everyone at a distance from our emotional life. We can join in laughing at comedies because they will not cause us to give ourselves away; and we avoid tragedies not so much because they make us experience a deep emotion as because they may make us behave in an uncivilized manner. A tragedy, in short, is socially uncomfortable. Ironically enough, we, who dare not show our feelings and who shun the danger of being made to feel together, are just the persons who most need what tragedy could do for us. For if we never release our profoundest emotions, they tend, as Aristotle divined and Freud demonstrated, to fester in the unconscious mind.—Clifford Bax.

588 p. 178

for Aug 6  
play



## Formal Ceremony to Close Open-Air Symphony Program

The request program to be played to-night by members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Arthur Fiedler ends the series of concerts on the Charles River esplanade. In spite of scattered reports to the contrary, during intermission last night conductor Fiedler said that the concert program would end with the program of tonight.

Last night there were nearly 300 persons at the concert, as large an audience as ever attended. Chairs were placed along the sidewalk of Embankment road, so crowded was the concert ground, and perhaps 2000 persons stood about the fringe of the seated area. The inevitable fair weather prevailed.

A Hungarian march of Berlioz led the program, followed by the Thomas overture from "Mignon," acclaimed with such enthusiasm that Fiedler called for the Hebrew traditional song, "Eili, Eili" as an encore. Waltzes from "Der Rosenkavalier," and Chabrier's rhapsody "Espana" ended the first half of the program.

At intermission it was learned that a formal ceremony would mark the finish of the season tonight. Mayor Nichols, Davis B. Kenniston, chairman of the Metropolitan district commission, and Judge Frederick P. Cabot are listed as speakers at the epilogue of the concert season, while from a neighboring roof top, ex-Gov. Alvan Fuller and party of friends listen. The program will be broadcast from 9 to 9:30 through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Kirstein, over station WNAC.

The fifth, sixth and seventh numbers, following intermission last night, demanded encores. A fantasia from Verdi's "Aida" was followed with the Meditation from "Thais," in which Boris Kreinin executed an excellent violin solo; the "Jolly Fellows" waltz brought Goldman's light-hearted march "On the Mall," and Donizetti's sextet from his "Lucia di Lammermoor" was encored with Herbert's March of Joy. The next-to-the-last concert was ended with Wagner's Ride of the Valkyries.

The closing night's request program, which will be played tonight at 8 o'clock on the esplanade, follows:

1. Pomp and Circumstance.....Elgar
  2. Suite "Peer Gynt".....Grieg
    - (a) Morning Mood
    - (b) Asa's Death
    - (c) Anitra's Dance
    - (d) In the Hall of the Mountain King
  3. Reve Angellique (Kammenoi Ostrow).....Rubinstein
  4. Overture "Tannhauser".....Wagner
  - INTERMISSION
  5. Second Hungarian Rhapsody.....Liszt
  6. Largo.....Handel
 

Solo Violin—Boris Kreinin
  7. Waltz "By the Beautiful Blue Danube".....Strauss
  8. Overture Solennelle "1812".....Tchaikovsky
- Encores:
- Liebestraum.....Liszt
  - The Flight of the Bumble Bee.....Rimsky-Korsakov
  - The Weeping of the Painted Doll.....Brown
  - Barcarole.....Offenbach

## Top 'o the Morning

### Two Moons

There are two moons for me;  
one in the sky  
and one that lies  
upon the rippled water.  
The high one hangs without a breath  
farther and more chaste than death.  
That moon is my soul.  
The low moon lies upon the lake;  
not one, but ten, when the ripples  
break.  
each like the other  
yet each different.  
Those are my mooded body  
torn apart  
piece by piece,  
and each piece wanting all  
of something else  
until I am bewildered by myself.  
Then I see my soul,  
serene and high,  
and know my way  
across my world, my sky.

JEANNE DE LAMARTER.

### A Pursuer of Peace

The Editor of Top o' the Morning:  
The other day I saw an amateurishly  
reconstructed Ford of an old vintage.  
It was decorated with a gaudy band  
on which was printed in large letters:  
"This car has been up Mt. Washing-  
ton."

I happen to know that the car had

never climbed the mountain, could not  
make some of the grade. The owner  
laughed a harsh, grating laugh when  
I taxed him with false pretences and  
said, "Well, do you suppose that 'All  
the dream cities plastered with  
European labels have been in  
all the towns and villages named?"

And does not see many men  
wearing night caps and the appropriate  
suit for adventures on the sea whose  
maritime experience has been confined  
to a steamboat from Boston to New  
York or some port in Nova Scotia?

I have never been up Mt. Washing-  
ton though I have often seen it from a  
respectful distance. My climbing days  
are over. As a boy I was induced by  
a parent aglow with patriotism to go  
up Bunker Hill Monument. I have  
also been on the top of Mt. Holyoke,  
Mt. Tom, Mt. Warner, Sugarloaf. A  
likable, in fact seductive maiden induced  
me to go with her to the top of Ascut-  
ney. Later I ascended Mt. Marcy,  
walked through The Indian Pass, and,  
remembering that Bacon and James  
Howells advised foreign travelers to see  
a city from a tower, I lost my breath  
climbing the spire of the Antwerp  
Cathedral. Never again.

I think that mountains resent these  
improper liberties; are vexed by intru-  
ders throwing superfluous food, ba-  
nana-skins, empty bottles of ginger pop  
on their noble flanks, scaring the  
mountain nymphs from wooded recesses,  
breaking out in boisterous and vulgar  
ditties, imitating the war whoop of the  
noble red man, chattering foolishly  
about the view, and when they have re-  
turned to a hotel piazza stretching  
longer bows than those now used in  
tournaments, out-lying the Ananias of  
the golf links.

Did not Mt. Etna hurl stones and  
lava last week at a dozen who had dis-  
turbed its morning sleep because for-  
sooth they wished to see the sun rise  
from the top, though the sun would  
have arisen on schedule time if they  
had stirred themselves on the plain  
below. No doubt the Tower of Siloam,  
weary of admirers, finally decided to  
fall on them.

I came to this mountain village for  
quiet, but as the hero from whom I  
derive my front name was pursued by  
the Furies, so am I pursued by motor-  
cars. They roar by night and day. An  
airplane, in active business here, whirs  
very half-hour—perhaps every 15  
minutes over my cottage. The railway  
time-table says that few trains pass  
the station. It seems to me that the  
fewer and smaller trains there are,  
the more piercing and the longer con-  
tinued is the whistling, the more vigor-  
ous the play upon the bell. Peace,  
peace, but there is no peace. Even rough  
wood roads here tempt automobiles to  
chase the unsuspicious pedestrian, driv-  
ing him into poison ivy, while those  
in the car laugh fiendishly at his clum-  
sily effort to escape an inglorious death:  
inglorious because there is no longer  
any distinction in thus being killed,  
so many perish weekly on the road.

There has been one consolation. I  
have read repeatedly that beasts are  
wiser than men in that they will not  
taste intoxicating drink, raging or calm.  
I never believe the fanatics who insist  
on this, so I read with a peculiar  
pleasure that recently in Paris the  
Amar Brothers took two lions in a taxi  
and dismounted at a cafe in the Boule-  
vard des Italiens. It was the hour, that  
blessed hour of the pre-lunch aperitif.  
The lions Ric and Rac enjoyed their  
eye-openers.

Do not think for a moment that "I  
write in a vainglorious spirit about my  
ascents to lofty heights. I mention  
them only to show that, having played  
the role of the hardy mountaineer, I  
am now enough of a philosopher to let  
others do it and look on without envy  
or regret, as I observe with quiet  
amusement the climbers, who now gain  
one rung of the society ladder, now  
slip down two, or nearing the top,  
through some unfortunate solecism, fall  
to the bottom.

Our summer resorts are so crowded  
that I am planning to spend the July  
and August of next year on the island  
of St. Helena or Easter Island, though  
I am told that the latter has a discon-  
certing trick of disappearing in the sea  
when one least expects it. On either  
island I may possibly find peace; or  
will my case be that of the man in the  
old song: "No rest but the grave for  
the Pilgrim of Love?"

ORESTES POTTS.

What one of our physicians wishing  
to gain fame and wealth as a fashion-  
able specialist in diet would have the  
courage to follow the example of a Pa-  
risian colleague who served for two  
years first as an apprentice, then under-  
cook, sauce maker and finally chef in  
Paris restaurants. One of his con-  
clusions is that fruit should be eaten  
at the beginning, not the end of a meal  
as has been French custom. This doc-  
tor also says that dishes should be  
adapted to each guest according to his

digestive idiosyncrasy, but how is a  
hostess to know these idiosyncrasies  
unless she sends her proposed bill of  
fare with the card of invitation which  
will include these words: "Will Mr.  
and Mrs. Golightly in answering please  
mark with a cross any dishes that would  
disagree with them." Who is the Paris-  
ian gourmet who insists that a doctor  
should cast each patient's horoscope  
and make out his diet list according to  
planetary influence—spices to the Satur-  
nians, salads and fruits to the Mer-  
curians and so forth.

Perhaps some hostess would like a  
copy of "The Scots Kitchen: Its Tradi-  
tions and Lore with Old-Time Re-  
cipes," by F. Marian McNeil. Mrs.  
Golightly would then learn that the  
secret of barley broth is to let it go  
cold and then boil it up again. A  
"Stoved howtowdie" sounds like a  
strange, a fearsome dish, but it's only  
a chicken en casserole with local mod-  
ifications. They say that rowan jelly  
is superior to red currant for muf-  
fin and venison; but what is either to  
beach plum jelly? Ask any Cape Cod-  
der; he will glow with pride and charge  
an outrageous price for a dozen tum-  
blers. "Porridge should be served with  
cold milk"; it also requires cold plates.  
But why talk of porridge when the oat-  
meal of our boyhood, the oatmeal that  
began its preparation the night be-  
fore, and when cold stood firm, steel-  
blue in color, is not now to be had  
for the wealth of Indies.

## Picturing the Change in a Middle Class Family in England

FAMILY GROUP, by Diana Patrick;  
E. P. Dutton & Company, 288 pp. \$2.50.

By PHILIP HALE

This is the readable story of an Eng-  
lish middle class family in very mod-  
erate circumstances enriched by an un-  
expected legacy and affected favorably  
and unfavorably thereby according to  
the respective characters of the mem-  
bers. There is superfluous detail in de-  
scriptions. It was hardly necessary to  
say that the piano in the Harlyn house,  
was "a rosewood-cased upright grand  
Bluthner, shabby and not very thor-  
oughly dusted," but with a good tone; or  
that Stephen had bought it at an auc-  
tion sale at a big house in Maningtree;  
or that this piano replaced the almost  
worn-out Collard which was relegated  
to the attic. The Bluthner—one might  
here suspect an advertisement—has  
nothing to do with the story. "Realism"  
of this nature soon becomes tiresome.

Diana Patrick is more fortunate in  
her vivid description of the men and  
women, boys and young maidens in-  
troduced by her. The father, Stephen,  
a gentle, uncomplaining, philosophic soul,  
content with a small salary, the son of  
a spendthrift, and not unduly elated by  
the change in his fortunes; his wife, who  
liked bright colors, whose choice of  
clothes was never quite right, who  
rouged, had no culture, dyed her hair,  
and was given to strong drink; Rosalind,  
a sweet young thing, who longed to be  
an opera singer, and was finally able  
to study in Italy. She comes into the  
story hoping that the evening meal will  
be fish, "a huge dish of filleted plaice,  
perhaps, delicately bread-crumbed and  
fried and garnished with parsley and  
slices of lemon, a symphony of pale  
and attractive coloring not to be  
achieved by mutton or beef." Her sister  
Irene, tall, dark, pale-faced, "blotted  
with the red sulky passion flower of her  
mouth," worked in a dress and lingerie  
shop and was inordinately interested in  
the daintiness of the clothes she would  
wear next her soft and perfumed skin.  
She was startled but not afraid when  
Oliver, the son of the proprietor, sud-  
denly kissed her in the shop, for her  
strange flaming emotion was not fear.  
Oliver took her into the country and  
wished her to spend the night with  
him. He had packed a suit case with  
clothes and toilet articles he thought  
she might need. This angered her for

while she had been ready to give her-  
self to him in the garden of the inn.  
She found him stupid and offensive in  
his planning and the lack of spontaneity  
in his action. But Irene developed into  
a fine woman and when Oliver's father  
died he was able to wed her.

Patrick, a brother, was in a bookshop.  
There he attracted the attention of  
Rawson, who, leaning on a blackthorn  
stick richly mounted in gold, sported a  
monocle dangling on a black moire  
ribbon, and patent-leather boots sur-  
mounted by gray spats. He wore an  
immense emerald on a little finger, and  
told Patrick, who spoke of dancing:  
"You should dance alone—wrapped in  
a leopard skin, a pipe at your lips,  
that strangely unusual smile of yours  
promising but never granting full re-  
velation." He called Patrick his "charm-  
ing young bookshop faun." Patrick did  
well to steer clear of him at the end.

Brother Bayard, handsome, romantic,  
had a beautiful voice. No wonder that  
Mrs. Dodd, as she was known—"I'm  
not what is called a good woman—  
except by men like Hardy who made  
his Tess pure!" fancied him and waited  
for him, until he could make up his  
mind to marry her. Brother Meredith  
sold motor-cars and ran off with a  
customer, the young wife of an old  
man, who thereupon killed himself,  
leaving a letter forgiving the couple.

An interesting family even if they  
squabbled at home about "bathroom  
precedence and gave more or less hasty  
adjustments to toilet—only Irene bathed  
and changed completely into delicate,  
fresh underwear, of which she possessed  
quantities."

But Denis Blake, a friend of Patrick's,  
a book worm, is really the hero of the  
novel though he was "a little shaky

about his aspirates and believed that it  
was genteel to call a dinner napkin a  
serviette." He loved shyly Rosalind, who  
loved Colleen, the adopted son of Signo  
Scafo, her teacher of singing in Flo-  
rence. Of the women we should hesi-  
tate between Irene of the smouldering  
fires who snapped her fingers at con-  
ventions and Mrs. Dodd, whose hus-  
band was killed by the war. Then she  
became the dear friend of Mr. Dodd,  
whose wife was in an asylum for five  
years. He gave Pearl nothing but flow-  
ers for she was rich in her own right.  
When Bayard at last sought her out,  
having seen her only once, he was trem-  
bling in every limb. He shook with  
ague. What did the admirable woman  
do or say, after the separation of two  
years? "Whiskey?"

"She had mixed it in a tall glass that  
seemed frosted with ice. He drank—a  
long cool draught. He drank and  
laughed weakly to think he drank—  
and had not yet kissed his love. . . .  
She came and knelt beside him and  
leaned her head against his shoulder.  
The linen of her dress was cool. . . . I  
almost always wear yellow or brown."  
There are others: Conquest, Mores by  
—"with a jaded and cynical manner"—  
who were Oxford friends of Patrick. For  
a time he was an offensive snob and  
was ashamed of his old pal Denis.  
There is the gypsy woman who foretold  
the one tragic episode in the book.

The legacy did not ruin all the Har-  
lyns. Even Irene forgave Oliver for his  
clumsiness at the country inn; Bayard  
realized that for two years he had been  
a coward. He had not dared face the  
fact that he loved a woman whom he  
had seen once, a woman who had been  
the wife of one man and the mistress  
of another.

## Top o' the Morning

### Wyatt's Finest Song

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain;  
That makest but game on earnest pain;  
Think not alone under the sun  
Unjust to cause thy lovers pain.  
Although my lute and I have done  
Perchance thee lie withered and old  
The winter nights that are so cold,  
Plaining in vain unto the moon;  
Thy wishes then dare not be told:  
Care then who list, for I have done,

Many stories were told in London of  
buses and drivers during the Omnibus  
Centenary week. Jimmie Johnston who  
used to drive the City Atlas in the 70s  
informed a reporter of the Daily Chroni-  
cle that the last bus at night was  
called "The Maiden's Prayer" because  
it carried all the flash people from the  
famous Argill Rooms, Piccadilly Circus.  
"We all had nicknames in those early  
days. The first driver out was called  
"First Chapter of Genesis."



Walt Whitman had much to say about the bus drivers of New York in the days when he sat beside them and talked or spouted Homer and Shakespeare. They had their nicknames, Bulky Bill, Broadway Jack, Old Elephant, Yellow Joe, Big Frank and so on. To Whitman they were a wondrous race. "Rabelais, Cervantes, Homer, Shakespeare would have gloated upon them." Whitman paid tribute to them in his description of a bus-driver's journal.

Leon Daudet is apparently in doubt whether a melon is a fruit or a vegetable. The question was raised in London last month whether a tomato is a vegetable or a fruit. A Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society was quoted as saying it is a fruit because it comes from the flower of the tomato plant. "Everything which fertilizes from the flower of a plant is classified as a fruit. Thus cucumbers and marrows are both botanically, fruits." Yet the book of this Society says that a tomato is both fruit and vegetable. We knew a man in our boyhood who ate his tomatoes with rich cream for breakfast, and this was at a time when the great majority of the villagers would not eat them, for they were supposed to bring on cancer.

### The Higher Education

An advertisement in a London newspaper calls for a boy's tutor during the holiday season: "Lessons not required, but must have knowledge of sailing, tennis, cricket, and possibly golf." You cannot expect a husband to behave like a pet lamb.—Mr. Cairns. Any actress who specializes in mother parts is suspect. Our feelings towards her are much the same as our feelings towards the comedian who waves the Union Jack.—The Observer. The character of English people musically is extremely bad. Englishmen follow one man and then drop him. As for music itself—well, they do not care a damn for it.—Sir Edward Elgar. Dr. Raymond F. C. Kleb, a deep-thinker, explains the reason why convicts at Clinton prison mutinied: not because the food was bad; not because the prison was shamefully crowded; it was merely a case of "inmate psychology."

Asia, Europe; what are they, but as corners of the whole world; of which the whole Sea, is but as one drop; and the great Mount Athos, but as a clod, as all present time is but as one point of eternity. All petty things; all things that are soon altered, soon perished.—Marcus Aurelius. Add "Famous Women" (E. V. Lucas in an article about Charles Monselet, dramatist, journalist, biographer, critic, poet, gourmet.) "Madame Clicquot was then 75. 'Dressed,' says Monselet, 'in various shades of brown, with a large bunch of keys hanging from her waist—which often hit me—she had the fantastic appearance of a shrivelled fairy. At her present age it was difficult to divine if she had ever been pretty. But what does that matter? As a business woman it is agreed by all her contemporaries that she was a champion.' Once the dinner had begun, Monselet, the laureate of so many vintages, was astonished to find nothing but champagne. 'By a very natural despotism Madame Clicquot admitted to her table only her own wine. 'I alone, that is sufficient,' said Medea. 'The State, that is I,' said Louis XIV. And Madame Clicquot said, in her turn, 'Champagne, that's me.' For a little while I was able to believe myself one of those crowned heads of whom Madame Clicquot was the exclusive creator—prince, czarévitch, archduke, cardinal, nabob, lord mayor, all of whom are able to make a vow never to drink any champagne but that of . . . The most illustrious lady in the entire universe.'"

### Museums

"One gets tired of seeing the same old jawbone in the same place; of seeing such things as a bottle of Jordan water. Yet in some places the retention of early donations has brought things to such a pass that the visitor would scarcely be surprised to find an exhibit labelled: 'Portion of bread with which the ravens fed Elijah.' Some enterprising collection may even now be showing 'Nail knocked by Joel into the head of Sisera' or 'Feather from tail of the goose which saved the Capitol.'" Are there any "leper" windows or "squint" windows in churches, of this country? Let us not forget an unfortunate man who died in England through taking dietetic writers seriously. Poor Col. Call breakfasted on an orange and three

grapes, and dined on a potato, lettuce, a teaspoonful of raw scraped carrot, a teaspoonful of raw scraped beet root, two dry biscuits and a little butter.

### Watson, What of This?

Frederick Mark Cann, a retired surgeon, dying, left £15,337 gross, with net personality of £10,152. This clause was in his will: "I desire the executors shall, after my death, place in my hands a letter which will be found in my safe, and that such letter shall be buried with me."

Top o' the Morning: A friend of mine who has been travelling much about England lately announces a curious discovery. He says that he can draw a line from east to west across the country and can say: "Above that line you will see nearly all men wearing watch-chains; south of the line you will see hardly any." When I came to think of it I remembered that in the South the wrist-watch has made watch-chains far less common. The factory output of "gold Alberts" has markedly decreased. L. O.

London, July 5.

### The Perfect Holiday

They've all gone to the sea-side. The girls and boys insist: While I'm still where I re-side, A blissful hedonist. I get up when I want to. Go when I will to bed; While they, where they have gone to, Are fed—yet are not fed. They'll get all scorched sun-bathing. And bored with the parade; While Fortune's favourite plaything (That's me) drinks lemonade. They'll dream of comfy bedding, And ache for Christian fare . . . But peace is in my stead. For only I am there. W. R. T.

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**METROPOLITAN**

**"The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu"**

A screen drama, adapted by Florence Ryerson and Lloyd Corrigan from Sax Rohmer's story of that name; photography by Harry Fischbeck; directed by Rowland V. Lee, and presented by Paramount as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

Dr. Fu Manchu	Warner Oland
Lia Eltham	Jean Arthur
Dir. Petrie	Neil Hamilton
Nayland Smith	O. P. Heggie
Sylvester Wadsworth	William Austin
Sir John Petrie	Claude Rine
Gen. Petrie	Charles Stevenson
Lu Po	Noble Johnson
Fai Lu	Evelyn Selbie
The Rev. Mr. Eltham	Chapman Doozet
Chinese Ambassador	Tully Marshall

Sax Rohmer's incredible Oriental villain, Dr. Fu Manchu, steps from between the covers of books to the screen, to leer and laugh at the police and to carry through his horrible program of vengeance in a way to freeze the very blood of the unsophisticated. Those of the audience—and they are numerous—who are not emotionally proof against the ingeniously plotted horrors of this mystery play have no need of the refrigeration system with which the "Met" is equipped. Agreeable chills play up and down their spines almost from the opening down to the very end. It is calculated to keep every nerve a-twitter throughout the whole performance and the most case-hardened veteran of the motion picture show will find himself gripping the arm of his seat with unsuspected vigor during some of the climaxes.

Smoking with Chinese incense, studded with secret passages, sliding trapdoors, poisoned tea, deadly silent arrows, murder, mystery and sudden death, "The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu" provides an exciting enough melodrama to suit anyone. It is a "thriller" in every sense of the word, directed and acted with supreme skill. The play is mounted to perfection, its settings nicely designed for the ominous and terrifying effects its author demanded.

The story begins in China when, during the Boxer rebellion, 30 years ago, foreign artillery shatters the house of Dr. Fu, a kindly mystic and well-wisher of the west, killing his son and his wife.

Dr. Fu, transformed, the milk of human kindness curdled in his veins, vows revenge and, coming to London, causes the deaths, in dreadful succession, of the officers responsible for the tragedy, and of their sons and grandsons "to the third generation." To spice his vengeance he uses as his tool an English girl, the daughter of a missionary, entrusted to his care during the siege of Peking, whom he is able to hypnotize and who, while in the hypnotic state, carries out his remorseless orders.

In due time Sir John Petrie, the British commander, is marked for the fate that has overtaken a dozen others. From a sinister lair, hidden behind dark passageways and heavy curtains,

Dr. Fu directs his campaign of death swiftly, heralded only by each victim's receipt of a blood-stained dragon card. He puts to an end the old soldier and then to his son. The grandson, Dr. Petrie, is marked as the last but, through unbelievable good luck, manages to escape. He has to because he has fallen in love with the beautiful decoy and such an ending—as Dr. Fu

himself recognizes in the finale—is demanded.

The scenes take us realistically to the slums of Limehouse, to a rambling old English country house on a bleak rocky coast and Dr. Fu's chamber of horrors. We have Scotland Yard injected into the action in the person of Inspector Nayland Smith, who comes off decidedly second best in his encounter with the wily doctor. As a matter of fact all the men in the play register "dumb"—the handsome young hero being particularly destitute of brains. The wicked Dr. Fu is actually checkmated at the end not through any manifestation of intelligence by the Europeans but by an old nurse of the Lia Eltham—the girl—who takes pity on her plight and comes to the rescue in the nick of time.

None of the acting is worthy of extended mention as acting. It is, for the most part of the cut-and-dried conventional sort. Mr. Oland, as the Oriental fiend conceived by Mr. Rohmer, is the conventional stage Chinese, oily, sinister and a trifle fat. Jean Arthur as Lia is quite stylish and pretty but decidedly amateurish in her work. Mr. Hamilton plays the part of young Petrie with vigor, and Mr. Heggie makes a gallant attempt to be a convincing Scotland Yard sleuth, an attempt which would be more successful if he were not set up as a straw dummy to be so patently knocked down. The speaking film is the least satisfactory feature. It is nasal and blustery and, in addition, much of the dialogue—especially that in the "love episodes" is almost flat and commonplace. But forget the dialogue, forget the stereotyped acting, forget the obvious defects that stick out in this performance and concentrate on the effectiveness of the production as a whole. Here, emphatically, "the play's the thing" and, of its kind, it is a spectacular success. J. E. P.

### B. F. KEITH'S

Eva Puck and Sammy White, late of vaudeville and more recently members of the cast of "Show Boat," return to variety once more to top off a B. F. Keith's program which is generously sprinkled with recent satellites of musical comedy. These others are William Gaxton of "Connecticut Yankee" fame, Ross Himes and Peggy Chamberlain of "Ziegfeld Follies" and Allen Rogers of "Rose Marie." In addition, there are Judson Cole and Natacha Nattova, the former a suave manipulator of black magic and crowd psychology, and the other having quite a sensational dance act.

Puck and White are delightfully ridiculous, interspersing their comic singing and dialogue with equally comic and difficult eccentric dancing. They have a manner all their own and the result is worthy of their efforts.

Gaxton, who is assisted by George Haggerty in a skit entitled "Partners," is a typification of breath-taking, semi-hysterical high-pressure salesmanship and promotion. In business with only a half-dollar—which belongs to the office boy—his energy and sharp-thinking get him into difficulties from which he finally emerges with flying colors.

Rogers, a tenor of pleasing voice and appearance, offers popular and classical selections and apparently cannot stay on the stage too long for the audience, which demands many encores. The spontaneity of one of his encores is somewhat questionable, but he strikes a responsive chord and acquires himself well.

Himes and Chamberlain have a dance act in which the dancing is not taken too seriously. Both are capable and have managed to bring some novelty into their steps, thus producing pleasing entertainment. Their reverse version of the Apache dance is alone enough for as short an interval on the stage as vaudeville permits.

Nattova, on the other hand, brings the classic interpretation on the stage, aided by three equally talented masculine partners. In their dances, the highly-acrobatic is combined with the highly-graceful, especially in the finale, "Machinisme," an offering decidedly new to Boston theatre-goers.

Sid Marion and his young lady engage in some patter and song, while Boyd and Wallin open the bill with some extremely iron-jaw and slack-wire feats. The news reel and animated cartoon complete the program. I. A. S.

Genevieve has lots of charm, Beautiful, exquisite arm; But her legs below the knees, Have you the time? Excuse me, please.

Lovely dimples in her cheeks, Voice so charming when she speaks; Plays golf just like Jones or Vardon, But her legs—I beg your pardon.

Genevieve is right in style; And, oh, the beauty of her smile! But since she's stopped a-wearing hose— Will it rain tomorrow, do you suppose?

Genevieve is witty, too; Always has a joke that's new; But her legs—now freely showing— Good-by, old man, I must be going.

VAN H. ESHELMAN.

Prof. Don Salvador de Madariaga said at a luncheon of the International Club to the teachers assembled: "The past history is useless for us. . . . There is no historian whose work I can recommend." He was listened to respectfully.

When Henry Ford on the witness stand said, "History is bunk" he became a target for ridicule.

There was no outcry when Lord Morley said: "History always misleads."

"Perambulators are now called baby carriages," Sir Henry Dickens recently said. The Observer (London) will be glad to be rid of "perambulator," "it means very nearly the opposite of what it is, for a perambulator is literally one who walks, not a convenience for one who is unable to walk."

In our village in this commonwealth there were no perambulators, only baby carriages. Was this true of other New England villages in the 60's and 70's? Mr. Carpenter's orchestral suite, "Adventures of a Perambulator," has pleased our symphony audiences. Are there no baby carriages in Chicago, the scene of the musical adventures?

A man was asked if there was nothing that disturbed him, so calm he appeared, so sure of himself, "Yes, there is one thing that bothers me. When I am in a taxicab I am always nervous because I cannot keep my eyes off the meter."

### Anecdote for the Day

Top o' the Morning: A boy was sent by his parents, who in true American fashion had spoiled him, to a famous school. He was told that he must write home regularly and tell all about himself and the life he led. His first letter came at the end of a week, and was to this effect: "There are 370 boys here. I wish there were 369." LOOKER ON.

The motor horn: "It is the cry of the road hog, his imperious behest to people to get out of his way because he is driving to the common danger."

There is the censorship by municipal authorities which affects all forms of art and literature.

"The vagaries of municipal bodies are comic; a few ignorant councillors are able to ban without appeal books which they think prejudicial to morals as they understand them. Works by such men as Hardy, Kipling, Shaw, etc., have been excluded from the shelves of public libraries; even 'Midshipman Easy' has been banned. There seems to be no remedy for these eccentricities; their perpetrators are too thick-skinned to feel the shafts of ridicule which are showered on them."

A book banned by one circulating library in London will be circulated by another. Fannie Hurst's "Lummox," books by Havelock Ellis, D. H. Lawrence, John Davidson, Caradoc Evans have suffered in this way. Certain libraries refused to circulate Isadora Duncan's "My Life," which led to a protest by Bernard Shaw.

"In America the author is in a still worse position; the vagaries of Mr. Anthony Comstock and his followers seem to have had more success than those of his imitators on this side. Prohibition in its various aspects seems to be popular in the States." Mr. Paull gives an instance of the way in which many worthy people consider themselves justified in laying down the law for others

Personally the logical thinker may be most congenial to me, nevertheless respect the sacred ideal of the dreamer who lives in a world of musical tones and whose creative power is to me a marvel that surpasses understanding—Professor Boas.

Within a while the Earth shall cover us all, and then she'll change her self shall have her change. And then the cours will be from one period of eternity unto another, and so a perpetual eternity. Now can any man that shall consider with himself in his mind the several rollings, or successions, of so many changes and alterations, and the swiftness of all these rollings; can he otherwise but contemne in his heart and despise all worldly things?—Marcus Aurelius.

Aug 10  
**Top o' the Morning**  
Sans Socks



# The Theatre

Aug. 11, 1925

By PHILIP HALE

The Columbia University Press, publisher of Mr. Odell's truly monumental history of the New York stage, has also published "The Early German Theatre in New York (1840-1872)" by Fritz A. H. Leuchs. The volume has more than a local interest. For instance, it is pleasant to know that there was an attempt to give German drama in the open air at Hoboken in 1852, long before Mr. Christopher Morley and his co-mates revived "After Dark" and "The Black Crook" in that town of steamships; the town that "fed" variety actors in New York as Chelsea fed them when they came to Boston. That "Abraham Lincoln" by Moellner, produced at New York in 1870, was rejected as a tiresome, undramatic play; that a German dramatization of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was performed twice in 1853, revived without success in 1870; that there were two German plays with George Washington as the hero.

Mr. Leuchs first gives the sources of his information, and tells of the difficulties that beset him, owing to imperfect newspaper jibes and frequent absences of dramatic reviews of German plays in the newspapers of the two languages. He then devotes a chapter to the "Cultural Background of the Period" noting the increase of immigration in the 30's and 40's due to the reactionary policy of Prussia and other German states. There are notes about the German district, the occupations, churches, hospitals and other charitable institutions, the social life, the political interests, the newspapers. As politicians the Germans were completely outdone by the Irish. There was among the Germans internal strife born of jealousy and rivalry; "The spirit of particularism and that idealistic vein which shrinks from the worldly contact and intimacy of practical politics" combined to defeat the German-American desiring political influence. Mr. Leuchs mentions the election of John T. Hoffman as mayor but neglects to state that he was a servant of "Boss" Tweed.

Translations and adaptations of German plays by Lessing, Schiller, and others were performed in English before the birth of the German theatre in New York. Kotzebue was a favorite author. His "Stranger" held the stage into the 60's, the play laughed at by Thackeray in "Pendennis." Early in the 40's plays were acted by the "Vereine," composed usually of amateurs. Admission was limited to members of the Verein and those wishing to join. Tickets cost 50 cents each. There was talk of establishing "Das deutsche Theater," but the Germans became involved in racial conflicts. There was an anti-German demonstration when a serenade was given to Fanny Elssler, the famous dancer, who in Boston moved Emerson and Margaret Fuller to rhapsodic eulogy.

Criticism grew. An unfortunate Mme. Holm was reproached for being too old for her role. A Mr. Icks in the course of a performance stepped before the curtain and complained of gross injustice on the part of an "ignorant writer." "Preciosa" was performed with men taking the parts of women and vice versa. The beneficiary of a performance wrote to a newspaper protesting against a colleague, who had withdrawn at the last moment, incited actors against him (Schmidt), and torn up the program sheets. In the 40's the German drama in New York all but perished.

In 1850 at Mager's Concert Hall "orgies and bacchanalia" were enacted so it was not possible to speak of the German Theatre in respectable society. The performances were simple; the orchestra consisted of 'cellist and a violinist whose constant companion was his pipe. In 1851 a writer for a newspaper in English frankly confessed his ignorance of German and admitted he saw rather than heard. Wise in his generation, he flattered players and performances at the Olympic. In 1852 a German critic asserted that the German stage was superior to the English in New York, and deplored the inferior taste and utter lack of educational initiative of the latter. Plays with subjects of contemporaneous interest were produced: a farce "Herr Hampelmann in California," showing the discovery of gold (with song and dance); apropos of the Crimean war, a play about "Gustav Adolf in Muenchen" was brought out with an announcement subjoined to the advertisement: "At the present time, when all eyes are fixed upon the Orient, eager to see the smouldering torch of liberty there burst into a bright flame, whose glorious light may perhaps dispel darkness from all the countries of Europe, the presentation of the above named work of acknowledged merit—a work which also pictures a similar struggle of tyranny with rising liberty—ought to be of special interest." (There were passionate press agents even in 1853.) There was political propaganda in a play with scenes in a barroom, on a pier in South street, in a park, etc.

Without the reinforcement of the "highly intellectual" immigration in 1848 and after, the initial steps in the theatrical field could not have been successfully followed up. There are interesting pages about the Amateur Theatre and the minor German stage in the 50's. These amateurs would go to the proprietor of a beer hall and propose to entertain patrons, for some sort of financial compensation—a large portion of it took the form of food and drink. There were nearly 50 of these theatre halls, with performances well over 1000 and an aggregate repertoire of several hundred different plays. Between Jan. 1 and June 30, 1856, one producer offered 94 bills. Sometimes no admission was charged; the beer or wine check answered. Sometimes there would be a small entrance fee from .06 to .15 or more. At the Deutscher Volksgarten, 10 cents, entitling the guest to a seat and a glass of beer, and he could take his wife and children with him. The character of the plays grew better and better; but if Eustachi gave 11 Schiller performances in 1858, the next year he produced a play of a New York grocery, another play depicting life in New York, and an anti-temperance play. Actors of more than average ability began to be invited as guests.

The first dignified house for German drama, the Stadttheater was opened in 1854, it closed in 1864. This was the "Alte Stadttheater." It was located at 37-39 Bowery. The New Stadttheater was at 45-47 Bowery. It was destroyed by fire in 1883. A smaller structure replaced it which in 1893 became a Hebrew theatre and was leveled early in this century for an approach to the Canal Street Bridge. These theatres followed: Germanica Theatre (1872-81), Thalia Theatre (1879-88), Irving Place Theatre (1888-1917). It should be remembered that Mr. Leuchs unfortunately for those interested in the drama ends his narrative with 1872, though "the German Muse rose to greater heights far more consistently in the succeeding periods of the Thalia and the Irving Place Theatres."

Germans were apt to look askance at the foreign enemies of the Vaterland, particularly at France, so audiences found pleasure in Chauvinistic plays.

It was at the old Stadt Theatre that "Tannhauser" was first performed in America; that the first complete performance of "Der Freischuetz" given. There were frequent performances of operas by Flotow, Lortz, Rossini, Auber, Boieldieu. But when Mr. Leuchs ascribes "Orpheus in the Underworld" to Gluck, did he not mean "Offenbach"?

There are sketches of celebrated actors and actresses at the two Stadt theatres—Otto Heym, who, having done his bit in our civil war, returning made unpatriotic remarks before the curtain; Sonntal, who sued the theatre for a month's salary of \$60, but lost his suit and paid \$10 costs. (In 1857 Miss Grahn's monthly salary was only \$80.) The old Stadt Theatre fell to so low a plane that a critic wrote "from murder and execution to the doors of the Stadt theatre is only a single step." There were rows with critics. Some of the players publicly heaped tirades of invective on their sacred heads. One reviewer urged the management to abandon the old repertoire; to select plays "which lash the vices of society, which reveal the rottenness of family life among the upper classes and relentlessly expose the roguery of the princes of Wall Street."

Our space is limited. It would be a pleasure to speak of Ottlee Genée, of the "unforgettable" Dawson who once played Othello with Edwin Booth's Iago; of Bandmann, acting in German and in English; of L'Arronge, Mme. Janauschek, Haase, and Marie Seebach. One performance of Richard III by Dawson netted \$2600, a record-breaker for the period. When Haase left for Germany after a short sojourn in this country he took with him \$20,000, averaging over \$600 for each performance. It was rumored that Hoym offered Dawson \$50,000 for 50 appearances. In 1866-67 two hundred and five different dramatic works had received 341 performances. Parodies were popular—among them one of "Tannhauser."

When Mr. Leuchs speaks of "The Song of Fortunio" with music by Halevy, he surely intended to name Offenbach as the composer.

There was a tragedy "Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico," by one Dr. Krach. The Staatzeitung disapproved the "villification which the drama heaped upon the president of our neighbor republic."

There is a chapter on the principal points of contact between the German and the English language stages of New York. There are remarkably full appendices—a chronological list of halls and theatres for German plays; a chronological list of plays from 1840 to 1848; a list of amateur and minor stages; a list of actors and actresses at the old Stadttheater, also one of those at the new one; lists of plays with names of authors, type, number of acts and number of performances; a list of plays in alphabetical order at the two theatres; a list of German-American periodicals prior to 1872; a bibliography, and an index. The book shows the industry and the patience of the author who tells his story in a readable manner, not letting statistics hold full sway, dominating comment.

## Th' Ol' Plank Bridge 'Cross Th' Wildcat

When th' sun peeps o'er the mountain  
An' th' days' but scarce begun.  
'Bout th' time th' cattle's trillin'  
Down th' valley, one by one,  
That's th' time when nature's riches  
When th' world's in sleep, a-dream;  
Just th' time th' fish are bitin'  
'Neath th' planks across the stream.

That's th' time for worn-out trousers  
Slung from shoulder by a rope,  
With a twig in lieu of buttons,  
An' your heart's a-full of hope  
As you trudge along a-barefoot  
O'er th' pile of moss an' dew  
To th' ol' plank bridge down yonder  
An' th' fish a-waitin' you.

A'slant your head a hayln' hat  
An' a branch snapped from a tree,  
The wood-pewee is a-singin',  
Th' medder lark tells his glee.  
A line made out of corn-beef twine,  
A hook from th' five-and-ten.  
Then you're headin' for th' river  
An' th' sport of sports for men.

Then squat on th' bridge o'er Wildcat,  
Feel th' bite of mountain air,  
Watch th' speckled trout zig-zaggin'  
As your worm gives 'em a dare.  
Th' breakfas' bell can ring all day,  
My happ'ness is just supreme;  
That's th' time th' fish are bitin'  
'Neath th' bridge across th' stream.

T. A. RYAN.

Eagle Mt., Jackson, N. H.

## A Certain Author

By Inez Holden in "Sweet Charleston"  
Alas, he is but a literary scavenger,  
doomed for ever to commercialize a  
group of people whom he cannot get to  
know him to a public who cannot get  
to know them.

It must be heroism which has led so  
many thousands of women to forsake  
their joyous profession of home-making  
and motherhood for the thorny path of  
literature.—Howell Davies.

It is a good thing to have a great  
ancestor, but the shorter the pedigree  
the better chance you have of inherit-  
ing some of his abilities.—Dean Inge.

## COMING TO MIND ON RETIRING AFTER A HARD DAY AT THE WHEEL

Gee! how the autos whiz along!  
This way, that way; right or wrong,  
Walking or driving, I'm in dread,  
The safest place is in my bed.  
And the next day, crossing Tremont  
street  
The screams of the brakes,  
They gimme the shakes.

JOHN MONOLOGUE

Aug 13 1925

## LOEW'S STATE THEATRE "Thunder"

A screen melodrama, by Byron Morgan; photography by Henry Sharp; directed by William Nigh, and presented as a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture with the following cast:

Grumpy Anderson	Lon Chaney
Zola Maybelle	Phyllis Haver
Tommy Anderson	James Murray
Jim Anderson	George Burdette
Molly Anderson	Frances Morris
Davy, their son	Wally Albright, Jr.

Lon Chaney fusses around locomotives in "Thunder," and why it is called that we do not know, or venture to guess. He is an engineer by heredity, his two sons, Tommy and Jim, are railroaders, the one a fireman, the other a brakeman. Mr. Chaney, as "Grumpy," is aging; his eyes are falling him, he can't scan signals ahead as surely as he should. But he won't give in. He has always brought his train, the crack Chicago Northwestern flier, in on time, and neither blizzards, private car hook-ups, or floods can circumvent his iron will. He runs his whole life on schedule, his meals, his reading periods. He bullies his two sons mercilessly, though he loves them next to his pet, old No. 2329. So much we learn about "Grumpy" in a few brief flashes following some exhilarating scenes of his train speeding through a driving snow storm to



...and the telegraph operators exult when they hear he is late, for he has been so boastful of his clock-like record of perfect schedules that one failure might soften his gruff hauteur. He fools them, and pulls in on time, the only one of the day's arrivals so to do. Then we enter his home see the two sons, skylarking; Molly, Jim's young wife, worried about Jim's long hours in the big train yard, little Davy, their son, discarding other toys when "Grumpy" produces a beautiful little model of his beloved No. 3329. These and subsequent bits of domestic contacts are excellent entertainment, told casually and with much detail. Then comes tragedy, with the death of Jim in a fall from a slippery car top, the estrangement of his widow, the bitter accusation of Tommy that the old man drove Jim to his end, fight in the locomotive cab between the two, a passed danger signal, a crash, hospital for both, loss of his engineer's berth by "Grumpy." To this point, with Miss Haver to inject vivacity as Zella, a cabaret singer stealing a ride with "Grumpy" and Tom, who at once falls in love with her, the picture has both semblance of verity and abundance of lively action. After that it rambles, winding up in a flooded section of the Mississippi valley, with "Grumpy" and Tom, reunited, running their relief train through four feet (or less) of water to rescue Molly and Davy, Zella, and a large number of other refugees from drowning, pestilence or starvation. "Thunder" is without dialogue, but it is rich in sounds of the iron rails and

horses. Throughout runs the tune of "Casey Jones," a pertinent ditty. Mr. Chaney is again the thorough artist, not content to sketch a character. He lives it. For her screen farwell Miss Haver has the most inconsequential role of her career. Mr. Murray plays most of the time with a very grimy face, but that does not conceal the fact that he is a manly likable chap. W. E. G.

#### METROPOLITAN THEATRE "Charming Sinners"

A screen version of Somerset Maugham's comedy-drama, adapted by Doris Anderson and directed by Robert Milton. A Paramount production. The cast:

Kathryn Miles	Ruth Chatterton
W. E. G.	Clive Brook
Anne Marie Whitley	Mary Nolan
Kate Kealey	William Powell
George Whitley	Montagu Love
Henry Carr	Laura Hope Creys
M. J. Rat	Florence Eldridge
	Juliet Crossin
	Lorraine Edy

Mr. Maugham's brilliant comedy of sophisticated London society life finds adequate expression in its new medium. In fact, it gains in sharpness of definition and what is vulgarly known as "punch." It is most capably presented, and the picturization is without flaw.

The story is the usual triangular business with two other persons helping to impart a five-sided effect. Kathryn Miles knows that her best friend, Annie-Marie, and her husband are having "an affair" which is likely at any moment to be highly compromising to both, and that the whole town is maliciously gossiping and watching to see what will happen. The discovery of Miles's cigarette case in the lady's bedroom brings Annie-Marie's husband, breathing threatenings and slaughter, into the case. The explosion seems imminent, but Kathryn dextrously averts the poisoned barb of suspicion, and poor Whitley has to buy an expensive bracelet to square things.

At this delicate juncture Kraleay, an old lover of Kathryn's turns up, swearing undying devotion and suggesting an elopement to Italy. Kathryn hasn't the least idea of doing anything of the sort but she uses Kraleay to discipline her philandering spouse by paying him back in his own coin. She manages to convey to Miles the idea that she and Kraleay are really off to Italy together. It is fit for tat on account of the Annie-Marie matter. When Miles is sufficiently chastened he realizes what an ass he has made of himself and all's well that ends well, and without any sensational publicity.

Quite outstanding is the fine work of Ruth Chatterton as the offended wife who, by a stratagem, brings her erring husband to heel and transforms what threatens to be an unpleasant and even tragic situation back into the realm of comedy in which it begins. Miss Chatterton dominates the action with an assurance and smoothness that is refreshing in view of several decidedly floppy attempts in the same direction which we have recently witnessed.

Miss Nolan, too, as her complementary, achieves success in the role of the naughty and frivolous but sumptuously pretty Annie-Marie. Mr. Brook gives a suave and polished performance as Miles and Mr. Powell adds to the laurels he has already gained in the Van Dine mystery stories in the part of the ardent and sanguine Kraleay. The play is directed with skill and immense pains, with the inevitable reward of successful factors. The smart dialogue is

fairly well given although the occasional hushiness of the recording mechanism wrecks some of the dramatist's best points.

It is a standing source of wonder just why the finding of a cigarette case under a pillow should be regarded, ipso facto, as such damning evidence of marital infidelity. But we have to take it as one of the peculiarities of stage psychology. At any rate the incident was the keynote of an extremely effective climactic bit.

Another puzzling phenomenon is the title "Charming Sinners." It seemed to lack "authority." Some such line as "Sauce for the Gander" or "Mama Pank" is indicated. J. E. P.

Aug 17 1929

#### UPTOWN-OLYMPIA

##### "The Four Feathers"

A screen melodrama, suggested by the novel of that title by A. E. W. Mason, directed and produced by Meriam Cooper, Ernest Schoedsack, assisted by Lothar Mendes, and presented as a Paramount silent picture with sound, and the following cast:

Harry Feversham	Richard Arlen
Ethne Eustace	Fay Wray
Lt. Durrance	Clive Brook
Capt. Trench	William Powell
Lt. Castleton	Theodore von Eltz
Slave Trader	Noah Beery
Idris	Zack Williams
Ahmed	Noble Johnson
Ali	Harold Highower
Harry Feversham at 10	Philippe De Lacy
Col Eustace	Edw. J. Ratcliffe
Gen. Feversham	George Fawcett
Col. Sutch	Augustin Symonds

The British Square still holds firm in "The Four Feathers," as it did years ago in the then sensational stage spectacle, "The Soudan." English courage again is extolled, and the hero, who declared, "I am not afraid of anyone or of anything, but I am afraid of being afraid," lives to exonerate himself from the imputation of cowardice which brought death to his militant father ostracism by his friends and a pathetic conge by his sweetheart. His three closest friends sent him three white feathers, Ethne gave him the fourth. He thought it all over. Then he went into action with a vengeance.

As a mysterious civilian he went to the Soudan, lived in cafes, slept in doorways. He befriended little Ali, a black boy, who became his faithful slave. Thanks to the intelligent trainer monkey who was Ali's only companion Feversham gained access to the squalid prison at Abdurman, where the native had thrust Capt. Trench, to die of thirst along with filthy blacks. His rescue effected, Feversham unloaded one white

feather, and went after Durrance and Castleton. In turn he played to them the role of succoring angel, holding an outpost fort against savage hordes without and mutinous native constabulary within. These two also asked for the return of their feathers. That left only one, Ethne's. When, back in England, Feversham was decorated for his valorous acts, Ethne begged forgiveness. It is to be presumed that she likewise took back her contemptuous token after that lingering embrace which closes the picture.

"The Four Feathers" is splendid entertainment, a rare composite of honest acting, of exciting encounters between British soldiery and desert spear-men, of amazing photography of hundreds of baboons and a host of hippopotami fleeing a fierce grass fire set by the natives. Messrs. Cooper and Schoedsack went into North Africa to take these animal pictures, and they are authentic. You see the baboons scampering across a rope bridge and dropping into the water when Feversham cuts the bridge loose. You see the monstrous water horses tumbling in battalions down a steep bank into the river, submerging and coming to the surface in time to turn back the pursuing native hordes. These portions of the film alone are well worth one's time to see.

The rest is good melodrama, outlining in suspenseful episodes the general tenor of Mr. Mason's long narrative, so popular a score of years ago. Chief honors properly belong to Mr. Arlen, as the coward who found himself; yet we should not forget the monkey, a natural-born actor. The nearest you will come to weeping is when he piteously plucks at the body of little Ali, slain by Mr. Beery's wooden scimitar. There was primitive emotion. No human could have bettered it. W. E. G.

Aug 19

#### KEITH-ALBEE

##### "Dark Streets"

A screen melodrama, adapted by Bradley King from a story by Richard Connell called "Pat and Mike", directed by Frank Lloyd and presented as a First National all-talking picture with the following cast:

Pat McGlone, policeman	Jack Mulhall
Danny McGlone, gangster	Jack Mulhall
Katie Dean	Lila Lee
Isa. Dean	Aggie Herring
Police Captain	Earl Pinkree
Police Lieutenant	Will Walling
"Beery" Barker	E. H. Calvert
Maudie Black	Maudie Black
Wendy Taker	Lillian Littlefield

One gets a strong impression after listening to the opening dialogue between Mr. Littlefield as the patient cen-

By PHILIP HAL

Nearly 150 pages of Yvette Guilbert's second volume of memoirs—"La Passante Emmerveillee (Mes Voyages)" published this year in Paris by Grasset are devoted to her adventures in the United States. She speaks "right out in meetin'" and has many disagreeable things to say, some that are absurd; other notes that are sensible, many that are amusing.

When she first visited this country—it was in 1894—two years after her Parisian triumphs—she spoke only enough English to defend her interests and sign a contract for 150,000 francs a month. Newspapers figured that she would receive 170 francs a minute—one insinuated that for a song lasting five minutes she would be paid 850 francs, and that to gain 850 francs an evening would be immoral.

She was met at the pier by Oscar Hammerstein, a "fat and black oriental Jew. He welcomed me tactlessly, with the vulgar familiarity that certain Americans think irresistible, but with too many evidences of a gallantry that offended me. He presented himself to me as a Don Juan who knew how to care for women—French women especially—and at once in the cab asked me if I had already decided where I should sup evenings.

"I never sup, sir.

"Americans always take supper, mademoiselle.

"I'm not an American, sir.

"Well, what do you do after your concert?

"I go to bed.

"Ah!

"Yes."

There was a long silence.

"Does one know the name of Hammerstein in Paris?" he asked, coming

the peacock and trying to hold my hand.

"Yes," I said

"Ah!! and what do they say about me?

"They say you're a fool.

"He was an intelligent man, a poor musician though he thought himself a genius and spoke naively about his musicianship as if he were a Beethoven; he had all the talents—to hear him talk—and he believed that the decorations of the horrible plasters in the Olympia, the crushed strawberry color, were the artistic 'find' of his existence."

Yvette learned later that American managers were as disconcerting as those in Paris, but less intelligent and much more vulgar; "because in France in 1894, they did not receive women in shirt sleeves, or spit while they talked with them, or remain seated, with their feet on a table, letting the women stand, and they did not keep their hat on while they were talking."

She found that certain conditions she had made in her contract about stage settings were not fulfilled. Percy Williams, her manager later, replied, when she spoke of the artist and her art, "But, madam, we do not want art, nor artist; we want 'a name' on our program. It's your name we pay—the rest amounts to nothing."

She thought poorly of critics and audiences. "There are perhaps three or four artistically cultivated critics in the United States, the rest are disconcertingly ignorant. The great mass of the public is just as ignorant. There's no 'thought' in America, everything is naively catalogued, without nuances, without discrimination.

At first she thought well of Charles Frohman, who signed a contract with her in 1908. He was to be in New York on her arrival, but when she landed, according to her story, he had forgotten all about the contract and her coming, so she was obliged to sing in Proctor's music hall until Mr. Belasco put his theatre at her disposition.

Our press agents disgusted her with their "idiotic" stories always the same; stories about 150 trunks, 200 hats, stolen jewels, domestic scandals. It was said of her that she left Paris because she owed a dressmaker 50,000 francs; that she probably would not come to New York, because a wild cat had disfigured her face. One press agent, a woman not named, but employed by Percy Williams, annoyed her by continually saying: "Well, honey! You see, honey!" with frightfully vulgar slang, spoken in the "atrociously nasal voice of Broadway."

"There is a lively description of James Gordon Bennett, whom she knew in Paris, also in New York. The dog of his mistress sported a collar of huge diamonds which, one night when he was drunk, he had put round the dog's neck. One night, in the same condition, driving his mail coach, he nearly fractured his skull passing at full speed under his porte cochere. "No one ever saw Bennett sober. She would not go to supper with him in New York. He boasted of his treatment of the men on the Herald. If one showed ability in a certain department he was assigned to another. "One of my friends, married and a father, was sent from New York to Paris to be the American literary critic of the Paris edition. This man sold his furniture, gave up his flat, and with his wife and son arrived in Paris. At the end of a few days, Bennett said to him: 'What! You still here; go back to New York! And the poor man was left without any indemnity. Bennett's power and fortune made his compatriots respectful and mute."

At that time there were no cinemas, no Adonises of the screen. Women were hysterical at even the name of James Corbett. "Biceps and chest left me cold, and I always asked, 'but is he intelligent?' They looked at me in amazement. I said: 'You know, this husky fellow bores me by pounding a bag for an hour; I like your negroes better; they at least are funny."

At the Palmer House, Chicago, one walked in the barroom on a floor of silver dollars. "It gave a Byzantine appearance, but to walk on a fortune when so many people were starving, in this America so hard for the poor, embittered your heart. Journalists told me that no one was esteemed in America unless he 'succeeded.' The poor are people who do not 'succeed'; why aid them? Americans go to your concerts because you are celebrated, because you have 'succeeded.' In America only celebrities are engaged, people that have 'succeeded'; others have no opportunity."

Under George Tyler's management, Yvette sang with Albert Chevalier, "superior in two or three lines, in all the rest conventional and 'old hat,' but a man of intelligence and distinction, choosing his music well and making-up admirably." On the road they were sometimes taken for acrobats before they came out on the stage; sometimes for a boxing couple.



Yvette describes hotel life. "You are received in all the hotels without exception by turning on the electric lights in your rooms at noon in full sunlight. Ice water is poured at table with a mechanical gesture; when you do not want it, a second, a third, a tenth waiter will come and with an automatic gesture empty his carafe in your glass; the gesture is so mechanical, so prompt, so brutal that you have no time, as a rule, to stop him. The Americans drink in dirty glasses; greasy fingers make their marks on the crystal; my husband and I were always the only ones to ask for clean glasses. The most elegant women, smiling, put their lips on doubtful tumblers. I have never seen a single woman wipe a dirty glass." Yvette then gives a sickening description of the combs and brushes in our sleeping cars.

In the second year of the world war Yvette, in New York, felt called upon to defend from the platform her sisters in France, for stories were published in our newspapers about many French women being unfaithful to their husbands who had gone to the trenches. Americans during the war were most generous, "especially the poor." The rich also gave, but "not according to their fortunes, for they always counted their dollars translated into francs, so that small sums in dollars gave at that time the impression of great generosity. I remember one of my pupils, very rich, showing me proudly touching letters of gratitude from a poor peasant, a very old grandmother without means, to whom this wealthy American girl sent \$8 a month for the old woman's grandson, an orphan, 8 years old, of whom this girl was the god-mother for the war—\$8 a month to support two persons."

There is a most amusing description of Billy Sunday preaching a sermon, but Yvette speaks of him as formerly a "prize fighter."

"For 15 Americans out of 20, a pleasant day—what they call 'a jolly good time'—consists in lunching in the restaurant of a fashionable hotel, where they will be served a lobster salad, a chicken salad, ice cream, a big bouquet of violets and a box of bonbons."

There is much about love and marriage in the United States, the ignorant rich, rudeness in high places—with personal examples—and above all the "bluff" that is characteristic of this country. Read, for example, the chapter entitled "A Dinner at Mrs. Rita L's," also the one entitled "The Bluff of Charity." Yvette sums up by saying America is the nation of the future. "In this year 1927, if it were necessary for me to portray her, I would say that she is a young mother who makes her child piece by piece. She waits till she has finished the brain before beginning the soul."

The remaining 200 pages or less describe Yvette's adventures in England, Belgium, Scandinavia, Germany (1927-28), Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Russia (1928), Rumania, Constantinople, Egypt, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, French Africa and La Cote d'Azur. These pages are not only entertaining; they show Yvette's gift of observation and description, her wit, often delightfully malicious, her good humor, and, above all, her sensitive nature and her love of humanity, her hatred of pretence and hypocrisy. Few singers in times past have had her brains; few today, if any, have the intelligence and the liberal culture that make her famous among people of the stage.

hus taker and Miss Herring as a garrulous but shrewd Irish woman of the old school, that "Dark Streets" is going to be good entertainment, no matter how crooked its crooks are or how brave and virtuous its hero and heroine may prove themselves. In that opening scene and several others later, Miss Herring comes very near to being at least the second best player in the company, and it is a splendid cast at that. Hers is the speech and hers the manner of an actual type of Celt mother, watchful, keen-witted, accurate in appraisal of character. However, she is not the story. That revolves about two brothers, twins. One, Pat, has followed in his father's footsteps and become a New York patrolman; the other, Danny, attractive, with pluck of a sort, is a gangster, attached to a murderous crew of warehouse looters. Each loves Katie Dean, who is fond of Danny but loves Pat. She can trust him, of Danny she is fearful as to how he acquires his money so easily.

The novel phase of this picture is that Jack Mulhall assumes both roles, Pat and Danny. In "Masquerade," last week's picture at this same theatre, Alan Birmingham essayed something of the sort but obviously with the aid of a double. In "Dark Streets" you see Mulhall facing himself, talking to himself, as it were. This is accomplished dexterously by what is known in the studios as the split film; to the gaping audience it is nothing short of a marvel. As Patrolman Pat, Mulhall is himself, without make-up; as Danny the gangster he applies grease-paint, pitches his voice a tone higher, and talks more from one side of the mouth. They are distinct, plausible characterizations; we doubt if Mulhall ever has done anything better.

Director Lloyd in our opinion has turned out a corking fine picture, with a nice balancing of homely humor and dramatic terseness. The final scenes in the warehouse district at night, when the gangsters are waiting to "bump off" Patrolman Pat are creepy enough, the tragic climax with its surprising revelation is trenchantly written and played. We are grateful to Mr. Lloyd for stopping the film just where he did, on a grim note. One foot more would have been banal anti-climax. W. E. G.

#### MODERN AND BEACON THEATRE: "Light Fingers"

A Columbia picture, produced by Harry Cohn, directed by Joseph Hanabery, screen play and dialogue by Jack Natterford, with the following cast:

Light Fingers ..... Ian Keith  
Dorothy Madison ..... Dorothy Revier  
Donald Madison ..... Carroll Nye  
Kerrigan ..... Ralph Theodor  
Edward Madison ..... Tom Ricketts  
London Tower ..... Charles Gerrard  
Butler ..... Pietro Sosse

"Light Fingers," is a crook melodrama of the sort which seems to be ground out in uniform lengths, by a machine. In this instance one would imagine that the machine was out of order, there are so many glaring flaws in the product. From first to last there is scarcely an incident that approximates probability, even according to the elastic standards of filmdom. The main idea of the author is apparently to make the crook hero so likable and fascinating that the sympathies of the audience will be with him through all his adventures and against the incredibly stupid and disagreeable police who tax helplessly about after his flying coat-tails.

Dorothy Madison, daughter of Edward Madison, owner of a collection of jewels which Light Fingers and his gang purpose to steal, catches the herd-handed after he has put the burglar alarm out of commission. It happens that she also has detected her scapegrace brother Bob, a few moments before, as he is about to rob the safe Light Fingers—who is a guest of the house by the way—is a witness and remains chivalrously blind to what he has seen. By way of reward, the girl allows him to go, when he has the goods on him, too.

The two have only known each other a few hours but are now represented as being deeply in love and the crook—miraculously reformed—promises to "go straight" hereafter. The others of his gang, however, pull off the robbery and Light Fingers too late to prevent it, is discovered by Dorothy a second time prowling about the place. But he easily persuades her that his real purpose is not theft but is to recover the jewels and she sends him on his way with a blessing. There is a lot of wild automobile chasing, a perfectly unintelligible "whipsawing" of other crooks and of the police and—presto, the jewels are restored. Light Fingers leaves the court

without a stain on his character and takes the girl into the bargain. It is all so sudden—and so impossible.

Ian Keith makes a good-looking crook and is as convincing as his role allows him to be, and Dorothy Revier, by sheer skill, manages to interpolate brains into her role which have been

omitted by the playwright. Tom Ricketts contributes a clever bit as old Madison. Some day we hope to attend a play in which one of the characters, in temporary difficulties does NOT say in low, heartbroken accents: "But you don't understand!" J. E. P.

#### SCOLLAY SQUARE

##### "Joy Street"

A screen comedy-drama written and directed by Raymond Cannon, scenario by Charles R. Condon and Frank Gay, presented by William Fox with the following cast:

Marie "Mimi" Colman ..... Lois Moran  
Joe ..... Nick Stuart  
Eddie ..... Rex Bell  
Juan ..... Joe Crespo  
Dot ..... Dorothy Ward

"Joy Street" is a mad, meaningless little thing, sufficient unto the hour and, after that, easily put from mind. It is we believe, the initial directorial effort, possibly the second, of Mr. Raymond Cannon. It utilizes the perfunctory services of Miss Moran and Mr. Stuart and of a large group of minor players in a trivial piece of writing intended to show how the modern trend of reckless speed can vitiate the soul of a young girl suddenly thrown into a maelstrom of youthful pleasure-seekers after spending years in an exclusive finishing school abroad. Disgusted at first, she soon becomes the bell-wether of the flock, leading it in such delirious diversions as necking, pillow fights, moonlight baths, and an interminably long race of automobiles urged up hill and down dale by frenzied drivers and passengers.

When this last escapade ends in a crash which threatens to snuff out Marie's life, the crowd becomes penitent. When it learns that Marie will live, the order goes forth to whoop it up again with dance and noise and open or covert embraces. There is no beginning, no ending, no moral to this infantile product. Only the cameraman saves it from absolute puerility by some admirable shots of natural scenery around a mountain lodge and of the dizzy race of the speed-crazed motorists. For the rest, it would seem that "Joy Street" is a silent picture, mercifully, was plotted solely to give a lot of young "extras" a couple of days' employment. W. E. G.

#### B. F. KEITH'S

A miniature revue, a tried-and-true comedy team and an opera singer are the highlights of a diversified program at B. F. Keith's this week. The team has as its main ingredients Chick York and Rose King; Carmela Ponselle, sister of the famous Rosa, and herself of the Metropolitan opera company, is the singer and Ken Murray's Revue is the other main attraction.

As far as vaudeville is concerned, Carmela Ponselle need not trade on the name of her sister. An appealing voice, a wonderful smile and an extremely effective rendition serve their purposes when they are combined by Miss Ponselle. And while she bills herself as an opera singer, it is her earlier training in vaudeville which makes her a favorite with the Keith audience. She knows which songs to sing, just how to sing them and she knows how to take her bows, all of which result in a very pleasing interval of music.

York and King, having been in musical comedy for two seasons, return with a slightly altered act. Miss King, happy to relate, is the same delightful clown, but York has "gone gentleman," appearing in swallow-tail and topper. Gone is the opening scene with the two representing an old-fashioned tin-type. Gone are the two men, the "plants," with their "Hi Roy." Instead Miss True York and Johnny Wright, daughter and son, are the additions and while the act still is uproariously funny, it takes all of Miss King's antics to make it so.

Included in the Ken Murray revue are Ken, himself, the Tiller dancing girls, Foster, Fagan and Cox, singers; Helen Charleston, another Helen Kane type; Milton Charleston, who dances and clowns, and Harry Webb and his entertainers, these being a jazz band. The first half of the program is given over to the revue and it is enjoyable.

The three Longfields, accomplished equilibrists, meet the fate of all acrobats—performing highly difficult feats with the customary lack of appreciation. The animated cartoon and news reel complete the bill. I. A. S.

#### LOEW'S STATE

##### "The Single Standard"

A screen drama, adapted by Josephine Lovett from a story by Adela Rogers St. John; directed by John S. Robertson and presented as a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture with the following cast:

Arden Stuart ..... Greta Garbo  
"Packy" Cannon ..... Nila Asher  
Tommy Hewlett ..... John Mack Brown  
Mercedes ..... Dorothy Sebastian  
"Oins" Stuart ..... Lane Chandler

Anthony Kendall ..... Robert Cast  
Mr. Glendinning ..... Mahlon Hamilton  
Mrs. Glendinning ..... Kathryn Williams  
Mr. Handley ..... Zedie Tibbety

Arden Stuart, free, frank and disdainful of the conventions, having acquired a bitter philosophy of her own by observing the futile escapades of the men and women in her set, experienced no compunctions when she sailed away over tropical seas in an old windjammer with "Packy" Cannon, stalwart pugilist, painter and rover. She did this, as she did other shocking things, impulsively, yet deliberately. As Elinor Glyn might put it, she was surcharged with passion; catty women might have hissed that she was over-sexed. Her affair with Cannon was not her first. "She had stolen away to a moonlit beach one night with young Anthony Kendall, an English youth who had won honors as an airman in the world war and now was feebly disguised as a chauffeur. When Arden's brother waylaid them and discharged Kendall, the latter promptly overturned the car and killed himself.

Arden and Cannon thoroughly enjoyed their unlicensed honeymoon. Then, Cannon, tiring, ordered sail set for a return. A selfish creature, he wished to be alone for a while. The rupture nearly broke Arden's heart but she survived and married Tommy Hewlett, who knew all about her and was willing to take a chance. To them came one of the cutest little stage children one ever saw. He was 3 years or less old when Cannon decided that he really wanted Arden and came out of China for her. Arden's philosophy then was put to test. She concluded, after much emotional turmoil, that, free, she could do as she pleased; as a mother, let alone a wife, she must live only for her young son. So Cannon lost, Tommy won, though he never knew how, and there was no further scandal than a farewell meeting between Arden and Cannon in the ship's cabin.

Greta Garbo still is silent, but what of that! She has a wondrous knack for acting by gesture, by play of features. She makes Arden a young woman worthy of serious consideration; after witnessing her performance one is inclined to reflect on her characterization, to try to analyze it. The result is the conviction that here is a screen actress who has a remarkable faculty for penetrating to the innermost emotions of the young woman she portrays, with like facility in expressing, silently, those self-same emotions. She lifts a more or less commonplace story by brilliant performance so that one forgets that it is commonplace. Mr. Asher and Mr. Brown, in contrasting roles, were admirable, with Mr. Brown a shade the better. Miss Tibbety, as the ageing dowager who could stand just so much of human folly, and no more, contributed a superb bit. And if you wonder who she is, scan the theatrical record of this daughter of Lydia Thompson some time, at your leisure. W. E. G.

#### WALDRON'S CASINO

Waldron's Casino, popular Hanover street playhouse, opens next Monday afternoon with burlesque. This was decided on by Manager Charles H. Waldron after he had been asked by burlesque patrons to restore the theatre to its position as one of Boston's leading burlesque theatres. Explaining the new policy of the theatre, Mr. Waldron said: "The theatre has been entirely renovated at a cost of more than \$50,000. The policy of giving the biggest and best shows possible will be inaugurated. Vaudeville and talking pictures will be added to the burlesque bill. Despite

all this, the prices will be low.

We will offer a complete five-hour show, including the burlesque vaudeville, and talkies beginning at 12:30 and 3:30. The afternoon prices will be 40 and 50 cents for the orchestra and 25 and 35 cents in the balcony. Women may secure the best seats in the afternoon for a quarter.

Evening prices will be 40 and 60 cents. There will be no seats higher. All seats will be reserved. Smoking will be permitted. We plan to give Boston the greatest entertainment it has ever enjoyed at prices way below those charged anywhere in America."

#### OLD HOWARD OPENS

The Old Howard opened another season of burlesque, house vaudeville and screen features yesterday. The burlesque attraction is "Wine, Woman and Song," a brand new show with an old title. Chief among the popular fun-makers singers and dancers are Harry (Booby) Emerson, Jyes La Rue, Mervin Harmon, George Rhem, Burton Carr, Evelyn Murray, Mildred Jeannette, Marie Miller and the Misses Bettinger and Wallace. The continuous section of the bill includes the Loughran and Braddock films, pertaining to the recent encounter for the light heavyweight championship; the Honey troupe of athletes, Keo Taki and Yoki, Japanese acrobats and jugglers, and two screen features, "Lady of Chance" and "Wickedness Preferred." There will be a midnight show Friday.



# Berkshire Playhouse Proves Highly Successful Venture

By JOAN DICK

On a stormy winter's evening in Stockbridge two years ago some people were talking over the impossibility of the plan which had been made for starting a theatre there the following summer. The idea of turning the Casino, a small building used jointly as a tennis club and for a yearly exhibition of paintings, into a playhouse, and bringing on a company for New York seemed fantastic. "It would be impossible to persuade an audience to come to such an out of the way spot as this, and if they did come the inhabitants would object to it. People like in Stockbridge in order to be alone." This summer every evening motors are to be seen stacked along the elm-arched street which have come from a radius of 30 miles and it has taken them no longer than in New York to go from Seventy-fifth to Forty-second street, and contrary to the expectation, Stockbridge people have all taken subscription seats.

The imagination of Walter L. Clark, the head of the Grand Central Palace in New York, is chiefly responsible for this enterprise. He engaged as directors Alexander Kirkland of the Theatre Guild and F. Cowles Strickland. They opened the season last year with Miss Eva Le Gallienne in "The Cradle Song" and then giving that as a sample of what they could do, closed the theatre for a month while they asked for subscriptions. The response was immediate and real estate men say there are, as a result, fewer houses for rent in Pittsfield and Lenox this summer.

As to Stockbridge itself, it hums with life and activity and you can hardly cross the street to buy a paper without encountering a famous actor. They live in various small houses near the Playhouse and can be seen eating breakfast on their porches towards the latter part of the morning. One of them has already become so enamored of the scenery that he has bought a mountain.

## NOTED ACTORS

The following names give an idea of the excellence and high standard of the company this year: Miss Cecilia Loftus, Donald Meek, Alexander Kirkland and Hugh Buckler, who are coming to Boston this autumn with the Theatre Guild in "Wings Over Europe"; Miss Margaret Love, a member of the Civic Repertory Company; Miss Aileen MacMahon, who had the leading role in the interesting French play, "Maya," which was unfortunately only allowed to run for three weeks in New York; Earl MacDonald, Laura Harding, Francesca Bruning, and Pedro de Cordoba, who was successful in "The Ringer" at the Copley Theatre last winter. The latest accession of the company is Rollo Peters, who has just returned from a long trip abroad. He has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Bennett in England, where he met H. G. Wells, Frank Swinerton and other distinguished authors. Arnold Bennett is now on his way to Russia, where he has been sent to write articles on the condition of the country for an English periodical. They should make very good reading.

Mr. Peters is an intellectual actor. I am sure the authors liked him. He was well cast as Bluntschli in "Arms and the Man," that almost flawless comedy, in

the Oscar Wilde manner, with as perfect a construction as, say, Lincoln's inaugural address. As the professional soldier who entered a lady's bedroom at night to escape from his enemies and then became so sleepy that he lost both the sense of fear and of gallantry, Mr. Peters was magnificent. In the second and third acts his role is that of the amused and self-contained onlooker of the impractical Bulgarian household, where he is visiting. His acting consisted almost entirely in the expression of his face, including the slight amount of love-making which fell to him. Mr. Buckner as Maj. Petkoff, the father of the heroine, played his part so naturally that he almost defeated the critic's powers of analysis. The Berkshire Company are fortunate in having had Miss MacMahon with them all summer. She is a distinguished actress with, I venture to predict, a brilliant future. She has beauty, distinction and intelligence, with a shrewd sense of the theatre.

The two most interesting performances given this year in Stockbridge were "The Royal Family," in which Miss Loftus gave a most convincing interpretation of Rose Cavendish, the part created by Haidee Wright, and the new play "Thunder in the Air," which Miss Laura Wilck is planning to produce this winter in New York. It has had a successful run in London. The other plays were "Caroline," with Miss Margaret Anglin as guest artist, "You Never Can Tell," "The Truth About Blayds," and "Rip Van Winkle," this week "The Dover Road," is the play, and the season closes with George Kelly's "The Torchbearers." There is also a school and workshop in connection with the Playhouse, and the technical staff, recruited from Prof. Baker's Yale Theatre, is headed by Leonard Barker. Such an enterprise as this will continue to be a very formidable rival to even the most redoubtable talkies.

In the end it is the determined Rosalie who bears away the prize.

Miss Hatfield, in that role, acts with spirit and charm and Miss Warren, as Marcia, gives us a well balanced bit of acting. Mr. Butler rises to real heights as the perplexed "Reggie" and Mr. Burgess, taking the part of the gay bachelor friend, demonstrates anew his already proved versatility. Mr. De Lette, called at a moment's notice to take the part of Douglas Ordway, gives a very perfect picture of a lachrymose poet in love. The remainder of the support is entitled to warm commendation. The dresses are scrumptious.

J. E. P.

Aug 23 1929

## METROPOLITAN THEATRE "Smiling Irish Eyes"

A screen play by Tom J. Geraughty, directed by William A. Seiter and presented as a First National-Photophone picture with the following cast:  
Kathleen O'Connor ..... Colleen Moore  
Rory O'More ..... James Hall  
Michael O'Connor ..... Claude Gillinwater  
Shamus O'Connor ..... Robert Homans  
Granny O'More ..... Aggie Herring  
Frankie West ..... Betty Francisco  
Goldie Devore ..... Julianne Johnston  
Sir Timothy ..... Robert Emmett O'Connor  
Sir Timothy's brother ..... John Beck  
Ralph Prescott ..... Edward Earl  
Black Barney ..... Tom O'Brien  
Max North ..... Oscar Apfel  
County Fair Manager ..... Fred Kelsey

Miss Moore photographs with remarkable clarity and distinction and her characteristic serio-comic expression, her eloquent eyes and her famous set of teeth, with her newly developed musical abilities, will establish her still more firmly in the hearts of her thousands of movie admirers. Colleen's well-known square cut bob gives place to longer tresses for this occasion, but the famous "fringe" on her forehead is still there. Mr. Hall, opposite her, is a good looking and talented chap and his violin playing—which registers well—is a superior piece of work. In combination the two make an attractive couple and the tale of their joys and sorrows is followed with absorbed interest.

In striving after atmosphere the makers of "Smiling Irish Eyes"—which, by the way, is the title of a song played by Rory and supplies a musical motif for the piece throughout—more than half the cast are conspicuously Irish. Aggie Herring's familiar Hibernian countenance is much in evidence. Robert Emmett O'Connor is a double for the late Billy Florence and Claude Gillinwater and Robert Homans talk and act as if they had stepped into the picture direct from County Galway. Even "Aloysius," Kathleen's spotted piglet, is in character. Vita-

phone goes the Chicago stock yards, which "use all but the squeal," one better, for Aloysius's voice sounds out impressively.

The story? Simple almost to the point of nothingness. Pastoral courtship, happiness, emigration to America, separation, misunderstanding, woe; then the coming of good fortune and the inevitable reunion to the liveliest sort of Irish jig, is the main idea. The chase of the greased pig at the Fair, and Kathleen's first experience with a speeding New York taxicab are high lights. The "Irish" out-of-door pictures, for all that they were made in California, give a perfect illusion of the Ireland of romance. Altogether a sprightly, enjoyable and very human picture. If you are emotionally susceptible you had better take an extra handkerchief. You may need it.

J. E. P.

## "JAMBOREE"

The recent international Boy Scout jamboree in England has caused some London journalists to inquire anxiously into the meaning of the word. There were answers from deep thinkers who apparently have nothing else to do than to answer questions, drawing on the huge reservoir of their knowledge, which often is misinformation. One said the word was Anglo-Indian; one was sure it is of gypsy origin—"jamboree," a great riot or noise, "but with an underlying suggestion of something pleasant"; another pointed to negroes in the United States. It was left for a scoutmaster to say that the derivation accepted in England by the chief scouts is "jam," meaning sweet, and "boree" meaning a squeeze or squash; "boree" coming from Australian aborigines who thus describe their crowded council meetings. This reminds one of Eugene Field when he was asked the derivation of "corker," as in the phrase "She's a corker." "It comes," answered Field, "from the Greek word 'Korka,' meaning an adorable one." Probably Sir Robert Baden-Powell was as wise as any one of these learned men when he said: "Well, it will do as well as any other word, won't it?"

"Jamboree" is not in the great "Slang and its Analogues," but it is admitted into the Oxford Dictionary as United States slang. The word has long been in use in this country, meaning a noisy jollification with the implication of "spree." Was it often heard in the old negro minstrel shows? One London journal quotes an old song that he says is familiar, but we doubt if it is known here to many:

Sally she went down de ribber,  
Jamboree,  
Black man see her gwane dar,  
Jamboree,  
Sally's face it shine like gold,  
Jamboree,  
Black man's face like tar,  
Jamboree.

Where did the contributor find this song? It may have been sung in London at one of "Pony" Moore's entertainments, but one does not find the word "jamboree" in collections of negro minstrel songs from the little pamphlet "Songs of the Virginia Minstrels" (published in Boston, 1843) to Mr. Spaeth's "Gentlemen, Be Seated." The first quotation in the Oxford Dictionary is dated 1872 and it is from an article in Scribner's Magazine. Whatever its origin, "jamboree" is a good, mouthfilling, sonorous word, more so than "accommodated," which Bardolph was willing to maintain with his sword.

## "Romeo and Juliet" Cape Players Is Sm

By JOA

An excellent production of "Romeo and Juliet" has been running for the past week at the Cape Playhouse, Dennis, with Elliot Cabot as Romeo and Edith Barrett as Juliet. Considering that the cast had only five days in which to rehearse, the performance was extraordinarily smooth, and the English director, Mr. Leo Carroll, succeeded in his endeavor to make the acting spontaneous and lighthearted. Also to get away from the dour and heavy treatment which often accompanies a Shakespearian performance, the play was cut so as to run only two hours, the time consumed by an average modern play. There is, however, a disadvantage in such drastic cutting. The framework of the play, which is the enmity between the Montagues and the Capulets, is not brought out strongly

enough, and the love story loses color without the sombre background of the older generation forcing needless sacrifice upon the younger. Romeo and Juliet, in their search for the ideal, sought to overthrow all obstacles and mocked at danger as does youth today.

There are a considerable number of people who say they prefer to read their Shakespeare rather than see it acted. There is much to be said on this side, for Shakespeare's characters are so complicated and utter such profound philosophy that even the most attentive audiences are bound to miss much of the underlying significance which may be grasped by studying the text. Another hindrance in endeavoring to capture the spirit of the play is, I believe, in the costumes of the period. We are still willing to see ladies with flowing hair and clinging robes, but men's doublet and hose, jerkin, long hair and feather trimmed hat bothers and confounds us. The clothes men wear today are hideous perhaps, but they are what we have grown accustomed to ad-

listener while she crystallizes their love by putting it into words. He became the centre and the magnet around which her life revolved, therefore she dared all things, even a living death, and he but followed in her lead. As Juliet is the lover she can be comprehended by all, but Romeo, the loved one, remains intangible and untranslatable. Miss Barrett and Mr. Cabot were ably supported by Miss Alice John as the nurse and Mr. Wright Kramer as Friar Lawrence. The set was, although extremely simple, very quite adequate and the entire performance merited serious attention. The play which opens Monday night and will run for a week is Shaw's "You Never Can Tell."

veying the illusion of that over-powering chemical attraction which the young feel when the rush into love. Mr. Cabot is successful in making Romeo a human being and he recites the poetry of his lines without missing any of their beauty, but Romeo has never been satisfactorily portrayed and perhaps never can be. This is because he is really only a creation of Juliet's love. The first time she saw him he was wrapt in thoughts of his fair Rosalind and Juliet then marked him for her own. In the balcony scene he is the

admire them in, and anything else looks wrong, even a toga! However, go to a Shakespeare play when it is acted sincerely, and you will return to your seat on the shelf which has perhaps grown dusty, with fresh inspiration and impetus.

Miss Barrett was to have played Juliet earlier in the season with Rollo Peters at the Stockbridge playhouse, but those plans were cancelled. She has studied this role with devotion and fervor, contributing to it her youth and grace, and gusto for life, and con-



Aug 25 1929

Dr. Ashley H. Thorndike, professor of English in Columbia University, has written a book entitled "English Comedy," a book of 635 large octavo pages, well indexed. The Macmillan Company are the publishers.

Dr. Thorndike first of all defines the word comedy, which is not easily defined when it is applied to a play for the theatre. He begins, naturally, inevitably, with Aristotle, and goes down the line to Bergson, discussing wit, humor and laughter. He does not allude to Baudelaire's savage view of laughter as a fiendish exhibition of one's character, nor does he quote what the Danbury News—or was it the Burlington Hawkeye?—said of wit in years gone by when the "funny men" of these newspapers were widely read: "It is said that surprise is the chief element of wit. That's what makes a man laugh so when he sits down on a bent pin."

According to Dr. Thorndike the theory that the essence of the comic lies in incongruity leaves little room for the development of comic characters, such as Malvolio, Falstaff, Tartuffe. The theory answers for farce. Is laughter merely the outlet for the derision of something inferior, as Bergson puts it: "In laughter we always find an avowed intention to humiliate, and consequently to correct our neighbor." But this would not answer for "As You Like It." Voltaire's dictum is more to the point: "Laughter arises from a gaiety of disposition, absolutely incompatible with contempt and indignation." We laugh in imitation or by contagion rather than in superiority. With the advance of civilization laughter has grown more kindly. There is sympathy in laughter, as in tears. In an enlarged sense of humor "we must look for our guiding conception of comedy," and comedy mimics the deeds of man so as to appeal largely to our sense of humor. Mark Twain wrote that comedy keeps the heart sweet. Dr. Thorndike takes a broad view: to him "comedy delights in song as well as dance, in epigram as well as grimace, in paradox as well as slapjack, and it can stoop to punning as readily as to buffoonery."

It is the author's purpose "to look back over the long traffic of the theatre and to discuss the emergence of these types" (recognized in practice and theory) and to note their continuation or influence upon the modern stage. He asks what in different periods has excited laughter? How have men mixed sentiment or moral instruction with amusement? What kinds of plays have amused the audiences of different periods? The history of comedy presents "an unbroken line of literary endeavor and popular response." Yet only a few of the plays considered in this book "still live in the affections of the general reader."

A chapter on medieval and classical influences is followed by one on the background of story; then come many pages on Elizabethan beginnings, by Peck and Greene. There are two chapters about Shakespeare, one dealing with earlier comedies, the other with the later. There is a brilliant notion of the impressions which the Elizabethans received from Italy's comedies, and Italy was a considerable innovator. Dr. Thorndike finds the "Wives of Windsor" more adaptable to the changing theatre than any earlier and greater comedies of Falstaff; he sees in "Measure for Measure" one experiment in the manner of satirical and realistic comedy of the day; but he does not discuss the question whether "Troilus and Cressida" which "can scarcely be considered as a comedy," was really written in mockery of Chapman's translation of the "Iliad," nor does he mention the fact that in England the play within recent years has been performed as a burlesque in attempt to give incongruous and anachronistic realism. Dr. Thorndike's chapter on Ben Jonson is long and searching. He seems to be rather shocked by "Volpone." "Laughter may enter a den of thieves, but here she is invited into a den of wild beasts. The grossness of the language keeps pace with the depravity of the persons and the hideousness of the situations;" but "The Alchemist" displays in the Elizabethan manner, follies that are universal and contemporaneous. Jonson's influence has been felt throughout our literature by novelists and playwrights.

Beaumont and Fletcher have a chapter to themselves. . . . The Elizabethan comedy is summed up in a critical manner: The romantic, with touches of realism, and the prevalence of intrigue, the comedy of manners, of characters, and of satire. It is interesting to note how different is the view of Dr. Thorndike from that of the late William Archer, who found only poetic flights in these old dramas, and was never weary of deriding faults of structure, gross improbabilities, rant and bombast.

One might well be curious to see how our author deals with the plays of the Restoration; whether he sides with Jeremy Collier and Macaulay in complaining of their licentiousness or follows Charles Lamb in whimsical defence. The audience in the Restoration days was not representative of the whole public, but of a dissolute King and a debauched court. "Comedy represents a leisure class devoted to wine, woman, and song, and also to 'scowring,' duelling and adultery. Society, like the King, was selfish and sensual, and it delighted in its depravity. Its audiences desired a comedy that is restricted in subject to adultery and seduction and that is not merely plain spoken, but foul-mouthed." Moliere writing under Louis XIV found a decorous, if corrupt court, and his plays are free from indecency. Yet, English society had a great regard for standards and manners and this regard was imposed on the drama. The final word in style and manners was wit. Every one must be witty in the plays reflecting the life of this society.

In spite of Dr. Thorndike's dwelling on the indecency of the plays, one is led to believe that he enjoys the vigor and the wit. Wycherley's "Plain Dealer" though it depicts society as vile and loathsome, as a product of its age it is "astonishingly moral." Mirabell and Millamers in Congreve's "Way of the World" embody "all that the wits and coquettes who preceded them on the stage have to offer except they play no practical jokes and indulge in no stage deceptions on each other." "Why," Dr. Thorndike asks, "should every comedy within its three hours duration be required to exploit our moral sentiments and either bemoan the depravity or extol the goodness of mankind? Such was not Congreve's view of comedy or Charles Lamb's idea of an evening's enjoyment at the theatre." Does it do Dr. Thorndike an injustice to suspect that the view entertained by Congreve and Lamb is his own?

The chapters on "The Return of Sentiment," "Pantomime, Opera and Farce" (1730-1760), "The Revival of Comedy" (with Colman, Murphy, Goldsmith, Sheridan and others; "The School for Scandal" still delights any

lover of the theatre, and by general acclaim would probably be held the best comedy of manners in our language and the best play of any kind since Shakespeare"), "Sentimentality Triumphant" with dramatists, the majority of whose names even are unfamiliar to modern audiences, the illegitimate and melodrama engage Dr. Thorndike's attention, before he comes to "the Victorian Era," "W. S. Gilbert," and "The New Birth of Comedy" (represented by Jones, Pinero, Wilde, Shaw, Barrie, Synge). Some readers may regret that Dr. Thorndike dwelt at great length on dramatists of the past long ago forgotten and now seldom if ever read, and did not give more space to dramatists of the English school beginning with Boucicault and Robertson. There are pages about the two, but when it comes to men now writing for the theatre, some worthy of attention are not mentioned even by name. Robertson's realism now seems "shadowy"; "We find its sentiment and fun rather obvious, its soliloquies and asides artificial, and its glory and moral commonplace. But in many ways it is closer to our theatre of today than any comedy that we have examined."

"If Gilbert had died before 'Pinafore' was produced he would not deserve much attention in a history of English comedy. In his later plays, he yielded to those banes of the 19th century theatre—sentimentality and melodrama." More attention is paid by Dr. Thorndike to Gilbert's operettas than to his plays. "Without Sullivan's genius and compatibility, all his efforts must have been abortive." And of course the "decency and delicacy" of his librettos are duly commended.

Henry Arthur Jones's "The Liars" is his best play, a "veritable masterpiece of modern comedy." Pinero's "Gay Lord Quex" has over two pages of analysis to show his technical brilliance. Wilde worked toward a formula that has proved very successful; "provide enough virtue rising from distress to triumph to interest the sympathies of nine-tenths of your audience, and then mix it with enough cynical wit to amuse the more intelligent one-tenth."

It was not until the opening years of the 20th century that Barrie's dramatic writing took on full independence. Shaw "restored comedy to a place in the vanguard of the cohorts of literature. What ever posterity may think of his plays, they cannot be overlooked by the literary historian."

In his "Conclusion," Dr. Thorndike finds that hundreds of comedies reveal similarities: most new plays of today are built up from reminiscences of familiar scenes and persons. "The startling innovation usually turns out to be only a slight variation from the normal types, for even the most inventive writer must please his actors and audiences with something similar to that with which they are familiar. . . . The historical student finds a special pleasure in tracing the reflections of different periods, of all moments. Comedy must attend to the moment, to its customs, its fashions, its idiom; must not neglect the surface of things, the momentary interests, the quick mutations of society."

From its beginning to the present day English comedy has shown two tendencies: the one toward satire and realism; the other toward sentiment and fancy. Most plays show a mixture of the two.

Dr. Thorndike writes with gusto. He loves the playhouse, and is far from being a cool, critical analyst. He is not afraid of superlatives when he thinks they are deserved. Always readable, he can, when occasion demands, write in the eloquent or fanciful manner. Witness his delightful picture of the audience composed of characters in comedies from Doll Tearsheet to Little Buttercup, from Malvolio to Captain Hook, all eager to see a new play, not censorious, but asking chiefly for more humor.

## TREMONT THEATRE MUCH BEAUTIFIED

Will Reopen Monday Greatly Improved

When the Tremont Theatre reopens its doors Monday evening old patrons will rub their eyes in amazement, for the small army of artists and workmen who have been renovating the theatre during the last four months have entirely transformed the building.

The floors and stage were torn up and new floorings laid which allowed the changing of the seating plan, a desire long cherished by A. L. Erlanger since he took possession of the Tremont some years ago. The floor has been so graded that the more favored modern straight seating is allowed and all the seats provide a perfect view of the stage and are extremely comfortable.

The color scheme is old rose and silver and from the entrance vestibule through the grand staircase foyer there is only one note throughout, which has resulted in a symphonic continuity of color, with increasing richness of effect toward the proscenium arch. The box draperies, portieres and stage curtain are in a deep shade of rose velvet with embroideries in silver and deep silver fringe. In the centre of the stage curtain is a silvered armorial design and the upholstery of the seats is in two shades of rose color. The theatre has been wired for sound pictures with the latest improved apparatus.

Nick Lucas, "The Crooning Troubadour," a minstrel in modern dress, takes all the honors at Keith's this week, singing his way through a peaceful and most delightful interval on the program. Accompanying himself on his guitar, he lifts his way through one ballad after another, his tenor voice possessing that poignancy which is so well known because of his work on records. Lucas is not pretentious, neither in his personality nor his settings, but he needs little of this adornment to be the outstanding performer of the week.

Then there are Harry Anger and Mary Fair who offer just the opposite type of entertainment, fast, furious and highly ridiculous. Anger is a dialect comedian without any restraint whatsoever, while Miss Fair is an excellent foil for him.

Howard Smith and Betty Gallagher, assisted by Bradford Hutton, present "The Fakir," a five-scene offering with the theme being the husband-acquisitiveness of woman and the susceptibility of man. Smith himself is the street fakir, with the other two illustrating his remarks.

Johnny Hyman, who plays tricks with Webster, has an intelligent bit which requires mental alertness of the audience. Using a blackboard, he works out anagrams in which he brings into play the names of well-known personages. As further proof of his ability, he follows no routine written for him weeks in advance, but here in Boston he has adapted himself to local topics.

Carl McCullough sings fairly well and has a monologue which is found pleasing. Fanchon and Marco's dance revue, elaborate as are all these importations from the Pacific coast, reveals an excellent acrobatic dancer in Carita, a ballet artiste in Lucille Pace and two clever comedians and dancers in Castleton and Mack. Gaynor and Byron are accomplished and daring roller-skaters, while Frank Evers and Greta close the bill with a wire act. 1 A. S.



## KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE "Half-Marriage"

A screen comedy-drama, adapted by Jane Murnin from a story by George Ribbe Turner, directed by William J. Cowen, and presented by RKO Productions, Inc., with the following cast:

Judy Page	..... Olive Borden
Dick Carroll	..... Morgan Parley
Charles Turner	..... Ken Murray
Ann Turner	..... Ann Greenway
Tom Stribbling	..... Anderson Lawler
Sally	..... Sally Blane
Mrs. Page	..... Hedda Hopper
George Page	..... Richard Tucker

It is not quite fair to "Half-Marriage" to call it "jazz-drenched drama," as do the theatre posters. While not a story which will turn the world upside down, it has many elements essential to a serious dramatic narrative, its dialogue for the most part is crisp and apt, and the acting is uniformly competent. In fact, we cannot recall that Olive Borden ever has played any previous role so spontaneously and so happily. As Judy Page, spoiled and only daughter of a rich architect, Miss Borden can have about anything she wants. She maintains a studio in New York, where she supposedly pursues art, though love is her real object. She and young Carroll, a \$45-a-week draughtsman in the Page offices, engagingly portrayed by young Mr. Parley, are so desperately in love that they cross the state line one night, are secretly married, and return to Judy's studio to begin a honeymoon of which no one is cognizant, not even Judy's parents, who preferred Tom Stribbling, a rich waster, for a son-in-law. Stribbling, suspicious of various actions and words, bribes his way into the studio one night later, when Dick and Judy, following a violent quarrel, planned to meet and arrange for a divorce. Stribbling, a bit drunk and convinced that Judy is fair game, attempts to make love to her, chases her through a casement window to a ledge, high in the air, and is killed when, losing his balance, he plunges to the street below. Hectic scenes follow, with Dick trying to take the blame for the fatality, with Judy hysterically assuming the blame herself, and with Judy's incensed father reading the riot act to both after he has learned the truth. Only about Stribbling's death but about the "half-marriage." It all ends on a happy note, with the police detective's parting comment that "such things do happen."

There is some jazz. The opening scenes are devoted to it. There is one sequence about a party at which Ken Murray, the clown of the picture, essays to lead a jazz orchestra and to sing. Mr. Murray's other little trick is to start dancing with a companion, regardless of sex, and suddenly throw his victim roughly to the floor. We kept hoping that one of them would reverse the process, but trust Mr. Murray for that. Another annoying feature was the theme song, never less needed than in this picture. However, we prefer to think of "Half-Marriage" solely as it discloses Miss Borden's fine speaking

voice and her delightful acting. She carries the piece by personality, plus ability. W. E. G.

## MODERN-REACON THEATRES "New Orleans"

A screen comedy-drama, by Jack Natterford, with dialogue and titles by Frederic and Panny Halton, directed by Reginald Barker and presented Tiffany Stahl with the following cast:

Jim Morley	..... Ricardo Cortez
Billy Slade	..... William Collier, Jr.
Marie Cartier	..... Alma Bennett

This picture has several of the earmarks of an old picture made over. Its theme is a variant of that antique idea known as the eternal triangle—this time with a baby vampire playing both ends and the middle, so to speak, against two men who had been close friends for years. The cast is limited to these three, moving lethargically against a background of Mardi Gras days and nights in old New Orleans and the Crescent City race track. Miss Bennett obviously is the brunette seducer, Mr. Collier is an over-weight but famous jockey, and Mr. Cortez struggles with the role of jockey club cashier and pal of Billy Slade.

The young jockey discovers Marie when dancing partners unmask at the Carnival ball. He becomes infatuated, talks about Marie in his sleep, is so near to marrying her that we see him pacing the church aisle nervously as he awaits his bride and her escort, the hapless Morley. Marie, who meantime has tempted Morley so that he betrays his friend outrageously, had bedecked herself in her bridal finery. These two have a highly emotional scene in Marie's apartment. Later we see Marie donning her bridal attire for the second time. Then comes the jockey's disillusionment, his quarrel with Morley, the latter's marriage to Marie, his theft of the jockey club's funds to place on Billy Slade's mount, in order to appease Marie's demands for money, Billy's mad ride to victory though he is a sick youth, Marie keeps the winnings, Morley gets six months for his crime, and

then is sprung the prize finale of all pictures.

Billy and Jim, reunited at the expiration of the latter's sentence, repair to Jim's home in time to hear a crash of broken glass as one of Marie's clandestine lovers leaps through a window. When Jim orders her out she reminds him that she is his lawful wife and defies him. Here Mr. Collier, apparently a casual listener, made amends for those several reels of slow-movement, silent action punctuated by bits of dialogue, and for those too frequent close-ups of feverish osculation, of Marie's parted lips, even of her hand with the wedding band thereon. He said no word. He just utilized his right nether limb. Accurately pointed and vigorously planted, it sent the naughty Marie sprawling in the hallway. The two pals, with the bolted door between them and temptation, grinned happily at each other, and made such plans for the future as would include a girl for each of them. W. E. G.

Aug 27 1938

## PLYMOUTH THEATRE "Skidding"

A comedy in three acts, by Aurania Rouverol, produced by Hyman Adler and Marion Gering, Inc., at the Bijou Theatre, New York, May 21, 1928. Presented last evening at the Plymouth Theatre by Hyman Adler with the following cast:

Aunt Milly	..... Laura Pierpont
Andy	..... Edward Bender
Mrs. Hardy	..... Lonia Elliott
Judge James Hardy	..... Edward Mackay
Grandpa Hardy	..... Reginald Effe
Estelle Hardy Campbell	..... Lynn Eason
Marion Hardy	..... June Justice
Wayne Trenton, 8d	..... William MacFadden
Mr. Stubbins	..... Thomas V. Morrison
Mrs. Hardy Wilcox	..... Evelyn Adler

This rather typical American comedy is built around the problems which might temporarily disturb the peace and security of any average family. The scene is set in Idaho in the home of a judge who is rearing a family on \$4000 a year, and who is afraid that he may not win his next election. He is the intelligent, mild, dignified type, completely ruled by his uneducated, sentimental, practical and kindly wife. A maiden sister lives with them, about her only reason for being in the play is that in the last act she makes a strong argument for marriage, which is the subject under fire for most of the play. The son of the house is approximately 17, and most of the amusement of the first act is derived from him. A girl hater, he is seen on his way to his first party, and there are all the difficulties incidental to his costume to be overcome. Then one of his sisters returns from college to announce her engagement to a suitable young man, and a married one rushes home to get advice about her baby's cough. This is all the first act and it is very pleasant. Each member of the family has a character part, their lines sound very natural, and one is not particularly anxious to have the plot thicken or the complications begin.

But in the second act the college girl, Marion, insists on entering politics to aid her father's election, which her young man feels to be so unsuitable that their engagement is broken, and both the married daughters simultaneously leave their husbands, declaring marriage to be too difficult, although for opposite reasons. This turns the parlor of the Hardy house into a very unpleasant place. Andy, the son, remaining the only pacifying element. The third act is used for reconciliation purposes merely, no new situation enters into it, the girls return to their husbands, the unmarried one decides love is better than a career, and the father gets re-elected. The plot is so small account, but the dialogue is amusing, and there are several instances where a point which might be overlooked is brought out by clever acting.

Mr. Bender, as the son, Andy, is sufficient reason for seeing this play. He has an appealing personality with a sense of humor which embraces a sense of horseplay. He does that most difficult role of the half boy, half man with a judgment and feeling which has been considered to be the undisputed possession of Glen Hunter. Mr. MacRoy, the judge, is excellent. The other members of the cast are very competent. A large audience were enthusiastic and applauded the very wholesome and homely philosophy which saturated the play. J. D.

## BRATTLE HALL

### "Pygmalion and Galatea"

A play by W. S. Gilbert, directed by Mary Virginia Heinlein, with setting by Eliot Cary and costumes by Carleton Earle. The cast was as follows:

Mimos	..... Dan Engle
Agamemnon	..... Elton Duvoy
Pygmalion	..... Price Butler
Cynisca	..... Margaret Hathfield
Myrine	..... May Sarton
Leucippe	..... Bruce De Lette
Galatea	..... Katharine Warren
Daphne	..... Mary Trellis
Chryseis	..... Mildred Burgess

In the old Greek myth on which Mr.

Gilbert founded his play, Pygmalion was a sculptor, a single man, who made a figure of a woman so beautiful that he fell in love with it and besought Aphrodite to make it live. Thus Galatea came into being, and they were married. In the modernized version the hero has a wife, Cynisca, who is possessed of the power to call down blindness upon her husband, should he prove unfaithful. Pygmalion completes his statue, his wife posing as his model. She then leaves him for a while, telling him to talk to the statue, which he has named Galatea, as if it were she. As he soliloquizes, the statue calls him by name. Then it steps down from its pedestal and wonderingly inquires into the meaning of life. "Captivated by Galatea's beauty and love for her maker, Pygmalion succumbs to her affection and is discovered by Cynisca. He has a sister, Myrine, who is in love with a warrior, Leucippe. There are also Daphne and her husband, Chryseis, patrons of art, and adding an atmosphere of burlesque. Mimos and Agamemnon are servants. Each of these characters has a part in interpreting the mysteries of the world to Galatea. When the curse of blindness finally falls upon Pygmalion, it is Galatea who restores his sight and returns him to Cynisca, afterward stepping back on her pedestal and once more becoming the statue.

Miss Warren's interpretation of the marble maiden was very beautiful. She followed her course throughout the play with graceful restraint, seeming all the while to be partly the creature of stone and partly the warm-hearted being to whom anything unkind or unlovely was abhorrent. Mr. Butler was a vigorous Pygmalion, occasionally a trifle off key in his representation of a haughty, artistic ancient Greek, yet entertaining withal. That some of the others rather over-did their acting did not prevent the evening from being much worth while. Many of the older theatre goers will remember Charles Fletcher as Pygmalion in the play several years ago at the Selwyn Theatre, when it stood at the junction of Essex and Washington streets.

## TREMONT THEATRE

### "Hollywood Revue"

An all-talking, singing and dancing, and partly colored, screen revue, with music by Gus Edwards and others, lyrics by Joe Goodwin and others; dances and ensembles staged by Sammy Lee, dialogue by Al Boasberg and by Robert Hopkins' musical score and orchestra under direction of Arthur Laue; directed in its entirety by Charles S. Riesner, and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast: Marion Davies, John Gilbert, Conrad Nagel, Jack Benny, Norma Shearer, William Haines, Joan Crawford, Buster Keaton, Bessie Love, Charles King, Marie Dressler, Gus Edwards, Polly Moran, "Cokele Ike" (Cliff Edwards), Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, Anita Page, Karl Dane, George K. Arthur, Gwen Lee, Lionel Barrymore, K. Brox Sisters, Natcha Natcha, the Albertina Kachal Ballet, The Rounders, and a chorus of 200.

The shades of Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau, doughty showmen of decades past, peered down last evening on a strange sight. They saw a new Tremont Theatre, fresh from the decorators' brushes in old rose and silver; new chairs, new drapes and, most wonderful of all, a new and amazingly strange medium of entertainment. Instead of a stage peopled with the strutting players of their time they beheld a large white screen across which flitted the photographed figures of men and women mostly young and, to them, wholly unfamiliar save perhaps for two faces. These figures not only capered in the dance, they actually talked and sang. Now and then their costumes, mostly black and white, took on beautiful colors. Through it all came the sound of an invisible orchestra in overtures and accompaniments. What, cried the shades of Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau, could it all mean?

It meant one more step forward in the uncharted realms of audible cinematic entertainment, a daring, lavish, and deservedly successful effort to better all previous achievements. There is no story about a good little chorus girl and her back-stage adventures; just a bewildering series of songs, dances, tableaux, "black outs," and skits, with two masters of ceremonies, the Messrs. Benny and Nagel, to keep things moving. The impelling idea behind it all seems to be ingenuously expressed early in the revue by Charles King, who taunts Conrad Nagel on the apparent inability of "movie" actors to do the Broadway stuff. "You're all right in pictures, but when it comes to the song and dance business you need us stage folks," is the gist of his remarks. Upon which Nagel orders in a piano and proceeds to sing, "You Were Meant for Me," to Anita Page, seated on the piano bench. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer people, in brief, have undertaken to show the world that Hollywood has plenty of talent equal to the exactions of this new screen form of amusement. They previously had given hints of this in King Vidor's delightful satire on Hollywood, "Show People," and in their

first musical comedy "Broadway Melody." In "Hollywood Revue" they drive the fact home.

The whole performance moves with snap, precision; it is so brisk in movement, so teeming with surprises that one is left gasping. There are 18 numbers, divided into two parts. There are a round dozen musical numbers, all original, many bound to be immediately popular, as "Singing in the Rain," "Your Mother and Mine," "Gotta a Feelin' for You," "Orange Blossom Time" and "Low Down Rhythm." The various dances, by scores of chorus girls in complex evolutions on a series of steps, or by the stately Albertina Rasch girls in routine ballet numbers, reflect great credit on Sammy Lee, that ingenious stage dance director who has gone to

Hollywood. Some of the highlights of this gay performance are: Marion Davies, dancing neatly on top of a huge drum; Bessie Love, in an acrobatic dance; Marie Dressler, born burlesquer from the days of Bennett and Moulton, declaiming with rich comicality, "For I'm the Queen"; Buster Keaton, gauzily attired, in a droll Salome dance travesty; Norma Shearer and John Gilbert, in a radiantly colored setting, doing the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" verbatim, to be interrupted by Lionel Barrymore with orders from "higher up" to do it over in modern lovers' speech, an unctuous lampoon; the comedy numbers of the Messrs. Dressler, Love and Moran and the Messrs. King and Edwards—Gus and Cliff—culminating in a sextet song, "Strolling Thru the Park One Day," joyously reminiscent of the long-skirted nineties; "Orange Blossom Time," a fantasy in colors, enhanced by clever use of mirrors, as also is the "Singing in the Rain" number, with the ensemble, and Mr. King as soloist.

The camera has accomplished several remarkable things. It shows an atonic Marion Davies advancing toward the audience under the arched legs of gigantic grenadiers; it shows Bessie Love creeping from the vest pocket of Jack Benny, who deposits her tiny figure on the floor, whence she proceeds to grow up in stature and voice; it juggles positive and negative films so that black figures become white and vice versa in flashing changes, and introduce the second part it reveals, on a strip at the bottom of the screen, an orchestra pit, with the musicians entering, tuning up and finally starting the overture.

There will be carpers, perhaps, who will insist that the dances on the stairs run too long; that Florenz Ziegfeld or George White did this or that seasons ago. What of it? There was an ensemble dance in "Show Girl" which threatened never to end; and neither Ziegfeld's nor White's ideas have ever been applied before to the screen. Some may decry the slap-stick skit of the Messrs. Laurel and Hardy with a pig white and sticky cake into which one immerses his face. Yet, the custard pie and the siphon of soda have their honorable place in the legends of the "movies." They certainly deserve some recognition in any revue relating to Hollywood. W. E. G.

## LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

### "Our Modern Maidens"

A screen drama by Josephine Lovett, directed by Jack Conway and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Billie	..... Joan Crawford
Abbott	..... Rod La Rocque
Gil	..... Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Kentucky	..... Anita Page
Reg	..... Edward Everett
Blondie	..... Josephine Dunn
B. Bickering Brown	..... Albert Grau

The most palatable features of "Our Modern Maidens" are Oliver Marsh's very fine accomplishments with the camera, and John Crawford's high-strung portrayal of a rich man's daughter who tried to fool with dynamite and didn't know how. Otherwise Miss Lovett's lurid tale, or rather her sequel to "Our Dancing Daughters," is just one more of those jazz pictorials, in this case richly decorated. The settings indicate unlimited wealth, the flock of pretty girls scurry through the film in equally pretty gowns; at every point the eye is assailed by tokens of modern ideas of luxury. If the story was equal to the efforts expended in dressing and playing it, a more eulogistic verdict might well be warranted.

Miss Crawford, as "Billie" Brown, accepts an engagement ring from young Mr. Fairbanks, as Gil Jordan, on the

night of her departure from an expensive boarding school. The engagement is to be kept secret until Gil obtains a Paris post with the American legation. When Glenn Abbott boards her homeward-bound train, Billie, whose mind evidently is forever seething with schemes, forces her acquaintance on him. He is a powerful factor in Washington affairs of state, and she would use him, to aid Gil. That youth, meantime, has succumbed in a moment of romantic impulse to the kittenish allure-

And when that sent



ments of little "Kentucky" Stratford, Billie's closest girl friend. The consequences of that evening spent on the lake and in a wooded spot on its shore are brought to the fore just half an hour after Billie and Gil have been legally married. Billie, whose obvious treachery has sent the infatuated Abbott back to his retreat in the Argentinian, essays to solve the problem by telling her father that she is not worthy of Gil. To prove it she goes to Paris, gets a divorce, and, with awakened love in her heart, waits for Abbott. Of course he comes, and of course Gil and "Kentucky" legalize their folly.

Aside from Miss Crawford's sensitive and volatile performance, the piece is noteworthy for Mr. Fairbanks's imitations of John Barrymore, of Fairbanks, senior, and a third, who might have been Conrad Veidt, or Lon Chaney. We leave the third guess open. Miss Page is a dainty bit of fluff until she becomes emotional, and then one simply has to laugh at her. Miss Dunn, as the spiteful scandal-monger, looked the part. Mr. La Rocque had his best moment in the scene in his lodge when he abruptly decides that he doesn't want Billie after all. As a matter of fact, they wanted each other and didn't know how to bring it about, although the audience knew, 10 minutes after the picture started, just how it would turn out.

W. E. G.

### FENWAY "The Man and the Moment"

A screen farce-comedy, adapted from a story by Ellnor Glyn, directed by George Fitzmaurice, and presented as a First National Vitaphone picture with the following cast:

Joan Winslow ..... Billie Dove  
Michael Towne ..... Rod La Rocque  
Viola ..... Gwen Lee  
Skippy ..... Robert Schable  
Joan's guardian ..... Charles Sellon  
Butler ..... George Bunny

Now we know what those happy mortals known as Hollywood artists do with their spare time and cash. They dash about in costly speedboats in mad, reckless pursuit of a huge ball in the water, at which a bathing girl poised on the bow of each boat jabs with a long javelin; they occupy palatial residences, with carefully groomed lawns and pompous butlers; they maintain a string of high-powered motor cars, from dignified broughams to saucy roadsters; they even own big yachts on which they entertain an entire colony of hard-drinking cigarette devotees of both sexes, shockingly comfortable in silk pajamas or less; they hold parties at which human mermaids entertain with sinuous gyrations in a huge tank built in as one of the walls, two of the walls in fact, of the ornate ballroom; they are up to anything devilish and anything calculated to create a new sensual thrill. All this seems true, if one is to believe Mme. Glyn, that unique British product who years ago wrote "Three Weeks" and has

been trying ever since, in vain, to repeat.

Pictorially, "The Man and the Moment" has many novel scenes, on the water, in the air; it has its moments of excitement and audacity; but in the main it is an insipid affair, with a story so improbable and so inchoate as to be ridiculous. Handicapped by their own impotencies and by the nature of the dialogue which alternates with silent sequences, the players make a sorry showing despite their frantic endeavor to give a semblance of verity to characters and situations. Miss Dove and Mr. La Rocque, for instance, recite their lines like school children on declamation day. Miss Dove did much better in "Careers", but then, she had a part of sorts.

In this Glyn fantasy she is an hysterical young woman, opposed by a crusty guardian, obsessed with a desire for flying, and apparently unable to tell when she is in love, or even to know what love is. To escape her guardian and secondarily, to accommodate Michael in his efforts to free himself from mercenary Viola, she goes through a marriage ceremony with Michael on his yacht. It is to be merely a form, they agree, yet Michael promptly woos her, even persuades her to remain that night on the yacht. The next morning she is gone, and the rest of the picture depicts Michael's grom pursuit, his many rebuffs, his final conquest. Why Joan quit in the first place is not made clear; nor are her subsequent actions those of any normal girl. What does it matter? "The Man and the Moment" is not to be taken seriously, save as an example of admirable pictorial art. In no other department does it reflect much credit on any one concerned in its making. W. E. G.

### MODERN-BEACON

#### "Midstream"

A screen drama by Frances Guiban, based on a theme from the opera "Faust"; photography by Jackson Rose; directed by James Flood and presented by Tiffany-Stahl as a talking-singing picture with the following cast:

James Stanwood ..... Ricardo Cortez  
Helene Craig ..... Claire Windsor  
Dr. Nelson ..... Montagu Love  
Martin Baker ..... Larry Kent  
Mary Mason ..... Helen Jerome Eddy

"FAUST" SINGERS  
Mephistopheles ..... Leslie Brigham  
Faust ..... Louis Alvarez  
Marguerite ..... Genevieve Schrad  
Marthe ..... Florence Foster

It is the "Faust" theme, modernized that we see and hear in "Midstream." A fantastic conception, strikingly plotted and efficiently directed, which steps well out of the beaten path of the conventional screen drama. There is just enough of the eerie and unreal in the story to give us a succession of pleasant little spinal thrills as it unfolds. Incidentally, several scenes from the famous opera are beautifully sung, acted and presented.

The tale is that of rich old Jim Stanwood, Wall street financier, almost in his dotage, who, when he looks upon Helene Crabb, his beautiful next door neighbor, yearns for his vanished youth, for love and romance. At the suggestion of Dr. Nelson, his physician, he goes to Berlin where, by some magical means, a specialist in human regeneration transforms the aged gentleman into a handsome and dashing young chap, who is introduced as his "nephew" and proceeds to cut a wide swathe in the world.

He fascinates the girl and gets her away from her rather commonplace lover, and the wedding date is set when the pair happen to attend an operatic performance where they see the original Faust, aided by Mephistopheles, lay siege to and capture the heart of Marguerite. Helene's naive comments and

the effect of the spectacle arouse what is left of Stanwood's conscience, with the result that he collapses in the box, whereupon old age descends upon him as a garment. The status quo of the opening scene is restored. Helene goes back to her rightful man and the disillusioned magnate finds consolation in the care and affection of his loyal secretary.

Mr. Cortez is a handsome young dog as "Jim," although his "old man" pictures were hardly convincing. He has a passion for "stills"—profiles preferred—and more fire in his acting would not have hurt. Miss Windsor, as Helene, is a splendid creature, gorgeously appraised, fit as far as looks are concerned, to stir the flagging passions, in the most venerable masculine breast. But she, too, is addicted to statuesque posings. We would like to see her ruffle her hair just once. Montagu Love makes a benevolent up-to-date counterpart of Mephistopheles, and Helen Eddy catches the hearts of the impressionable with her impersonation of the plain but faithful secretary. Brigham, Alvarez and Schrader in the operatic scenes sing with magnificent power. That part of the production is realistically done and is a great treat to music lovers. The very brief talking sequence, however, is a disappointment; Miss Windsor's voice is heard to very poor advantage indeed.—J. E. P.

### B. F. KEITH'S

Eva Puck and Sammy White, late of vaudeville and more recently members of the cast of "Show Boat," return to variety once more to top off a B. F. Keith's program which is generously sprinkled with recent satellites of musical comedy. These others are William Gaxton of "Connecticut Yankee" fame, Ross Himes and Peggy Chamberlin of "Ziegfeld Follies" and Allen Rogers of "Rose Marie." In addition, there are Judson Cole and Natacha Nattova, the former a suave manipulator of black magic and crowd psychology, and the other having quite a sensational dance act.

Puck and White are delightfully ridiculous, interspersing their comic singing and dialogue with equally comic and difficult eccentric dancing. They have a manner all their own and the result is worthy of their efforts.

Gaxton, who is assisted by George Haggerty in a skit entitled "Partners," is a typification of breath-taking, semi-hysterical high-pressure salesmanship and promotion. In business with only a half-dollar—which belongs to the office boy—his energy and sharp-thinking get him into difficulties from which he finally emerges with flying colors.

Rogers, a tenor of pleasing voice and appearance, offers popular and classical selections and apparently cannot stay on the stage too long for the audience, which demands many encores. The spontaneity of one of his encores is somewhat questionable, but he strikes a responsive chord and acquits himself well.

Himes and Chamberlain have a dance act in which the dancing is not taken too seriously. Both are capable and have managed to bring some novelty into their steps, thus producing pleasing entertainment. Their reverse version of the Apache dance is alone enough for as short an interval on the stage as vaudeville permits.

Nattova, on the other hand, brings the classic interpretation on the stage, aided by three equally-talented masculine partners. In their dances, the highly-acrobatic is combined with the highly-graceful, especially in the finale, "Machnisme," an offering decidedly new to Boston theatre-goers.

Sid Marion and his young lady engage in some patter and song, while Boyd and Wallin open the bill with some extremely iron-jaw and slack-wire feats. The news reel and animated cartoon complete the program.

I. A. S.

### PLAYGOERS' THEATRE GUILD

#### "The Importance of Being Earnest"

A society play in three acts, by Oscar Wilde, with the following cast: Price Butler, Alcegon Moncreiff, Bruce De Lette, John Worthing, Maynard Burgess, Gwendolen Fairfax, Katherine Warren, Lady Bracknell, Hilda Helstrom, Miss Prism, Mary Virginia Heinlein, Cecily Cardew, Christine Putnam.

The chief end and aim of presenting a Wilde comedy is to see that the satirical epigrams which pepper it so thickly "get across." The Cambridge players made a gallant attempt at so doing and achieved a considerable measure of success. By the end of the week, when they all have their parts letter perfect and are able to rattle off the Wilde "wise cracks" with sure-fire confidence, they will be 50 per cent. better. The prompter had rather too much to do last night and that is anathema.

As a play "The Importance of Being Earnest" is pretty awful. It descends to depths of inanity that are incon-

ceivable. However, it is the clever talk that we want to hear and not the spectacle of the unfortunate Algernon left standing alone in a corner for 20 minutes at a stretch without a word or a gesture to bless himself with.

Miss Warren—marvellously appraised—made a captivating Gwendolen and read just the right amount of emphasis into her lines to bring out their full effect. Mr. Butler lacks a little, as far as looks go, of the cynical Algernon of the play, but with Mr. De Lette as a competent foil, kept the audience convulsed with the clever sayings that are put into his mouth. Miss Heinlein and Mr. Burgess, in subordinate roles, both treated us to capital bits of character work. J. E. P.

Aug 6 1929

### PLAYGOERS' THEATRE

#### "Wife"

A drama in three acts and four scenes by Margaret Hatfield, produced for the first time on any stage by the Playgoers' Theatre Guild at Brattle Hall, Cambridge, last night under the direction of Mary Virginia Heinlein, with the following cast:

Roddy Coleman ..... Price Butler  
Nancy Coleman ..... Margaret Hatfield  
Rhoda Elliot ..... Katharine Warren  
Dexter Coleman ..... Maynard Burgess  
Beulah Coleman ..... Irene Bevaus  
Steven Coleman ..... Lawrence Vivian  
Miss Wilder ..... Hilda Helstrom  
Gavitt Lloyd ..... Bruce De Lette  
Nanna ..... Hilda Helstrom  
Lorna Coleman ..... Jean Budding  
Gasman ..... Edson Page

"Wife" is a drama of domesticity and is safely grounded in the fundamentals, i. e., there is a triangle. In fact, there is more than one triangle, and the interested playgoer is permitted to select any one of the three or four as his own. But the very multiplicity of angles adds to the interest, and certainly none of the persons present last night could fall to discern the big triangle, viz., Roddy, Nancy and Rhoda.

Miss Hatfield, as the playwright, worked along conventional lines. Miss Hatfield, as the harassed wife fighting for life in the sea of matrimony, gave a feeling and depth to her lines that transcended the other performers. Price Butler and Miss Katharine Warren, as the husband and his unwanted lover, gave excellent portrayals.

"Wife" is the tale of a husband engrossed in his own labors, which are expected to bring him fame and money, drawing upon the resources and ability of his wife until he can reach the heights. Unfortunately for Roddy Coleman, the situation was complicated by two facts: his wife happened to be an artist of even greater rank in her own profession, and Rhoda Elliot loves him.

In addition, Mother and Father Coleman drop in every once in a while, and mother leaves the place upset when they leave. The audience last night was treated to an extraordinarily natural performance by young Lawrence Vivian, who played Steven Coleman, 9-year-old boy of the couple. Things in the Coleman home become worse, with Nancy building furnace fires that her husband-playwright may have time to write. Then Gavitt Lloyd steps in, remembers her, instills ambition into her and she takes her rightful place among pianists. Roddy begs forgiveness. Rhoda exits vowing undying love. W. J. G.

Aug 30 1929

### METROPOLITAN THEATRE

#### "The Lady Lies"

A screen play, adapted by Garrett Fort and John Meehan from the latter's stage play of the same title, directed by Harry Henley, and presented by Paramount as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

Robert Rossier ..... Walter Huston  
Joyce Roamer ..... Claudette Colbert  
Charles Tyler ..... Charles Russell  
Josephine Rossier ..... Patricia Devine  
Bob Rossier Jr. .... Tom Brown  
Hilda Pearson ..... Betty Garde  
Ann Gardner ..... Jean Dixon  
Henry Tuttle ..... Duncan Pennington  
Amelia Tuttle ..... Virginia True Boardman  
Bernice Tuttle ..... Verna Dean

After seeing and listening to "The Lady Lies," you will want to do it all over again. That's how good this sparkling little romance-drama is, thanks to Mr. Meehan's delightful dialogue and to the acting of each and every player concerned. While Mr. Meehan has removed one of the three precocious youngsters from his screen narrative it still is the original presentation of a problem affecting a parent who has been a widower for seven years when the action opens; his two children, an upstanding "prep" school lad and a little girl with old ideas—and a young woman with whom the widower has passed four years of "clean companionship," but not in his own home. There is a dividing line in his code which forbids that.

The father loves his children, they love him. The three have agreed to



speaking the same language, to be frank and fearless—comment and argument. Uncle Henry Tuttle of Salem sets a domestic blaze when he brings his straight-laced brood of a family on a visit and scolds Rossiter for his immoral actions. The children fan the blaze when they learn what their father has been doing. With a lie they summon Joyce Roamer to their home, in their father's absence, and undertake to show her why she is an unfit associate for their father. Little Josephine even urges Joyce to go back to the underworld whence she came. That is unjust, since Joyce is a creature of fine instincts, unselfish thoughts and motives. However, the blaze spreads and threatens to destroy four lives. How it is subdued, how the children are taught their lesson, how Joyce and Rossiter finally reach a happier understanding and a less tenuous relationship makes the rest of the play.

In the play Tyler was a minor character. In the screen version Mr. Ruggles invests him with a delicious humor. He makes Tyler a rich tippler, with pronounced views as to the relative merits

and virtues of blondes and brunettes. His amiably broad views of companionate relations with a woman are shared by his present consort, Hilda Pearson. The dialogue given Mr. Ruggles is constantly amusing. His characterization throughout is perfect. Mr. Huston plays the cider Rossiter with a fine reserve, Miss Colbert as the sacrificial Joyce gives a portrayal as true as any of its kind on the stage. The two juveniles are absolutely amazing in their combined naturalness and their accurate conception of screen technique. In fact, all the players were admirable, always well within their characters. The settings are decorative and in good taste. "The Lady Lies" is one of the rarer gems of the audible screen. See it, and you will tell us we are right.

W. E. G.

#### COPLY THEATRE REOPENING

A staff of workmen is applying the finishing touches in the painting of the Copley Theatre, preparatory to its opening for the new season tomorrow night, with the first performance on any American stage of Dion Titheradge's melodrama, "The Crooked Billet." E. E. Clive, actor-manager-producer at this playhouse, has been directing the production and will have a role in it. Among the newcomers who will be presented tomorrow night on the stage will be H. Charles, Crocker-King, recognized as one of the most potent personalities on the English speaking stage; Murray Kinnell, for several years with George Arliss, Marshall Vincent, Arthur Stenning and Lorna Lawrence. There remains such popular favorites as E. E. Clive, Elspeth Dudgeon, Richard Whorf, Ian Emery, Gerald Rogers, and Herbert Belmore.

#### UPTOWN-OLYMPIA THEATRES

##### "The Dance of Life"

A screen drama based on the stage play, "Burlesque," by George Mather Watters and Arthur Hopkins. Created by John Cromwell and A. Edward Sutherland and presented by a company with the following cast:

As Robert E. Sherwood, our idea of a motion picture critic, rightly says, "This is another picture that must be seen." It is two years since "Burlesque" leaped overnight into Broadway fame. Since then, and especially since the advent of talking pictures, its general theme has been utilized in many a screen product in varying degrees of success. Despite these imitations, "Burlesque" or as we may call it henceforth, "The Dance of Life," remains the one human, compassionate, authentic document on the everyday lives of that uncultured but honest army of troupers known as burlesquers. Thanks to the Messrs. Cromwell and Sutherland, who collaborated so happily on "Close Harmony," and to Mr. Watters, who wrote all of the original play before Arthur Hopkins substituted a better second act, "The Dance of Life" reaches the screen with no signs of studio mutilation so frequently observed in such transfers. Such changes as have been made, by Mr. Watters himself, actually improve the story for screen purposes.

In the play, the action starts with a scene in the dressing room beneath the stage of a cheap burlesque theatre in the middle West. Bonny and "Skid" are married. In the picture they become acquainted in the waiting room of a railroad station, after Bonny has applied for a job with a third-rate outfit and has been rejected, and after "Skid" has been fired from the same company for "sassing" the manager. That scene alone indicates the characteristics of the

two whose lives are to be so entangled. "Skid" accepts Bonny's lone sandwich, allows her to pay for the telegram which they hope will bring them a joint engagement, sleeps selfishly in his warm overcoat while little Bonny curls up and shivers because of inadequate covering. After that the story runs practically as first written.

Mr. Skelly is still the irresponsible, thoughtlessly cruel, yet likeable low comedian, "Skid" Johnson, capable of amusing Pollics audience, so weak that he permits liquor to ruin every chance he gets. He scores his serious effects by simple methods; as the untutored hooper of flippant retort and care-free vision he is without fault. He is a nimble dancer. Even in song he can be impressive, as evidence his delivery of "True Blue Lou." His screen task merely was to adapt himself to its peculiar exactions. Miss Carroll's was the more difficult assignment, to portray a young woman to whom, despite her morally loose surroundings, love comes only once; who mothers "Skid," plans for him, rides him mercilessly, battles for him when others condemn him. She

well may be proud of her part in this picture.

Two other characters, Howell and Lefty, are played by the original actors, splendidly. May Boley, become stout since her departure from musical comedy, makes Gussie a typical burlesque queen, frank of speech, kindly withal, and loyal. The others are uniformly good. There is one pretentious scene in Technicolor, depicting a Ziegfeldian "Pollics" excerpt; but to our mind the truest scene was that of the dress rehearsal of Lefty's new burlesque show.

W. E. G.

#### COPLY THEATRE

##### "The Crooked Billet"

A melodrama in three acts, by Dion Titheradge, produced at the Copley Theatre, London, Oct. 11, 1927, with Leon Quartermain as Guy Merrow, Maura Sutherland as Joan Easton, Leonard Tipton as Philip Easton; performed last evening for the first time in America at the Copley Theatre under direction of E. E. Clive, with the following cast:

Richard Whorf ..... Sir William Easton  
Arthur Pennine ..... Guy Merrow  
Marshall Vincent ..... Philip Easton  
Gerald Rogers ..... The Doctor  
Elspeth Dudgeon ..... Joan Easton  
E. E. Clive ..... The Doctor  
Lorna Lawrence ..... Joan Easton  
Murray Kinnell ..... The Doctor  
Charles H. Crocker-King ..... The Doctor  
Herbert Belmore ..... Inspector Hitching

Like the good-natured physician who feeds his malingering patients the kind of pills they like, Mr. Clive gives his followers the sort of plays they seem to prefer. "The Crooked Billet," his latest British importation with which he opens the new season at the Copley Theatre, is another orthodox thriller, drenched in mystery. The action, continuous, takes place in the parlor of "The Crooked Billet," an inn in a village in Kent, England. Here, at the outset, Mr. Clive evinces again his predilection for one-set plays. Once in place, they stand for the run of the piece. A stage hands' paradise!

Sir William Easton, formerly head of the secret service, after acquiring documents which would send Dietrich Heppburn to the gallows, has disappeared. Guy Merrow, a "Bulldog" Drummond type, who had worked under Sir William during the war, decides to find him. His path leads to the sinister doorway, the shadowy parlor of the inn. Its very name is ominous. Even Mrs. Wimple, the angular and acidulous landlady, has a furtive air which hints at evil knowledge. Guy finds that an unnamed "doctor" has secluded himself on the upper floor. Cautiously Guy taps walls, scrutinizes doors, keeps his head up. So doing, he sees blood dripping from the ceiling. The anonymous message which sent Guy to the inn was bonafide. Sir Williams must be upstairs, a prisoner.

These are mere signs. Now comes action, abrupt, violent, yet never fatal. Joan, Sir William's fair daughter, is captured. Her brother Philip, shoulder to shoulder with Guy, enlists in the cause, knocks out several plug-uglies with his good left fist, only to be captured and thrust into the same room where sits his father. Philip is strapped to a chair. The "doctor" and now you know who he is, stands between them.

"The papers, where are they?" Sir William glowers but is silent. Palzer's Swedish knife caresses Philip's throat; still silence. A thin red line streaks under Philip's chin; how now, Sir William! It does not end here. Heroism and villainy clash and victory wavers over each repeatedly. Locked doors, drugged sherry, ready pistols, black jacks, infernal machines whose ticking reminds one of Hook's crocodile or Jim Hawkins' perturbation of mind as he and his brave mother awaited the pirates. An ingenious series of situations, a fairly original ending; and from start to finish thrills enough to gorge the most insatiable appetite for such meaty fare. We hesitate to applaud and thus encourage villainy; yet must we let

# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

One might easily suppose that a cyclopedia of chamber music would not be of general interest. If some regard this music as the highest form of art, others miss the coloring and the dynamic power of the orchestra and find that string quartets and other forms are only for the "intellectuals—the highbrows." Edward MacDowell once told us that chamber music was to him cold veal.

Even that vague person, the general reader, would find much entertainment reading the first volume—the only one as yet published—of "Cobbett's Cyclopedic Survey of Chamber Music," compiled and edited by Walter Wilson Cobbett and published by the Oxford University Press. It is a stately volume—"A" (with reference to pitch)—"H" ("Huybrechts") of 585 large octavo pages, double column. There are many illustrations in musical notation. There is a preface by Sir William Henry Hadow, who is described by the editor as "a deep philosophical thinker."

Mr. Cobbett, an Englishman, born in 1847, was sent to France and Germany by his father, a man of literary and musical taste. It does not appear that the young man studied music in these countries, but he associated with persons who taught him to respect and love the art. Returning to England, he little by little grew enthusiastic over chamber compositions and took part as a violinist or viola player in amateur performances. When he was sixty he was able to retire from business and devote himself wholly to cultivation of the art. He has told the story of his "chamber music life" in a delightfully simple manner, so that any reader would wish that the article, long as it is, with digressions on ethics, individuality, eclecticism, sight reading, friendship, instruments, nervousness, competitions, were still longer. And he writes with a refreshing modesty when one realizes the substantial interest he has shown in this form of music by establishing competitions, free libraries; by supplying lecturers, awarding prizes at the Royal College of Music. While he has given the contributors to this cyclopedia full liberty in the expression of opinion, he has thought it best to supplement their articles with notes giving his own views. These notes are delightful reading, showing as they do his catholicity, independence and modesty of conviction. The list of contributors is a long one, including prominent English, French, German, Italian, Russian critics and composers, while the United States is represented by Arthur Shepherd, Olin Downes, and, best of all, by Carl Engel, whose sketches, short as they are, are conspicuous for their critical acumen. The longest articles of a critical nature are by Vincent d'Indy (Beethoven and Franck), D. F. Tovey (Brahms and Haydn), Edwin Evans (Bach and Bridge—in this case surprisingly long). Ernest Walker writes about Bach; his Handel article is inadequate. Mr. Evans considers the case of Debussy, also of Bartok; M. G. de St. Foix does justice to the neglected Cherubini, Florent Schmitt treats Gabriel Faure sympathetically. An article that will excite attention and controversy is Mr. Evans's long discussion of atonality and polytonality, copiously illustrated by examples from ancient, modern and ultra-modern composers. Mr. Calvocoressi writes enthusiastically of Borodin's quartets and has much to say about Glazounov.

In a work of so great dimensions there are necessarily omissions and no doubt, some inaccurate statements. As Mr. Cobbett says, "We of the staff are human, contributors are human, and the authors of one or two of the older books of reference—less than human." He will be grateful for notes of correction and supplementary sketches. One might wish that dates of birth and death were always given when possible. There is no mention of Arthur Bird, an American who lived many years in Germany; whose chamber music won recognition there as in the United States, though Bird's friend W. H. Dayas is not forgotten by the editor. One might question the disposition of space; ask why this composer should have so much and that one so little. One might also wish that there was a little more biographical information about the contemporary composers; with whom and where they studied; the dates of first performances of the more important works would be valued. (M. d'Indy is careful to give dates.)

There will naturally be differences of opinion concerning the justice of the views expressed by the contributors. Some will question the value of such elaborate analyses as those of Haydn's quartets—over 30 pages are given to Haydn—and Professor Tovey takes his task with professional seriousness.

After all Mr. Cobbett is the hero of this truly monumental work. He makes this comment on Mr. Evans's study of atonality and polytonality: "I would border upon presumption for any amateur to pronounce, as yet, a definite opinion upon the ultimate value of the works known as atonal, constitute practically a new art. Speaking of myself, after adventures of soul spreading over a lifetime, amongst the masterpieces of chamber music I have to confess that I have experienced defeat when confronted with a work which apparently sets consonance and normal rhythmic feeling to defiance."

What a pleasure it is to find Mr. Cobbett saying of Bach's Chaconne "As long as the interpreter is a violinist of distinction, it is a welcome feature, but under any other circumstances, somewhat of an infliction to 'wear critics' . . . public performance of a work so exacting should be reserved for days of ripe achievement."

Mr. Cobbett, interested in everything that pertains to music and the concert hall, discussed the question whether applause should be deferred till the final measure of a sonata or quartet is reached—a recent innovation in London. He admits that the contemplative mood of a listener may be disturbed by applause, but silence has a chilling effect on performer and listener. "It is an unnatural inhibition against a natural and generous impulse, and it encourages the racial reserve with which British audiences are only too plentifully endowed. Furthermore, the movements of a sonata are not seldom of unequal merit, and I am one of many who hope that the public will reassert its right to applaud after each one, and even to re-demand favorite number when deeply moved. Incidentally, Pablo Casals shares this opinion."

Then there are the delightfully personal articles by Mr. Cobbett, as "The Chamber Music Life." He glories in the fact that his taste is eclectic, but it is a heavy task for him to understand some contemporaneous music. Shoenberg's for example. "Some of the moderns are guilty of writing passages for strings that are only suited to piano, wind, or orchestra, not even always to these, whereas the older masters almost invariably wrote music



which lies within the tracks of the fingers. Modern composers seem to forget that professional players are not all virtuosos, and as to amateurs, they will never take to their hearts music that is alien to the genius of their instrument." Otto Siegl has declared that it is the duty of players "to go with the new." Mr. Cobbett agrees, but adds a rider prompted by his own experience: "The study of contemporary chamber music has had with me an unexpected sequel. It has in some mysterious way greatly quickened my capacity for appreciation of the old. . . . It is due to the chamber music life that I have held the consciousness of age so far at arms length; and I am able to say that, if I finish tomorrow, life will have retained its savor to the end." And so he says, with Richard Walthew, that chamber music is the music of friends. "It is also a promoter of friendship, and on that score alone is worthy of consideration by those who are concerned with mapping out a scheme of life for young people in whom they discern musical proclivities. My best hope for this book is that it may fall into the hands of youthful students and prove suggestive."

"This book," even in the first volume covers a wide field from "Acoustics" to "Humor in Chamber Music." In the latter gossiping article the editor describes Mr. Robert H. Schaffer, whose books are published by a Boston firm, as the Artemus Ward of Chamber Music. In the former Mr. Betti of the Florenz Quartet tells of the inconvenience caused by changes of climate passing through the United States with the consequent disastrous effect on the strings.

There are valuable articles on chamber music in Belgium, France, Czechoslovakia, Germany, England, the United States, with lists of chamber clubs. Mr. A. L. Goldberg gives a long list of American performing organizations, but omits the Burgin String Quartet of Boston and a few other chamber clubs. There are articles on broadcasting and on gramophone chamber music; the clarinet in chamber music, but there's no mention of the pieces by Debussy for clarinet and piano and saxophone and piano. Nor of Stravinski's songs with clarinet. "Color in Chamber Music" is by Mr. Calvoceossi who admits that of all the elements of music color is the most difficult to isolate for purposes of discussion. "To define tone color, one must start by eliminating all irrelevant metaphors that occur in current talk. Color is not character. Often when one speaks of the color of a melody, its character is meant. Melody (that is, a single line) apart from timbre, can only possess color so far as it contains contrasts of keys or forcibly suggests definite harmonies."

It was to be expected that the subject, "Consorts of Viols" should be treated by Arnold Dolmetsch; also to be expected that he would treat it in his characteristically cocky manner; that he would begin by saying: "During the period 1550-1660 there flourished in England a kind of chamber music which has not been surpassed"; that the English excel all others in viol making as in viol music. For the performance of Bach's music the violone should be revived, or at least that double basses with thin strings and frets should be used, for the music demands the same clearness in bass and in upper parts. We are told that Servais, the Belgian virtuoso, rendered the peg for the violoncello fashionable because he was too fat to hold the instrument comfortably between his knees. Mr. Dolmetsch thinks that the peg has few advantages and many inconveniences.

Some men are mentioned who never wrote chamber music but suggested it to others or encouraged performances.

The contributions to this remarkable cyclopedia are generally admirable, but the one that stands out boldly is Vincent d'Indy's long, scholarly, discriminating, and eloquent study of Beethoven's work in the field of chamber

other musical numbers which we suspect were dug out of Mr. Stamper's "rejected with thanks" trunk, or composed on top of it during rehearsals. To make the situation a little bit more discouraging, the recording apparatus wheezes and puffs like a run-down phonograph of antique type. "Words and Music"! Anyway, it's a good title. W. E. G.

#### MODERN-BEACON THEATRES

##### "The Melody Man"

A screen play, adapted by J. G. Hawkes from a story, "The Understander," by Jo Swirling; directed by Robert F. Hill and presented by Universal as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

Des Dupree ..... Eddie Leonard  
Dolores Dupree ..... Josephine Dunn

Danny Kay ..... George Stone  
Juan Rinaldi ..... Huntly Gordon  
Constance Dupree ..... Jane La Verne  
Rose Coe

The "talkies" came about 20 years too late for Eddie Leonard. They caught him on the wrong side of an exceptionally honorable career in that now obsolete form of blackface entertainment known as minstrelsy. His voice, thrown ingratulatingly across the footlights for more years than we can recall, lacks that vibrancy essential now to the audible screen. His feet are still wondrously nimble, he can do some of the old routine still with the best of the newcomers, especially the soft shoe dances; but more than nimble feet are essential to success in this new diversionary vogue.

We do not say that Mr. Leonard appears to worse advantage than Mr. Jessel in "Lucky Boy," or Mr. Downing in "The Rainbow Man." He couldn't. But of the three vehicles we have no hesitancy in asserting that "The Melody Man" takes first prize for hackneyed story, stupid dialogue and unimaginative direction. For such faults Mr. Leonard cannot be censured. We concede that with more helpful material he might have shaken off the stigma of mediocrity which now brands him in this Swirling-Hawkes collaboration in dulness. As it is, one cannot deny that he does his level best with the dull role of Des Dupree of the hopeless three-a-day, that he acts with sincerity as the lonely father whose life is wrapped up in his precocious little daughter, Connie, stolen from him by the wife who sought a higher place in the theatrical sun. In the end, after reels of anguish, mimed and expressed, the parents are reunited.

Mr. Leonard sings several songs, old and new, none of any great melodic distinction. Next to the star's simplicity should be ranked that of the two little juveniles who doubled in the role of Connie. Come to think of it, Miss Dunn belongs in the group too; her methods, so far disclosed, have never seemed to be more than simple. W. E. G.

#### B. F. KEITH'S

Vaudeville ends its tenure at B. F. Keith's this week in a gale of laughter. The new playhouse has had its vicissitudes, first vaudeville and movies failing to lure the customers, and then high grade vaudeville likewise missing in its primary function of paying its way. Hence this week is the last of vaudeville, for next week the theatre becomes movie-minded.

Those who provide the source of the laughter are William and Joe Mandel, heroes of many campaigns in an acrobatic offering. For years they have been a comparatively "dumb" act, with pantomime their stock in trade. Now they become part-talk and gain considerable lustre thereby, the chief proponent being brother Joe. In their regular routine they are funny enough, but they are hilarious in an after-piece entitled "The Wager."

Billy Glason, who sings and orates, his monologue being written by Neal O'Hara of the Travler, has the same sure-fire results which greet his every visit to Boston, while Florrie LeVere, assisted by Harry Denny and Edythe Handman, has a pleasing act of song and dance.

An unusual offering is presented by the Lec Sisters and their dancing troupe. The settings are effective, the dancers are capable and out of the ordinary, but through weaknesses in planning the routine of the piece, the act does not quite "click." Kin Talka and his two daughters exhibit Japanese magic in a "Trip to Tokio," while Owen McGivney returns with his one-man enactment of Dickens's "Oliver Twist," in which he portrays all the characters and, furthermore, shows the audience how he makes his quick changes.

Harry Bentell and Helen Gould start as good xylophonists and turn out to be very capable dancers. The news reel and animated cartoon complete the program. I. A. S.

#### WHARF THEATRE WILL END SEASON THIS WEEK

[Special Dispatch to The Herald]  
PROVINCETOWN, Sept. 1.—The closing week of the Wharf Theatre's season here begins tomorrow with the production, "Rhapsody in Rhythm."

Twenty-five persons are in the cast including several pupils of the Wharf Theatre school of acting. Gretchen Eastman and Adolphe Elsenbourg collaborated in the play's authorship. Elmer Hall took charge of the lighting and settings. H. Don Beker, a writer of the local colony, provided the incidental sketches, and the costumes were designed by Ellen Ravenscroft and Dorothy Oldham.

Sept 3 '25

#### WILBUR THEATRE

##### "Jarnegan"

A play in three acts, by Charles Beahan and Garrett Fint, based on Jim Tully's novel of the same title; produced at the Longacre Theatre, New York, Sept. 24, 1924, and starred by Ira Hards, with settings by Clark Robinson; presented last evening for the first time in Boston, at the Wilbur Theatre, with the following cast:

Jack Jarnegan ..... Richard Bennett  
Nathan Leedman ..... Hooper L. Atchley  
Edward Bernard ..... Fred Irving Lewis  
Daisy Carol ..... Lucile Ruth Browne  
Pauline Clare ..... Lee Smith  
Alice Toren ..... Lee Russell  
Dorothy Chester ..... Esther Denny  
Jimmy Fallon ..... Donald Macmillan  
Jamb Isaac ..... James R. Waters  
Patsy Brannigan ..... Jack Klendon  
Velma ..... Joyce Arling  
Cherry Lindal ..... Edith Arnold  
Sally ..... Zelma Tiden  
Mr. Crossman ..... Violet Maher  
Herb ..... Guido Alexander  
Script Clerk ..... Leontine Debaun  
Nurse ..... Angela Raish  
Watchman ..... Robert Nelson  
The Fluff ..... Pearl Sherer  
Harry ..... Maynard Holmes

Immortality is not a question of geography. We have Mr. Jarnegan's own word for that, delivered in the second act of the play. And later, in his curtain speech, Mr. Bennett stressed the point that there are Jarnegans everywhere, and men and women of the same calibre as are residents of Hollywood. He admitted that the authors had sought to make drama out of Hollywood, but that it has been his preference to utilize the play as a sermon applicable anywhere. As a matter of cold fact, "Jarnegan" does not, cannot hurt Hollywood. In any community where hundreds, even thousands are intent on the same errand, engaged in the same pursuits, there will be scoundrels and drunkards and loose women; there will be scandals, exposed or hushed up; there will be suicides, homicides, even deaths resultant of illegal surgery.

In his novel, Mr. Tully sought sensationalism. That always has been his weakness. The men who made a play from his blasphemous narrative had a mind solely to theatricalism. Quite likely it is true that in New York, perhaps in Chicago, the text of "Jarnegan" abounded in sailor's oaths and bawdy-house phrases. Last evening, that text was astoundingly mild. Jarnegan was content to clip his expletives: "Well, I'll be—"; or "What the —!" Not that "Jarnegan" is not still a virile, stalwart, stirring, amusing show; for show it is, a very interesting show-sermon, rather than a great play.

Jarnegan was just a tramp with a twisted brain. There are many like him in the world, who might have become geniuses were it not for that same little twist. He had been a bit of everything, had done time for manslaughter, was now a brilliant motion picture director. He attracted women of all types, but he drew the line at young girls. When Daisy Carol died in a hospital, his enemies, a rival director named Bernard and a vicious-minded executive named Leedman, tried to fasten the crime back of the girl's death on the two-fisted, hard drinking Jarnegan. The entire action and speech of the play lead up to his vitriolic denunciation of the guilty ones in particular and of the whole scheme of things generally in Hollywood. In the course of the play he hits out at Will Hays and his \$100,000 job, at the Wall Street magnates who finance the two-million dollar pictures. In the end he spurns all overtures of peace. He must keep on searching for beauty, though he never finds it. Why he remained so long in Hollywood, with that ideal in his breast, he does not explain, though he concedes that his sojourn there has netted him a mansion, a yacht, cars, and a tidy bank account. It is all more or less contradictory but it affords Mr. Bennett openings for many rousing declamatory speeches with not a little of really sincere moments of acting. There are frequent opportunities for legitimate laughter there also are lines at which one laughs without being wholly proud of the act.

Naturally the other players by tacit agreement play up to Mr. Bennett, allow him to do all the swaggering, to hold his scenes at will. Miss Smith as Pauline Clare, caustic of tongue, Hollywood-wise, and eternally in search of somebody's gin bottle, was very amusing. She scored her points without raising her voice. Mr. Waters, as "Pop" Isaacs, seemed very like what may be a passing species of motion picture producers, kindly, just, mindful of the human element even in big affairs of the studios. Miss Russell as Cherry Lindal, of Brooklyn, Miss Russell in her brief appearance as Alice Toren, who took cyanide when the

fitting cognizance of the superior craftsmanship of the resourceful "Doctor," alias Dietrich Heppburn, as Mr. Charles H. Croker-King portrayed at times. If anything, he was a trifle too garrulous. Mr. Kinnell, like Mr. Croker-King serving his novitiate with the Copley players, became popular instantly as the nifty young man who matches wits with the master-criminal. It is true that Merrow errs in judgment at times. It was unwise not to trust up the "Doctor" when he had him alone downstairs. The audience knew it; in fact most of the audience told him so in audible warnings.

Miss Dudgeon gave another of her amazingly trenchant portraits as Mrs. Wimple. That odd creature had her points. She spoke feelingly of her deceased better-half. "E was awful as a man, 'e was a no-good 'usband; but 'is 'is taste for liquor 'e was nill desparandum!" A noble tribute, and attribute. Mr. Emery was a stalwart Philip. Miss Lawrence, with little to do, did that little well. The Messrs. Whorf, Vincent and Rogers became a capable trio of jailbirds. Mr. Clive, as Alf, the simple-minded potman, submerged his known fine talents, content with a few lines here and there. The audience was large in numbers, and keenly interested throughout. What matter if "The Crooked Billet" is 90 per cent. dialogue, the slight remainder, action. Suspense is there aplenty. Though the players telegraph what is coming, the good old shivery feeling rises just the same. With future performances doubtless will come smoother interchanges of pointed speech. Spirited tempo is one essential to your complete thriller. W. E. G.

Sept 2 '25

#### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

##### "Words and Music"

A screen musical revue; story by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan and Jack McEdward, lyrics and music by Dave Stamper and Harlan Thompson, Conrad, Mitchell and Gottler, and William Kernell; directed by James Tinling and

presented by William Fox with the following cast:

Mary Brown ..... Lois Moran  
Phil Denning ..... David Percy  
Dorothy Blake ..... Helen Twelvetrees  
Pop Evans ..... William Orinmond  
Dean Crockett ..... Elizabeth Patterson  
Pete Donahue ..... Duke Morrison  
Sheet Mulroy ..... Frank Albertson  
Hannibal ..... Tom Patricola  
Bubbles ..... Bubbles Crowell

"Words and Music" comes about as near to being nothing at all as they can make them. One of the mysteries of the present era in sound pictures has been the inability of the Fox studios to keep pace with the musical comedy vogue. Mr. Fox's name is on several very praiseworthy achievements in the talking films, as "In Old Arizona," for instance; "Hearts in Dixie," was not wholly lost, thanks to its clever colored cast. But in the field of revue or musical comedy it has been another verdict. In this latest perpetration we find a sophomoric plot about the antics of a lively crowd of students in a co-ed college, known as Darnell. There is Mary Brown, leader in mischief yet popular with all save two. One of these is the college snooper—there always is one, this time played by Helen Twelvetrees; the other is Miss Crockett, the straight-laced dean. Phil Denning is the poor youth who hopes to win the \$1500 prize for the best number at the forthcoming annual stage revue. Pete Donahue is the stalwart football star who thinks he will win the prize. Each is particularly fond of Mary.

Before the revue excerpts are shown there are several scenes of skylarking in a swimming pool in which boys and girls figure; and there is one really comic scene when the Sigma "frat" boys toss the scandalized Dean Crockett in a blanket, thinking that she is Mary Brown, made up as the dean, and come to put one over on the boys. In the revue itself, Miss Moran dances with a certain degree of grace and can sing not at all. Mr. Percy seems to sing a ballad, "Too Wonderful for Words." Tom Patricola has one dance on the swimming pool bank which lasts about one minute. He is supposed to dance again in the revue but if he did it was in a style utterly foreign to his routine. Phil gets the prize and Mary, and that is about all there is to it. There are



fight was going against her, and all Lewis as Bernard, the ex-barber who became a concealed director and a lecherous pursuer of anything feminine from 16 to 60, as Jarnegan put it—all these gave at least plausible surface characterizations. "Jarnegan" is lively entertainment, if you leave your analytical mind at home.

W. E. G.

### MAJESTIC THEATRE

#### "Follow Thru"

A musical comedy in two acts and 12 scenes, book by Laurence Schwab and B. G. DeSylva, music and lyrics by Mr. DeSylva, Lewis Brown and Ray Henderson, staged by Edgar McGregor, with settings by David Oenslager, produced by Laurence Schwab and Frank Mandel at Chanin's 46th Street Theatre, New York, Jan. 9, 1929; presented last evening for the first time in Boston, at the Majestic Theatre, with the following cast:

James Jolley	Mac Moore
Thomas Dares	Dinty Moore
Lora Moore	Beth Meakins
Annie Howard	Martha Morton
Martin Bascomb	Fred Summer
Babs Bascomb	Ruth Tester
J. C. Eftinham	John Philbrick
Jerry Downs	Arthur Campbell
Jack Martin	Bobby Jarvis
Ruth Van Horn	Evelyn Kinder
Mye Bascomb	Vivian Rushmore
Mr. Manning	Warren Crosby
Malby	Babe Fenton
Steve	Fred Murry
Oliver	Betty Bowman
Glenna	Maxine Carson
Bill	Gene Sheerin
Cynthia	Peggy O'Neil

Boston has been awakened from the theatrical torpor of the summer by a cracking good show. We are accustomed to go to a musical comedy in this city nursing a grievance. Apart from the disappointing fact that despite what they do on the beaches, all girls on the stage here, must wear stockings, we are afraid that the stars which have made the production such a suc-

cess in New York have remained there and that we are seeing inferior talent. But this time the most supercilious and even jaded play-goer should be content. If the cast of "Follow Thru" is not the same as it was originally, it has kept to a high standard of excellence.

To begin with, Messrs. Schwab and DeSylva have done a very good job in writing the words and the music. Much of the music which we have been dancing to with such delight and abandon for the last few months comes from this show, and the songs are well sung, and clearly enough for us to distinguish the amusing words. "Button Up Your Overcoat," "You Wouldn't Fool Me, Would You?" "I Want to Be Bad," "If I Were a Man," "You More You," and "I Would Give Up Anything But You," are the best of them. The slight thread of story which is built around the obsession of golf, is just enough to produce both humorous and sentimental scenes, making a balanced performance. There is also enough sophistication in the lines and the dancing to satisfy the taste of an audience which has grown up since the war. There is an exciting saxophone quality to the production which keeps you up and does not let you down. The well-trained chorus is probably partly responsible for this. The costumes looked fresh but were not particularly striking, the scenery and curtains were amusing, being almost facetious in coloring.

The leading lady, Miss Meakins, was lovely to look at, particularly in the scenes when she did not wear a hat. She has a charming singing voice and dances with grace. She and Mr. Campbell provided the love interest. His likeliness is today an American type which is to be seen on advertising posters. It is a revaluation of the Gibson man. His excellent voice made his duets with Miss Meakins some of the pleasantest moments of the performance. Miss Morton in the role of the impudent girl-friend, sang "I Want to Be Bad" with much espièglerie and verve, and she also did some clever tap dancing. Messrs. Philbrick and Jarvis were the comedians. Their two scenes, one of a novice on the field of golf being instructed by his friend and the other when disguised as plumbers they invade the ladies' room of the golf club and come out entirely changed, are the high spots of the evening. Mr. Philbrick has the kind of evident humor and jollity we all understand and love. Mr. Jarvis is more subtle. He has a comic face with a serious expression and a sort of Alice in Wonderland surprise at all the circumstances which he is called on to face. A large and enthusiastic audience left the theatre after the performance very audibly expressing their approval of the way they had spent their evening.

J. D.

### THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COPLEY—"The Crooked Billet," melodrama; first week.  
MAJESTIC—"Follow Thru," musical comedy; first week.  
PLYMOUTH—"Skiddins," comedy; second week.  
WILBUR—"Jarnegan," drama, with Richard Bennett, first week.  
NEW B. F. KEITH'S—Vaudeville, matinees and evenings; Billy Glasen, Florrie Le Vere, Owen McGivney, and other acts.

### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

#### "Madame X"

A screen drama, adapted by Willard Mack from the stage play of the same title by Alexander Bisson; directed by Lionel Barrymore, and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

Floriot	Lewis Stone
Jacqueline	Ruth Chatterton
Raymond	Raymond Hackett
Noel	Holmes Herbert
Rose	Eugenie Besserer
Doctor	John P. Edington
Col. Hanby	Mitchell Lewis
Larouque	Sidney Toler
Merivel	Richard Carle
Perissard	Carroll Nye
Darrell	Claud King
Valmorin	Clayton Dosselt
Judge	Chappell Dosselt

When an actor-director like Lionel Barrymore, and a cast including gifted players like Ruth Chatterton, Lewis Stone, Raymond Hackett, Holmes Herbert and, if we mistake not, Willard Mack himself, can take a melodrama of the French school which is 20 years old, set it on the talking screen and after the stilted and old-fashioned first 15 minutes hold you in an unwanted emotional spell to the very last bitter, beautiful scene, there can be only one conclusion. That is that the talking films possess far greater possibilities than we now dream of. For one and one-half hours you will sit at the feet of a man who knows the theatre and knows the motion picture studio, the techniques of each. Mr. Barrymore had the advantage of a dramatically arranged script, thanks to Mr. Mack; to that he has added his own intelligent conception of the play in which Dorothy Donnelly toured this great country back in 1910. He has allowed no waste of words, no hysteria disguised as fine acting. Only at the outset has he invited criticism: Here the dialogue is frankly that of the original play, conventionally melodramatic in form, and here the scenes between Floriot and the doctor and between Floriot and Jacqueline seem unduly prolonged. Mr. Barrymore probably would answer that he is thus giving essential information to his audience. However, beyond that, the picture is perfection itself.

Miss Chatterton, as the woman who married a brilliant attorney who became of a cold, reserved nature could not give her that affection which was life itself to her, who bore him a son and then ran away with another man who later died, gives one of the most distinguished, authentic and appealing performances we ever have seen on stage or screen. With deft, sure strokes she lives as Jacqueline, first the beautiful young woman of aristocratic bearing and speech, and then downward, after Floriot has refused to permit her to see her sick child; ever sinking lower and lower, in China, South America, again in France, always with a bottle of absinthe at her side, each of her various consorts a bit more brutally coarse.

When Larouque, a card sharper, proposes to blackmail Floriot and her son, now admitted to the bar, she shoots him. Raymond, the son, is assigned to defend her, but she steadfastly refuses to help him. The sight of the elder Floriot in the court-room, the last-minute disclosure of his identity, moves her at last to wild, vehement speech, yet she still keeps her secret. Raymond closes his argument with a plea that she be granted "something which she has never known, mercy!" When, before the verdict, and after she has given him a mother's kiss, she dies in his arms, he turns to his mute father, exclaiming, "Whoever she was, she was a wonderful woman." She was all of that, as Miss Chatterton revealed her.

The entire cast is splendid, the settings are picturesque and elaborate. Mr. Mack inserts one sly dig at this land of the free and the brave. Noel, Floriot's friend and confidant, proposes a toast: "To our dear France, whose people are still allowed to drink what they wish!" M. Bisson never wrote that. W. E. G.

### METROPOLITAN THEATRE

#### "The Argyle Case"

A screen melodrama, adapted by Harvey Thew from the stage play by Harriet Ford and Harvey J. O'Higgins; directed by Howard Bretherton, and presented by Warner Bros. as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

Alexander Kayton	Thomas Meighan
Ruth	H. B. Warner
Selma Martin	Gladys Brockwell
Mary Morgan	Lila Lee
Brice Argyle	John Darrow
Mrs. Wyatt	Zasu Pitts
Joe	Bert Roach
Sam	Wilbur Mack
Emley	Douglas Gerrard
Kitty	Alona Jarlwe
Skidd	J. Quinn

Fashions change in murder techniques as well as in other phases of our swiftly moving lives. Seventeen years ago "The Argyle Case" was considered a brisk, fairly novel specimen of theatrical murder plays, with its dictaphones, its gift cigars loaded with TNT, its trick fountain pen and blotter for wanted finger prints. Today the S. S. Van Dine plots are considered more up to the minute; their innovations in the way

of alibis, their subtle processes of evasion, are far more intriguing. Consequently those who sit through "The Argyle Case"—those at least who are wont to make cold comparisons, will be impressed by the almost antique design of the Ford-O'Higgins structure. While there is a substantial degree of suspense, the climax is obvious long before it is actually reached. We know that Hurley the lawyer, and Kreisler, the expert counterfeiter, are one and the same; we know that Nellie Marsh, alias Martin, mother of John Argyle's adopted daughter, Mary Morgan, was and always had been in love with Kreisler, and would protect him to the end; we strongly suspect half way through that Kreisler shot and killed John Argyle that night in the latter's study after he had threatened to notify the police that Kreisler had borrowed large sums from him, repaying him with counterfeit money in large denominations which he, Argyle, had been foolish enough to put in circulation; and we knew that Mary would fall in love with Kayton, and would tell him so. The one thing we could not understand was why a scrap of paper, warning Kayton, the sturdy private detective, to "lay off" should flutter from a ceiling ventilator in the Argyle study, straight into Kayton's hands. That was too deep for a merely ordinary mind.

In Mr. Meighan, the talking screen gains one more splendid convert. His voice registers naturally, without distortion; it even has a sort of musical range. His acting was much superior to the text with which it labored. Miss Lee is again consistently capable, this time as the bewildered, plucky Mary; Mr. Warner, though his voice still comes through thinly, wanly, makes Hurley-Kreisler a suave villain; Miss Brockwell played the unfortunate mother bleakly, as was right; and Mr. Roach as the rotund assistant to the only Kayton was amusing. Now, bring on Mr. Meighan in something really worthwhile.

W. E. G.

### "STREET GIRL" STARTS TODAY AT B. F. KEITH'S

#### Radical Change in Prices Is Also Announced

The New B. F. Keith's Theatre today begins its new policy of super-sound screen productions with the inauguration of radio pictures and the presentation of "Street Girl," in which Betty Compson and Jack Oakie are the stars.

The radical change in prices that have been reduced to a popular scale brings into effect for the first time in the history of Keith's theatres here an admission price as low as 30c, which is to be the levy at this theatre for the morning shows from 10 o'clock until 1. This same price is effective on Saturdays and holidays as well as on week days. Another feature of the Keith program for the week beginning today will be the world premiere of the renowned Rudy Vallee's first singing, talking picture, called "Campus Sweethearts" which, as the title indicates, revolves itself around a collegiate romance. The programs at the New B. F. Keith's starting today are to be continuous from 10 A. M. until 11 P. M.

It is also announced that the programs will consist of feature short subjects, news events and cartoon and comedies—all reproduced in sound and speech. Organologues are to be a feature of the bill also. The next feature picture to follow "Street Girl" at this theatre will be the record-breaking film, "The Cock Eyed World," in which Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe are the stars.

### PARK THEATRE TO OPEN SATURDAY, SEPT. 14

#### Big Screen Success, "Broadway," Will Be Shown

The Park Theatre, on Washington street between Boylston and Avery streets, a playhouse of illustrious background, will be reopened Saturday night, Sept. 14, with the first in a series of super-screen spectacles, none other than "Broadway." This is an elaborate talking, singing and dancing version of the Phillip Dunning-George Abbott stage success which was seen here last season at the Plymouth Theatre.

Of equal significance, it is announced that the Park Theatre has been completely transformed. There is a beautiful new black marble entrance and marquee, while the outer foyer carries a new color scheme which blends decoratively with the inner lobby and the theatre itself. Throughout this new decorative scheme is in gold craftex, robin egg blue and soft crimson tones. There will be new electric lighting fixtures, side draperies in soft rose tints,

new seating and thorough recarpeting. The latest Western Electric sound equipment has been installed. The aim has been to make the new Park Boston's coziest playhouse de luxe, for the presentation only of first-run "all-talking, singing and dancing" pictures previous to their New England release.

Sept 9 1929

### NEW B. F. KEITH'S

#### "Street Girl"

A screen comedy-drama, adapted by Jane Murn from a story by W. Carey Wonderly; directed by Wesley Ruggles and presented by Radio Pictures as an all-talking picture with the following cast:

Freddie Joyzelle	Betty Compson
Mike	John Harrison
Happy	Ned Sparks
Joe	Jack Oakie
Pete	Guy Baucola
Kennel	Joseph Cawthon
Prince Nicholas	Ivan Lebedeff
Club manager	Eddie Kane

From now on, having abandoned its policy of straight vaudeville, the New B. F. Keith's will show only high grade talking pictures, and for their opening program they have made an excellent choice. "Street Girl" is an entertaining picture. There is romance, comedy, a fair amount of excitement, and music that lays claim to considerable artistry. The centre of the story is taken by a realistic song and dance orchestra that seem worthy of the fabulous salary that they demand at a moment's notice. High spirits predominate, and the cast enters into the spirit of the joyous and delightfully improbable yarn with infectious enthusiasm.

Mike, the pianist and general funny man of the Four Seasons Orchestra, finds a girl wandering in the street and admits her to the lodgings that he shares with his three friends. It so happens that the girl, "Freddie" Joyzelle, is a violinist of great merit, though for the moment out of a job. She takes charge of the four men at once and constitutes herself their manager; she eggs them on to ask for higher wages and when as a result they lose their job she gets them a better one at another restaurant.

Besides her talent as a musician, Freddie proved to be an incorrigible romantic young lady. Once on a time she had lived in a mythical country called Aregon, whose chief claim to attention was its possession of a very handsome and distinguished prince; and for this same Prince Nicholas she cherished a purely disinterested but ardent devotion. When, therefore, the charming prince turns up at the restaurant and greets Freddie with royal condescension, even going so far as to kiss her on the brow, her rapturous pleasure rouses bitter feelings in the breast of the inarticulate Mike, who promptly walks out on the orchestra on the very night of their most spectacular appearance. That, of course, is not the end of everything, but it would not be fair to reveal the denouement.

Out of a most superior cast it would be hard to pick out the best were it not that Betty Compson gives a performance that can only be described with the aid of superlatives. Graceful, amusing, animated and soulful by turns, she carries all before her with her sympathetic and appealing acting; one could only think that the part was made for her alone, so admirably did she fill it. Ned Sparks and Jack Oakie of the famous band were both extremely good and provoked much mirth with their musical acrobatics. Ivan Lebedeff made a most attractive prince—his voice and bearing were finely in keeping with his part.

E. L. H.

### KEITH-ALBEE

#### "Paris Bound"

A screen play adapted by Horace Jackson from the stage play of the same title by Philip Barry; photography by Norbert Bodine, directed by Edward H. Griffith, and presented by Pathe as an all-talking picture with incidental ballet and with the following cast:

Mary Hutton	Ann Harding
Jim Hutton	Frederic March
James Hutton	George J. Lewis
Richard Parrish	Leslie Fenton
Peter	Hallam Cooley
Nora Cope	Juliette Crosby
Helen White	Charlotte Walker
Noel Farley	Carmelita Geraghty
Fanny Shipman	Ika Chase

Those who saw and praised "Paris Bound" as a play which handled a difficult subject with amazing tact and delicacy, may well have wondered what would happen to it when it was transferred to the talking pictures. The achievement in the new medium is so surprisingly good that nothing but praise is called for. The acting attains to a new level of subtlety of feeling and naturalness that has hitherto quite escaped the talking pictures. Unlike most authors who are apt in helpless rage to see their favorite brain children mutilated beyond recognition, Philip Barry has cause to be grateful to every one who took part in the filming of his play, from Ann Harding, who plays the leading role with fine sympathy and understanding, to the director, Edward H. Griffith, who has accomplished his work with real distinction.

Particularly noteworthy as an example of artistic and imaginative photography was the interpolation or



# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. C. Hatton protests in the Observer of London against the "eternal thriller." He quotes a favorite line of the press-agent: "It is impossible not to be thrilled by" . . . and asks: "Is the genuine playgoer really craving to be horrified?"

Mr. Hatton asks us to look on this picture and on that. The one shows a playgoer revelling in good modern comedies and leaving the theatre "with an air of wistfulness, reluctant to bid farewell to such fascinating characters." In the other the spectator leaves with a nasty taste in his mouth. "The cleverer the author, the more pronounced will be the unpleasantness of his dream children; and the 'crooks' invariably get most of the limelight in the thriller. Altogether the genuine playgoer will have spent a not very happy two hours." Of course the dramatist sees to it that right triumphs in the end, "still who wishes to meet individuals so diabolically bent upon destroying life and happiness? There are supposed to be likeable types of criminals, but their sinister aspect is always stressed on the stage for the sake of sensation."

"These plays undoubtedly attract some people, members of the blase younger generation, women with eventless lives, and a section of the lower classes. But the theatre-lover turns from theatre posters which flaunt the words 'thrills' and 'mystery.'"

Oh, does he, Mr. Hatton? Has Mr. Hatton no sense of humor? Is he not amused by "thrillers"? Would he find no pleasure in seeing "The Crooked Billet" performed so well at the Copley Theatre? We say "would he" for, prejudiced, he certainly did not see the play two years ago in London, or he would have piped another and different tune.

It would be easy for him to say after he was in the night air, "Absurd, preposterous! Imagine a lover leaving his sweetheart to hold a desperate villain at bay by levelling a revolver at him. Imagine a villain with his men within call chatting at great length and amicably with the young man bent on his destruction."

But if thrillers were not wildly improbable in story and in action, they would not be amusing, they would not thrill.

Mr. Hatton is greatly mistaken in underestimating the number and the character of people who enjoy this sort of play. As we are not of the younger generation, blase or easily enthusiastic; as we are not a bulbous matron nor a bony spinster of uneventful life, we must, according to his classification, belong to a section of the lower classes. Nor can we say, with Tony Lumpkin's friend, "Damn anything that's low."

Would not Mr. Hatton be pleased with the portrayal of "The Doctor" by Mr. Croker-King? The old playgoer knew the moment that the Doctor came down the stairway smiling too benevolently, speaking with a too amiable voice of mutton-tallow smoothness, that he was to be the chief villain of the piece. And a first class villain too.

L. Celler wrote a valuable book about certain types of the French theatre. Has anyone written a dictionary of villains in the English theatre, from the old mystery to the new mystery plays? There should be a classification including both the frankly brutal and the oily and sly. Whatever the type, hypocrite, demon, cynic, swindler, he must be resourceful; persuasive or relying on terror-inspiring force.

Mr. Croker-King reminded us of Uncle Silas in Sheridan Le Fanu's creepy novel. His very amiability was sinister; his air of sweet benevolence was terror-inspiring.

There have been many noteworthy portrayals of villains. The one that is now most vivid in our memory is Fechter's Oberreizer in "No Thoroughfare." Who that saw Fechter in this play can ever forget the scene in the London vault, or his entrance at night into the bedchamber of the hero in the Swiss inn? For your more conventional Bowery type, there was Ralph Delmore with his staccato laugh, sounding like the barkeeper's cracking of ice in the dear dead days; the more atrocious the murder, the more insistently staccato Delmore's laugh. Mr. George Arliss plays the villain with genuine gusto. We hope to see him some day as Iago. A fine portrayal by Mr. de Cordoba of a suave and imposing villain was a feature of last season at the Copley.

And there should be in this proposed dictionary analytical differentiation as in Charles Whibley's "Book of Scoundrels" in which one highwayman is proved to differ from another highwayman in glory.

## YOU KNOW ONE—TOO

(Mervin L. Lane in the N. Y. Sun)

A girl I know detested  
The silent drama so  
One simply couldn't get her,  
At any time to go.  
  
She didn't like this screen star  
She never cared for that,  
In short—she hated pictures—  
They were, she claimed, too flat.  
  
But now this girl is different,  
She seeks films night and day,  
You hardly would believe that  
This same girl could get that way.  
  
She searches for "her" talkies—  
And seeks them like a hawk.  
She hates the movie theatre—  
She just goes there to talk.

Rudolph Besier has written a play based on the love romance of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. Will the actress taking the part of Elizabeth and consulting early portraits arrange her hair so as to resemble a King Charles spaniel?

Mary Newcomb, who will play Nelson's Emma Hamilton in E. T. Thurston's new play, should consult Romney's many portraits of the siren for dress and make-up if she is wise.

## "PYGMALION"

(Apropos of a recent review of Gilbert's play)

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

With no desire to arrogate to myself more than an ordinary amount of knowledge of theatrical history, still, as one of the older theatre-goers mentioned by your "young" critic in yesterday's Herald, may I as a matter of record set him right as to a few of his statements. The writer may be a lady—if so—my apologies to her—for a lady should never be contradicted—and I trust my "interference" will not be misinterpreted for rudeness or presumption.

Selwyn's Theatre—on Washington street—between Essex street and Hayward place—was opened by John H. Selwyn in 1867. I might have been a member of the company, for I was offered the role of Fanfan Benoiton in "The Fast Family" (the play with which the theatre opened), but an engagement to return to the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, prevented my acceptance. Mr. Selwyn continued in management until the summer of 1870. On Monday evening, Sept. 12, 1870, Charles Fechter produced "Monte Cristo"—as the manager of the Globe Theatre—he had so renamed Selwyn's—and his company comprised among others Miss Carlotta Leclercq, Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau, Mrs. Melinda Jones, and Miss Mary Cary, Messrs. James W. Wallack, George H. Griffiths, W. J. Lemoine, Frank Roche, Chas. B. Vandenhoff, and Charles and Arthur Leclercq. But in the summer of 1871, Mr. Fechter retired, and my old New Orleans manager, W. R. Floyd, assumed the management, and in the fall of 1871 I came to him (with my mother) from Booth's Theatre, New York city, where we had been for the past two years. Now, "Mark how plain a tale will set you down":

"Pygmalion and Galatea" was first seen in America, at Wallack's Theatre (Broadway and Thirteenth street), New York city, on Oct. 1, 1872, with George C. Boniface and Katherine Rogers in the title roles. It was produced—for the first time in Boston—at the Globe Theatre, on Dec. 23, 1872 with this cast: Pygmalion, W. E. Sheridan; Galatea, Carlotta Leclercq; Chryses, Stuart Robson; Daphne, Amelie Harris; Leucippe, H. F. Daly; Myrine, Mrs. T. M. Hunter, and Cynisca, Josephine Orton (Mrs. B. E. Woolf). Arthur Cheney as proprietor, and W. R. Floyd as manager, headed the program. Now, surely, 1872 is more than "several" years earlier than 1929—and, to my remembrance, Charles Fechter never acted Pygmalion. "Monte Cristo," "Ruy Blas," "Rouge et Noir," "The Lady of Lyons," "The Corsican Brothers," and "Hamlet" (in a blonde wig) were his chief plays, with renewed apologies, I sign myself (one of the oldest play-goers—and play-actors) most respectfully,

WILLIAM SEYMOUR.

South Duxbury, Mass., Aug. 28, 1929.

(Fechter also gave a remarkable performance in "No Thoroughfare." "Pygmalion and Galatea" was produced in London on Dec. 9, 1871. It is said that Gilbert received fees amounting to £40,000.—Ed.)

It appears from the correspondence of Debussy and Jean Paul Toulet published recently that they thought of turning "As You Like It" into a lyric comedy; that the plan was discussed at least 15 years. Toulet thought that Debussy was peculiarly fitted to write the music; Debussy for a time was enthusiastic, but nothing came of it.

What a pity Debussy did not live to write his "Fall of the House of Usher"! According to his letters the subject interested him greatly; he sketched many pages and had written, to his satisfaction, a monologue for Usher. Debussy's friends knew that he was hard at work on Poe's tale. What became of the sketches? Were they destroyed after his death? Other sketches were dragged into the concert hall and performed not greatly to his credit.

rather the visualization of a ballet as the music for it was being played by one of the characters in the picture, a young composer. What was shown was his idea of how his work should be performed and it was so taken that never for an instant were we allowed to forget that it existed only in his mind. It was most skillfully done, and a great pleasure to watch.

The plot is hardly necessary to expatiate on at length, since it is well known from the stage play. Briefly it deals with the near shipwreck of a happy and promising marriage, averted only at the last moment by unforeseen events. The treatment of the story is quiet and completely right, following the play in all important details, and only omitting long conversations that were not needed for the action. The cast was in every way excellent, but chief honors go to Miss Harding for her splendid characterization of the young wife, Mary Hutton. Her voice is charming and she is a picture to look at; her career in the talking pictures seems destined to be long and profitable. Frederic March makes an attractive and very human Jim, and Leslie Fenton handles the difficult part of Richard Parrish with restraint and sincerity. E. L. H.

## "The Hottentot"

### "THE PUBLIX BIG FIVE"

A screen comedy, adapted by Harvey Thew from the stage play of the same title by Victor Mapes and William Collier, directed by Roy Del Ruth and presented by Warner Bros. as an all-talking picture, at the Scollay Square, Fenway, Capitol, Central Square and Strand theatres with the following cast: Sam Harrington . . . . . Edward Everett Horton  
Peggy Fairfax . . . . . Patsy Ruth Miller  
Ollie Gilford . . . . . Edmund Breese  
Larry Crawford . . . . . Edward Earle  
Alce Fairfax . . . . . Stanley Taylor  
Perkins, the groom . . . . . Otto Hoffman  
Swift, the butler . . . . . Douglas Gerrard  
May Gilford . . . . . Maude Turner Gordon  
Mrs. Chadwick . . . . . Gladys Brockwell

Whether one loves horses or not, assurance of laughable entertainment is given to all who see and hear the Warner Bros. excellent revival in screen form of William Collier's nine-year-old

farfetched vehicle, "The Hottentot". In all truth the humorous lines fall so rapidly and frequently that one must employ a curtailed obedience to risibility, lest a witty remark or retort be lost. Victor Mapes and Mr. Collier were credited with collaboration on the stage play, but it is safe to say that Mapes provided the situations and Collier the dialogue, for it is typical of his lightning-swift sallies, his facile play on words. And the best of all is that it is clean fun from start to finish. Teething infants may view it without danger

of impairment of their future morals.

Sam Harrington, coming from West to East to renew acquaintance and possibly sentimental relations with Peggy Fairfax, is introduced by Mrs. Chadwick, a well-meaning friend, as S. J. Harrington, the celebrated gentleman-jockey. Sam, fearful of horses as women are of mice, hedges, squirms, bribes, and lies, to extricate himself from a promise to ride the Hottentot, a vicious star in the Fairfax stables, in the annual steeplechase. Larry Crawford, rival suitor for Peggy's hand, senses the situation, taunts Sam, bets him large sums he dare not ride Hottentot or any other horse, and that he will not win the big race even if he enters. Sam stalls to the last minute, then confesses to Peggy and, just to find out for all time if he has a yellow streak in him, climbs awkwardly to the Hottentot's back—and wins the race, the silver cup, and Peggy.

Mr. Horton, a favorite on the West coast by reason of his appearance in stock at the head of his own company, plays Sam in his own way. He mugs here and there, overplays a bit, but in general is quite amusing. Mr. Collier, with all his dry humor, never smiled. His prototype today is Ned Sparks, the screen comedian. Mr. Horton is not averse to grotesque pantomime to score a point. Miss Miller is vivacious as the girl who must have a horse-minded husband, the others are competent. There are several realistic racing scenes, tuned up to brackneck speed by the cunning camera, but why spoil an excellent



steepchase v. mura effect which shows M. tled leading up, grasping th. otot's tali and thereby pulling elf back to his saddle, all at the rate of a mile a minute?—W. E. G.

MODERN-BEACON

"Piccadilly" A screen drama by Arnold Bennett, made at Elstree, London, photographed by Werner Brandes, directed by E. A. Dupont, and presented by World Wide Pictures as a sound picture with talking prologue and with the following cast: Mabel Greenfield.....Gilda Gray Valentine Wilmot.....Jameson Thomas Shosho.....Anna May Wong Jim.....King Ho-Chang Victor Smiles.....Cyril Richard Bessie.....Hannah Jones A Night Club Hawk.....Charles Laughton

Just for a change, drop into the Modern or Beacon theatre this week and see "Piccadilly," an English picture, with English and Chinese players; silent, superbly photographed, skilfully directed by the man who made "Variety," and relating a grim story of the West end of London and the Limehouse district in which every conceivable type of humanity flits past one's vision in the 90 minutes consumed by the film's showing. We are wont to scoff at British-made pictures, especially now that we are playing with our new toy, the talkies. There are weak spots in this one, but we suspect that they may be traced more directly to the dressing room door of the temperamental Gilda Gray than to Mr. Dupont, for they are found chiefly in those scenes in which she poses as a languorous night club dancer trying to hold her lover against a slip of a Chinese girl with whom he has become infatuated. True, the entire picture takes on very deliberate pace, is uneven in dramatic interest. That may be the fault of Mr. Bennett's narrative; it is a fault common to more expert scenarists than he, and this is his first screen story.

Miss Gray is featured. She dances a little in the first scenes and thereafter tries to act. Unfortunately she has little skill in simulating emotions; her features do not photograph well. She appears like a pallid wraith. It is to Anna May Wong, as the scullery

maid who became a dancer in Wilmot's night club, and to King Ho-Chang, that chief honors go.

The latter, it is said, never appeared on stage or screen, is in fact a London restaurant proprietor. He made Jim, Shosho's Chinese lover, a terrible figure, patiently waiting to take his vengeance on the girl who betrayed him. Mr. Thomas, as the night club owner and changeable lover, gave a finished portrayal. The scenes showing Piccadilly at night, the ornate interior of a Mayfair restaurant, the Chinese quarters of Limehouse, the various types in the scullery, on the streets, eating, or seated in the courtroom at the inquest into Shosho's death, were exceptionally striking, illuminative. Speaking of the courtroom, we wonder if one of those 12 gentlemen of the jury was not Arnold Bennett himself; certainly the resemblance was remarkable.

W. E. G.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

and There"

sical spectacle in two acts, with 16 devised and staged by R. H. Burnham music by John Philip Sousa, Raynubell and Irving Berlin; produced by Atlantic City Auditorium. July 6, performed last evening in Boston for the time, with these principals and eWolf Hopper, Arthur Channingham, mbert, Gus Wicks, John Parks, Lew George Shields, Ralph Brainerd, Goodwyn, Zola Gray, Katherine Alsa Paul, Theo Pennington, Scrib Violet Code, Betty Kern, Joe Jackherina, Rachel, Girls, the Tiller Zano and Salo's Tumbling Circus, dancers, Kathleen Pope and William laude Lamy and Bobbie Hearn, Alvals Dog Circus, the Dancing Ele-

e good old days when a trip to rk meant something, youngsters uits alike considered an after-an evening at the famous Hip-e one of the prize memories of slit. Those were the days of the g elephants, the diving horses, nishing mermals, all in the k which was one of that mam-playhouse's features. To-day, re in Boston, a very substantial eptionally well selected segment ld-time Hippodrome show is on and will be for the next two The same man who helped to e Hippodrome famous, who was ter magician of the Winter Gar-en It was in full glory, and who that had staged many a suc-musical comedy at the Casino adway, has put on this elaborate varied spectacle at the uptown Opera House. He might have a more alluring title; but title he certainly has provided a us, generous show for young and

Volf Hopper, costumed a la Car-Richeieu, or Chinese mandarin,

or Mephisto, as the scene exacted, served as master of ceremonies. His voice reverberated as of old; his rhetorical flourishes are unabridged. Through two acts and many scenes he summoned dancers, acrobats, trained dogs, trained elephants, Togo, a little Jap, to make a thrilling slide for life from an upper right hand box to the stage on a wire cable 100 feet long. He waved a graceful hand, and ensembles gathered swiftly and deliberately, to sing oldtime minstrel lays and ditties, to summarize in song the best of the many Gilbert and Sullivan operas, from Pinafore to "The Sorcerer," or to enact in proper costume and to sing snatches of all the great operas, from "Aida" to "The Girl of the Golden West." He even conjured up a skating rink in the Ice Palace scene, with Miss Pope, Mr. Frick and other virtuosi of steeled footgear to electrify an audience already become accustomed to amazing doings on that big stage.

"Here and There" is out-of-the-ordinary entertainment. It boasts no great voices individually, but it has one of the lustiest choral bodies ever heard here. And it is no easy task to master the tricky tonal turns in a medley involving from 20 to 40 distinct melodies, all delivered in brisk tempo. For comedy there is the droll pantomime of Joe Jackson, the tramp cyclist, who never was funnier than last evening; the original antics of the three baby elephants; the amazing exhibition by Loyal's trained dogs. The Zano and Salo troupe of acrobats gave a whirlwind tumbling act. The Tiller dancing unit, ponies in size, appeared half a dozen times, seldom repeated steps, scored a cumulative triumph. The Albertina Rasch girls excelled in ballet steps, the more effective because of ample stage space and engaging settings and light effects. The finale of the second act, the ladder of flags, with 48 girls ending their evolutions by forming our national emblem, in red, white and blue, was well worth waiting to behold. The orchestra, under Hilding Anderson, played without respite, and played well. But when all is said, it is to R. H. Burnside that we make admiring obeisance. As a large-scale stage director, he has no equal. W. E. G.

COHASSET CARILLON RECITAL TONIGHT

Kamiel Lefevere will give a recital on the carillon at St. Stephen's Church, Cohasset, this evening from 8:30 to 9:30 o'clock.

The program will be as follows: If I Were King (Overture-Fragments) Adam From an Indian Lodge.....MacDowell The Watersprite (Nekken, polska).....Atzelius Little Gray Home in the West.....Lohr Rondo Turc (Twelfth Sonata).....Jovary David of the White Rock.....Old Welsh Reverie.....Gretry Berceuse from the 18th Century.....Weckerlin a-Non, je n'irai plus a hola b-Plus ne auis-je que j'ai etc Marcla Funebra.....Chopin

THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COPELEY—"The Crooked Billet," mystery drama, second week. MAJESTIC—"Follow Thru," musical comedy, second week. PLYMOUTH—"Skidding," comedy, third week. WILBUR—"Jarnegan," drama, with Richard Bennett, second week. BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Here and There," R. H. Burnside spectacle.

LOEW'S STATE

"Speedway"

A screen comedy-drama, adapted by A. Block, Ann Price and Byron Morgan from Mr. Morgan's story; directed by Harry Beaumont and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as a sound picture with the following cast: Bill Whipple.....William Haines Patricia.....Anita Page Jim MacDonald.....Ernest Torrence Duran.....Karl Dane Lee Benny.....John Miljan Mrs. MacDonald.....Eugenie Besser Waitress.....Polly Moran

Were it not that the race track scenes of "Speedway" were actually taken at the great Indianapolis races, with professional drivers participating in the picture, there would be nothing very much to write concerning this latest effort on the part of the altogether too irrepressible William Haines. It is just another chance for a conceited youth to perform incredible prodigies of rudeness and self-conceit that eventually win him everything that he does not deserve. There is, however, plenty of excitement to be derived from the sight of the long low racing cars roaring madly down the course, swerving perilously around the curves, rolling over the banks, and skidding broadside across the track, even if the veriest infant in the audience knows who will be the winner.

William Haines takes the part of Bill Whipple, automobile mechanic and conceited ass, who thinks that every woman he sees must be in love with him. He forces his attention on a very pretty girl, Patricia, by a series of the most incredibly impertinent acts and she, instead of resenting his behavior, apparently enjoys it. Bill, having a more pronounced fit of self-esteem than usual, deserts Jim MacDonald, his adopted father and a veteran automobile racer, just before the great race in order to race the car of Jim's deadly rival, Lee Rennv. Renny double-crosses him and

himself. Jim is forced to send a mate in his own place owing to a heart, but it is not hard to guess Bill will presently take the wheel and pilot the car to victory. He does not he doesn't; there is a surprise finish that does something to redeem the general banality of the picture.

William Haines is altogether too bumptious and cocky to be bearable—it was inconceivable that Bill Whipple, as he portrayed him, would even have been allowed to grow up. Ernest Torrence, as Jim MacDonald, gives far and away the best performance in the picture; he is more than convincing, he is lovable and human; the only unnatural thing about him was that he had been able to endure Bill so long. E. L. H.

SOME HOSE

Thieves broke into the house of Mr. Pendergrast in Kansas City and stole besides jewels 480 pairs of silk hose belonging to Miss Marceline, his daughter. These stockings formed a part of her trousseau. The father is a Democratic leader and a passionate advocate of Jeffersonian simplicity.

Four hundred and eighty pairs of silk hose! With allowance for "runners" there would be a fresh pair for each day of the year and 90 or 100 for the following three months. The hose are no doubt of different hues and delicate shades. It is to be taken for granted that they are genuine silk, not of the "near" quality.

But no mere man should point derisive thumbs at Kansas City and the fair dwellers therein. Males have been famous for the abundance of their coats, trousers, neckties and plain or gorgeous waistcoats. There have been kings who never wore a suit a second time. Bath-House John of Chicago had sunset, omelette waistcoats for at least every day in a month. D'Annunzio's wardrobe, when he was declared a bankrupt before the World War, excited the

wonder of all Europe. (How different the laundry list of a man mentioned by Artemus Ward—"one shirt and a drawer.") Nor should it be forgotten that some men during, and soon after, the Civil War numbered their paper collar boxes by the dozen.

The trousseau of Miss Pendergrast would excite the envy of Scheherazade on her wedding day, although she probably had no use for hose, but was rich in trousers, shifts and bodices. It will be interesting to have further details of the trousseau of which the hose were only a minor portion. One awaits impatiently the "society page" in the Kansas City newspaper.

DOLOROUS DAYS

By PHILIP HALE

Men now living remember the young and light-hearted, all in search of adventure, met on highways and wood roads of New England, knapsack on shoulders and stick in hand. They slept with equal pleasure in barn or farmhouse, sometimes in a village inn. They were not fastidious; they accepted pork or fried beef-steak, saleratus biscuits or rye bread, soggy pie of every sort. Occasionally they would ask for a ride of a few miles in wagon or carry-all, nor did the driver fear a hold-up. Before the return to the home town, they sat or stood for tin-types which were shown to the admiring families and sweethearts. They started out, these amiable tramps, to find streams, mountains, ponds, or merely for fresh air and the hardening of the body.

Today it is not easy to walk peacefully and carelessly from a farmhouse or summer inn to the village. There is constant clogging of motor cars. The air is polluted. Those whizzing by look on those on foot scornfully or suspiciously. Even those in a ramshackle car are superior to those trudging in the dust. The road is the motorist's and the fulness thereof.

It would not be easy for Walt Whitman to write in these days his song of the open road, nor for Bliss Carman to describe the joys of the road. The praise of walking in the essays of Hazlitt now seems extravagant, if not the rhapsody of a lunatic. Can one imagine Thoreau at home and observant strolling in a Cape Cod road? Even Walking Stewart would be discouraged in his own England.

And what enjoyment is there in natural scenery, with the filling stations, the hot dog, balsam pillow—chicken dinner—soft drink signs lining the road, persuasive or imperative appeals to the passer-by?

The man on a vacation has lost the use of his legs except for golf which aids him in relieving the burden of three heavy meals. Even the dog insists on being borne through the air; the dog contemptuously yapping at the poor devil

very unprofessional attitude. Joe walks out onto one of New York's bridges to test the efficacy of prayer, his wife turns on a phonograph record of Joe's song, "Little Pal," Dave hears it and leaps out of bed, cured in volce and limb. Whether it was the prayer or the phonograph which wrought the miracle is left in doubt.

In and out of prison, Mr. Jolson sings, but his singing leaves one cold. Something of his former dynamic personality is missing. The camera caught too many profiles of him. He is more attractive full-face to the audience.

radio entertainer, attacks and causes the death of a man named Miller, radio studio manager, whom Joe's wife had accused of designs on her wifely chastity. Joe is sent to prison chiefly on the informal testimony of his little son, aged three, peculiar judicial procedure to say the least. When Joe is freed he visits little Dave at a children's home, and is on the scene when the lad, running after him, is knocked down by a truck. The accident leaves Dave with spinal trouble and loss of speech. Dr. Merrill, another admirer of Mrs. Lane, refuses to operate unless Joe consents to surrender the child to his mother. a

UPTOWN-OLYMPIA THEATRES

"Say It with Songs"

A screen drama, adapted by Joseph Jackson from a story by Darryl Francis Zanuck and directed by David W. Griffith, all-talking picture with the following cast: Joe Lane.....Al Jolson Patricia.....Anita Page Jim MacDonald.....Ernest Torrence Duran.....Karl Dane Lee Benny.....John Miljan Mrs. MacDonald.....Eugenie Besser Waitress.....Polly Moran

After seeing Al Jolson in white face in three motion pictures, after hearing him sing a lot of second rate ballads and trying to put them over without the aid of a background of chorus girls and of a full-strength orchestra, we begin to wonder if this former prince of black face singers of mammy songs would know how to behave if thrust back into his former environment, musical comedy or extravaganza. There was a glorious period in his career when he could keep a big audience roaring with laughter at his witty sallies, when he could caper with the best of them, when his very appearance in a stage apron spelled rout of all gloom and cares. And then he took to pictures. He has studied in the school of pathos, bathos and unhappy sentiment. He has developed that throaty tremolo supposed to indicate shattered hopes, loss of loved ones, Syrian despair. His songs are either mushy, despondent or half-hearted efforts at melodic gaiety. To one who always has admired Jolson in his proper sphere, that of blackface comedian, his immediate reformation is a matter of great concern; otherwise there is a fear that he will sink to the level of George Jessel or Eddie Dowling or Eddie Leonard, or to our mind a hideous fate. "Say It With Songs," as a story is stenciled in form, development, treatment. Joe Lane, ex-pugilist and now

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UPTOWN-OLYMPIA THEATRES

"Say It with Songs"

Jumping from the road into underbrush or ditch. The poets and the essayists now put on their singing clothes for the praise of speed. Maeterlinck has abandoned his dwellers in Shadow-land for the husky chauffeur. Mirabeau before he died forgot Sebastian Roch and the Abe Jules. Would Turner, picturing speed, rub out his hare pursued by a locomotive engine for a motor car thundering toward the estimable and timid Mr. Jones? Too many of us say with Mark Twain when a walk along the Rhine was proposed, it is too fine a day to walk.



Davey Lee again becomes the one humanizing element in the group of studio puppets; his wistful eyes, his dimples, his gait as he runs, are things for mothers to remember with moistened eyes. Miss Nixon, wearing too many fur coats for a poor nurse, spoke softly, acted simply.—W. E. G.

### METROPOLITAN THEATRE "Fast Company"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Patrick Kearney and Walton Butterfield from the play entitled "Elmer the Great" by Ring Lardner and George M. Cohan, and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

From the entertaining baseball play, "Elmer the Great," has been evolved a highly amusing if not very important picture, "Fast Company," in which much fun is made of a small town player whose conceit is unparalleled and unquenchable. Quite unsuspecting of the fact that he brightens the dull moments of all around him with his naive self-sufficiency, Elmer has at last a rather salutary if painful jolt when a brutal practical joke is played on him at a party of the girl with whom he has fallen in love in a calf-like fashion. There is a lot of rather cruel horse-play and despite Elmer's almost unbearable cockiness one cannot help feeling that he had a raw deal. The most interesting sequences in the picture are those showing the big league teams in action. Even the fact that sequences from the story are interspersed does not detract from their effectiveness.

Elmer Kane put Gentryville on the map when he joined the New York Yankees as star batsman, but he thought pretty well of himself before that. He also considered that any girl should feel honored if he looked at her. The hard-boiled but attractive young actress, Evelyn Corey, kidded him into thinking that she believed him the finest ball player in the world, and also promised to write to him. When no letters came the only way to keep Elmer in training was for his roommate to fake some affectionate replies to his laboriously misspelled epistles. When Elmer discovers the trick on the eve of the final game of the world's series and is at the same time accused of having taken a bribe to throw the game, things look bad for him, but Evelyn has a change of heart and all ends as it should. Jack Oakie, with his ingratiating grin and unaffected humor, succeeds in making Elmer fairly plausible, even likable. Evelyn Brent is attractive in a silly part, "Skeets" Gallagher is quietly amusing, and Gwen Lee in one of her usual brainless roles provides considerable amusement.

E. L. H.

### TOSCANINI

The resignation of Arturo Toscanini as director of La Scala Opera House did not surprise those who know the operatic conditions in Italy. There is a dearth of singers capable of carrying out Toscanini's idealistic intentions. The most competent come to the United States or go to South America. The younger singers are unwilling to study. In the great days of La Scala the leading artists had studied for five or six years before their teachers thought them prepared for the audiences of even the lesser opera houses. Today the impatient pupil thinks a year or two sufficient time for preparation; the teacher is not only consenting, he encourages the unripe, saying, "What you need is experience."

When the Chicago Opera Company was in

Boston last season Mr. Polacco and the excellent baritone Formichi deplored the operatic situation in Italy. The latter attributed the lowering of the vocal standard to the presumptuous ignorance of the young; to the eagerness of commercial teachers to put their pupils, though unprepared, on the operatic stage; also to the baleful influence of contemporaneous operas that call for declamation rather than sustained song.

If Toscanini was discouraged, not being able to give performances corresponding to his high ideals, is it not probable that after his long life in the opera house, tired of the caprices, squabbles, intrigues of singers, a vain and irritable race, he looks forward to comparative peacefulness in New York, where the Philharmonic Orchestra and audiences are his devoted, unquestioning admirers?

There are other reasons for committing suicide or for sudden disappearances from routine life than those given by ancient worthies, as Hegesias, Epictetus, Donne. There is the case of the Roman gentleman of high birth and fortune who killed himself, leaving this note: "I am tired of doing the same things."

A more modern instance is that of Mr. Buckwell in an English town, who, having disappeared, was at last found, hardly conscious. He had scribbled on a match box: "I have broken a Flanders Field chain of luck and this is my punishment." He had put the chain letter in the fire after he had read it. This action brought remorse; he looked forward to bad luck.

Few receivers of chain letters are so sensitive; say, superstitious. Letters of this nature are an impertinence, an imposition. The motto of the originators is "Let George do it," and George is to be succeeded by other Georges. No sane person hesitates in breaking the chain. It is hard to say whether the chain letter or the written request to give some one hardly known letters of introduction is the greater demand on good nature. Those asking information that would take time and trouble for the giving, are somewhat lesser nuisances, even if they seldom enclose a postage stamp for the reply. The originator of a chain letter deserves no mercy, however charitable the purpose in forging the chain. Blessed is he that breaks the chain at the first link.

### "Broadway"

An all-talking and singing picture adapted from the stage play of the same name by Philip Dunning and George Abbott, and presented by Universal with the following cast:

After a lapse of many months, devoted to redecorating and general rejuvenation, the Park Theatre reopened its doors once more last Saturday morning for the first showing of the spectacular all-talking and singing picture, "Broadway," taken from the enormously successful stage play. The interior of the theatre has been handsomely done over: there is a new black marble entrance and marquee and the decorative scheme has been carried out in gold cratex, robin's egg blue, and soft crimson tones. The latest Western Electric sound equipment has been installed, and a program for the season has been arranged which will consist only of first-run "all-talking, singing and dancing" pictures previous to their New England release.

"Broadway," the play, was notable for its terse and racy portrayal of the life that goes on back stage at the not very high-class night clubs of New York. There were the quarrelling chorus girls, the brash and cocksure "hoofers," the more or less crooked hi-jackers and their satellites, all involved in a sordid murder case, and, of course, the smooth spoken and sinister detective who wanders in and out, making caustic remarks. The action was incessant, the speech highly flavored and amusing; the whole effect intensely dramatic. If the picture, which is taken directly from it, fails to live up to the play, it is because there are too many breaks in the continuity of the story for the plot to seem really sustained. There are at least seven interpolated revue numbers, none of them particularly exciting, and all of which were omitted in the play. The night club in which the action of the story takes place has in the film assumed the dimensions of the Mammoth Cave. It is so enormous that the actors are completely lost in it and lose their importance and even their identity. Much of the photography is taken from peculiar angles and then run off so fast that the effect is extremely hard on the eyes. While as an elaborate spectacle the picture loses much of the essentially tense atmosphere of the play, it still provides moments of real drama and fairly consistent interest.

Several members of the original cast have been retained, notably Thomas E. Jackson as the quiet and purposeful detective, Dan McCorn; Robert Ellis, as the slick and cowardly Steve Crandall, and Paul Porcasi, as the sorely tried Nick Verdis, proprietor of the night club. All these give excellent performances, especially Mr. Ellis, whose depiction of Steve's complete collapse into grovelling fear was almost too vivid to watch. Of the moving picture actors the only player who contributed any real acting was Evelyn Brent as Pearl, the girl engaged to the murdered bootlegger, "Scar" Edwards: she shows here once again that for tense and powerful emotional acting she has few rivals on the screen today. The part of the

2/15

By PHILIP HALE

It is to be hoped that the Hoboken directors in their forthcoming revival of "The Black Crook" at the Shubert Apollo have respected the melodramatic text that we shall hear again "A single soul, a single year a hundred souls, a hundred years—'tis in your power to live forever." "Forever?" "Aye, forever"; also "And if at the appointed time no soul comes waiting to the gates of hell, thy soul is lost."

We do not pretend to be letter-perfect. It was over 50 years ago we saw "The Black Crook" in Boston; not at the Continental where it was first produced but at the Boston Theatre, when the magnificent Kate Santley led the March of the Amazons—"I am Stalacta"—and the Majiltons danced in a surprisingly acrobatic manner. What became of them?—we were especially interested in Marie.

What an absurd fuss was made about the indecency of the performance!—Just because a number of women wore "fleshings"; but that was a time when the word leg was spelled "limb." The play itself was scrupulously clean, clean and stupid. The late Dr. Sturgis Bigelow had the manuscript of the complete text, which was amusing reading, though the author took it seriously and was distressed at the excisions and mutilations. Played today as it was then, an audience would see only a spectacle and some graceful and grotesque dancing. "There's blood on the face of the moon. Our Queen is in danger," would neither excite laughter nor stir the blood.

Olive Logan and some others were horrified because women, many of them corn-fed and bouncing, marched with legs exposed. Miss Logan wrote an article in angry protest, an article, which, published in a magazine,—was it the National?—the American?—was much more indecent than "The Black Crook" or "The White Fawn." There were clergymen, eager for publicity, who joined her. Never was a play better advertised and without expense to the management. Uncle Amos, Deacon Hathaway, and Selectman Starkweather took the train to Boston, went into the playhouse, and snatched a fearful joy. What tales they told, with interrupting snickering, as the villagers near the cracker barrel questioned them!

Mr. Morley and his associates, on Sept. 2, dedicated a wooden tablet commemorating Dion Boucicault in front of the Rialto Theatre, Hoboken, for his "After Dark," revived there, had its 335th performance that night. The tablet read: "In memory of Dion Boucicault: Dublin 1822; New York, 1890. His melodrama 'After Dark' revived here Oct. 10, 1928, brought an old theatre back to life and restored a fine tradition of the stage."

Would that "After Dark" were to be played here alternately with "The Black Crook"! Would that Mr. Clive might be persuaded to bring out a few of the melodramas that some years ago drew crowds to the Grand Opera House. There was one in which the hero was about to die immured in a wall. He was saved only by the heroine frantically pulling out the top rows of bricks. (The ingenious dramatist has read Balzac's "Grande Breteche" or Poe's "Cask of Amentillado.") There was another play in which a forced wedding was prevented by friends of the bride rushing down the main aisle and discharging pistols.

Mr. Clive might also give us "The Murder in the Red Barn." The Jitney Players went up and down our land this year performing it and Moliere's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme." One of the players tells us that audiences either took the melodrama seriously and complained of the bum acting—for the performance was deliberately in the blood and thunder manner—or were sophisticated enough to laugh and enjoy. We should also like to see "Sween Todd," in which the Demon Barber of Fleet street drops his customers, chair and all, to the cellar, where the wretches are chopped into meat for pork and mutton pies. This old play failed in New York when it was revived a few seasons ago, but New Yorkers too often fail to recognize a good thing when it is offered to them.

Mr. Oscar L. Turner could not accept Mr. Patrick Hamilton's argument for his play "Rope"; that horror, laughter and tears are the three essential factors; that "horror presented in the right manner, provides a perfectly healthy and legitimate stimulant to the playgoer." Mr. Turner argues that horror develops a nervous excitement almost overwhelming in its intensity but it is only momentary and the aftermath is one of depression; the spectator leaves the theatre "mentally and morally (to say nothing of physically) placid." Horror is a legitimate stimulus only when it is a part in the play, not the whole. Yet some of us would not shrink from a play with,

"Much of madness and more of sin.  
And horror the soul of the plot."

Our valued correspondent, Mr. Metcalf Russell, saw "Hamlet" performed at Lakewood in the woods of Maine (near Skowhegan) in a theatre that is "fast becoming one of the best known and equipped summer theatre in the country." The tragedy was performed seven times in a week of August to "capacity houses," 1100 spectators for each performance.

"And a 'Hamlet' produced, devised and staged" by Norman Bel Geddes. In other words, a special production, and frankly, it was fairly entitled to such a description. I have seen all the Hamlets of my time and hence one of the reasons for coming down here. This is, however, one of the few times, I think, that the play has been announced as 'a melodrama,' and the only time that it has been staged in cubist fashion. One set, more or less appropriate for the battlement scene of the first act, with a few subaquently garishly painted small drops to cover these battlements, did for and did badly. Compared with the uniqueness of the John Barrymore, the simplicity of the Old Vic, and the colorful Hauptmann production, this was almost grotesque at times. It was a far cry from the over-elaborateness of the Irving production, of vivid memory. In its effort at simplicity, it left altogether too much to the imagination, and one sees the play for the first time, as undoubtedly some did, would perforce be a very much distorted idea of it. The meeting in the first act of the King, Queen, Hamlet with Laertes and Polonius was on this battlement, and the King's prayer, which never got to heaven, was made high up on one of these platforms, instead of before a prie-dieu. Every scene required actors to go up and down high, dimly lighted steps that must have been tax on their nerves, and in the circumstances it is a wonder some one did not have a serious mishap.

"Mr. Geddes' 'devising' of the play was also not always happy in one not familiar with it would lose much of its value. Of course, it had to be cut, but leaving out the lines 'You could, for a need, study a specimen of some dozen or sixteen lines which I could set down' of Hamlet to the Player, took away one of his best understood motives of the action of the



May. So, too, the omission of the Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern scene, after the play, cut a very effective bit. Osrice was hardly more than a door-  
man. Fortunately, the performance was far and away better than the pro-  
duction.

"Those who will recall the performance of May Thompson as Ophelia at the time Edwin Booth played his memorable engagement at the old museum, will remember how we who were 'doing' the theatres in those days were surprised at its beauty and effectiveness. I was forcibly re-  
minded of this by the exquisite and dramatically strong performance of Miss Dorothy Stockney. Never have I seen the mad scene better played. The Hamlet of Mr. Lindsey was well studied, carefully thought out and at all times consistently played. He made of this much discussed individual human being, sorely put to, likable, and yet lost nothing of the inevitable tragedy of Hamlet's life. An excellent Claudius by Thurston Hale; a beard-  
less, somewhat hard and loud voiced Polonius by John Daly Murphy; a First Player who looked and acted the part, by William Courtleigh; a somewhat too solid Laertes by Robert Hudson, and a First Grave Digger par excel-  
lence by Francis Wilson. Mr. Wilson played the part wholly out of the rave, due perhaps to the fact that he had lamed himself in diving from a  
spring board over the Lake, hard by, or perhaps Mr. Geddes devised this way of doing it. In any event, the part was played with rare simplicity and naturalness. And why not—when done by one of the best trained and ex-  
perienced actors that ever graced the American stage?

"Mr. Wilson the following week appeared in his own comedy, 'Camille's  
Companionate Marriage.' There have been many first nights; 'tryouts,' with  
authors, managers and directors in attendance. Lakewood Theatre, as the  
centre of a high grade theatrical community, is a genuine success.

Not long ago "Love's Labour Lost" was played in the open air, on the  
rectory lawn, in Felton, a Herefordshire village with a population of about  
twenty. The actors were a farmer's son and three daughters, an inn-  
keeper's daughter, the wives of two farm workers, a tractor driver, a  
gardener, two carpenters, a farm bailiff, two wagoners, a blacksmith, a  
lockman, and working class children. A Shakespearian play is performed  
early in this village. But why "Love's Labour Lost"? We read that the  
outstanding actor was the stockman, F. Inseal, "with his droll antics as a  
lawn."

In contrast, the first part of "Henry IV" has been performed by the Earl  
of Bessborough's troupe of "Society actors and actresses," at Stansted Park,  
Essex. But the performances were in the earl's miniature theatre, seating  
30 persons, and provided with the most modern system of stage lighting,  
and frescoes on the walls. Lord Bessborough designed and made the scen-  
ery for 14 scenes and took the part of Henry IV.

Mr. C. H. Cochran, the London manager, is tired of the talk about the  
excellence of Ziegfeld and other American choruses and believes there are  
good looking girls in England, who would like a job and go to America. There  
are certain things he holds essential. "We want girls of an English type of  
beauty—blondes preferred. They must have good skins, good teeth, pretty  
air. They must also have good legs, small ankles, and small hands. It's  
a good offering us good figures if they have big hands and big feet. I fancy  
his last stipulation will keep thousands from bothering me. The first thing  
look at in an applicant for chorus work is the ankles."

It will be interesting to hear reports from Mr. Cochran's stock-yard.  
Perhaps the Sketch will portray him with measuring tape in hand.

"hooper," Roy Lane, was taken by Glenn  
Tryon, who seemed an unfortunate  
choice for the part, lacking as he was  
in spirit and conviction. Merna Ken-  
nedy was pretty but rather too gentle,  
even for the incredibly innocent chorus  
girl, Billie. E. L. H.

#### KEITH-ALBEE "Why Leave Home?"

An all-talking and singing picture, adapted  
by Robert S. Carr from the play  
"Snatches," by Russell Medcraft and Norma  
Mitchell, and presented by William Fox with  
the following cast:

Mary	..... Sue Carol
Jackie	..... Dick Lee
Joe	..... Nick Stuart
George	..... Richard Keene
John	..... David Rollins
Walter	..... Walter Catlett
George	..... Jed Prouty
Roy	..... Gordon de Main
Ethel	..... Ilka Chase
Susan	..... Dor Earler
Maude	..... Laura Hamilton

Is sauce for the goose sauce for the  
gander, too? It ought to be, of course,  
but then it does not always work out  
that way, and if you try to apply the  
principle too literally there may be  
trouble. Such was the sad though  
carcely surprising discovery made by  
three indignant wives whose husbands,  
feeling in need of a little relaxation,  
thought that they would go duck-hunt-  
ing; in other words they had planned  
to take three pretty girls, Mary, Billie  
and Jackie, out to dinner. No sooner  
was this deceitful trio, Elmer, George  
and Roy, safely out of the house than  
the counter plot was hatched. Three  
specious youths, Dick, Jose and  
Oscar, whose lack of money had forced  
them to break their date with the girls  
just mentioned, had been hired by the  
deserted Ethel, Susan and Maude to  
each them the brighter side of life, in-  
cluding the latest dance steps and some  
ercent love-making. By way of an ex-  
citing amusement both groups decided  
to choose a nice distant roadhouse where  
no one they knew would be able to  
recognize them and where, as an added  
protection, they would have to wear  
masks. It was a wonderful idea, only  
unluckily they happened to hit on the  
same place to go. The middle-aged  
husbands endeavored to be amorous in a  
singularly awkward manner and the  
youths gave the three wives a good run  
for their money. There would have been  
no trouble if Mary and Nick, who had  
been rather taken with each other, had  
not tried to get together and at the  
same time rid themselves of their in-  
cumbrances. The result was a wild  
game of hide-and-seek, resulting in  
mutual discoveries, quarrels and recon-  
ciliations.

The nature of the story gave slight  
opportunity for acting of any particular  
merit, but Sue Carol was a pretty and  
attractive Mary, Walter Catlett caused  
much mirth in the part of the fatuous  
Elmer, and Nick Stuart, Richard Keene  
and David Rollins were sufficiently high-  
spirited as the hired escorts. E. L. H.

#### THE "PUBIC BIG FIVE" "Madonna of Avenue A"

A part-talking picture adapted by Ray  
Doyle from the story by Mark Canfield,  
and presented by Warner Brothers at the Scollay  
Square, Fenway, Capitol, Central Square

and Strand with the following cast:  
Maria Morton..... Dolores Costello  
Slim Shane..... Grant Withers  
"Duke"..... Douglas Gerard  
Georgia Morton..... Louise Dresser  
Monk..... Otto Hoffman  
Gus..... Lee Moran

There are eight different phases in  
that jumbled mixture, "Madonna of  
Avenue A," each of which, if intelli-  
gently developed, might have been made  
a passable picture. As it is, one is  
asked to make long and distressing  
leaps from this to that; from snatches  
of "Mother Knows Best" to Sophie  
Tucker's "Honky Tonk"; from an ex-  
clusive boarding school for daughters  
whose parents did not wish them at  
home to the cabin of a rum-running  
craft; from an evil resort on Avenue A  
to the comfortable home above it. Most  
of this is badly photographed, with such  
uneven light effects that one instant a  
close-up reveals a face in startling  
white, and the next an exterior, so  
murky that it is difficult to make out  
the furniture in the room.

Plodding silently through this con-  
fusion, with infrequent outbursts of  
inaudible dialogue, one beholds Louise  
Dresser, partner of a gambler in the  
operation of a tawdry drinking resort  
and always planning for a "tomorrow"  
for herself and her daughter whom she  
has immured in the fashionable board-  
ing school for three years past. Why  
the daughter, Maria, had not discovered  
long before what kind of a woman her  
mother was, is left to conjecture, as are  
numerous other puzzles in the picture.  
At any rate, Maria meets Slim Shane,  
a young rum-runner who lures her  
aboard a rum-runner on the assurance  
that it is a coast guard boat. She is  
expelled following that escapade, which  
is marked by a pistol combat between  
the boat's crew and revenue officers,  
and goes in search of her mother.  
Finding her in such repellent surround-  
ings, Maria flees to Slim, whom she  
really loves. They are married and  
expectant of an addition to the family

circle. The mother, not knowing this,  
has Slim framed and he is sent away  
under the Sullivan law for having a  
revolver in his possession. The mother  
commits suicide, to make available the  
proceeds of her \$10,000 life insurance  
policy for Slim's defence. There was a  
suicide clause which of course she never  
had read, so that was out. Maria, left  
alone, follows in her mother's footsteps,  
waiting for slim to come back. He re-  
turns abruptly; just walks into the picture  
without rhyme or reason, folds Maria  
to his reformed breast, and the latest  
sound news awakens a now dormant  
audience.

With such shoddy material Miss Cos-  
tello, Miss Dresser and Mr. Withers do  
what they can. The pity of it is, we  
know they are capable of far better  
things. As long as certain producers  
insist on belittling the intelligence of an  
average motion picture audience, just  
so long will they continue to grind out  
counterfeit films. W. E. G.

#### MODERN-BEACON

##### "The College Coquette"

A screen comedy by Norman Houston,  
directed by George Archambaud and pre-  
sented by Columbia as an all-talking pic-  
ture with the following cast:

Betty Forrester..... Ruth Taylor	Tom Marion..... William Collier, Jr.
Doris Marlowe..... Jobina Ralston	Coach Harvey Porter..... John Holland
Ethel Forrester..... Adda Gleason	Mrs. Marlowe..... Gretchen Hartman
Edna..... Frances Lyons	Slim..... Edward Fiel, Jr.
Ted..... Edward Clayton	Jimmy Doolittle..... Morris Murphy

Another summer has passed, almost,  
and the co-eds are assembling again.  
Film producers try to be timely even  
if they do steal one from another; so  
"The College Coquette" fits seasonably  
into the calendar's whirl, and certainly  
does remind us of Clara Bow and "The  
Wild Party," to say nothing of other  
less important educational films of re-  
cent showing. There is the college flirt,  
played by Miss Taylor, the good little  
girl who always minds her mother,  
when at home, played by Miss Ralston;  
the fresh youth with too much spending  
money, played by the versatile Collier,  
Jr., and the manly chap who hasn't  
much money but is amply equipped  
with ideals about girls and who, in this  
instance is cast as the football coach,  
played by Mr. Holland.

There are the usual skylarking par-  
ties, the close harmony serenaders, the  
little romances which bud yet do not  
always come to full fruition. And, here  
we come to Clara Bow. The girl whom  
everyone thought so fickle and shallow,  
to save the reputation at home of the  
girl whom everyone thought so schooled  
in rectitude, takes on herself the blame  
for a harmless little escapade and faces  
expulsion for her martyrdom. For one  
thing, however, we could be grateful.  
There was no spectacular football game,  
with roaring throngs and heroic quar-  
terback. The only hero in the picture  
seemed to be the coach, and he was  
on the side lines.

Consistent with the character of the  
picture, the acting throughout is care-  
free. Neither Miss Taylor nor Miss Ral-  
ston was able to do much with the  
microphones; their speech was too often  
inaudible. To be frank, theirs still is  
the manner of the silent screen. The  
campus scenes were the best pictorial  
features of the film. W. E. G.

## 'Strange Interlude' Forbidden in Boston

"Strange Interlude," Pulitzer prize-  
winning play of Eugene O'Neill, which  
recently completed a run of 18 months  
in New York, has been banned in Bos-  
ton.

It was to have started a limited en-  
gagement on Sept. 30, at the Hollis  
Street Theatre, under direction of The  
Theatre Guild of New York, of which  
Lynn Fontanne is the head.

Late yesterday City Censor John M.  
Casey notified the management of the  
Hollis that the play would not be per-  
mitted to open in Boston. He was  
sustained in his action by Mayor  
Nichols.

City Censor Casey said last night that  
Mayor Nichols had told him last Friday  
that the play was not to be given here  
and communicated that information to  
Thomas B. Lothian, manager. No reason  
was forthcoming from the mayor's  
office, Casey said, as to his attitude in  
the matter. Casey said he simply car-  
ried out instructions.

It is expected that some of the local  
subscribers of the Theatre Guild will  
attempt to urge the mayor to with-

#### "Evangeline"

A sound picture adapted from the poem  
of the same name by Henry Wadsworth  
Longfellow by Filmis Fox, directed by Edwin  
Carewe, and presented by United Artists  
with the following cast:

Evangeline..... Dolores Del Rio	Gabriel..... Roland Drew
Father Pelicien..... Alec B. Francis	Baptiste..... Donald Reed
Basil..... James Marcus	Benedict Bellefontaine..... Paul McAllister
Rene LeBlanc..... George Mapson	Michael..... Bobby Mack
Governor General..... Lou Payne	Col. Winslow..... Lee Shumway

Those who go to "Evangeline" this  
week at Loew's State will see some of  
the loveliest scenes ever transferred to  
the motion picture screen; great break-  
ers surging over rocky shores; moonlit  
forests; wide stretches of smooth-flow-  
ing river contrasted with splendid rap-  
ids; narrow streams windings through  
tropical woodland and great full-rigged  
ships sailing into the dim distance with  
all canvas set. They will see, too, the  
pity and waste when a whole community  
is uprooted from its dwelling place and  
scattered in a strange country. Indeed,  
these are the moments when the pic-  
tures reaches its highest point and Ed-  
win Carewe, the director, surpasses him-  
self. The sight of the bewildered,  
heart-broken people, torn from their  
homes on the most flimsy of excuses,  
families separated from one another  
and forced on board the English ships,  
while the burning village sheds a lurid  
light on their tragic departure, brings  
home once again the bitter cruelty and  
injustice of war toward non-combatants.  
batants.

That this tragedy really took place is,  
unfortunately, an historical fact, but it  
would probably never have become so  
generally known if it had not been for  
Longfellow's poem, now become a classic  
all over the country. His work, for  
the most part has been reverently  
treated, though there are certain mo-  
ments such as the occasion when Evan-  
geline, finding Gabriel dying, sings him  
the theme song of the production, that  
seems painfully lacking in a sense of  
proportion. For its greater length, how-  
ever, the picture glides peacefully along,  
despite a tendency to drag out some  
scenes to a painful degree. If per-  
haps too long and too peaceful for the  
taste of some, it nevertheless offers a  
beautiful and, save for the infrequent  
songs, a restful entertainment. Miss  
Del Rio sings at times in what ap-  
pears to be an attractive voice rather  
badly reproduced and Mr. Drew bursts  
forth once or twice, though his contri-  
bution is limited chiefly to requesting  
the decorative Dolores to sing to him  
once more. This is as near as the pic-  
tures goes to conversation and it is  
admittedly a pleasant change.

The story is that of two young Ac-  
adian peasants, Evangeline and Gabriel,  
who are separated on the day of their  
marriage when the inhabitants of their  
village of Grand Pre are deported by  
the English for refusing to fight against  
their compatriots, the French, in the  
war of American independence. The  
lovers search for another in vain all  
through America and are reunited only  
when Evangeline, now grown old and  
a sister of mercy, finds Gabriel dying  
of nestilence in a hospital. Dolores

draw from his present position and al-  
low the show to go on.

Theatrical people generally last night  
expressed surprise that "Strange Inter-  
lude" should be placed under the ban,

and also that the city's censor should  
cut out potent parts of "Jarnegan,"  
playing at the Wilbur.

In May, 1928, O'Neill was awarded  
the \$1000 Pulitzer prize for "Strange  
Interlude," "as the American play per-  
formed in New York best representing  
the education value and power of the  
stage in raising the standard of good  
morals, good taste and good manners."

When Mr. Casey learned that a play  
of this type was to be opened in Bos-

Del Rio, usually accustomed to more  
picturesque and dramatic parts, never-  
theless makes a gentle and appealing  
Evangeline and plays with surprising  
tenderness and beauty the devoted and  
courageous girl who dared everything  
to find her lover. Roland Drew made  
an uninteresting Gabriel, lacking in  
emotional sincerity and personal attr-  
action. The Father Pelicien of Alec  
B. Francis was a lovable and kindly  
figi E. L. H.



## SHUBERT THEATRE

## George White's "Scandals"

George White's "Scandals," a musical revue in two acts, with sketches by William Wells and Mr. White; music and lyrics by Cliff Friend and Mr. White; produced at the Apollo Theatre, Atlantic City, Sept. 2, and performed for the first time in Boston last evening at the Shubert Theatre with a cast including Willie and Eugene Howard, Frances Williams, Evelyn Wilson, Mitchell and Durant, the Abbott dancers, Marietta, Jack White, Sally and Ted, Carolyn Nolte, Elm City Four, Jim Carly, Florence Robinson, Scott sisters, Fred Lyon and George White, orchestra director, William Dals.

"Bigger, better and more abdominal than ever!" The first two adjectives are George White's own, the third is interpolated. George might as well have said it, for that is what he apparently has striven for in this, his tenth "Scandals." In some ways, this newest edition is better, for it has the Abbott Dancers, among the best we ever have seen. Waiving the issue as to whether it is bigger, which really doesn't signify much in a revue, there remains the matter of the dance, those bold, gyrating, weaving movements of the muscles of the mid-section of the body which in previous seasons have been labeled the Charleston, the Black Bottom, and what not. Now, in "Bottoms Up," derived, as Mr. White in person explained, while he mopped his perspiring brow, from the quaint custom of inverting one's glass after a convivial drink, we were privileged to behold the latest paraphrase of the frank and shameless muscle dance of the Streets of Cairo of many a midway of old. Mr. White danced it with a fluffy Florence Robinson, after his barelimped corymbes had demonstrated the steps in ensemble form. The audience, approved, judging by the tumult of applause.

Mr. White's first act is well-balanced revue routine; dancing, the usual highly spiced skits, a bit of spectacle, an impressive tableau. His second act is less commendable. It opens with some meretricious vocalism by Miss Nolte and Mr. Lyon, abetted by the Elm City Four, and leads into a scene occupied in the stage centre by a huge face, probably of some Egyptian deity. Girls radiantly costumed drape themselves atop and about this image, whose eyes, cheeks and mouth become alight with color. Then a dozen dancers cavort in front, shutting off view of the tableau and spoiling what might be a delightful effect. From here on, barring the amazing tap dance on their toes by the same Abbott Dancers who previously had done some exceptionally facile tap and acrobatic dancing, the revue lost continuity, running to noise in skits, declamation, even the musical accompaniment. It closed, however, in a novel curtain piece. Scores of girls, gorgeously arrayed trooped down stairs to fill the stage, turned suddenly and presented in scintillant white an illusive replica of New York's skyline.

with a beautiful goddess of liberty mounting majestically to the heavens above. Here was something worthy, something more substantial than anything that had gone before.

Mr. White's right hand man last evening was Willie Howard. He appeared in several black-outs, sang a smart patter song with brother Eugene, both in pajamas, about what the well-dressed man will wear, and introduced, also in song, the number called "Sitting in the Sun," with two-score girls in yellow trunks with black hip bands, lying prone on a shelving beach. If ever revues fade from fashion, he still can make an honest living with his diabolically accurate caricatures of George Price, Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor. Miss Frances Williams, another tireless laborer in Mr. White's gay vineyard, danced with her usual vivacity, but was not so happy with her songs. Miss Evelyn Wilson introduced herself bravely with "Good-Bye, Broadway, Hello Montreal," with verses hinting strongly at anticipated libations, and that was about all of Miss Wilson. Mitchell and Durant, slap-stick acrobat comedians, were boisterously funny.

The program intimates that Mr. White this year has had a try at the lyrics and the music of his "Scandals." He, Mr. Wells and Mr. Friend are no composite Gershwin, but they seemed to agree that the cornet is the finest instrument in the band. At any rate, their score and their verses had a gay rhythm and a ready if rough wit. All in all, New York probably will like these "Scandals," which is all Mr. White really cares about. W. E. G.

## "STRANGE INTERLUDE"

On one side is Mayor Nichols. On the other are the foremost critics of the nation; President Butler of Columbia University, and the Pulitzer Award Committee; and A. E. Thomas, Walter Prichard Eaton and Clayton Hamilton, who selected "Strange Interlude" as the play which

best represented in 1927 "the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste and good manners."

On one side is Mayor Nichols who seldom goes to the theatre and presumably knows little about it. On the other are men and women who have made the theatre their life work, and presumably know much about it.

On one side is Mayor Nichols. On the other is an American public which has bought eight large editions of the play at \$2.50 a volume.

One one side is Mayor Nichols. On the other side are Bostonians who have already subscribed \$20,000 to see the play.

One one side is Mayor Nichols. On the other is the Vincent Club, which planned to attend the play in a body and give the proceeds to charity.

On one side is Mayor Nichols. On the other is the Theatre Guild, which has 7000 followers in Boston and 50,000 in the United States, and for 10 years has been lifting the American stage to constantly higher levels.

On one side is Mayor Nichols. On the other side are the book dealers of Boston, who have been selling the volume for a year or two.

On one side is Boston. On the other side are Cincinnati, Detroit, Kansas City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, St. Louis, Tacoma, Columbus and Washington, D. C. The Lord Chamberlain of England, the most exacting of all critics, has passed it for London. The State Theatres of Stockholm, Vienna and Budapest have seen it. Berlin is to see it soon. In fact, this is the first time in the Theatre Guild's history that one of its plays have been censored.

In short, Mayor Nichols has put himself and Boston on one side. On the other is all the rest of the world. And, so far as we are able to understand the situation in Boston, he is all but alone here.

"Strange Interlude" is one of the most significant dramas of the age. It is the greatest play yet written by that American whom the people like to consider the greatest playwright who has yet appeared among them. With all his errandies, Eugene O'Neill comes pretty close to being a genius. There is no question of the respect and admiration for him, at home and abroad. Just now he seems to be at the very peak of his powers. The spectacle of one uninformed man passing peremptory judgment on O'Neill, on "Strange Interlude," on the critics, on the committee which selected the work, on the Theatre Guild, and on its great public following, will make the city a subject of national and international contempt and ridicule.

It is the city which will suffer by this unfortunate decision, not the Mayor. He will be forgotten outside of Massachusetts before the end of the week. And we doubt that, following the recent incidents in connection with censorship, the people of the city are inclined to remain passive any longer. They are paying the penalty, industrially, educationally and otherwise for censorship regulations harsher than those in any other city hereabout and immeasurably more severe than those effective in any other state.

We trust that Mayor Nichols will listen to his best advisers. We trust that he will reverse or, at least, modify his decision. We doubt that he would have come to it if he had a full realization of the consequences. If he should choose to stick to his decision, we earnestly hope that the Theatre Guild and the public will do everything possible to contest the issue with him. It is greatly to be wished, however, that in his more mature judgment of today, he will discover that he has erred in judgment and will undo the damage.

## COLONIAL THEATRE

## "Great Day"

A musical comedy in two acts; book by William Carey Duncan and John Wells; lyrics by William Rose and Edward Elmer; music by Vincent Youmans; produced by Vincent Youmans and performed last eve-

ning at the Colonial Theatre for the first time on any stage in its revised form, with the following cast:

Phil Randolph	Charles Lawrence
Emmy Lou Randolph	Mayo Methot
Henry White	Babe Jackson
Pepita Padilla	Miller and Lyles
Jim Brent	Oleander
Judge Totheridge	Walter C. Kelly
Mazie Brown	Maude Eburne
Charlie	Vincent Simonin
Lantern Man	Hugh Chilvers
Liah	Lois Depe
Susie Totheridge	Laura Lee
Sebastian Zarega	Leonard Ceeley
Martha	Kitty Coleman
James Trainor	George Trainor
	Hernandez Brothers

Despite a first act which last evening ran an even two hours, and against any and all complaints of an overworded book and a prolongation of certain scenes, we are willing to go on record as predicting that "Great Day" is going to make good. This prophecy is based on the intrinsic merits of Mr. Youmans' score, the simplicity of the story, the regal manner in which the production has been mounted, the general excellence of the cast and, greatest of all, that superb choral body known as the Jubilee Singers, led by a budding Jules Bledsoe, who twice carry the piece to great heights, first with the spirited number, "Great Day," in the first act, and again with the more musically number, "Without a Song," near the close of the second act. There are numerous other charming or animated melodies in the placid course of "Great Day," but they are overshadowed by the two splendid songs cited above. A young baritone, Lois Depe, carries the solo in each, and carries it valiantly. In "Without a Song," Mr. Youmans, through the trombones, has deftly woven "Suanee River" into or rather against his own rhythm in effective counterpoint. With those lusty male and female voices raised in unison, the effect was remarkable.

The story of "Great Day" is of Emmy Lou Randolph and her brother, Phil, sold out from their ancestral plantation home near New Orleans. Emmy Lou has her love affair with Jim Brent, a civil engineer who is engaged in bolstering up the river levees against floods. Phil is in love with Susie Totheridge, the saucy but capable daughter of old Judge Totheridge. Their in no actual villain, but Sebastian Zarega, proprietor of a gambling resort, gets himself disliked by Brent and Phil for his attentions to Emmy Lou, and also by Pepita Padilla, his favorite dancer. Zarega, who has bought the Randolph home, resells later to the judge, who puts Phil in charge. In the end, after a series of misunderstandings, there are three weddings, Emmy Lou and Brent, Phil and Susie, and the judge and Mazie Brown, a woman past middle age who has pursued him relentlessly. It isn't much of a story, but it suffices.

Miss Methot, making her first appearance in musical comedy, was admirable, just the jerson that role demanded, honest, intelligent, aristocratic, proud. If her voice balked at high notes it served her well in the lower register. In her case it was the dramatic asset which counted. Mr. Ceeley electrified the audience with his first song, "One Love." Miss Regay danced sinuously. Mr. Lawrence and Miss Lee in the juvenile roles of Phil and Susie were amusing, and Mr. Kelly and Miss Eburne as the elderly couple who had to go through just so much pulling and hauling before they could be inveigled to the altar, were characteristically comic. Miller and Lyles, head of more than one colored show of their own, entertained generously in their own ludicrous fashion. Doubtless for the

good of the performance they will be willing to cut some of their patter. The Hernandez brothers gave a very neat duo dance.

The settings, the old Randolph plantation with a beautifully designed vista beyond the arched entrance; the Spanish Casino, with its blue ceilinged lobby set against three great arches; and the corn field where the field hands worked and sang, were pictorially pleasing; the costumes, especially those of the Spanish dancers and the scarecrow dancers, were rich and in perfect taste. Mr. Youmans' score was impressive for its tunefulness, its finely balanced instrumentation. Three numbers which seemed particularly melodic were "Happy, Because I'm in Love," "Open up Your Heart," and "More Than You Know." Give a few more hours for pruning to those who have labored so earnestly to make "Great Day" a musical comedy worth hearing and seeing, and see if it does not prove to be one of the finer achievements of the budding season. W. E. G.

M. 2  
Gus B. ...  
Comet ...  
Equerry

Another picture of bar presented in "Illusion, Charles (Buddy) Rogers of a young magician, whose head is turned by of wealthy society peo houses he has given sp ances. As may be rem

Train's novel, from which is drawn, was more or less against the futility of something that you are not also the hint that it is look for your blessings other words, if you are handsome and have a beautiful society-girls be you commit yourself, tha ful partner in vaudeville jshing the secret hope o partner for life as well. is neglected, anything may as the partner in quest get herself killed because tions belong to another. tendency to preach in high-flown manner that sion" from being as go ment as it should have are frequent amends, how the worldly wise old act clared that she knew an to keep a man—had she four of her husbands with divorce?—and particularly performance of Miss Na who, forgetting for the t be cute, made her part pealing and convincing.

The story emphasizes of old adage about kind heart faith versus coronets and with the latter, as usual, a very bad second. Carlee gets his obligations to vaudeville partner, Claire falls in love with the weak attractive Hilda Schmittlap, undesirable brother, Eric, p with his unwelcome attent Carlee walks out on the and Claire had long been she is forced to team up man. Just in time Carlee really loves Claire, but he witness her attempt at s fortunately, does not succ Rogers is not at his best, ceited and selfish Carlee; make him sympathetic and, when contrasted with roll's generous and Claire, he comes perilously significance.

## NEW B. F. KEIT

Announcement is made b Winston, New England R-K-O, that the Boston "The Cock Eyed World," all ture co-starring Victor M mund Lowe and Lily Dami place at the New B. F. K at midnight tonight, owing public demand for an ear Simultaneous with this ar came word from New York Philadelphia, St. Louis and this production had scored ally that it has been deeme to hold it over for a fourt New York it will be the e "The Cock Eyed World," f it had played to four we weeks at the Roxy Theatre

## BOSTON HERALD

## International Paper Co. Dispose of Its Int

BOSTON, Sept. 20 (U. International Paper Com arranged to sell its inter Boston Publishing Compa publishes the Boston He eler, to an unnamed \$7,000,000, it was learn paper company's offices. This price represents a the International Paper of \$1,500,000 on its origi ment, it was stated.

## "Illusion" METROPOLITAN

An all-talking, singing and dancing picture adapted by E. Lloyd Sheldon from the novel of the same name by Arthur Train; directed by Luthar Mendes, and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Charles Thorpe	Charles (Buddy) Rogers
Claire Jernigan	Nancy Carroll
Hilda Schmittlap	June Collier
Zelda Paxton	Rosie Francis
Eric Schmittlap	Rosie Francis
Mr. Jacob Schmittlap	Karl Erickson
Mrs. Schmittlap	Ensign Rescor
Quand of Delmatia	Maude Turgeon



## Editorial Announcement

IN January last the International Paper Company interests purchased one-half of the capital stock of The Boston Herald and Traveler. Yesterday the International Paper Company interests agreed to sell all their stock in these papers to a group of bankers acting with the present management of The Herald and Traveler. Thus ends, by friendly agreement, an episode which caused an amount of comment all out of proportion to the plain business involved in it. A second step, one which we consider of great importance, will be announced in detail immediately. The public as well as members of the staff will be given an opportunity to purchase Herald-Traveler stock. Under such an arrangement there will be a wider diversification of ownership than ever before in the history of these papers.

We rejoice that public approval has been far greater in recent months than ever before in the long and honorable history of the papers. Their morning, evening and Sunday circulations are many thousands higher than ever before. Gross and net revenues, exceeding all records, have been in beyond our expectations. The ability and morale of the staff were never so high as today. The freedom of expression of the editorial page and the freedom of publication in the news columns have remained what they had always been. There has been an impressive surge forward. Business has overtaken the capacity of our plant. We have, therefore, acquired part of the old Adams House property next to our present Mason street structure and are now proceeding with the erection of a new building which we propose to make the finest newspaper home in New England. The measurable consequences of the purchase of our stock by the International Paper Company interests seem to have been distinctly beneficial.

Nevertheless, there has been, in some quarters which we highly respect, a misgiving over the situation which arose in January. Many other publications, and apparently all of our local contemporaries, have professed to regard with apprehension ownership in The Herald and Traveler by a newsprint company having public utility affiliations. We regretted this apprehension, although we thought it was, and we believe that events have proved that it was, a misapprehension. Nevertheless, it existed. We have felt an obligation to take heed of it, so that there might not be the slightest possibility of a misunderstanding hereafter. We recognize our serious obligation to the public which has dealt so generously with us.

We have constantly emphasized that the welfare of The Herald and the Traveler is bound up with the welfare of Boston and New England. Their owners have an old, large, legitimate stake in the prosperity and well-being of this whole section. They have entrusted the actual conduct of the property to trained newspaper men in whose ability and character they have the utmost confidence. Owners and editors have been trying to issue the best newspapers possible, day by day, and to make Boston and New England better places to live in, to work in, to play in, to stay in, and to make the whole community more orderly, more prosperous, more wholesome, more respected at home and elsewhere. The Herald for almost a century, and the Traveler for even longer, have tried to be of public service.

The public has responded generously to our efforts, borne patiently with our infirmities, and adhered to us in good weather and bad. We bespeak a continuance of that uninterrupted support and confidence. Once again we pledge ourselves to performances and policies which we believe will merit them.

The Herald and Traveler will never advocate any policy which in our judgment runs counter to the welfare of the people of New England with whose fortunes our own interests are irrevocably committed. We believe in encouraging private enterprise. We favor proper public control of utilities; but we are opposed to public meddling at

the behest of the political agitator. We leave it for others to criticize and discourage those who are investing money here. We welcome and will support every effort which promises to develop and build up New England. The Herald and the Traveler believe in the future of New England and will do their utmost to make stronger the foundations which support the moral and economic structure of New England.

## A Vigorous Novel of Social Uplifters and Social Rebels

THE MEDDLERS, by Jonathan Leonard: The Viking Press. 416 pp. \$2.50.

By PHILIP HALE

Any one reading the first page of Mr. Leonard's novel might infer that here is a "mystery" story, or a novel in the manner of the hilarious Mr. Wodehouse. A young man approached furtively a letter box. "His hair was red, his arms long, his bearing awkward and spasmodic. Although his general line of advance was straight, the movements of his legs seemed always to be taking him to one side." The letter that he dropped into the box was addressed "Carolus Elston." This was the name of the man who posted it.

But those who had read Mr. Leonard's earlier novel "Back to Stay," a novel of Cape Cod village life; a novel that at first was printed and published by himself, and in the second edition excited attention and admiration, were prepared to find in "The Meddlers" an unusual subject treated in unusual manner, a novel as original as it is engrossing.

The Meddlers are all those engaged professionally or in a condescendingly amateurish way with what is known as the "Uplift Work." They are impractical fanatics; well-meaning persons who would better the condition of the poor and the ignorant; also the restless ladies of high birth and breeding who find a snobbish pleasure in "slumming."

There are four chief characters. First of all Carolus, born with the longing to reform the world. His parents, missionaries in the east, had sent him to the United States to aid them in their own plan of raising mankind to a higher level in life and in spiritual development; but Carolus was far from being a pious person. He had his own ideas as to how this "uplifting" should be brought about. He was given to analysis especially of himself. He was at a university where he repelled those who would know him, rude in speech and in manner. Loneliness went to his head like whiskey, but it was to him "So exquisite a luxury that there are always jealous people who try to destroy it. They keep him from developing his individuality unhampered." A fellow student Donwin, whose talisman was character—he thought he knew what character meant—had been asked by important connections of Carolus to visit him—"If he had been a denizen of the Slums, he might have been hunted there, trapped like a rabbit, or shot with precaution like a panther." Through Donwin, the son of the missionaries, who put "conscience in the place of brain, and brain in the place of instinct, and instinct in the place of conscience," and thus revolved backward in their orbits, was properly introduced to Louise Wilberton, the daughter of a rich man, philanthropically inclined and a quiet humorist. Donwin had previously made

his way into her house, not knowing her name, and had at once embraced her after which he talked to her wildly, said that his life inside was different from hers. After he left her, she was angry, terrified, and she burst into tears.

Louise was at that time devoted to work in the slums. The influence of Carolus led her to doubt the value of this work. She soon felt the absurdity of women talking and acting as Mrs. Sodality and her associates, and doubted the genuineness of Prof. Kleinreinstein, the professional uplifter. Ernestino Mosk, a child of the slums, who had been coddled by relief workers, was more important to her. Carolus pro-

posed marriage. She could not give him an answer. He shot himself, saying: "Perhaps this is the most foolish thing I ever did." After his death, when there was discussion of Carolus, she raised her head defiantly and said: "We were engaged."

Carolus left behind him a notebook of impressions and opinions which was to Louise as a sacred volume, a lamp to her feet. Ernestino is portrayed by Mr. Leonard as a product of organized charity. It would be hard to say whether he or Carolus was at the same time the more repellant and the more fascinating man to women engaged in charitable work. There was something romantically mysterious about Carolus. He was original, sententious, cynical in the expression of his views. Ernestino was frothy in his violence, but he could be tactful and excite sympathy. Louise married him. Disowned by her father, she with Ernestino opened a grocery store in a mean street. At first hopeful, they soon lost their illusions. The poor people whom they would help were suspicious and would not purchase. They questioned the marriage. Some of Louise's former associates patronized and pitied her, a few would have helped her. Ernestino having tried to rob her father, disappeared. Donwin wished to marry her. He had written to her urging her not to wed Ernestino. Donwin was a dweller in Laodicea, but was not the grocery store as the poor girl Kate had described it, in the Street of the Mirage?

Ernestino finally returned, only because he was jealous of Donwin. There is a tragic ending.

This bare sketch of the "story" gives only a faint idea of the vigor and the sad bitterness of the novel; the portrayal of characters that are not caricatured. We have all known the worthy women trying ineffectively to do good; also those who think to gain social prominence by serving on committees, meeting to discuss the pitiable condition and the possible relief of the poor, and when luncheons and bridge permit, visiting tenements, examining with impertinent eyes and offended nostrils all that is squalid and unsanitary; ready to hand in a report, but antagonizing by their manner those who are in need of material aid and understanding words.

Mr. Leonard is not content with tearing the mask from the insufferable Mrs. Sodality and the hypocritical and self-seeking humbug Prof. Kleinreinstein; he exposes the sentimentalists; the romantic, the scientific uplifters. He spares neither the learned professions nor smug churchmen. Witness the scene between Carolus and Prof. Brown, the chapter entitled "The Meddlers at Dinner." Mr. Leonard's satire, often bitter, is never flippant; the targets of his arrows are not individuals but representatives of classes; he attacks and ridicules the misdirected energies of societies.

If it be said that his men and women do not talk as in real life but as in a world of his own invention and are only as speaking trumpets for his own thoughts, it might also be said that, at times somewhat rhetorically they express real feelings. There is no striving after epigrammatic pungency, though there is constant brilliance in dialogue and observation. If there is a lesson to be drawn from the book it is by indirection. The reader must supply the answer to the suggested question.

How well the story is constructed, without padding, without digressions, without distractingly "realistic" descriptions! When Mr. Wilberton tests Ernestino by bringing out portfolios of photographs, there are only hints at the nature of them. And when Mr. Wilberton reads from the notebook of Carolus that art, when it is respected is worse than a religion: "Then it has its priests and its hermits, its saints and its mountebanks, its Society for the Suppression of Vice and its Bacchic dance. Unfortunately it is usually respected—the auctioneers take care of that."

Personally I prefer to eat," he closed the book "as if he were closing the lid of a coffin" and said to Ernestino, "Is that the way you feel about it?"

"Precisely," answered Ernestino. "Then," said Mr. Wilberton, "I am all the more grateful to you for giving so much attention to my photographs—which I respect."

Victims of uplift, Ernestino well said at the end of the cruel experiment that ruined him, Louise and others, "Why didn't Mrs. Sodality let me live my life?"



# SEX AND CLOTHES

By PHILIP HALE

The irrepressible and garrulous George Bernard Shaw says, and says it loudly, that "as an expert" he believes "the only method of creating sex appeal is by clothes." This appeal vanishes when women approach nudity in dress. "The voluptuous woman of the nineteenth century was a masterpiece of sex appeal from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet. Everything about her, except her cheeks and nose, was a guilty secret."

Mr. Shaw is not the first to argue in this manner. Hazlitt in a brilliant essay advanced the theory that the more cumbersome, the more discouraging the dress of woman, the greater the amorous curiosity and longing of the male. Concealment was more alluring than unabashed revelation. Hazlitt cited the case of the pale, plain-visaged woman at the Court of Charles the Second, neglected, if not despised by the courtiers, until one day she was thrown from her horse. Her dress, then in disarray, gave cause for admiration of hitherto concealed bodily perfection. A brilliant marriage was the result. And Hazlitt wrote eloquently of this woman, who all the time knew that her dress was a locked cabinet of charms.

The traditional dress of the ballet girl, now revealing, now concealing, is more provocative than the comparative nudity of stage beauties, or the sight of Amazonian tights that shocked the "prurient prudes"—to quote Charles Reade—when "The Black Crook" was first produced.

When Mr. Shaw, speaking of Victorian ladies with "every contour emphasized and upholstered"—probably with reference to bustles and uplifting corsets—says that the Victorian age was an exceedingly immoral age "affected with the disease of exhibitionism," he makes an unfortunate use of a word that in its restricted sense is applied to indecency rather than immorality.

He is undoubtedly acquainted with Hazlitt's essay and the age when the sheathed, armored lady's highest compliment to a lover was "Mr. —, you are a brisk man," but there are remarks by Montaigne in the essay "On Some Verses of Virgil" that might give support to his play for the education of the supposedly ignorant.

## SWITCHEL

"Haying in New England is now almost a memory."—Headline in the New York Times.

The haycrop is no longer the anxiety, the disappointment or the pride of the New England farmer. Haying is no longer a picturesque sight. The sound of the whetstone seldom delights the ear. No longer is the pail of switchel resting under a tree, shading from the noon sun. "Switchel," a mean name for the noble drink that quenched the thirst of sweating toilers. A mean name, yet preferable to "sweetened water," or "Mother Hubbard sling," or "ginger drink" sung by Daniel L. Cady in the Burlington Free Press:

It some way made a scythe edge keener,  
It helped the boys to mow away;  
It made the old bull-rake cleaner,  
It made the bumble bees less gay

It wasn't made of garbled gases,  
But water with a limped lure,  
And good Orleans blackstrap molasses  
And ginger personally pure.

And good old vinegar displaying  
That elderly taste that made you wink—  
Oh, it was more than half of haying  
To have good help and ginger drink."

Poets, painters, novelists have known the glory of the hayfield, from Walt Whitman watching "Three scythes at harvest whizzing in a row from three lusty angels with shirts bagged out at their waists" to Thomas Hardy's description of the nocturnal pursuit and surrender among the hay-cocks; from the English landscapes on canvas to George Moore's story told by an American girl in Paris. Nor did a baseball nine of years ago disdain the title, "The Haymakers."

There was the pitching of the hay, the slow-drawn wagon, the yawning door of the barn, the mow with children sporting at the risk of cruel pitchforks. There was the fear of lightning drawn from the sky by the call of the hay.

The sweet smell of the barn, haunting the emigrant to the city, has given way to the odor of the garage. Hay once coveted is now despised, for the truck drinks gasoline. That

# THE S

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

## "The Cock Eyed World"

An all-talking and singing picture, story by Maxwell Anderson and Lawrence Stallings and dialogue by William K. Wells, directed by Raoul Walsh, and presented by William Fox with the following cast:  
Top Sergeant Flagg . . . Victor McLaglen  
Sergeant Quirt . . . Edmund Lowe  
Mariana Elenita . . . Lily Damita  
Olga . . . Lela Kurnelly  
Connor . . . El Brendel  
Fanny . . . Bobby Burns  
Brownie . . . Jean Barry  
Buckley . . . Joe Brown  
Santovitch . . . Stuart Erwin  
Innkeeper . . . Ivan Linow  
Katinka . . . Solidad Jimenez  
Jeanette Dagna

Judging by the throngs which crowded the New B. F. Keith's Theatre, not only at the midnight showing Friday night, but all through Saturday and Sunday, "The Cock Eyed World," with "Sez You" Top Sergeant Flagg and "Sez Me" Line Sergeant Quirt, is starting out to make attendance records as it did at the Roxy Theatre in New York recently. As a sequel to that booming war play, "What Price Glory," this peace-time picture holds its own. It naturally would, with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe again scrapping, cheating, jawing and alternately besting each other in their affairs with pretty girls all the way from Vladivostok to Central America, with way stops at the Brooklyn navy yard and Coney Island. Nor is Raoul Walsh's tremendous driving power as director to be overlooked. To him is due the generally fine balance of the picture, the clever exposition of various racial types both in the ranks of the skylarking marines themselves and in the various lands they visit. With Walsh's vividly painted backdrop to set them off, the Messrs McLaglen and Lowe are able to give portrayals which make them memorably unique on the talking screen.

Every time a fair charmer appears, whether it be Olga of the Russian Steppes, or Fanny of Brooklyn's gold-diggers' colony, or Mariana Elenita of the tropics, the incredibly tough Flagg and the crafty, handsome Quirt are hanging around the corner. If, in one escapade, Quirt is made to appear ridiculous, the tables are turned in the next. Always, there is imminent prospect of physical combat, which never quite materializes. It is only when tropical fever hits Quirt that Flagg tiptoes in, tries to cheer him. "I have my own ideas," he says, "and you have yours; but after all we're pals, ain't we?" Then they deliberately shake hands, a ceremony which the amazed medico declared he had waited 11 years to witness. Yet a reel later, when Quirt has recovered, the two are at it again, with blasting epithets and upraised beer bottles. Only the ending seems tame, flat. There should have been one final caustic thrust either by Quirt or Flagg. Instead the picture dissolves in a tramp of departing feet, with the two lovable roughnecks out of the scene.

"The Cock Eyed World" is rich with savory detail. It includes a dash of fighting; a touch of tragedy, when Priv. Connors dies with his waiting sweetheart's picture on his breast; a flare of propaganda when Sergt. Flagg predicts that the next war will be fought in the air and will be shorter; and many humorous touches, notably by El Brendel as the sly Swede, Olson whose derisive laugh the irate Flagg is never able to trace. Miss Damita jabs in French, Miss Kurnelly is what may be Russian or Chinese, Miss Barry in plain hard-boiled Brooklynese. In its deleted form "The Cock Eyed World" is glorious entertainment. How sulphurous must it have been before the smugly protective censors got in their deadly work! W. E. G.

KEITH-ALBEE

## "Lucky Star"

A part-talking picture adapted by Sonja Levien from the story by Tristram Tupper, directed by Frank Borzage and presented by William Fox with the following cast:  
Mary Tucker . . . Janet Gaynor  
Timothy Osborne . . . Charles Farrell  
Martin Wrenn . . . Greta Williams  
Mrs. Tucker . . . Hedwiga Reicher  
Mile . . . Gloria Grey  
Pou Fry . . . Hector V. Sarno  
Joe . . . Paul F.

It is always a pleasure to go to a picture in which Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor are appearing, for these two have the agreeable faculty of being sentimental without being tiresome. If at times they are forced to go through some distinctly childish proceedings, such as the egg-shampoo episode in "Lucky Star," there is such a happy naturalness about the way they handle it that an audience is prone to forget the absurdity and enjoy their acting. The present film makes no great demands on either of them, but it is a very pleasant, mildly humorous, and occasionally pathetic affair in which Charles Farrell plays the part of a

Jo Van Ammers-Kuller, the author of "The Rebel Generation," which justified the loud-voiced praise awarded it by American critics contributing to the publisher's jacket, has written "The House of Joy," a theatre life in Holland. Some readers may argue that the incidents are peculiar to that country; the more experienced will say that the playhouse might be in any European or American city, if the heroines were a member of the company. The novel is published by E. P. Dutton Co., Inc.

There are many novels concerning theatrical life, from Scarron's "Comique" to George Moore's tale of the mummer, the stories by Merrick, and Anatole France's ironical "Histoire Comique;" France found marionettes truer to nature, more intelligent, more seductive the women of the Comedie Francaise novels realistic, romantic, sentimental, not to mention those cheap, flippant and sensational writings men and women whose ignorance of the theatre is at once apparent.

This story, translated by H. Van Wyhe, purports to be told by a school teacher, Margaret Schepp, a spinster, who in earlier years had had some connection with theatre people and wished to be an actress. As a teacher and as a paying guest at the house of the aristocratic, proud, strait-laced and impoverished Heysten family, she quickly recognized young Jenny's talent for mimicry, the beauty of her voice, her ability to give charm and vitality to ordinarily cut-and-dried recitations. She made a friend of Jenny, a mocking and sullen. She fed the girl's natural ambition, so that Jenny left her family for the stage, heeded not the remonstrances of her betrothed who thought the theatre a sink of abominations. From an amateur she became prominent as a professional.

The novel is a study of the strutters on the stage, the sincere artists, the poseurs, the idealists, the commercial, the decent and the vicious. The narrator is inclined to reproach herself for encouraging Jenny in a course that lost her the priggish but honest lover and brought her pain and sorrow as well as fleeting joys. But even if the narrator had not almost pushed Jenny to the footlights, the girl would have not had a smug and conventional life. She was by nature erotic. Margaret found Jenny's demonstrative affection unwholesome, and remarks in describing it: "Our modern literature has endeavored to probe to its utmost the problem of relationship between man and woman; why does it give so little attention to the far more intimate one between two women?" (In the last years novelists and dramatists have changed all that: Witness Proust and the drama of "The Prisoner.")

Jenny attracted attention in an amateur performance of an old Dutch play "Marieke Van Nimweghe." "The great" Dirk Manders condescended to be the coach; the distinguished actor Lucas Veraart was in the audience. Manders did not appreciate Veraart's art: He "is not an actor—he only thinks he is."

"There is no more difficult class of playgoers than the devoted parents, aunts, cousins and acquaintances at an amateur performance, who encumbered with family pride and convinced of their right to an evening's amusement, whisper to one another their uncritical admiration and even laugh good-humoredly if the heroine forgets her lines." Veraart found promise in Jenny. As for the others: "Strange that people should fancy they can act just because they have learnt to commit verses to memory and have donned fine costumes." When Jenny complained of spectators laughing though text and situations should have moved them, Veraart answered: "Take this from me—act for the two or three, for the few who live in it, who understand. The others don't exist. If only those few are present, it's all right, it's delightful to be an actor; but if there are none, not a single one in a full house like this, then it is hell."

Living with Margaret as a friend Jenny showed ignorance and indifference regarding financial matters. She had her family's sovereign contempt for money. She was convinced that as soon as she appeared on the stage as a professional actress, all material difficulties would disappear. "She always considered herself to be rich as long as she carried a purse containing a few shillings, and as soon as it was empty, encroached upon some one else's without the slightest scruple." Boastfully careless, she would forget the bills she had thrust in a drawer. Having made a contract with the Manders Theatre, she was to receive three pounds a month, but she fell for temptations in shop windows. Her parents would not aid her "in a direction which can only have a bad effect upon her character, and which will bring shame and dishonor to our name, the only thing of value still left to us." Her betrothed Nico Maes frowned on her ambition and was vexed by her persistence in it. "I can believe in the ideas of a poet or a musician, but not in those of an actor—a comedian. What he arouses of desire for beauty is usually mere sensuality, or else why shouldn't an old and ugly actress have just as good a chance as a pretty one? . . . My God—don't you understand, the infernal horror of Jenny being mixed up in it, giving herself up to it? That night of 'Marieke' I heard some one behind me remark that she had pretty legs. I could hardly restrain myself from hitting the fellow, but at the same time knew I was a fool; every one thought of actresses like that; I had spoken so myself many times about them."

The Little Theatre directed by Manders, whose leading woman was Lena Terburg, was not a first class house, but there was opportunity for Jenny to learn. Invited to take tea with Lena, she was most impressed by the portraits of three divorced husbands harmoniously occupying together the top of the same bureau. Margaret at this time noticed that Jenny's attention began to be concentrated on the erotic and the sensual in books and plays; she was thrilled the most by trying to find out whether the loves in the plays and books were "real," resembling those she witnessed in the theatre. She rejoiced when a "tarty" part was assigned to her and played by her in a most sensual manner. And in this play she gave an imitation of Lena Terburg, with her body laced into a tight corset, trying to be prepossessing. Manders said to Jenny as she left by the stage door, "Damn it, you've pith in you. You're a sport, a cheeky little kid." This Manders did not think small beer of himself.

"Ah, believe me, my dear ladies, that's the miserable part of my profession. When a man like me is endowed with the unfortunate faculty of being able to act with absolute naturalness, standing above technique, the foolish playgoer imagines that it's quite simple, that every part is, as it were, purposely written to fit me."

Reviewing this comedy taken from the French the leading critic of Manders and Lena. No word for Jenny. But another critic, for



...that Jenny, a young girl of a patrician family, was able to portray a cocotte with natural ease "in a dialect full of characteristic and even pervious details."

The narrator reproached Jenny for her close association with Manders, a subtle Don Juan. "A man of his age and in his position to be in love with his pupil—a mere flapper. It's disgraceful."

"But, Greet, the poor thing can't help that any more than I can help liking it."

There came a day when, touring, Jenny left Manders not daring to stay alone with him. "Sitting opposite to him in the train, I was able to see him exactly as he really is, see that he dyes his hair, that half of his anecdotes are lies or camouflaged, how it has become his second nature to say nice things, flattering things about my hair or my clothes, or his joy at being with me. . . . I believe that stage folk never do feel anything clearly any more. I mean that they seem to lose their own feelings because of those complex ones they have lived through in all their parts, and which they have adapted and made their own. I suppose that is why they are all so often in love, because the atmosphere is so impregnated with it, and that is why no girl thinks it awful to become Manders's mistress. On the contrary, I believe they think there's something abnormal about you if you don't."

Nico in a stilted letter to the narrator, Margaret, broke his engagement. Fortunately for her—her indignant or passionately imploring letters were torn up and a short and haughty one in reply was substituted—Veraart wished Jenny to join a company he was forming for "The House of Joy," a theatre with high ideals. Her friend the school-teacher was to be the dramaturgist, for she had been his adviser in years past. Veraart was promised capital and supporters. "Now we can prove that in our country, too, there is love and reverence for fine serious acting, that the stage once more belongs to us, the actors, and not to decorators, costumiers and speculators. We will show the scorners and doubters that we love our own delightful art so much that we are willing to thrust personal gratification into the background."

High-sounding words! Noble endeavors that came to nothing. Lost illusions and a discouraged idealist.

These last hundred pages describing the rise and fall of the House of Joy, the contemptible intrigues, the raging jealousies, the betrayal of Veraart by his backer and by members of the company, should be of advantage to those endeavoring to found an independent theatre where there should be a "perfect ensemble," no "star," and a repertoire of the great plays through the ages. Poor Veraart! Did he not say to Margaret Schepp on the night of the first performance: "That's how I had dreamt it would be; that's how I saw it so many times in imagination, my ideal, which so often I despaired of seeing realized. Isn't it a glorious ambition? Do you understand now how delightful it is to be an actor?"

And when the dream was over Margaret would have consoled him had she not remembered Veraart's faithful, long suffering wife, who asked no more from love than to be allowed to comfort him.

As for Jenny—Fie on Jenny's case!—the last we see of her she is in Veraart's arms, waiting for the role of La Duchesse de Mantes.

which was once eagerly purchased is now not mown; or, mown, lies idle, not to be sold, not to be given away. The great barn is empty, stored only with memories, neglected, fast falling into ruins, the melancholy guardian of a deserted farm.

## MOORE'S NEW PLAY

George Moore is quoted as saying that his next play will be about Jesus and Paul; that there is nothing "offensive" about it, yet "they"—the censors—may not allow a performance and again they may. "To tell you the truth, I don't care." He surely would like to see the play on the stage, but if the pleasure is forbidden him, he can console himself by publication in a luxurious form.

His play is in all probability founded on his romance "The Brook Kerith," for which a legend concerning the recovery of Jesus from the Crucifixion and his meeting afterwards with Paul is used; a story treated by Moore in a realistic manner but in a reverential spirit. Censorship would undoubtedly prevent a public performance of the play. One of the theatre clubs in London that revives Elizabethan, Jacobean and Restoration comedies and takes pride in unexpurgated texts may come to Moore's aid.

It is all very well for those protesting against the ban on Biblical subjects for dramatic treatment to quote the old Mystery plays in which characters and events now held sacred were staged in an astonishingly familiar manner, or to bring up the success of "Everyman" in church and theatre. There would be a loud outcry against Moore's daring, and not only because it is not easy to associate him with the subject of his play. What may be accepted in a beautifully written romance as "The Brook Kerith," may be justly refused for a theatrical performance. The audiences of the Mystery plays were naive believers in Biblical books; legends of Adam, Eve, Satan, Mary Magdalene, patriarchs, disciples. An English speaking audience today, though respectful, would be sophisticated and, first of all, curious. Even the Passion Play as acted at Oberammergau does not bear transference to an English or an American theatre. When Sarah Bernhardt was seen here in the role of the Samaritan Woman, there was no objection; as Mary had been a woman of several husbands and was then "living in sin," the Samaritan was regarded by the

audience merely as one of the long line of light-skirts for whom the last act is one of sentimental repentance. Furthermore there was no visible portrayal of the Saviour. As for Paul, he has been put on a foreign stage within recent years. We are not told whether he was shown consenting to the stoning of Stephen; on the road to Damascus where he saw the vision; preaching on Mars Hill. Will George Moore include these spectacular scenes in his drama?

crippled war veteran and Janet Gaynor is an ignorant and neglected child whose idea of honesty is about equal to her conception of cleanliness, in other words, entirely undeveloped. If Mr. Farrell's part is the more strongly developed of the two, since anyone who is fighting a physical handicap wins a large share of sympathy at the outset, yet Miss Gaynor is a very amusing and lovable little waif who finds that love will perform more miracles than a bath. Timothy Osborne's first acquaintance with Mary Tucker comes when he spans her for trying to cheat Martin Wrenn, his boss, when the two are working on a telephone job. Both men enter the war, but while Wrenn comes out unscathed, Timothy is paralyzed from the waist down. On his return home he makes friends with Mary after she throws a brick into his window to pay for the spanking. Finding that she is totally uncared for at home, Timothy washes her hair for her, teaches her

the value of honesty, and by his example shows her that nothing is impossible if one is willing to work for it. Their growing happiness is interrupted by the reappearance of Wrenn, who finds Mary so attractive that he persuades her mother to let him have her on the pretense of marriage. Mary flies in despair to Timothy, who crippled as he is cannot save her, and her mother drags her off to the train where Wrenn is waiting. In a frenzy of despair, Timothy makes his painful way to the train and just in time finds once more

## "WITH A KNIFE"?

Is it possible that until a few years ago the English who wished to be "quite proper" sucked oysters off the shell without the aid of a fork or "any mechanical appliance"—to borrow the phrase of the old-time introducer of a variety or circus acrobat?

An English journalist in his stately Oxford manner states it as a fact. Lady Dorothy Nevill was looked on suspiciously, regarded as a dangerous revolutionary when she first used a fork. She records that once seated at dinner next King Edward, then Prince of Wales, he was surprised at her procedure. She admitted that her behavior was almost a crime, but added that she was an "irreclaimable criminal." Did the Prince cut her after that dinner? Always gallant as Prince and King, he did not say or write to her "It isn't done"; he sent her a beautiful case of oyster knives.

Was it then the habit of opening the oyster at table before spearing it? Not an easy, not a graceful operation for delicate hands. It is not possible that Lady Dorothy cut the oyster; the English variety is small; a knife was not designed for it any more than for lettuce.

The true epicure refuses sauce or dressing for his dozen. He shudders at the enormity of an "oyster cocktail." Perhaps the "squeeze of a lemon," but as Byron preferred the naked beauty of a cigar to any form of pipe, so the Epicure is for the nakedness of the oyster; with a fork, not the lips with the consequent smacking and sonorous dismissal; least of all with the insult of the knife.

he can walk. Mr. Farrell made the man's repeated and futile efforts to regain the use of his legs very moving, as little gasps of sympathy in the audience testified. Guinn Williams as the heavy menace, Wrenn, was convincing

in an ungrateful part, and Hedra Rehner made vivid the warped and cruel nature of Mary's mother.

E. L. H.

## MODERN-BEACON

### "Whispering Winds"

A part-talking picture from a . . . by . . . Planette, directed by James Flood and presented by Tiffany-Stahl with the following cast:

Eve Benton . . . Eve Southern  
Dora . . . Patsy Ruth Miller  
Jim . . . Malcolm McGregor  
Mr. Benton . . . James Marcus  
Mrs. Benton . . . Claire McDowell

"Whispering Winds" is a curious mixture of the old and the new technique in picture producing, whose chief claim to interest is the uneven but striking performance of Eve Southern. Subtitles and talking sequences alternate with bewildering rapidity; first there is a burst of conversation and then a period of silence. It is unfortunate that those responsible for the making of the picture could not decide which form of reproduction to use. There seems to be no real reason why talking should not have been used throughout, since all the characters have voices that lend themselves well to reproduction, and the present arrangement is only confusing. The talking sequences are notable, however, for the really beautiful singing of Miss Southern, who has a voice of rich contralto quality distinctly out of the ordinary.

The story is of the rather sweet and sentimental variety and there is too much emphasis on unrequited love. Al-

most every one in the picture suffers from it, in fact, but there is enough emotional conflict in it to hold the interest. Eve Benton, a talented and attractive girl living in a small sea-coast town, is on the point of marrying Jim, whose mother disapproves of her thoroughly, preferring that Jim marry a gentle quiet girl, Dora, who has loved him for years. When Jim is away for a few days Eve receives an offer from some wealthy people to go on the stage. The letter that she leaves for Jim, does not reach him and in despair he asks Dora to be his wife. Two years later Eve returns home, successful and famous, to find that Jim is still in love with her. Though she still cares for him very much, she realizes that his best chance for happiness is with Dora, so she puts on a hard and flip-pant manner that antagonizes him. She even ridicules her former love. Her purpose accomplished, she goes away for good, leaving Jim with the belief that he married the right girl after all. The acting honors go to Miss Southern, who possesses not only an unusual type of beauty but real dramatic ability that will stand her in good stead in pictures of greater value and originality. McGregor gives a simple and moving performance as Jim, but Patsy Ruth Miller seems miscast as the angelic Dora.

The other picture on the bill for the current week is the sophisticated and lively picture, "Charming Sinners," with Ruth Chatterton, Clive Brook, William Powell and Mary Nolan. E. L. H.

"Never mind," answered Mr. Silverman. "I have an idea that there is a clique which the management has planted here to start all this hissing. There's a city ordinance which forbids any members of an audience from taking part in a production."

"Well," countered the manager, "what if we had a full house of paid admissions and they began to hiss?"

"In that case," answered Mr. Silverman, "the manager must come out on

this hissing isn't cut out, we'll stop 'The Black Crook'. They may get away with that sort of thing down in Hoboken or New York, but this is Boston and I tell you we won't stand for it."

Mr. Joseph J. Mikolajewski nodded his corroboration of this flat.

Mr. Abraham, on the other hand, was dumfounded. "Why—why," he began, "this is part of the show."

PART OF THE SHOW

of Christopher Morley and Cleon Throckmorton. An old-time piece, it has its old-time villains, and the New York audiences all had a great time indulging in a lot of old-time hissing and cheering during the play.

"This hissing must stop," was Mr. Silverman's reaction to the first act, when fragmentary hissing and cheering broke out off and on.

He was addressing Mr. Abraham in the foyer of the Apollo and at his elbow, although apparently unsuspected, stood a Herald reporter.

"We stopped 'Strange Interlude,'" went on Mr. Silverman proudly, "and if

N. Y. ENJOYED IT

"The Black Crook," it should be explained, is an old-fashioned extravaganza which has been playing in Hoboken, N. J., under the proprietorship

Assistant Corporation Counsel Samuel Silverman at the opening performance

villain bids the hero starve, rot, and die, for all he cares, there is still no hissing permitted. Not in Boston.

Such was the mandate laid down by

When the villain makes the grim prison ring with his evil "Haw, haw, haw," and the hero clanks his chains in dismay, a Boston audience simply must not hiss him, however much they may want to. And when that same

## DESIST, CRIES CENSOR,

By WALTON MORTON

When the villain makes the grim prison ring with his evil "Haw, haw, haw," and the hero clanks his chains in dismay, a Boston audience simply must not hiss him, however much they may want to. And when that same



the stage and order the hissing stopped. And if they don't stop, he must order the performance to cease. And if he doesn't do this, we'll take his license away from him."

Mr. Silverman, over the telephone from his home later, said that early in the evening one of the city censors at

the Apollo Theatre sent word to Mr. Casey, who was at the Plymouth Theatre, telling him about the outbreak of hissing during "The Black Crook," and of the disturbance created by a group of men who were placed throughout the theatre evidently for that purpose.

"Mr. Casey asked me," continued Mr. Silverman, "to go see the manager of the theatre and to see to it that the disturbance, if any, was stopped. I found out that hissing and jeering came from the groups planted in the audience for that purpose and I then told the management that it must stop."

"We found out later that the noise was part of the atmosphere of the play and recalled the time 40 years ago when hissing the villain was part of the playgoers' privileges. Nevertheless we found that the hissing last night was creating a disturbance and ordered it to stop. We do believe such a practice should not be permitted in Boston theatres and it will not be tolerated."

Christopher Morley, who made a curtain speech at the end of the first act in which he outlined the history of the famous old "leg show," was entirely nonplussed at the anti-hiss order, when The Herald reporter brought it to his attention.

"Of course," he said, "the hissing is as much a part of the play as its music or its scenery. But this is their town, not mine. If we get orders to this effect, all we can do is obey."

## BAN TO STAND, MAYOR INFORMS THEATRE GUILD

After he had examined what is termed a "sparingly penciled" stage version of "Strange Interlude," Mayor Nichols last night reiterated that the play cannot be produced in a Boston theatre.

In his opinion the Pulitzer prize play by Eugene O'Neill "In any version glorifies an indefensible standard of conduct and an abject code of morals."

### NOTIFIES GUILD

The chief executive's verdict was made known in a letter to Miss Theresa Helburn and Lawrence Langner, representatives of the Theatre Guild, which intended to produce the drama at the Hollis Street Theatre only to be halted by the official edict.

Meanwhile, the representatives of the guild in Boston continued to organize a committee of protest against the action of Mayor Nichols. The ban of the mayor means that, if they intend to stage the drama in this section, they have the following alternatives:

They can demand that the play be reviewed by a board consisting of Mayor Nichols, Herbert A. Wilson, police commissioner of Boston, and Chief Justice Wilfred Bolster of the municipal court, which could reverse the mayoral decision; an attempt can be made to obtain an injunction in the federal courts restraining Mayor Nichols from interfering with the production of the play; or the drama can be staged in a theatre outside Boston.

A survey made yesterday by The Herald showed that only in two cities in Greater Boston is "Strange Interlude" certain of finding a haven of safety. These are Quincy and Lynn, easily accessible from the centre of Boston, the mayors of which declared that they will permit the play to be shown within the confines of their municipalities.

### BUSHNELL CRITICAL

Indicating the deep interest taken by persons in all lines of endeavor in the censorship controversy, Dist. Atty. Bushnell of Middlesex county, speaking last night before a business men's association in Cambridge, condemned the

policy of entering such censorship power in one person.

Politicians, he pointed out, have never been regarded as fit to dictate the moral policy of the community. He suggested that the right to make such decision should rest with a jury of 12 men, picked from a selected list and sent to New York to view the play at the expense of the producer, when doubt is raised by the mayor.

Earlier in the day the Baptist ministers of Boston, after a brief but stormy session in the Wesleyan building, voted to uphold the stand taken by Mayor Nichols. Their vote was transmitted to members of the Methodist ministry in Boston, who were meeting in Tremont Temple, but decision was reserved by the Methodists and the entire matter turned over to a committee of three.

The decision of Mayor Nichols was made at his summer home at Crow Point, Hingham, where he has been confined for the last few days with a severe cold. It was there he read the stage version of the drama, which the Guild contends is considerably milder than the book that has been on sale in Boston for the last 18 months.

### MAYOR'S LETTER

The letter, addressed to Miss Helburn and Mr. Langner at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, where the guild has rooms, follows:

Dear Miss Helburn and Mr. Langner: Your letter under date of Sept. 20, contains a suggestion previously made during our conference in the mayor's office that I indicate words and passages to be deleted from the "Strange Interlude." The suggestion seemed of little value, and I then said so.

Last Friday evening you were good enough to send me the so-called stage version which is the printed book, sparsely penciled.

This stage version I have examined, and could, of course, suggest deletions copious and without number, but none that would leave a play that in my official capacity I could defend.

"Strange Interlude," in any version glorifies an indefensible standard of conduct and an abject code of morals.

Yours truly,

(Signed) MALCOLM E. NICHOLS,  
Mayor.

During the day the Guild representatives continued to receive hundreds of cards bringing message of promising support in the fight against censorship. A letter from Herman E. Lewis, president of the Haverhill National Bank, said: "My feeling are so strong in regard to Mayor Nichols's attitude that it is probably just as well that I do not attempt to put them into writing."

### BY PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"Jealousy," a play in three acts, adapted by Eugene Walter from the French of Louis Verreuil. Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York, Oct. 22, 1928. Maurice, John Halliday; Valerie, Fay Bainter. A. H. Woods produced the play. Guthrie McClintie staged it.

The cast last night:

Maurice ..... Melvyn Douglas  
Valerie ..... Fay Bainter

It would be interesting to know how much Mr. Walter contributed to M. Verreuil's melodrama. The Frenchman is noted for his skillful carpentry, for the building of the structure; for the logical sequence of events, provided one accepts the plausibility of the theme. Mr. Walter's earlier plays proved his skill in the invention of dialogue that revealed the character of his men and women; also that not content with calling a spade a spade, he delighted in speaking of that farm implement as a damned spade. It is to him no doubt that we were indebted last night for the occasional frankness of speech, and the mistaking of violence for strength.

Maurice, an artist, having had Valerie as a mistress, married her. She had had a lover Henri, and was suspected by Maurice, not openly at first, but by an intuition, as he repeatedly said, of being the mistress of an elderly multimillionaire whose name as one gathered from the dialogue was Lambertier. Valerie called this Croesus her guardian; but Maurice had his doubts about paternal affection when a guardian assumed the role of father, and began to assume the role of Grand Inquisitor. He questioned her, tormented her by his sneers, his coarse accusations. She was forced to lie, for she loved Maurice and believed as Marion Delorme that true love restored virginity. The questioning continued through two acts, and was so annoying that Valerie was forced to tell lie after lie, until like Becky Sharp she was magnificent with lies. Maurice finally learned that Croesus had been and was still her lover. Mad with jealousy, he entered Lambertier's house and strangled him.

Valerie was overcome when a valet told her of the murder, over the telephone, and was beside herself when Maurice inadvertently told her that her little hands could not have done the deed; overcome for the newspaper report had merely stated that Lambertier was murdered. An innocent man, who had quarreled with Lambertier was accused of the murder. Maurice could kill the man that had shared Valerie with him, had given the money to set her up in business and furnish the apartment, but could not let an innocent person suffer. Valerie's excuse was her love for Maurice, that he might paint at his ease and force the world to recognize his ability. A decidedly French point of view, though Maurice could not see it. Tortured by the thought that an innocent man was to suffer, Maurice made the noble gesture of confessing to the police. It turned out that the innocent man had been freed. He had refused to tell where he was at the time of the murder to save the honor of a woman—another Gallic and traditional melodramatic touch. His alibi, however, was established, probably by the honorable lady, but Maurice had confessed and the police were at the door.

Miss Bainter gave a brilliant performance, one that while it was of the bravura order was still more than that. She was genuinely emotional when the time came for her to show dramatic stress; she was captivating in her amorous joy and devotion; lying with more plausible honesty than with cumulative ingenuity. The wonder is, that wearied by the insane jealousy of Maurice, she did not leave him at the end of the last act and go to the arms of her elderly benefactor.

Mr. Douglas had a difficult part. He was more convincing, more sympathetic in the second and third acts than in the first, when he played the kill-joy without giving the audience sufficient reason for his torture every time the telephone rang, for his curiosity about the 150,000 franc ring, and the contents of the locked cabinet. It was in his latest and most quiet moments, those of acceptance of the inevitable and his parting with Valerie, that he was most effective. There was a large audience that applauded heartily. Some, however, disturbed the majority by tittering and snickering and laughing out loud in the more dramatic and the pathetic episodes of the play.

A noteworthy performance, if only for the feat of memorizing and holding attention fast throughout the play.

### SHUBERT THEATRE

#### "Animal Crackers"

A musical comedy, book by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind. Lyrics and music by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. First performance in Boston. The cast:

Rives ..... Julian Winter  
Mrs. Riddlehouse ..... Margaret Dumont  
M. Duicet ..... Arthur Lipson  
Arabella Riddlehouse ..... Marjory May Marjory  
Mrs. Whitehead ..... Margaret Irving  
Grace Carpenter ..... Elinor Hand  
Wally Winston ..... Charles Baron  
John Parker ..... Neil Collins  
Roscoe W. Chandler ..... Lottie Scott  
Mary Stewart ..... Dorothy Fitz Gibbon  
Jamison ..... Zeppo Marx  
Capt. Spalding ..... Gröncho Marx  
Emanuel Ravelli ..... Chico Marx  
The Professor ..... Harpo Marx  
Musical director, William Lorraine.

The countless admirers of the Marx brothers are in for a gala time of it. That gifted quartet of comedians have come back to town in a vehicle adroitly adapted to the display of their varied talents. Mr. Chico, for instance, plays an Italian—by birth a Bohemian, by upbringing a New Yorker—mighty neatly. He does not bother over-much about fine points of observation, but he has no need to; his inborn drollery makes a few strokes of characterization serve him well. For that native comic force let Mr. Chico thank his stars! Not every comedian has been so richly blessed.

Some admirers will have it the gods did as generously by his brothers as by himself; no two persons can agree as to the comparative funniness of them all. Mr. Gröncho, so imperturbable that Epictetus himself would have applauded him, spoke in puns and quips and cracks with an ease and point only to be wondered at. When he had real wit to help him, as in the burlesque of that play which may not be seen in Boston, naturally he shone most brilliantly.

Also Mr. Harpo has followers in plenty who swear he is the most comical of the family. They like, very likely, his methods best, horse-play methods, applied free-handedly. A stroke of genius, none the less, it was of him to make up his face into the likeness of Michael Angelo's David, a David bereft of half his wits.

They are busy most of the time, the Marxes. But there is other entertainment. The book presents a plot, a combination of life, as set forth by Edith Wharton, with a modern mystery play. The music is pretty, very tuneful and rhythmic, though something too boisterously played by Mr. Lorraine. A body of dancers, with Miss Martyn

and Mr. Lorraine, genuine sp than rema The cost

taste, charm by their color and music. The performance, indeed, is especially pleasing to the eye. The performance, however, pleased in every detail; roars of laughter met every sally. And sallies flew thick and fast.

R. R. G.

### SHUBERT APOLLO THEATRE

#### "The Black Crook"

Musical extravaganza in four acts by Charles Barras; produced Sept. 12, 1908, at Niblo's Garden, New York; first performance in Boston at Whitman's Continental Theatre, Jan. 7, 1897; later, March 4, 1872, at the Boston Theatre; Nov. 3, 1879, at the Globe Theatre; and Aug. 17, 1906, at the Columbia Theatre. Revived March 11, 1929, at the Lyric Theatre, Hoboken, N. J., and presented last evening at the Shubert Apollo Theatre with the following cast:

#### MORTALS

Rodolphe ..... Byron Hatfield  
Count Wolfenstein ..... Milton Frome  
Herzog ..... Anthony Andre  
Greppo ..... Tom Collins  
Von Puffenbruntz ..... Charles Reilly  
Wolgar ..... J. E. Wheeler  
A Gipsy ..... Archie Onri  
Bruno ..... Eunice Howard  
Amina ..... Katherine Preece  
Dame Barbara ..... Edith Parker  
Rosetta ..... Maxine Arnold

#### IMMORTALS

Stalacta ..... Hazel Cox  
Stalactina ..... Gloria Lindow  
Dragonfly ..... George Hermann  
Zem ..... John Filice  
Schidwelp ..... Archie Onri  
Reddick ..... George Warrington  
Brumfire ..... William Rice  
Corallbud ..... Radana Pazmor

The flavor of 1866 and of the 30 odd succeeding years was caught up last evening on the stage of the Shubert Apollo Theatre and as well, if we mistake not, by a very large proportion of the delighted audience which came out to see the show their fathers and grandfathers once sneaked away from home to view, like naughty boys peeping through a keyhole. The flavor of that bygone period, and the spirit, as well. Congratulations to Mr. Christopher Morley, to Mr. Cleon Throckmorton, to their aids past or present, for such a revival done in such an intelligent fashion. Not in a key of burlesque or travesty, nor yet in over-serious tone; just the right method of approach and treatment and performance. As Mr. Morley explained in his admirably witty and enlightening curtain speech, "We have derived a lot of fun in exhuming this oldest of theatrical oddities, we have found in it much of pure naïvete, of hilarious charm."

No one ever put forth any claim that "The Black Crook" possessed any great literary merit, or any literary merit at all. It was devised in its day to please the eye, to present a series of stage spectacles with stilted speech, pantomime, transformation scenes, ballet interludes, all impressing the impotency of evil against the power of love. Herzog, the crook, whom men called sorcerer; Zamiel, the arch fiend, typified evil; Stalacta, queen of the golden realms, was love and friend of all true lovers, such as Rodolphe, the poor artist, and Amina, his betrothed, sought by the vicious Count Wolfenstein. Again, to quote Mr. Morley, the extravaganza embraced a little of everything, from Shakespeare to Faust.

There are interpolations—certain added lyrics by Mr. Morley, various musical contributions by Max Hirschfeld. "Georgie," the flirtatious ditty addressed last evening by Miss Reece to the double bass player in the orchestra, was sung many years after the birth of "The Black Crook," perhaps by the late Anna Held. "Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay," originally indited in bold verse which was sagely modified later, was originally sung and given vogue by Lottie Collins, a dashing soubrette in her day, which incidentally proved a short one. But such exhibitions as the then infamous "Can-Can" done last evening by Miss Arnold and Mr. Tourarou, and such moving spectacles as the march of the Amazons, were considered, we believe, an integral part of the show. If the present-day Amazons lacked the uniformly generous hip and bust measurements of the originals, they made up for that deficiency in the verve and zest of their triumphant manœuvring under the gallant direction of the stately Radana Pazmor. Other incidental features were the clever juggling of Archie Onri, the contortions of George Hermann, and, not programmed, the valiant vocalism of former Mayor Fitzgerald, with a feminine quartet to perfect in close harmony the clarion melody of "Sweet Adeline."

Praise is due to each and every principal; from Miss Reece, Miss Howard, Miss Cox, Miss Parker, Miss Arnold, to Mr. Hatfield, Mr. Andre, Mr. Collins, Mr. Reilly. Such was the excellent quality of their voices that they made all those simple tunes sound almost operatic. The ensemble dances were skillfully traced and performed; the mechanical changes, no small factor in this still complicated extravaganza, were effected without hitch. Only the orchestra, despite the constant exhortations of Mr. Clarence Rogerson, one of our veteran baton wielders, appeared to falter, especially in the dance numbers. The greater credit to the dancers, that they came through invariably with flying colors. We commend "The Black Crook" to all lovers of the picturesque and harmless oddities of the stage, past and present. It will provoke no blushes



ne innocents, it should give rare op-  
port both to sophisticates and their  
ders. W. E. G.

LOEW'S STATE  
"The Unholy Night"

An all-talking picture adapted by Edwin  
Mayer from the story by Ben Hecht  
and "The Doomed Regiment," directed  
by Lionel Barrymore, and presented by  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following  
cast:  
Ernest Torrence..... Roland Young  
Dorothy Sebastian..... Dorothy Sebastian  
Natalie Moorehead..... Natalie Moorehead  
Sidney Parvis..... Sidney Parvis  
Polly Moran..... Polly Moran  
George Cooper..... George Cooper  
Solin..... Solin  
Boris Karloff..... Boris Karloff  
Claude Fleming..... Claude Fleming  
Clarence Geldert..... Clarence Geldert  
John Miljan..... John Miljan  
Richard Tucker..... Richard Tucker  
John Loder..... John Loder  
Lionel Belmore..... Lionel Belmore

For the creepiest of thrills, the most  
harrowing and wholesale murder, and  
the most universally suspicious set of  
characters, "The Unholy Night" is to  
be recommended. Not often does a  
mystery play rely so little on the con-  
ventional stunts customarily employed  
to send chills up and down the back.  
There is practically no comic relief,  
save for the slightly over elaborate ef-  
forts of Roland Young to be very whim-  
sical in the midst of circumstances  
that would turn an ordinarily sensi-  
tive man's hair gray with horror.  
There is no ghost waving spectral  
hands in the dark, and above all there

is no innocent and unjustly suspected  
heroine to be embraced at the final  
fade-out. It is not often that such  
a well-bred cast, most of them English  
by the way, is put in the hands of  
such an unusually fine director as  
Lionel Barrymore and allowed to be-  
have in such a natural manner. The  
photography is notably good, though  
there is no straining after peculiar ef-  
fects, and the scenes taken in the  
thickest and most convincing of Lon-  
don fogs with a loud speaker on the  
public street warning people of lurking  
perils while terrible crimes were being  
committed in the gloom, are well con-  
trived. Toward the end of the picture  
there is an extraordinary episode of  
spirit manifestation that is enough to  
haunt the memory for a long time.

In an introductory subtitle it is  
stated that Ben Hecht's story, "The  
Doomed Regiment," from which "The  
Unholy Night" is taken, is actually  
founded on fact. If this is so there is  
no further need for any one to write  
fictional mysteries when the truth is  
so astonishing. Be that as it may,  
here is the situation: The surviving  
officers of an English regiment are  
mysteriously attacked and strangled to  
death. Four perish and a fifth has a  
fearfully narrow escape. This man,  
Lord Montague, consults with the head  
of Scotland Yard, Sir James Rumsey,  
and invites those of this brother of-  
ficers who are still alive to come to his  
house. While they are there one of  
their number, Maj. Mallory, is found  
dead by strangulation, and closely on  
his death a beautiful and terrified girl  
bursts into the room seeking Lord  
Montague. On her heels follows a  
suspicious Turkish lawyer, Abdoul, who  
reads to the company a will purport-  
ing to leave a huge sum of money to  
be divided among the officers and the  
girl. Next morning all the men save  
Lord Montague are found dead, and  
Mallory's body has vanished. It would  
not be fair to reveal the solution of  
the crimes, enough that it is totally  
unexpected and quite convincing. Out  
of the large and excellent cast the  
Lord Montague of Roland Young, who  
in this picture makes his screen debut,  
the fascinating Lady Efra of Doroth-  
y Sebastian, and the enigmatic Dr.  
Ballou of Ernest Torrence are especially  
worthy. The group of fated officers  
was extremely well acted with special  
mention for the tragic cripple, Maj.  
Mallory, played by John Miljan, whose  
few moments on the screen were haunt-  
ing and unforgettable. E. L. H.

BOWDOIN SQUARE  
"The Girl in the Glass Cage"

A part-talking picture, adapted from the  
story by George Kibbe Turner by James  
Grubb, directed by Ralph Dawson, and  
presented by First National with the fol-  
lowing cast:  
Loretta Young..... Loretta Young  
George Stone..... George Stone  
Mabel Coleman..... Mabel Coleman  
Charles Sellen..... Charles Sellen  
Robert Haines..... Robert Haines  
It is remarkable how much drama  
can be crowded into the doings of a  
small town, when an enthusiastic screen  
director is given his head. In "The Girl  
in the Glass Cage," for instance, a first-  
run picture on view this week at the  
Bowdoin Square Theatre, one senses  
that villainy is afoot after one glimpse  
of the sneering countenance of "Doc"  
Striker, or the simpering "Sheik" Smith,  
or the weak mouth of John Cosgrove,  
the town's most notorious drunkard and  
the grasping guardian of our heroine,  
little Gladys, the ticket-seller in the  
little cage in front of the movie house.  
Then there is Carlos, a half-wit, whose

status is in doubt until the final curtain,  
but who is seen much in the company  
of Striker and his vicious little circle  
in the town's most active speak-easy.  
"Doc" and the "Sheik" are constantly  
annoying our little Gladys, the one by  
puffing smoke in her face through the  
little glass window, the other by waving  
his pocket handkerchief in naughty  
flirtation. Naturally, when Terry Pom-  
fret, a tall collegian, for whose family  
the town was named, comes along,  
Gladys finds comfort in his chivalrous  
protection, loves him well enough to go  
picnicking with him and to allow him  
to escort her home at night.

Naturally chivalry and villainy were  
bound to clash. Each time Terry flooded  
the "Doc," the latter, priding himself  
on his ability to think up practical  
jokes, plotted a new scheme to get even.  
After several reels of preparation comes  
grim murder, with the "Sheik" as the  
victim, the scene, the threshold of  
Gladys's inviolate chamber. Gladys,  
thinking Terry did it, accuses herself,  
as loyal lovers will. The obliging police,  
district attorney, judge and jury believe  
her in the face of a series of prepos-  
terous loose ends made obvious by the  
picture itself. Then, as is a growing  
tendency in the movies, the real climax  
is staged after the murder-in-the-second-  
degree verdict. A missing exploded  
cartridge rolls on the court room floor.  
Gladys is allowed to call fresh witnesses,  
old Cosgrove and the "Doc" incriminate  
each other, and each is shot down, thus  
effectually closing the incident.

Mr. Nye does his best with the role  
of a rather stupid chap who had always  
been under his mother's thumb. Miss  
Young made Gladys a pathetic figure,  
both in her silent and her speaking  
moments. Mr. Betz made the "Doc" so  
detestable that one felt like applaud-  
ing when old Cosgrove snuffed him out.  
W. E. G.

"B. U. NIGHT" FOR FARRELL

More than 500 Boston University stu-  
dents will attend this evening's show  
at the Keith-Albee theatre, to honor  
Charles Farrell, who between 1920 and  
1922 was enrolled in that institution  
and who now is counted among the  
rising young stars of the cinema. To-  
night he will make a personal appear-  
ance, at 9 o'clock, to accept the homage  
of his guests. He even will show his  
versatility by singing "The Vagabond  
Lover" and then playing the melody on  
a cornet. Farrell, who hails from On-  
set, has ascended rapidly, through the  
medium of three pictures, "Street  
Angel," "7th Heaven" and "Lucky  
Star," all in association with Janet  
Gaynor. A fourth picture, also with  
Miss Gaynor, called "Sunnyside Up," is  
soon to be produced.

THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COLONIAL—"Great Day," musical com-  
edy, second and last week.  
COPLEY—"The Crooked Billet," mystery  
drama, fourth week.  
MAJESTIC—"Follow Thru," musical com-  
edy, fourth week.  
PLYMOUTH—"Jealousy," drama, with  
Fay Bainter.  
SHUBERT—"Animal Crackers," musical  
comedy, with the Marx Brothers.  
SHUBERT APOLLO—"The Black Crook,"  
extravaganza, revival.  
WILBUR—"Jamegan," Hollywood drama,  
with Richard Bennett, fourth and last week.

Sept 25 1929

OFFERS HERALD  
STOCK TO PUBLIC

Banking Group to Sell  
182,328 Common at  
\$39.50 a Share

STOCK ALSO TO BE  
SOLD TO EMPLOYEES

For the first time in the history of  
New England journalism the public will  
be allowed to participate in the owner-  
ship of a metropolitan newspaper  
through the offering today of 182,328  
shares of no par common stock of The  
Boston Herald-Traveler Corporation at  
\$39.50 a share. This is in line with the  
public announcement last week that the  
International Paper Company had sold  
all of its stock in The Herald and Travel-  
er to a group of bankers acting with  
the present management of the two  
newspapers.

It is now expected that there will be  
a more widespread ownership of The  
Herald and Traveler than is enjoyed by  
any daily newspaper in the entire coun-  
try. In addition to this public offering  
of stock, shares will also be offered to  
members of the staff of both papers.

payment to be arranged on a monthly  
instalment basis, extending over a period  
of three and six years.

CIRCULATION INCREASING

The bankers offering the stock are  
Tucker, Anthony & Co., The First Na-  
tional Corporation of Boston and East-  
man, Dillon & Co.

The Boston Herald-Traveler Corpora-  
tion has been formed to succeed the  
Boston Publishing Company, incorporat-  
ed under Massachusetts laws in 1915.  
It owns the entire business and assets  
of The Boston Herald and The Boston  
Traveler.

The Boston Herald was established in  
1846 succeeding the American Eagle,  
a daily paper founded in 1814, while  
the Traveler was first published in  
July 1825. The Traveler was acquired  
by the Herald in 1912. The circula-  
tion of both the Herald and the Travel-  
er has shown a consistent increase  
and for the combined papers averaged  
278,221 copies per day during the year  
ending March 31, 1929.

The amount of advertising carried  
has grown even more rapidly than cir-  
culation and the total volume of paid

advertising in the daily and Sunday  
Herald for the year 1928, as well as  
for the first eight months of 1929, was  
greater than that of any other Boston  
newspaper.

Upon completion of proposed changes  
the company's capital structure will  
consist of 520,000 shares of no par com-  
mon stock authorized, of which 400,000  
shares will be outstanding; 120,000  
shares having been reserved against  
the exercise of outstanding warrants to  
purchase stock until Jan. 1, 1935. There  
are outstanding \$311,000 seven per cent.  
bonds which the management has  
agreed to call on the next interest date  
and thereafter the company will have  
no funded debt, bank loans or preferred  
stock.

Net earnings after depreciation and  
Federal taxes at 12 per cent. and after  
elimination of interest charges on  
funded debt have increased from \$603,-  
161 for the year ended Dec. 31, 1924 to  
\$988,884 for 1928 and \$1,174,008 for the  
year ended June 30, 1929. For the six  
months of 1929 they were \$62,588, an  
increase of 37 per cent. over corre-  
sponding period of previous year, or  
at the rate of \$1,365,176 for the full  
year, equivalent to \$3.41 per share on  
the 400,000 shares of common stock to  
be outstanding. The management es-  
timates earnings for the full year 1929  
will be larger than \$3.41 per share as  
earnings during the second half of year  
usually exceed those of the first half.

Balance sheet as of June 30, 1929  
shows current assets of \$3,320,748  
against liabilities of \$643,182, a ratio  
of five to one, while cash, marketable  
securities and call loans amount to  
\$2,328,796. Associated and United  
Press franchises and circulation which  
are of great value are carried on the  
balance sheet at \$1.

The International Paper Company  
Interests will now have no investment  
in The Boston Herald-Traveler Corpora-  
tion. All stock not included in this  
offering is held by former stockholders.  
The operations of the company will con-  
tinue under the management which has  
successfully directed the policies of  
these newspapers since 1912.

Boston Symphony  
Soon, or Never.

Sept 25 1929

NEW YORK—Dr. Serge Kousse-  
vitzky, conductor of the Boston  
Symphony Orchestra, has just re-  
turned here from Europe on board  
the steamship Ile de France, of the  
French Line, and, on his return to  
Boston, will recommend to the  
trustees of the orchestra organiza-  
tion that they authorize the Euro-  
pean trip for the orchestra which  
he has long been planning for next  
spring.

Dr. Koussevitzky categorically de-  
nied reports that the Boston Sym-  
phony Orchestra's tour of Europe  
would be postponed until 1931 be-  
cause of the plans of the Philhar-  
monic-Symphony Orchestra to go  
abroad in April.

"You can quote me as saying that  
the Boston Symphony Orchestra will  
go to Europe this spring or never,"  
Dr. Koussevitzky said. "It is not in-  
terested in imitating other organiza-  
tions. Furthermore, Europe has been  
waiting for the Boston Symphony  
Orchestra and not for any other

American organization."

Further announcements, he said,  
would be made on this subject after  
he returns to Boston and confers  
with the trustees of the orchestra.

New Compositions Listed

Discussing his plans for the coming  
season, Dr. Koussevitzky said he  
would present a new work on each  
program. Not all of these will be  
by modern composers, he said, but  
all will be heard in the United States  
for the first time. Among the mod-  
ern compositions, he said, the most  
interesting are by American com-  
posers.

"Not only in Boston, not in the  
United States alone, Dr. Koussevit-  
zky declared, "but all over Europe  
there is widespread interest among  
the leading musicians in the works  
of our contemporary American com-  
posers."

He was especially enthusiastic  
about a new symphony by the young

American composer, Aaron Copland,  
which the Boston Symphony will play  
this season.

"It is an extraordinary work and  
will undoubtedly be the most inter-  
esting of the new compositions heard  
in the United States this year," he  
added.

Another of the Americans to be  
represented on the orchestra's pro-  
gram is Roger Sessions, whose com-  
positions have been heard here fre-  
quently at the Copland-Sessions con-  
certs of modern music in New York.

Prokofieff Symphony

A new symphony by Prokofieff—his  
third—also will be played by the  
Boston Orchestra when Prokofieff  
visits the United States this winter.

"I have brought back a number of  
very interesting scores from Eu-  
rope," Koussevitzky said, "but I will  
have to make an announcement later  
from Boston of those I will play."

"The most interesting announce-  
ment I have to make," he added,  
"concerns a week's musical festival  
which I am planning for the Boston  
Symphony Orchestra during the sec-  
ond part of this season. It will be  
devoted to the works of one com-  
poser, but that is all I can say at  
the present time."

Sept 27 1929

METROPOLITAN  
"The Love Doctor"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted  
by J. Walter Rubin and Guy Bolton  
from the play entitled "The Boomerang,"  
by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes;  
directed by Melville Brown and present-  
ed by Paramount, with the following  
cast:

Dr. Gerald Sumner..... Richard Dix  
Virginia Moore..... June Collyer  
Bud Woodbridge..... Morgan Farley  
Grace Tyler..... Miriam Segar  
Mrs. Woodbridge..... Winifred Harris  
Preston De Witt..... Lawford Davidson  
Lucy..... Gale Henry

Not long ago people were enjoying a  
hearty laugh at the farcical humors of  
Winchell Smith's and Victor Mapes's  
comedy, "The Boomerang." Now once  
more, in somewhat altered but perfectly  
recognizable form as "The Love Doc-  
tor," it will continue to provide pleasant  
entertainment and give Richard Dix  
fans fresh reason for their devotion.  
There is not the faintest pretence at  
subtlety and its lack is not felt—it is  
quite sufficient to watch Mr. Dix go  
through his usual agonies of embar-  
rassment in his engaging manner with-  
out worrying about such details as origi-  
nality or logic. When one remembers  
all the old comedy tricks that are pa-  
raded in the course of the picture it is  
quite surprising to find how amusing  
they still are. When a girl tips over a  
canoe deliberately or lets herself be  
caught in a romantic situation by the  
man with whom she is in love, or when  
a man who supposes himself immune  
from the tender passion falls very hard  
for a pretty girl and then tries to con-  
ceal it from every one, including him-  
self, it is easy enough to call the situa-  
tions commonplace, but they still have  
plenty of entertainment value.

The story is too familiar for more  
than a brief synopsis. Dr. Gerald Sum-  
ner, a doctor of little experience but  
plenty of nerve, sets himself up as a  
specialist in affairs of the heart. His  
three rules for success in love affairs,  
which he prescribes to Bud Woodbridge,  
then in the throes of an unrequited  
passion for Grace Tyler, are tried out  
on himself by his pretty office nurse,  
Virginia Moore. When he has sent her  
off to the country, with Bud to admin-  
ister imaginary treatments, he finds



ends in the Woodbridge house. Complications ensue when Grace decides that she would like to marry him herself, but by means of desperate ingenuity he finally escapes from her clutches. Richard Dix seemed to enjoy himself greatly as the coxswain but likable Gerald Sumner and caused much laughter as the symptoms of the disease of love, absentmindedness, nervousness and jealousy became more and more apparent. June Collyer was a pretty Virginia Moore, Mirlam Seegar made Grace almost too silly to be credible, and Morgan Farley was convincingly lovesick and humorless as Bud Woodbridge.

E. L. H.

## Joan Kennedy Comes to America After the World War

JOAN KENNEDY, by Henry Channon. S. P. Dutton & Co. 255 pp. \$2.50.

By PHILIP HALE

The subject of Mr. Channon's story is not new—the unhappiness that attends international marriages. As a rule the American novelist tells of the difficulties of an American woman in raising herself to the social plane of an English aristocrat, or of the unhappiness attending her mating with a husband in France, Italy or Germany. Mr. Channon brings an English girl to Chicago, after she had married a young captain of industry.

Joan's parents were of the conservative class. Her father, a retired cavalry officer, "would discuss vintages and his indefinite eyes would light up, but only tales of early Eton days would bring color to his pale cheeks. He always referred to the Liberals as 'Radicals' and wore a coral stud in his shirt front." Lady Clemmie, his wife, thought he was like one of "Napoleon's marshals." She is a delightful woman, the daughter, with five sisters, of a fox-hunting, indigent Irish peer. "We all married—most of 'em scoundrels but all of 'em gentlemen." She dressed in the style of 1902. She did not understand her husband. "He doesn't go in for drinkin' or gamblin', yet he seems happy enough." Having broken a leg in a Coronation crowd she held the proletariat responsible. When the world war broke out, she insisted it was only a skirmish, a demonstration, but when two gardeners, a groom and the footman gave notice to enlist, she remarked: "I always knew these Hohenzollerns were a treacherous lot."

Joan loves open-air life. Lady Clemmie finding her at 17 suddenly shy and given to sulking or spending long hours over her rebellious hair thought that she was becoming "farouche." She called Joan morbid; "always books;" for Joan was happy reading about forgotten beauties and dead beaux. For a year she pretended to be Nell Gwynne. When she was 11, at luncheon one Sunday she enumerated the children of Charles II. This angered her mother: "We descend from most of 'em."

The girl was courted by David Thurlow, clever and poor. She was fond of Hugo Vivian, a handsome fellow. She wondered why he did not always wear white flannels. Visiting her Aunt Emily in London—the aunt had the pleasant habit of giving her rich jewels—she again met Hugo of the guileless smile and untrammelled way of saying things. The world war broke out. Hugo drilled recruits, went to the front, while Joan nursed soldiers in a French hospital. There she met a wonderful American, Ralph Kennedy, who soon began to court her. In Paris she was surprised by the luncheon table equipage at Mme. le Grand's—the glass racks, resting places for forks between courses. Mme. le Grand's nephew, M. de Tilloy, walking with her, suddenly held her fast and kissed her. That night she sobbed herself to sleep. Hugo turned up, made love and won her. They were to be married when he next had leave. Returning to London Joan learned that Hugo had been killed. The thought that she might have married him in Paris, and known the savor of his deeper intimacy would stab her. She felt borted, cheated, and knew the pangs barren women. She could never complete the wish; it was desecrating his memory, and moreover, she would never have consented.

He was too conventional, too fine—which was it?"

She met Ralph again, who talked volubly about his family's factories. Lady Emily found his talk bewildering. "He became almost astronomical with his statistics and figures." Joan's mother asked if it was done nowadays, this talking at luncheons of one's possessions. "I dare say that I shall live to see doctors and hairdressers going about in society talking of insides and chignons." The boy Ian retorted: "Why, Mum, no one has either now; you are out of date." David thought Ralph "ghastly." Joan admitted that Ralph's clothes were appalling. Lady Emily thought him rather like "one of those bears from Hamley's." Mr. Channon adds: "His high, slightly protruding cheek bones, long jaw and excellent teeth made him unmistakably American;" but why does Mr. Channon put into Ralph's mouth as quoted by Mrs. Sefton that all Yale undergraduates wear spectacles?—"glasses, he called them." Joan finally married Ralph.

In Paris she wondered if Ralph lacked a proper sense of delicacy. "He would sit on her bed smoking a cigar as she dressed, but perhaps amorous young husbands were always like that. And in the morning he would first do strange contortions that he called his 'physical culture,' and then scrape his face with a butcher's instrument, clad only in a monstrous affair he called a 'bath robe.'" She was amazed at the simplicity of his personal belongings. His clothes had been bought mostly "off the peg." His shoes were ugly, which in an Englishman would have been unforgivable. His luggage irritated her. She was surprised that he wore no braces, "the usual badge of his sex." But Ralph enjoyed himself in England. America began to fade from his horizon. He could not remember the name of the Vice-President. The elder Kennedy died. Ralph and Joan left for El Dorado, as Mr. Channon calls Chicago.

The remaining pages—over 150—of this most entertaining novel tell of Joan's adventures in Chicago and describe the society to which Joan, though at first playing bravely her part, was in her heart a stranger. We are told that Mr. Channon is a native of Chicago. Perhaps his portraits of the men and women are drawn from life; perhaps the characters are only types; the question arises will not Mr. Channon, visiting that city feel it prudent for him to go about only after sunset? If he is realistic, but not boringly photographic in his descriptions, he is often pleasingly satirical, but the satire as a rule is suggested by the dialogue put in the mouths of boasters, would-be aesthetes, men in business and men about town, women prim and unsympathetic as Ralph's mother, women given over to cocktails, cigars and dangerous flirtations. In his dialogue Mr. Channon is not extravagant, nor are his portraits caricatures. His men and women are never impossible even when they are absurd, silly or pretentious in speech and behavior. Was Miss Spicer the only dweller in Chicago who said: "Already we have the greatest university in the world. Already we are the railway terminus of America."

Why even our population has doubled. Our opera is the finest the world has ever known, our architecture the best. New York is green with envy. Yes, we are the Rome of the world." Have we not all met Joan's sister-in-law Dorothy, feline, graceful who said to her: "Do you like my house? It is sheer 'Elsie de Wolfe' all except this, my own cloistered sanctum. A cigarette? I always prefer the hacienda style, like our houses at Santa Barbara and Lakeside—you see I'm so mystic." She wore jade rings. She read Renard, Haysmans, Flaubert, Proust, Morand. "Her voice was soft and purposely caressing, but sometimes one would hear echoes of the Kennedy twang, like discord in Bach."

Ralph's mother greeted Joan in a matter-of-fact voice: "Welcome to your new home. Where's the baby?" Joan remembered Ralph telling her that in America married couples slept side by side but in separate beds, dressing in the same room, and she longed for her suite in London. She was a little upset because there was no cold meat at luncheon and by the sight of Mrs. Kennedy drinking coffee from a large cup. "My home," said Mrs. Kennedy, "may be old-fashioned, but it is as Mr. Kennedy liked it. I take great pride in it." Later Joan was angered by Mr. Kennedy's will, for by its terms Ralph could not afford to live in England. Mrs. Kennedy told Ralph to wear his "Tux" at dinner. She had visited London in '92. "But I know my Thackeray and Dickens and Trollope better than you, my dear." "Are all your aunts ladies—married to lords, I mean?" Joan's order for early morning tea upset the household.

The ribald conversation when cocktails were passed and late comers welcomed led Joan to think of the sepulchral silence preceding one Eng-

lish dinner party. Mr. Hunt said to her: "If Coolidge has never been abroad, I don't see why I should. Besides we have the greatest city in the world." The male dancers had their jaws loosened by much Scotch and made attempts at heavy flattery. Because Joan went into a Catholic church to rest, Mrs. Kennedy said to her: "We cannot have you going to the same church as servant girls. There are no Catholics in Eldorado." Sterling Morris told Joan that American men in the forties lost a little of their good looks and were inclined to be surly; in the fifties they became amorous.

Joan and Ralph drifted apart; even their little son did not hold them together. She was pursued by other men, for she grew more and more seductive; but Harry Webber only kissed her. Mrs. Kennedy observed to Ralph: "A woman in the thirties who suddenly dresses well is in a dangerous state." David Thurston almost ran away with Joan, having visited her; but there was the divorced Dorothy, "a splendid young animal, full of rebellion and fire, with a strange southern power over men."

One night at the opera disillusioned Joan, sick at heart, felt an odd gulp in her throat. "There was a man below in the stalls very like Hugo."

### UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

#### "Gold Diggers of Broadway"

An all-talking, singing and dancing picture in natural color, adapted by Robert Lord from the play entitled "Gold Diggers" by Avery Hopwood, directed by Roy Del Ruth and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Jerry	Stephen Lee	Nancy Welford
Mabel	Ann Pennington	Conway Tearle
Eleanor	Winnie Lightner	Winnie Lightner
Wally	William Tashman	William Tashman
Blake	William Bakewell	William Bakewell
Nick	Albert Grant	Albert Grant
Violet	Nick Lucas	Nick Lucas
Topsy	Helen Foster	Helen Foster
Stage manager	Gertrude Short	Gertrude Short
Cissy Gray	Neely Edwards	Neely Edwards
Dance director	Julia Swayne Gordon	Julia Swayne Gordon
Barney Barnett	Lee Moran	Lee Moran
	Armand Kalz	Armand Kalz

One of the few pleasurable moments in this department's existence comes when it is possible to heap wholehearted praise on some motion picture producing unit or player who in the past may have merited and received equally fervent castigation. So it is in the instance of "The Gold Diggers of Broadway." We rejoice that the Warner Brothers, for the time being at least, have turned from sordid episodes in gangland and from melancholy studies of back-stage balladists to something cheerful, really humorous, consistently entertaining. Done in technicolor throughout, with several tunes worthy of any musical comedy of the stage, directed with frequent touches of ironic inspiration and performed by a cast which was selected with a fine sense of individual fitness, this screen revival of the late Mr. Hopwood's racy comedy of guleful chorus ladies and guileless admirers becomes one of the substantial additions to this year's growing list of cinematic marvels.

After the first scene, showing an audience of bald-headed men chuckling over their programs, the characters are introduced swiftly—Jerry, the chorus girl whose wits are more active than those of her associates; Violet, the shrinking little girl in love with Wally; Eleanor, she of the affected speech, and otherwise dumb; red-headed Topsy, who speaks frankly at all times, and Mabel, rough, tough, comical. These girls are gold-diggers with varying forms of technique, but they are all human, and they try to be happy. Against these are Wally, the love-sick youngster; Lee, his wealthy uncle, and Blake, the rotund attorney. As accessories appear Ann Pennington, to dance wildly on banquet boards; Nick Lucas to croon about tulips and sunshine and kitchenettes to his own accompaniment on a big guitar, and Neely Edwards as the harassed stage manager. There is a large ensemble out of which step from time to time several expert dancers, male and female. In fact, the scenes of stage performances incorporated in this picture are rich diversion in themselves. The one great drawback still is the small screen, the scant space for such pretentious spectacle.

Miss Lightner as the boisterous Mabel is the life of the party. She has a ready tongue for rowdy repartee, she injects humor into otherwise ordinary songs. Her scenes with the portly Mr. Grant, whom she mauls and hauls about until he is near collapsed, her ludicrous struggles to memorize the two extraneous lines allotted her by the stage manager are very amusing. The others, capable though they may be, become secondary figures. Only Mr. Lucas has the temerity to intrude, perhaps too often, with his croonings. It might have been wiser to give Miss Welford more songs, and Mr. Lucas fewer.

W. E. G.

### "WAITER, BRING ME—"

Miss Edith M. Barber, arguing that Americans order simpler meals, especially breakfast than they did a generation ago, comments significantly on the number of juices served at breakfast: orange juice, tomato juice, sauerkraut juice, grape juice, to be followed by various fruits and cereals. But on the breakfast bill-of-fare quoted by her at a hotel in Southern Indiana, are two kinds of fish, also lamb chops, tenderloin steaks, liver and bacon, ham, also two kinds of sausages. Nor is it probable that these meats are served for breakfast only in Southern Indiana. An elaborate, swollen bill-of-fare, not at all like the breakfast of him the wishes to think wisely, write convincingly, with clear brain and unclogged tube between 9 and 12 A. M. Yet even the high thinkers from the East will look in vain for the mention of p in its infinite variety, from apple and black berry, to mince and quince. And when does p taste better than between the newspaper on the doorstep and the mad rush to the train?

Those depending on juices for breakfast at no doubt to be commended, though we should confine them to orange and clam. In old Berlin days asparagus juice served hot was supposed to cure the collywobles and soothe the head—a nauseating drink with nauseating effects in spite of a perhaps immediate relief.

These articles on breakfast—what it should be—what should be avoided—appear in all our newspapers at stated intervals; they are to be expected, as the return of a well-behaved comedienne the mystery of the Marie Celeste, the Lizzy Borden case, Marshal Ney in Georgia, the fat of John Orth. What should we do without them? What editor would harden his heart and disappoint his readers? In the case of the breakfast article there is always a new juice of "breakfast food" to give the idea of an addition to the old "copy" in type or at least the appearance of freshness. Thus sauer kraut juice is new to us. Not for a wilderness of cabbage would we taste it. Better the "cussed juice of Lebanon" or the hemlock cup of the Athenians.

### "THE BLACK CROOK"

Perhaps the younger generation now enjoying the performances of "The Black Crook" do not know that the author wrote a romantic play to which he gave that title. Managers to whom he showed the manuscript saw no money in it until it occurred to an adventurous firm in New York to turn the play into a spectacle, preserving only the opening scenes with an outline of the ending. And so "The Black Crook" made a fortune for the producers. The author was a first outraged by this debasement, as he thought of his play. Though he did not refuse to share in a measure the profits, he considered himself a crushed dramatist, until a railroad train put an end to his troubles.

The great success of the spectacle 60 years ago was due chiefly to the ballet, the March of the Amazons, and a few introduced "specialties," as the Majiltons's grotesque act. Not the least important factor in establishing the success was the cry of indecency raised by certain "news-paper clergymen," male pigs and female prudes and those who sought all occasions to see their names in print. This charge of indecency was based on the fact that the Amazons were in tights.

It was then the fashion to estimate the worth of chorus girls, women in burlesques, and even leading women in spectacular entertainments by their weight, as beef on the hoof. There was applause for stock-yard beauties. The public demanded the corned, the heavy-hipped and the deep-breasted. This was true of both English and American audiences.

When Emily Soldene returned from Australia, where, having left the stage, she showed talent as a journalist, she was amazed by the change in the taste of stage-door and front-row chap-pies. Of generous proportions herself, she had demanded snug fillers of tights for her company. Back in London she saw a demand for slight girls gracefully formed, sylph-like creatures, nervous rather than stolid, even pale, neurotic, but in action either tripping daintily or as if they were all steel springs and ginger. Emily in her lively memoirs comments amusingly though not without regret for the days when the naturally thin were stuffed, the scrawny and the pipe-legged were padded, to delight the eyes of the enlightened patrons and props of burlesque queens and their punning maids of honor.

It is not easy to imagine the charming stage girls of today tempestuously applauded in "The Black Crook" and "The White Fairy" of the last century; on the other hand, would not the brave girls that marched behind Stalacta in the Sixties and the Seventies, be greeted today with



...Cure" and the thought of sufferers  
phantasies?

## A QUEEN'S NIGHTIE

"No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope," there is at present a wide-spread inquiry in England: "Did Queen Elizabeth wear a night-dress?"

Thus far Mr. Strachey has not shown any interest in the question. The Queen ordered in 1568, "three score and six of the best sable gowns to furnish us a night-gowne," but the night-gown of those European years was not what we know as a night shirt, nor were night shirts in use when Francis First reigned, nor in mediaeval Italy, any more than in England, very one went to bed naked, and so it is believed that the English poet who spoke of going to his "naked bed" merely meant that he donned no shirt for the occasion.

There is a record of a "nightgown" given by Henry VIII to the comely Anne Boleyn shortly before the private marriage—13 yards of black satin, lined with eight yards of black "taffata," with three yards of blue "vellute" for the bordering and edging, and two yards of "Buckram" for lining the upper sleeves. "Black satin"—Brantome tells of a dazzling blonde in his time who slept between black sheets.

There is an entertaining essay on the introduction of night shirts for royal personages, nights and noble dames in one of Dr. Fabian's volumes about the curiosities and indiscretions of history. The story of women substituting pyjamas for night-shirts is yet to be written.

### KLITH-ALBEE

#### "Her Private Life"

An all-talking picture, adapted by Forrest Halsey from the play by Zoe Akins entitled "Declasse," directed by Alexander Korda, and presented by First National with the following cast:

Lady Helen Haden.....	Billie Dove
Ned Thayer.....	Walter Pidgeon
Rudolph Solomon.....	Holmes Herbert
Sir Bruce Haden.....	Montague Love
Harry Charteris.....	Roland Young
Mrs. Leslie.....	Thelma Todd
Lady Wildering.....	Mary Forbes
Sir Emmett Wildering.....	Brandon Hurst
Timmins.....	Zasu Pitts

Loud protests have frequently been made over the insistence on the happy ending in the moving pictures and those films which have ended in tragedy have for the most part been artistic successes and box-office failures. Yet when the inevitable conclusion is distorted for the sake of a sentimental prejudice it is worse than ridiculous, it is childish and exasperating to the reasonably intelligent mind. These futile objections and others of a similar nature were aroused upon witnessing the screen version of "Declasse," now known as "Her Private Life," in which Ethel Barrymore once played the gallant and impractical Lady Helen Haden with such charm and distinction. Billie Dove, celebrated for her undeniable beauty rather than for any outstanding dramatic ability, is now appearing in the same part, and as one listens to her reciting a series of high-flown speeches in a pleasant but all too obviously non-English voice, it is impossible not to conclude that the previous fame of the play must have rested on the acting rather than on the drama itself. It seems artificial and curiously outdated. Too many conventions of the old society drama are still adhered

to. Perhaps this impression was caused by everyone trying to be very dignified and aristocratic and only succeeding in being unnatural. There were two exceptions to this, however, Holmes Herbert as Rudolph Solomon, the wealthy Jew who collected beautiful objects and was so proud of his family name, and Roland Young, who sauntered through a most unimportant part with a nonchalance and ease that were good to see.

Briefly, the story is that of a lovely English girl, Lady Helen Haden, who is married to a brute, falls in love with a romantic young man, Ned Thayer, and then discovers that he is apparently a cheat and a blackmailer. He isn't, of course, but by the time that is discovered she has been divorced by her husband, has to pawn her jewelry to live, and is drifting nearer and nearer to disaster, being too proud to ask her friends for help. Rudolph Solomon, finding her in desperate straits in New York and loving her deeply wishes to marry her, but Thayer reappears and complications ensue. In the play these ended with Helen's suicide, but the picture manages to get around that little matter without difficulty. Billie Dove was exquisite to look upon as Lady Helen, but never quite convinced one of her aristocratic antecedents, though quite appealing in her resolve to go down with colors flying. Walter Pidgeon was an unsatisfactory Ned Thayer, quite overshadowed by the dignity and power that Holmes Herbert brought to the role of Rudolph Solomon. E. L. H.

### AT SIX PUBLIC THEATRES

#### "Skin Deep"

An all-talking Vitaphone picture, adapted by Gordon Right from a story by Mark Edmund Jones entitled "Lucky Damage," directed by Ray Enright, and presented by Warner Bros. at the Scollay Square, Fenway, Central Square, Fields Corner, Allston and Goodman Square theatres with the following cast:

Joe "Munk" Daley.....	Monte Blue
Sadie Rogers.....	Betty Compton
"Blackie" Culver.....	John Davidson
Dr. Bruce Langdon.....	Tully Marshall
Elsa Langdon.....	Alma Day
Dist. Atty. Carlson.....	John Bowers
Tim.....	Robert Perry
"Dirpy".....	George Stone

By the aid of a putty nose, a guttural voice and an expression denoting either inarticulate love or homicidal mania as the situation demands, Monte Blue labors earnestly, grimly, with an underworld role in "Skin Deep." Supposed to have been disfigured facially in the world war he, as Joe Daley tries thereafter to walk the straight and narrow path. His "ugly map," as he bitterly calls it, prevents him from getting an honest job, so he turns gangster, and prospers. He and "Blackie" Culver like Sadie Rogers, a cabaret singer; in fact each proposes marriage. Sadie, a little viper who frankly admits that she is in the market for the biggest bank roll,

chooses Joe, soon tires of him, and conspires with "Blackie" to frame him on a grand larceny charge which sends him up the river for a long term. Sadie, though taking up with "Blackie," makes Joe believe she is loyal by frequent visits. When Carlson, the fearless district attorney, closes in on "Blackie," he and Sadie again plot to use Joe. They engineer his escape so that he may kill Carlson, and they notify the police that Joe is the murderer. Thus they would dispose of two birds with one stone.

Something happens, however. In escaping from prison on a stolen motorcycle Joe is thrown down a steep embankment, carried to the home of an eminent plastic surgeon, detained for several weeks, and there equipped with a new face, this time Mr. Blue's own of course. He learns to respect and to adore Elsa, the surgeon's pretty daughter, but he feels that he must kill Carlson first. As he is about to do so our little friend Darcy Lee, as Carlson's child, toddles into his study to kiss him good night. This touching incident gives Carlson a chance to reason with Joe and to tell him what's what. When Joe walks in on the fake Sadie and the cowardly "Blackie," the lights go out. In the shooting which follows Sadie is fatally wounded, not by Joe but by "Blackie." At least that is what Joe told the D. A., who patted him on the back and believed him. And Joe, accompanied by his faithful bulldog, which has barked through five of the eight reels, takes his new face back to Elsa and starts life anew.

The story, as often happens in screen melodrama of this type, is far from convincing. It has too many unexplained episodes and consequences. Yet Mr. Blue, by dint of his simplicity and earnestness, makes Joe a rather likable fellow despite his obvious denseness. Miss Compton is effective in a disagreeable role. Miss Day sweet as the ministering angel. The others fall into routine classification. W. E. G.

### QUINCY THEATRE—"Strange Interlude"

Interlude," a play in nine acts, by Eugene O'Neill, staged by Phillip Moeller and produced at the John Golden Theatre, New York, Jan. 30, 1928, with Lynn Fontanne as Nina Leeds, Earle Larimore as Sam Evans, Helen Westley as Mrs. Amos Evans; performed last evening at the Quincy theatre, Quincy, for the first time in New England, with a major portion of the original cast, as follows:

Charles Marsden.....	Tom Powers
Professor Leeds.....	Maurice Evans
Nina Leeds.....	Judith Anderson
Sam Evans.....	Richard Barbee
Edmund Darrell.....	Glen Anders
Mrs. Amos Evans.....	Eva Condon
Gordon Evans, as a boy.....	Leah Hayward
Madeline Arnold.....	Ethel Weller
Gordon Evans, as a man.....	John J. Burns

Of the 13 plays which Eugene O'Neill has produced since 1920, Boston or its vicinity has seen professionally only three, "The Emperor Jones," his second full-length play; "Marco Millions," given here last year by the Theatre Guild, and now "Strange Interlude." Thus it is impossible and presumptuous to undertake here to trace his advancement in the theatre through first-hand impressions. We do know that in "The Great God Brown" O'Neill tried to reveal two sides of the same personality in the one character, adapting to his purpose the Greek mask. In "Strange Interlude" he carried this idea further. It was immaterial to him that in employing the ancient form of the aside and the soliloquy, thus permitting his characters not only to speak frankly but to address many of their secret thoughts to the audience, he trampled unthinkingly on accepted stage formulae. These asides, far more elaborate, more informative than the brief phrases al-

### PHILIP HALE

Actors taking the part of villains will resent the decision of Boston's authorities that no one in an audience will be allowed to hiss them when they are plotting dark designs or carrying out their horrid deeds. For many years it has been the privilege of the gallery to foster virtue by showing unmistakable disapproval of those that would wrong a heroine, murder a hero, a noble father, or a faithful servant, or at least bring the hero under suspicion of a hideous crime, or even a breach of trust. At the Grand Opera House in this city it was nightly shown that the heart of the people beats loudly for righteousness; that even crooks as spectators were infuriated by the sight of crimes committed on the stage. Now, by the recent decision the doers of evil are not to be publicly reproved, tried and condemned, and the actor, poor wretch, may suspect that he has failed; that he is only a faint-hearted villain after all.

Hissing and booing in more liberal London may express disapproval of play or performance. It often has a salutary effect. As a London critic wrote some months ago, hissing, administered by way of criticism, is frequently defensible.

"No one can say with truth or justice that simple silence is a fitting reward for certain stage offences, such as gross vulgarity and sinister acts of impropriety. Artistic inanity may sometimes be so serious as to warrant extreme vocal condemnation. The more enthusiasm we have in the theatre the greater likelihood there is of booing and hissing. People who can love acutely are capable of showing detestation and must not be denied."

But when this critic wrote: "I am told that in America the audience if they do not like a play walk out in stony silence," one might ask "Who told you this, fair Sir?" Here and there a disgusted or bored spectator may give an admirable imitation of a gentleman leaving a theatre, but the great majority, having paid for their seats, remain in them to the end, contenting themselves with saying "Punk! Rotten!" to their near co-mates in disappointment.

Nor is public disapproval in London on first nights confined to the gallery. We read when Laurette Taylor was first seen in "One Night at Rome," stink-bombs were thrown into the orchestra; but that on the first night of "Timothy" the audience walked out in complete silence.

This walking out, that disconcerts, terrifies players, seems to a London critic a too "contemptuous, cold-hearted, callous method of indicating disapproval. It covers what may be honest effort with such complete ignominy."

In August a play "The Unbalanced Parisians" by a Belgian provoked an uproar of protest from the audience so that the Prefect of Police closed the performance. Nor did the play fare better in a censored version. The government suppressed the play and ordered the dramatist to be deported.

There is also the question of applause. Mr. Matthew Norgate, seeing a play in London, noting that the volume of applause was greatly above the average, looked around him and found only one person in five applauding. Having visited several theatres he made these notes:

- 1—"Applause is to a remarkable extent controllable by the efficient actor, who can almost at will create or 'kill' a round.
- 2—"A section of every audience considers it a duty to applaud, and does so not only indiscriminately, but automatically and without enthusiasm.
- 3—"Good jokes seldom evoke applause, whereas cheap 'wise-cracks' nearly always do.
- 4—"Matinee audiences applaud far less than evening audiences."

By the way, what has become of the "lafoograph," which was said a year ago to register the exact strength of the laughter aroused by a comic piece in the theatre? It was also said to be an American invention. Who was the inventor? Has the machine been installed anywhere?

The programs of the Worcester (Mass.) Music Festival Oct. 2-5, Albert E. Messel, conductor, are of unusual interest.

Oct. 2, Wednesday, 8 P. M. Parry, "Blest Pair of Sirens" (chorus and orchestra). Josten, "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" (mixed voices with soprano and baritone solo)—Jeannette Vreeland and Fred Patton—and orchestra). J. Hanson "The Lament for Beowulf" (mixed voices and orchestra). Wagner, Chorale, Prize Song and Finale from "The Mastersingers" (Judson House, tenor; Fred Patton, baritone). Sophie Braslau, contralto, will sing two groups of songs with orchestra.

Oct. 3, Thursday, 2:30 P. M. Monsigny, Chaconne and Rigaudon. Louis Gruenberg, "The Isle of Enchantment" (first performance). Holst, Japanese Suite. The Marmelins will give eight Drama Dances. Music by Dukas, Franck, Rebikov, MacDowell, Mendelssohn, Prokofeff, Jaernevelt, Holst.

Oct. 3, Thursday, 8 P. M. Gabriel Pierné's "Children's Crusade." Sopranos, Dorothy Speare, Ethel Fox, Pauline Bannister, Helen Y. Gibson; contraltos, Lillian Martin, Muriel H. Carpenter; tenor, Arthur Hackett; baritone, Norman Jolliffe. Chorus of men, women and children, and orchestra.

Oct. 4, Friday, 2:30 P. M. D. G. Mason, An American Festival Overture, "Chanticleer." Schumann, Piano Concerto (Elly Ney, pianist). Borodin, "From Steppes of Central Asia." Glazounov, Valse de Concert. Delius, "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring." Alfvén, Swedish Rhapsody, "Midsummer—Vaka."

Oct. 4, Friday, 8 P. M. Wagner, Overture to "Tannhauser." Solos for soprano (Gina Pinnera). Liszt, Rhapsody No. 13. Gounod, eleven selected numbers from "Faust" for concert performance. Margarita, Mme. Pennera; Siebel, Rose Bampton; Faust, Judson House; Mephistopheles, Fred Patton.

Oct. 5, Saturday, 2:30 P. M. Concert for children. Offenbach, Overture to "Orpheus in the Underworld." Beethoven, first movement from Symphony No. 5. Cadman, "At Dawning." Mendelssohn, Spinning Song. Gounod, Symphony for wood winds. Demonstration of percussion instruments. "A Musical Tour Around the World" (Grainger, Londonderry Air. E. German, Shepherd's Dance. Stoessel, Jota Lladov, "Song of the Mosquito." Brahms, Hungarian Dance, Ketyelby, "In a Chinese Temple Garden." Foster, Old Folks at Home. Sousa, Stars and Stripes Forever).

Lawrence Strauss, a singer from San Francisco, will give a recital in Jordan Hall on Thursday evening, Oct. 10. He studied in Europe with Jules Algier and Jean de Reszke. He has toured the United States and been praised for his technic and his ability as an interpreter. His program will include these songs by Brahms: "Wie bist du meine Koenigen," "Ach, wende diesen Blick," "Minnelied," and "Botschaft"; also Rebecca Clarke's "The Seal Man" (poem by Masefield); Debussy's "Chevaux de Bois,"



"Colloque Sentimental," "Pantoches" and folk songs arranged by Ravel Vuillermoz, Brahms, Hughes, Cyril Scott.

The Isadora Duncan dancers will appear at Symphony hall on Friday evening, Oct. 25 under the auspices of the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary.

Dai Buell, pianist, will give a recital in Symphony hall on Tuesday, Nov. 19, under the auspices of the Consumers' League of Massachusetts.

Frequent marriages lead to distressing complications. May Yohe, American born, marrying Lord Francis Hope, became an English subject. An elopement with Putnam Bradlee Strong brought her back to the American fold. Now, the wife of Jan Smuts, a South African, she is out of the fold and wishes to be again a citizen of our sweet land of liberty.

There are persons who are convinced that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. Mr. Alfred Mudie, an Englishman, is the author of a book that has this astonishing title: "The Self-named William Shakespeare, the Prince of Wales, born legitimate but unacknowledged; Son of H. M. Queen Elisabeth and the Earl of Leicester; Baptized in the false name of Francis Bacon, Philosopher, Dramatist, Poet and Arch-Martyr, whereafter named Viscount St. Albans."

Will not some one examine Mr. Mudie's bumps?

Speaking of Shakespeare there are certain characters in his plays who are not named among the dramatis personae, but must surely be on the stage some time in the course of the action: Rosaline in "Romeo and Juliet"; Viola in "All's Well That Ends Well"; Antonio's son in "The Tempest"; Hero's mother whose name was Imogene, in "Much Ado About Nothing."

Mr. Koshiro Matsumoto, of the Imperial Theatre, Tokio, announces he will not appear on the stage with actresses, though he has been doing it for 20 years. He has just found out that his "artistic conscience" will not permit him to act with women.

Mr. Noel Coward is a great advocate for Anglo-American amity. "He thinks the world of the American theatre and its possibilities. He deplors the slightest word that may cause friction or ill-feeling between artists on the two sides of the Pond."

This reminds us that Mr. Coward's latest play, for which he wrote the lyrics and music as well as the book, will soon be performed here.

"Wake Up and Dream" is hardly an auspicious name for a play. One entitled "Success" some seasons ago turned out to be a flop.

Mr. Adrian C. Boulton, conductor of the Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, lecturing on the Art of Conducting, listed these "Don'ts":

Don't gesticulate too wildly. Don't wear rings or wrist watches. Don't wiggle the little finger of the hand holding the baton.

Eileen H. A. and J. C. Squire have written a play based on Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice." The play in book form has been reviewed as a "pious exercise," but it is "undramatic and tinkles, tinkles on."

lowed in the old-time drama, naturally tend to interrupt stage action. To overcome this, O'Neill allowed the stage action to become static during the periods of soliloquy, a process at first bewildering, yet soon accepted by the audience.

The now famous soliloquies begin with the entrance of Marsden into the Leeds library. Likewise begin O'Neill's pitiless characterizations: Marsden, with his indefinable feminine quality, his cool and poised manner; Nina's father, temperamentally timid, his defence the complacent, superior manner of the classroom toward the world at large; Nina, with her greenish-blue eyes, her superb physique, her expression of stubborn resolve, of hysteria held in check; Sam Evans, guileless, with a lost and strayed appealing air about him; Darrell, cool, observant, with analytical eyes, with something in him provoking and disturbing to women; Sam's mother, her big dark eyes grim with the prisoner-pain of a walled-in soul. These are the chief characters. Gordon Evans, the son Dr. Darrell and Nina conspired to give to Sam, and Madeline Arnold, the youth's fiancée, appear in later episodes.

Nina Leeds acquired her miasmatic mind when she began to hate her father because he had blocked her marriage to a dead lover, a youth killed in the flying service in the World War. She became a widow in spirit if not of the flesh. She gave herself to several invalided soldiers who probably marvelled at her apathy. She married Sam Evans, thus discomfiting Marsden, always hovering, always hoping. When Sam's mother hinted at insanity in the Evans line Nina consented to loss of a child, then begot another, thanks to Darrell. Thereafter a secret bond holds these two at which they strain but cannot break, until the end. Sam, become prosperous and happy in his gross ignorance, dies watching young Gordon as he triumphs in a collegiate boat race. Darrell once more disappears and Nina closes the book by seeking solace in "dear old Charlie." Marsden paternally advises her to forget the Gordons.

"After all," he muses, "there was something in all that has happened since you first met Gordon Shaw, something extravagant and fantastic, the sort of thing that isn't done, really, in our afternoons. So let's you and me forget the whole distressing episode, regard it as an interlude, of trial and preparation, say in which our souls have been scraped clean of impure flesh and made worthy to bleach in peace." Nina falls asleep in his arm.

Dear old Charlie, "passed beyond desire, has all the luck at last."

A peculiar aspect of last evening's performance was, that just as one had concluded that this player or that was an ordinary mummer, he or she would come to a speech or a scene and so handle it that the critical comment was halted, that praise came in its stead. Miss Anderson, in the first two acts, made her lips two thin slits through which poured a torrent of words which failed to reach over the footlights. Especially was this so when she faced the wings. Later, when the action brought her face to face with her craning listeners, she became more articulate. Her voice lost its flatness and became full-throated. In facial play, in the nervous gestures of the neurotic Nina, she was more successful. As Nina passed through years of passion to the years of satiety and safety, she gained in physical attractiveness, thanks to Miss Anderson's skill in pictorial artifice. And as she so aged, she became less an object of repulsion.

Likewise did Mr. Powers as Marsden and Mr. Anders as Darrell improve like wine with age. Oddly, both had their best moments in the seventh act, when Marsden, finding Darrell and Nina alone, 10 years after the birth of young Gordon, scents treachery and lust in the room, and cries out his hatred, and a moment later, when Darrell pleads with young Gordon for a better understanding one with the other. Both players indicated deftly the physical and mental changes of the two men from decade to decade. Mr. Barbee made Sam genuinely human in his dog-like adoration of Nina. Miss Condon in her confession to Nina about the maniacal streak in the Evans family and in her recital of past sacrifices, was very real. Mr. McRae, in his brief appearance as the bookish professor, evoked regret that Mr. O'Neill had removed him so quickly from the story.

The settings were in keeping with the various periods, severe, simple or moderately decorative. The curtain rose at 5:47 o'clock, the intermission fell at 8, and the final curtain shortly after 11. Walter Prichard Eaton, in a curtain speech, voiced the gratitude of the Theatre Guild to "the fair-minded mayor of Quincy for giving a haven which the city of Boston had denied it," and deplored the flood of publicity which had accompanied the engagement. The audience was large but not wholly of Boston. Its attitude was difficult to gauge. Its opinion of "Strange Interlude" returned on the moment. This

must be a matter of common agreement, however, that whatever O'Neill has striven to reveal in this odd dramatic document, he at least has written many beautiful, brilliant chapters of speech and dialogue, has enriched the theatre by the medium of the spoken word.

W. E. G.

### WILBUR THEATRE

#### "Courage"

A comedy in three acts by Tom Barry, produced at the Ritz Theatre, New York, Oct. 30, 1928. Presented by Lew Lantor. The cast:

Mary Colebrook	Janet Beecher
Reynald	Paul Jones
Muriel	Alice Davenport
Gwendolyn	Frances Quinn
Vincent	Teddy Jones
Glady	Pauline Rowe
Richard	Richard Ross
Bill	Junior Blake
Gonn	Gene Gouge
Miss Caroline Colebrook	Helen Strick
Mr. Rudlin	Robert Connors

Mr. Barry harbors no marked distaste for conventionalities. He must like them, indeed, and rubbed in hard;

how, otherwise, could he bring himself to set on the stage a caricature like that Aunt Caroline of his, or to make use of a coincidence so far-fetched as that of Miss Crosby's will?

In conventionalities, however, on the whole, Mr. Barry has excellent taste. He makes neat use of the traditional view of Westerners regarding New Englanders. The story treats, by the way, of a widow who has emigrated from Sioux City to Cambridge, in search of culture for her growing brood of seven. The prattle of a doting mother—at her extreme in the adroitly contrived prologue—half fool, half philosopher, he turns divertingly. Even that most ardent of modern stage conventionalities—furnishing an obviously respectable woman with an unnecessary, impossible past—Mr. Barry manages so deftly that it does no harm at all. He has based his play on truth to human nature, however well-worn are certain devices, though extravagances are strong.

His young folk, for instance, on the whole well-differentiated in their varying phases of troublesome youth, he has drawn true to life, both in their view of the same and in their expression thereof. The young players, furthermore, brought an unusual air of youthfulness to their acting of these trying young persons.

With their mother he did even better, barring the false note already mentioned. But in Miss Beecher Mr. Barry had rare help, for such as Miss Beecher's charm and plausibility that she made the woman's folly seem for the moment delightful, her philosophy reasonable. And with what force she could storm, when driven too far! How neatly she made each point of humor or wit that came her way, with what absolute naturalness! For Mr. Barry she indeed did much.

So did Junior Blake, who played a boy of 12 years to the life so far as manners and the milder emotions went, who discreetly refrained from essaying too much when emotions beyond him came to the fore, saving thereby one difficult scene.

So did Miss Strickland. Looking like Miss Mary Garden arrived at years, in manner a Bostonian, Lady Catherine de Burgh, by her restraint and sureness of touch she reduced by a half the folly of Mr. Barry's grotesque creation. Mr. Gowing and Mr. Connors also helped generously there, in short, was extremely good acting, and a play nearly always entertaining, sometimes really moving. The audience showed warm enthusiasm.

R. R. G.

### THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COLONIAL—"Great Day," musical comedy, third and last week.

COLEY—"The Crooked Billet," mystery drama, fifth week.

MAJESTIC—"Follow Thru," musical comedy, fifth week.

PLYMOUTH—"Jealousy," drama, with Fay Bainter, second and last week.

SHUBERT—"Animal Crackers," musical comedy, with the Marx brothers, second week.

SHUBERT APOLLO—"The Black Crook," extravaganza revival, second and last week.

WILBUR—"Courage," comedy-drama, with Janet Beecher.

QUINCY THEATRE, Quincy—"Strange Interlude," Eugene O'Neill's Pulitzer prize play, with Theatre Guild players.

### LOEW'S STATE

#### "Three Live Ghosts"

An all-talking screen comedy, adapted by Helen Hallett from the play of the same name by Frederick S. Isham, directed by Thornton Freeland, and presented by United Artists with the following cast:

Mrs. Gubbins	Hilda Vaughan
Pecky Wolfers	Harry Stubbs
Bolton	Joan Bennett
Rose Gordon	Nancy Price
Alice	Charles McNaughton
Jimmie Gubbins	Robert Montgomery
William Foster	Claud Allister
Spooey	Arthur Clavton
Paymaster	Shaylei Gardner
Briggs	Jack Cooper
Benson	Jocelyn Lee
Lady Leicester	

Not often does anything so generally amusing and thoroughly laughable without any hint of offence come one's way as "Three Live Ghosts," now to be seen at Loew's State Theatre. As British as the Union Jack, to judge by the collective accents of the excellent cast, its humor is in no sense local and should be universal in its appeal. The returned soldier whose mother insists that he remain dead until she has collected the

last instalment of the life insurance shell-shocked nobleman with the mangled memory who breaks into his own house, steals his wife's jewelry, and kidnaps his son and heir—all in the most complete innocence—the childlike and greedy old woman who tries to collect rewards on everything in sight including stolen jewels: from these the comedy takes its story.

As it may be remembered, the play, "Three Live Ghosts," was a great popular success on the stage where audiences grew weak with laughter over the fantastic adventures of the three men who come home to find that they are supposed to be dead and get themselves into all sorts of trouble accordingly, and there is no reason why this success should not be repeated with the screen version. Exceptionally well acted, satisfactorily photographed with occasional imaginative touches, and hilariously funny, it is entertainment that can be recommended to everybody in search of a good time.

Since the plot would lose much of its value if set down in black and white, the merits of the players should, in fairness, receive added attention. Outstanding was the performance of Beryl Mercer, an actress of considerable reputation on the stage, as Mrs. Gubbins, the old lady with the active imagination and the desire for all the wealth that she could come by, fair or foul. She contributed a priceless character study that grazed the edge of burlesque but never went over; not easily can one forget her explanation to the police detective as to how she came by the Leicester family jewels. Charles McNaughton as Jimmie Gubbins was a perfect joy; generous, loyal, tough, and "Spooey," the man without a memory whose unconscious burglary made such trouble for his friends, was funny and pathetic at the same time. Robert Montgomery, as William Foster, the American boy with the police record at home, and Joan Bennett as Rose Gordon his sweetheart, were likable and attractive without undue sentimentality.

E. L. H.

### LOEW'S ORPHEUM

#### "She Goes to War"

A sound picture adapted by Howard Estabrook from the story by Rupert Hughes, directed by Henry King, and presented by United Artists with the following cast:

Joan	Eleanor Boardman
Tom Pike	John Holland
Reckie	Edmund Burns
Rose	Alma Riben
Bill	Al St. John
Katie	Glen Walters
Tam's mother	Margaret Soddor
Vivette	Yola D'Avril
Tom Sergeant	Edward Chandler
Matron of Canteen	E. J. J. Jander

Any novel, play or picture that deliberately sets out to point a moral or, even worse, to preach a sermon, is suffering from a bad handicap. Its characters must be unusually interesting, its story absorbing, and its telling skillful. In short the pill must be very thickly coated for an audience to swallow it without resentment. Nobody likes to be moralized over and told that all is not gold that glitters for reels on end unless they can be made to forget it by something of more than ordinary merit. To say that "She Goes to War," is a perfect example of how this miracle may be accomplished would be, unfortunately, far from the truth. Never once is one allowed to forget that the

snobbish though attractive Joan Morant is going to suffer a complete change of heart, learn to do chores, such as the scrubbing of floors in a canteen behind the lines, and make the startling discovery that the ex-garage-man lieutenant whom she had once laughed at, was a hero and the slick society man of her choice nothing but a rotter.

If the always interesting Eleanor were not cast in this disagreeable part it would be quite unbearable. As it is she even makes the selfish and shallow girl sympathetic, but it is an uphill fight and an impossible situation. There are, however, some moments that are extremely impressive, such as the advance of tanks through the sea of liquid fire. The American troops are supposed to be attacking through No Man's land and driven back when the German's launch a series of flaming casks. Driven by sheer necessity, the attacking force is loaded into monstrous tanks which advance into the flames; the men inside are choked and half-smothered in the smoke and intense heat but the tanks go on. It is an unforgettable sight.

The story is that of a spoiled society girl who comes to France with the idea of doing deeds of spectacular heroism but finds that all she can do is drudgery. Submitting with bad grace she gradually learns unselfishness and deeper wisdom through the example of the women with whom she works and when a great emergency calls she is ready for it. Her fiancé turns yellow at the thought of fighting so she takes his place and goes up into the trenches and over the top. There she finds that she really loves Tom Pike whom she had once ridiculed, performs an act of heroism, and comes back chastened and humble. Of the others in the cast John Holland as the noble Tom Pike



## EARLY CIGARETTES

According to an English correspondent, cigarettes first made their appearance in London's tobacco shops about 1870, but they did not become popular until the Prince of Wales two years later discovered a new kind with a spiral mouthpiece at a shop in Baden-Baden and took some home. As he smoked, as he creased his trousers, aristocrats and commoners followed his example. But did not the brilliant and half-crazed Laurence Oliphant smoke cigarettes in London returning from the Crimean war?

These cigarettes of Baden-Baden were evidently ready rolled. It was about the time of the Prince of Wales's discovery that ready-made cigarettes appeared in tobacco shops of the United States. Prior to 1870 the only ones of this variety to be generally obtained were those imported from Havana—which had to be re-rolled by the smoker, so loose was the filling.

The young gentlemen enjoying the advantages of a college education carried tobacco in a bag and rolled their cigarettes, giving an enlightened patronage to "Lone Jack" or "Fruits and Flowers." The portrait on the former package was of a man with a happy smile smoking a pipe, and there was a motto, with this crisp advice:

"Or seek no further  
Better can't be found"

—lines as concise as those of a Greek epigram or a Welsh triad. Students from the South, especially Louisiana, received thick sticks of Perique with a miniature hay-cutter. As this tobacco was exceedingly strong, the consumers were looked upon as "regular devils," true men of the world.

The made American cigarettes in the early seventies came from Richmond as the "Straight," the "Gem," and there was a powerful variety known as the "St. James," in which Perique entered. Students of that time preferred to roll their chosen tobacco, nor was there any "tapping" the ready-made against any hard substance. As rolling successfully was a fine art, the unskilled were not given to cigarettes, but preferred pipes and cigars. The wealthier members of a class attempted to color meerschaums and had much to say about the necessity of a button which they inserted in the pipe with a knowing air. Thus they consumed not only tobacco but hours that might have been given profitably to Conic Sections or Sophocles, Calculus or Political Economy. If any girl at the Junior Promenade had lighted a cigarette between the waltzes, she would have been looked on as a lost soul.

properly serious minded and heroic, but the few moments contributed by Anna Rubens as the pathetically cheerful canteen worker were most memorable. E. L. H.

## WORCESTER FESTIVAL

Worcester is set, for the 70th time, for its music festival. Because of the significance of the anniversary, the occasion will be even more festive than usual. A ball, no less, is to crown it all, after the Friday evening concert, which half the audience will grace with their presence, not to mention countless other persons who hold the festival in high esteem, so long as they are not compelled to hear the concerts.

As well as these civilly devoted, though unmusical folk, to whom the city may well feel grateful, Worcester must indeed be blessed with a large body of generous and genuine music-lovers. For an American city to maintain, on an ambitious scale, a music festival for 70 years—the fact tells the tale. A second fact adds to the significance of the tale: the sale of season tickets this year has been gratifying to an unusual degree. Real music lovers there must be, therefore, in plenty, for the "star" system has not been resorted to to lure throngs of people; Elly Ney aside and the soprano Pinnera, "stars" have not been called for.

A liberal spirit of generosity must also reign in Worcester. Music festivals are not to be had for nothing. Expenses, even without the assistance of many costly artists, have a way of mounting. They mount so high, in fact, that the receipts for every season would not meet them. Subscribers must needs put their hands in their pockets. They do. All praise to Worcester!

Warm praise and appreciation are surely due the festival's directors for their open minds, their forward outlook, and, by no means of least importance, for their sturdy common-sense. They try things out. What fails to go they discard. They retain such features

as please. For thanks to their common-sense, they appreciate the fact that please they must, please many people and all kinds of people. If they are to carry on. They do not disdain, therefore, that "Faust" in concert form which they know will attract listeners in droves. Recognizing the firm clutch dancing has taken on the popular mind, one of their afternoon concerts they have given over mainly to dancing.

They are wise. "Faust" and dancers make modern music possible. New works are to be produced this year—as they are every year of this present regime—new works of modernity with all that the word conveys. But, though adventurous, still the management maintain their soundness of judgment: the work of the day they will bring forward, but they deal it out discreetly, pieces not too long or too outrageous, with staid music in company to take the curse away.

One standard work of full length they always produce. In place of a classic this year they are revising Perner's "Children's Crusade," which made some stir in the world 25 years or so ago. Be it great music or no, it is music of dignity and it is sure to please.

French music of worth, new pieces for chorus in modern vein, dancers, "Faust," various fragments from classics—could any management have chosen better? Bach, to be sure, is not honored this year, or Handel or Palestrina. Then let us do cheerfully without them, thanking the management for a program that escapes both the meretricious and the high brow—a program, furthermore, that has drawn strangers to Worcester from points very far afield. R. R. G.

## WORCESTER FESTIVAL

WORCESTER, Oct. 2.—Not only Worcester people showed courage to-night in the face of the storm. People from abroad, not a few of them, ploughed their way through floods to Mechanics hall. So many there were who minded neither wind nor weather that the grand old hall was filled to all but the last seat. As always at a Worcester festival, the people cut a gallant show; a finer looking audience is not to be seen every day in any part of the world.

They like the modern. So much they made clear last night. With cordial enthusiasm they applauded the chief novelties of the evening, Werner Josten's setting, for chorus, solo and orchestra, of Dryden's "Ode for St. Cecilia's day" and Howard Hanson's "The Lament for Beowulf," for mixed chorus and orchestra.

The audience knew they liked these works, but not everybody, hearing Mr. Josten's composition for the first time, could feel the same comfortable assurance. A respecter, for instance, of English verse could scarcely fail to look dubiously on a setting of admirable verse which ignores completely the contour of line, the shapeliness of phrases. This same respecter of verse, furthermore, could not easily bring himself to admire music which, more often than not, submerges the text so completely in sound that the words cannot be heard or even guessed at.

Some people, too, have still a respect for tools to be used, above all for the human voice. Mr. Josten shows no respect whatever for the human voice. So skillful a singer as Miss Jeannette Vreeland found herself sorely put to it to hold her high tones firm above the din; Fred Patton could make no stand at all. As for any thought, under circumstances so untoward, of voicing poetic beauty or emotional meaning—how could they?

Mr. Josten, indeed, leaving material difficulties aside, gave his chorus and solo singers little enough to work with. His effects he appears to seek to make by dynamic means alone, with the aid of a little tonal color. When telling of the soft complaining flute he complained softly indeed, by means of a solo flute. But what notes his flute uttered linger not in the memory. There was uproar enough, in every truth, in illustration of the lines "The Trumpets' loud clangour excites us to arms." But what of the melodies significant of the trumpets' blare? On another hearing it might stand forward more arrestingly.

On some other occasion, too, the passage with organ accompaniment might sound less commonplace. If, indeed, when next we hear the work, much of it sounds as promising as the opening bars sounded last night—music of mystery and atmosphere—then we shall know that Mr. Josten has written music worth while.

Mr. Hanson's music, in contrast, sounded stout of texture. He, like Mr. Josten, makes little of words, and she cares not if they be inaudible. This lack of care makes it difficult for a listener to hold fast the thread of Mrs. Hanson's discourse, for the episodes are not so clearly defined that one can know without the help of words pre-

cisely what is going on. For, to be honest, Mr. Hanson's melodies seem not to be very deeply felt. But melodies, at all events, he has written, one note follows another agreeably, reasonably. So let us listeners praise him and take pleasure in the sonority that is his.

Both compositions, if a person who does not know them may venture to judge, were excellently sung, vigorously, inclusively, with as much sentiment as the conditions of the case would allow.

Mr. Stoessel began his performance with an ode by Parry, "Blest Pair of Sirens," music dull in itself and perfunctorily performed. About Miss Sophie Braslaus's interpretation of songs by Rachmaninov and Mussorgsky there was nothing perfunctory, but songs of a type which lean heavily on understandable text should not be sung in Russian. Miss Braslaus pleased, however, and still more heartily she pleased with a group of Brahms gypsy songs. The concert closed with the choral prize song and finale from "Die Meistersinger," sung by Judson House, tenor; Fred Patton baritone, and the chorus. R. R. G.

## WORCESTER FESTIVAL

WORCESTER, Oct. 3.—The second day means always a slump. It would be more accurate to say nearly always, for the festival management here in Worcester has planned so skillfully that even this afternoon's concert passed off with flying colors.

A crowded house, in attendance, it may be guessed, to see the dancers, applauded those dancers heartily. They also took pleasure, good report has it, in such varied orchestral works as Louis Gruenberg's symphonic poem, "The Enchanted Isle," performed for the first time, and Holst's Japanese suite. The program also announced a proeludium for orchestra by the Finnish Jaernefelt.

At the evening concert a third large audience showed satisfaction in music of quite different nature, "The Children's Crusade," by Perner, produced with the assistance of Jeannette Vreeland and Ethel Fox, sopranos, Arthur Hackett, tenor, and Norman Jolliffe, baritone; also Pauline Bannister and Muriel Haas Carpenter, sopranos; Helen G. Gibson and Lillian Martin, contraltos.

Unquestionably the management showed sound judgment in this their choice of Perner's composition for the one big work of 1929. Admitting, however, so much, still it may be questioned if they realized quite fully how much water has flowed by the mill between 1905, the date of the first performance, and 1929.

In musical communities where Gounod's "Ave Maria" and "There is a Green Hill," still hold their place as devotional music, this Perner music quite likely could impress by its sentiment today. Where Perner, indeed, letting sentiment loose, wrote accordingly, as in most of the measures for the children, he wrote music of that curiously sophisticated simplicity which rarely fails to exercise its charm. Massenet knew the trick, so did St. Saens and Caesar Franck, too.

When he dealt with adults, on the other hand, Perner did surely write music as arid as Sahara desert. The appeal of those misguided women who first urged on the children to Jerusalem was barer music ever penned. Perhaps, the plea of the parents to their children to stay at home rivals it in emptiness. The sailors, appear oddly void of salty flavor, though indeed they sing—all thanks to them for so much relief—a lusty Alleluia or two.

In his writing for solo voices, Perner was forced to make what shift he could without the help of melodic inspiration, as even the ingenious fancy might have expected of him. The long solo for tenor, which tells of the children's arrival in sight of the sea, seems the shapeliest effort of all. In the final episode, which not all visitors from abroad could hear, it may well be that Perner reached greater heights. On paper the music looks interesting and impressive.

He knows, of course, how to make the most of an orchestra. When writing for instruments, solo or ensemble, he seems more liberally endowed with agreeable and expressive melody than when he has the human voice to reckon with. The suggestion of the sea, indeed, in the prelude to the third part, he has made impressive.

But Mr. Stoessel, to say the truth, roundly, made not too much last night of Perner's score. He liked many passages oddly slow, as though he would try, by ponderousness, to supply the missing grandeur. He achieved thereby plain monotony. Of all the color there is in the score, of what musical and emotional force there is here and there, he failed to make the most. Rehearsals in plenty are not easily to be had.

The chorus of children, on the other hand, trained by Arthur J. Dann and Dean Hanson, had been admirably trained. Admirably they sang, precisely, with good tone, with fine spirit. Here was work to be proud of. The chorus also sang very well, though hardly with the quickened interest that made last night's performance.

## METROPOLITAN

### "Honky Tonk"

An all-talking and singing Vitaphone picture adapted by C. Graham Baker from the story by Leslie S. Barrrows, directed by Lloyd Bacon, and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast: Sophie Tucker, Lila Lee, Beth Leonard, Audrey Ferris, Jean Gilmore, George Durvye, Freddie Gilmore, Mahlon Hamilton, Jimmie, John T. Murray, Cafe Manager.

During the run of her first talking picture, now to be seen under the title of "Honky Tonk" at the Metropolitan Theatre, Sophie Tucker is to make personal appearances at the theatre, act as mistress of ceremonies in the stage show, and sing several of her well-known humorous songs. Without wishing to be unduly critical, one would like to suggest to Miss Tucker's admirers as well as to those who have never

seen her before that they should judge her by her performance on the stage rather than what she is forced to do on the screen. And the word "forced" is used advisedly. Whoever had the idea that Sophie Tucker should be made into a female Al Jolson should be taken out and shot. Humorous she undoubtedly is, but her humor is of a robust and hearty variety that does not need the injection of pathos to make it appealing, and to hear her sobbing in a broken voice, after her spoiled daughter has abused her publicly, that she has done everything for love, and to see her wearing for reels and reels the expression of a martyr, is an insult to her as well as to the long-suffering public. Beside the sentimental stuff that Sophie Tucker undergoes, the whole cast performs a series of the most incredible and tiresome antics ending with a saccharine cooing party over a recently arrived little stranger.

The story is still another version of the clown who must laugh when everything is too depressing for words. Sophie Leonard, entertainer in the Honky Tonk night club, has a daughter, Beth, whom she has brought up in ignorance of where the money comes from. This insufferable young snob comes home from Europe, having made a lot of prominent friends, sneers at her mother's simple apartment, stays out all night, kisses young scions of wealth on the street under her mother's horrified gaze, and even drinks! yes, it is as bad as all that. Finally she makes a disgusting scene in the Honky Tonk club and leaves her mother flat. There is, of course, a properly sweet and sentimental ending—wedding bells, babies, embraces, and tears all mixed up together. Sophie Tucker has a few entertaining moments when she is allowed to be genial and slightly rowdy, but most of the time she is submerged in effort to be unutterably noble. Lila Lee does all that is possible to make Beth endurable but it is an uphill task. The rest of the cast are better than the picture deserves.—E. L. H.

WORCESTER, Oct. 4.—"Artists' Night," to use the honest good old term, went the usual way of such occasions. Only more so. The artist in chief proved herself so markedly "King Pin"—once more to use a good old term—that little else mattered, whatever it's worth. This prime favorite was Gina Pinnera, the soprano.

There were other features, none the less, in the course of the evening, worth hearing. Mr. Stoessel, for instance, gave a very good reading of the "Tannhauser" overture. Rose Bampton, in the series of excerpts of "Faust" displayed mezzo soprano voice of extremely agreeable quality, as well no mean skill in song. Judson House, in that same "Faust," sang with exemplary smoothness. Fred Patton did his best work of the week. The chorus brought tone of fine bright resonance to hearing. But nothing signified in comparison with "King Pin."

Miss Pinnera has a voice, or better part of a voice, which could not fail to win her acclaim. If only she could charter a composer or two who would write for her half a dozen arias with the top note of the staff for a pivot, she would surely take rank as the blessed possessor of one of the loveliest voices at present to be heard. That F of hers, sung pianissimo or in half-voice, offers the ear a sound so lovely the like of it is scarcely to be found elsewhere, the sound of a glorious dramatic soprano softened by a touch of

the lyric soprano quality. The adjacent tones, both above and below, are almost equally exquisite, so long as they are not sung with force; that they will not bear.

Only higher notes may Miss Pinnera sing with force, and those higher tones, only, be it observed, if they lie conveniently. When they do lie conveniently, however, then can Miss Pinnera ring tones that thrill. Hearing high tones and melting tones not quite so high—small wonder Miss Pinnera raises a stir. If only she could find composers to help her. For Mas-



saggi exacted more when he wrote his "Cavalleria" romanza, and Weber, we may guess, had a quite different singer in mind when he planned his "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster." The Verdi of "Pace, Pace," the Wagner who liked to hear a Valkyrie shout, the Brahms who wrote "Mein Lieb Ist Gruen"—they all had a fancy for the medium range of the voice, for musicianship, imagination and emotional warmth. These composers, therefore, Miss Pinnera could hardly hope to please. The public, though, so long as she retains her wondrous F and her brilliant tops, she will hold in the hollow of her hand.

It is said, by those who know, that Elly Ney, in the afternoon, played Schumann's concerto with great success, also that Daniel Gregory Mason's "Chanticleer" met with a warm reception. Worcester audiences do like the new, all praise to them. R. R. G.

## GARDENS OF THIS WORLD

Oct 5 - 1886  
Mr. Fuller's Posthumous Novel Carries on One He Wrote in 1886

GARDENS OF THIS WORLD, by Henry B. Fuller; Alfred A. Knopf. 225 pp. \$2.50.

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Fuller died before this delightful book was published, but he had read galley, page and revised proofs. Mr. Knopf will publish Mr. Fuller's novel, "Not on the Screen," early in the next spring. This novel was put in final, definitive shape for the printer a few weeks before Mr. Fuller's death on July 28th of this year, when he was 72 years old.

Of his dozen books, "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani" and "The Cliff-Dwellers" are the best known. The former, written in 1886, but not appreciated at first by publishers, finally appeared in 1890 "under obscure auspices," but it then and has since appealed to all who, like Mr. Knopf, value delicate humor, gentle irony, fine thoughts expressed in a fine manner. "Gardens of This World," showing all these qualities, might be characterized as a sentimental journey taken by the Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani and his friend, the Seigneur of Hors-Concours. They visited the Midi, the Pyrenees, Spain, Rhodes, Greece, Sicily, Italian towns, and made their way back to Paris by Grenoble and Chartres. Journeying, they met odd people, some lovable, others only amusing. Let no one think for a moment that he will read guide-book descriptions. What the travellers thought of art and scenery is told indirectly, by conversations with the esthetic and the Philistines.

A great, yellow-haired Dane on a steamer bound for Algeria asked the Chevalier, why does any one travel? Why does not one stay at home? There's Spain, for instance: "I saw it all before I ever set foot upon it. And I saw it all at its best. I saw it in one room, in one museum, the work of one man. In New York. Have you ever been there?" The Chevalier shook his head. "He in that quarter of the globe? Impossible!" To which the Dane replied: "I have been taking a month of time and a mint of money to see it all at second hand and second best. Has my temper always been good? It has not. Have I always found doors open? I have not. Have I been robbed? I have. My watch, my watch!"

There were the American looters, as the lady returning from the Levant who spoke of Constantinople and Jerusalem, of burnouses, necklaces, bracelets. For her library and drawing-room tables "she had snatched linked coins from the necks of brides in the Atlas, and she had stripped voluminous towels from men at the exit of baths in Alexandria." The Chevalier was shocked. "A denuded Europe was to be followed by a denuded Asia, a devastated Africa. Rugs and jewelry were to follow Velasquez and Gainsborough westward." There was Mr. Isaac Haviland de Munn, who wished to transport to the United States El-Djem.

The vast stone hoop in three stages, in a remote desert waste. He had always wanted an amphitheatre. Renovated El-Djem might hold a vast orchestra; or immense crowds "would

well under a hundred limelights, while two accomplished pugilists pommelled each other," or an altar might be erected in the centre of the arena—"as once in the Coliseum, I understand," he said to the Chevalier; "Some oecumenical council of large dimensions would help rank his edifice as still more important and serviceable. That might make amends for many martyrs." The Duke of Avon and Severn spoke of a small Roman theatre and the big Arena at Verona; there was even "a jolly little classic thing" at Frosolone. Either one could reach New York in a single shipload. But Mr. De Munn, who had always had his own way, at home was adamant; he was above small things. This Duke of Avon and Severn, was a haughty person, who finally meeting fellow-passengers, whom he had despised, at the wedding of the beautiful Dona Maria-de-la-Luz Tribas of Solano and the gallant Maurice, was all condescension, even accepting the Chevalier; but one thing distressed him; he asked the Chevalier if he had noticed Maurice's wrist watch. "He is wearing it on his right wrist. How odd!" "He probably has his reasons," returned the Chevalier composedly.

At Athens the travellers witnessed the gorgeous wedding of the royal princess and talked with an American who

failed to do business with the sociable Mr. Valko and Mr. Papadopoulos. The American could not meet them on the abominably low ground they took. "They are too clever and unscrupulous for an Anglo-Saxon and a gentleman."

There was George W. Occident with his flying machine who, landing in a garden patch, remarked, "Beets and barley must take their chances. I have often done more damage than this"; the obnoxious cynical Gaston, who was shocked by dancing nuns, the seasick man on shipboard with his head in a lady's lap. "He isn't my husband," she said to the Chevalier: "I don't know who he is"; the young man from Hollywood sketching for a cinema wretched examples of architecture at Lecce. "I hope never to see your theatre," said to him the Freiherr von Kaltenau; Aurella West from Ohio, who had become Aurella de Feuillevolante, the mother of Maurice; the American, who when the Freiherr praised the lake of Garda, assured him that lake Michigan was as large as the Baltic and not much smaller than the Caspian; there is the charming Dona Maria, first seen praying in a Spanish church; nor should Mr. Ray be forgotten who, at Ajaccio, made up his mind that Napoleon was a Corsican, "a man who had not risen above the French people from within, but had hardly and selfishly imposed himself from without; a man whose real ties were always elsewhere, whose France was but a field of ambition, whose family was the army, and whose strange little meannesses and vulgarities ought not to have helped endear him to a cultivated people."

Let us hear Mr. Fuller philosophizing: "It is a delightful thing to grow old together, it is often a discreet thing to grow old somewhat apart. For bachelors, at least. Neither of our friends (the Chevalier and the Seigneur) had ever worn the chains of domesticity, and neither had ever irked the other by appearing too frequently or by lingering too long. They met often enough to prevent the stealing-on of Time from becoming unpleasantly apparent, and they always parted before over-familiarity wore in and boredom supervened. Forty years of tactful, intermittent amiability. Gray hairs never had to be counted, and the crotchets of the one never found opportunity to grind the other down. 'Let the machine play loosely'—such was their motto. And all their pity went out to the paired serfs who were doomed never to escape each other's company."

A book to be read slowly for full enjoyment—to be read and reread. The significant motto on the title page is from Paul Hazard's "La Vie de Stendhal": "It was a book according to his heart. . . . Perhaps the public will show itself rebellious . . . but the 'Happy Few' would without doubt cherish this book written for them."

## CLEOPATRA IN PARIS

"The remains of Cleopatra are to be laid to rest with impressive ceremony in the gardens of the French National Library on the Rue Vivienne." Not her skeleton; not her ashes, but her mummy which was brought to France after Napoleon's campaign in Egypt.

The French in 1870, fearing that the Germans would bear away the mummy, hid it in a cellar, and when Cleopatra became a little mouldy they buried her in the library garden. Is the mummy that of Cleopatra? There are

By PHILIP HALE

We thank the unknown sender of a playbill published by the Hollis Street Theatre, March 25-28, 1891, for it brought with it a pleasant memory. The play, described as a comedy-drama, was "Blue Jeans," by Joseph Arthur whose "Still Alarm" had made audiences sit up. There were capable players in "Blue Jeans"—William Harcourt, George Fawcett, Jacques Kruger, Jenni Yeamans and the never to be forgotten Judith Berolde, who took the part of the heroine.

Unfortunately all we remember of the play and the performance was Judith in Bascom's saw-mill rescuing the poor wretch who, securely bound, was being borne towards a huge buzz saw; yet the playbill mentioned the village band—the "Rising Sun Roarers," also the "Colombia Quartet" of male singers assured the spectator that the suits worn by Bascom, Risener and the male guests of Bascom were real blue jeans, and informed him that the "Aberdeen Angus bull seen in the second act was bred by Mr. Charles Kendall, manager of the Topeka Opera House, Kansas, on his ranch near the city."

"Blue Jeans" was to be followed at the Hollis Street Theatre by William H. Crane aided by his "Admirable Company" in the "Great American Comedy, 'The Senator,'" by David D. Lloyd and Sydney Rosenfeld, which had "recently completed the longest recorded run achieved by an American in New York city at the Star Theatre of 277 consecutive nights."

1891—Nearly 40 years ago. Alas, we do not remember the appearance of the bull—only the buzz-saw and the magnificent Judith. What has become of her? Is she alive, dead, or perhaps playing old women's parts in the cinema?

Good old melodrama is by no means extinct. Last month Austin Page's "Devil in Bronze" was produced in London, a play that we would gladly see.

Luke, a bully; Jem, who had a perpetual thirst, and Seth, a fine young fellow, went to Alaska, allured by gold. When they found it, Luke thought it would be a shame to divide it, so he filled Jem with whiskey. Jem passed out of the scene, ending with delirium tremens. There was a two-fold reason for disposing of Seth, an attractive young man who sympathized with Luke's abused and lonely wife. Seth was strapped on Dead Man's Buoy. Enough food and water were given him to keep him alive until the tolling of the bell would drive him mad. Of course Seth was rescued but not until his hair had turned white. After a rest cure in the padded cell of a lunatic asylum, Seth sought revenge. He secretly rigged up a bell—the "Devil in Bronze"; he beat upon it in Luke's house until Luke begged for mercy and had a paralytic stroke, being left to be nursed for many years by the long suffering wife. Seth would have to go away and seek repentance.

We regret to say that Mr. Ivor Brown did not take this "thriller" seriously. He thought it as silly, as spectacular and as moral as a popular film in a "motion picture cathedral, as the more grandiose establishments are now known in America." The aspect of Seth, returning with a silvery wig from the asylum, reminded Mr. Brown of "the president of an American banking corporation." To sentence an actor of Nicholas Hainen's ability to three long acts of Alaska was "an offence against art and humanity. Phyllis Neilson-Terry played the wife; Lyn Harding the villain. "Bell, buoy and lightning, wind and sea, gave performances of considerable animation."

If Mr. Clive or Mr. Jewett cannot be persuaded to produce "Devil in Bronze," Boston may be able to see it on the screen.

We miss the early sensational moving pictures in which Pearl White escaped death at least a dozen times. "The Iron Claw" was an excellent example of these hair-raising plays. Then there was the drama in which the last of the Incas had built a temple in California, with a live tiger in the cellar. A brisk young woman sent by a newspaper of New York to write an article about the Incas met with astonishing adventures. What was the title of this play? Then there was a long strung out drama in which a wicked chemist-physician had invented a sort of gas which, pumped into a person, gave him strength and courage to continue his dark and dirty work.

Better these robust and engrossing dramas on the screen than contemporary filmings of popular novels; of applauded plays; of contemporary life and fascinating immorality.

Mr. W. J. Henderson of the New York Sun, returning from his long vacation, is not depressed by the thought of the musical season now opening. "There is nothing new in what confronts us. We see the same old procession of foreign celebrities hastening to this country to keep warm their fame or perhaps to earn new laurels, but chiefly thereby to acquire substantial sums of American dollars and at the end of the season to leap aboard steamship and rush back to Europe to spend them. . . . The devastating influence of organized publicity in 'putting over' mediocrities and gaining pecuniary success for nonentities makes many hearts sore. But there is no call for tears. Ideals will be cherished somewhere. Nothing can persuade man that his dreams are not the sweetest thing in life. Hard-bolled flappers and silly young fellows cannot abolish romance from the world. Art is the embodiment of man's ideals of beauty and nothing will ever stop his having such ideals and trying to put them into deathless form. . . . We may look forward to another season of music in which the music itself will be viewed as nothing more than a medium for the exhibition of the skill of conductors, singers, fiddlers, coloratura sopranos and piano disturbers. And when it is new music it will usually be damned because it is not like the old which is very annoying to old ladies and gentlemen. This state of music is likely to endure till a new genius emerges, and then possibly the attention of the public may be drawn for a time to the magic of the creative mind, which will not juggle with caprice and false finery. Meanwhile, we may all enter upon a new musical season with serene confidence that it will not differ materially from other seasons and that there will be a tremendous amount of fuss made over things not worth fussing about."

What Mr. Henderson has thus written about the coming season in New York might be written in view of the approaching season in Boston.

The Morgan Trio, Marguerite Morgan, pianist; Frances Morgan, violinist; Virginia Morgan, harpist, three sisters, who have given concerts in European cities—many in February, March and April of last year at the Riviera and in Egypt (Monte Carlo, Nice, Menton, Cap Ferrat, Cairo, Alexandria), leaving Paris this month, will arrive in the United States about Nov. 1.

The Trio was in London all summer. In Italy last March they played at the home of Mussolini and at the American embassy at Rome; on March 18 the Duke of Connaught's at the Princess Louise's birthday party—this in addition to public concerts which were favorably reviewed by the



Mr. Montoux wishes Miss Marguerite to play with his new Paris symphony orchestra. Much of the music performed by the Trio has been given by them for their concerts; the transcriptions of folk-songs seem to have been given special pleasure. Tours of the principal cities of Europe and Scandinavian cities are being arranged, as well as in this country.

It might be helpful to musical righteousness if Mr. Aaron Copland were to give in Boston the series of lectures with illustrations on the piano—"The Forms of Modern Music"—which he purposes to deliver in New York this fall. No technical knowledge is required for this course. "The object of this course," says Mr. Copland, "is to give the student, music lover or layman a general view of the field of contemporary music. By separating the entire production into categories of opera, ballet, oratorio, etc., it will be possible to bring a kind of order to the large mass of new music. Each lecture will have two objects: (1) to show what new theories have affected the work of modern composers and how they have applied these theories in each category; (2) to indicate the outstanding compositions of the past 20 years in each form. The aim will be less to concentrate attention on works of prime importance than to plot out main currents so as to promote a sympathetic appreciation of modern music as a whole. Discussion on the part of the class will be encouraged."

In Berlin an audience, asked to decide between the merits of a film with sound and the same film shown in silence, voted by a large majority for the silent version. "The American 'talkie' still goes on the assumption that sound for sound's sake is an all-sufficient motto, and dare scarcely let a door shut or a hailstone fall without recording the impact. . . . The sound man will yet learn to utilize sound only where it is salient in the dramatic action and at the same time it will continue to liberate the thoughts and imagination of the characters it portrays as only silent cinema can."

**Egyptologists who say "yes"; but there are doubters.**

Unfortunately one cannot decide from Cleopatra in her present condition whether she was a blonde or a brunette. Poets, among them Tennyson, have described her as swarthy as the Sulamite, the beloved of King Solomon; the Sulamite who admitted that she was black but comely. It is now generally believed that as she was not an Egyptian she was "light complected," and so Mark Antony must be numbered among the gentlemen who preferred blondes. A bronze medal of Syracuse origin shows her with a big nose, whereas the old tradition gives her a nose that was small and tilted upward. Hence the saying, "If Cleopatra's nose had been longer, etc." It is doubtful whether the mummy after all the years will settle this important question.

Neither Julius Caesar, who was catholic in his tastes, nor Antony can be quoted by the disputants, for although Caesar wrote his commentaries his intimate diary has not come down to us; Antony, who was willing to lose the world for her sake, was an eloquent orator, but not to be named among the Roman "literary fathers."

#### KREISLER

They felt a pleasant assurance, the admirers of Mr. Kreisler who crowded Symphony hall yesterday afternoon to the very doors, that from him they would hear a flow of more uniformly beautiful tone than it lies in the power of any other violinist to maintain. The variety of that tone they knew they need not question; there would be mellow richness when called for, a fragility sometimes, exquisite like the goldfinch's song when heard across a sunny field, splendor, too, and majesty.

Of his masterly feeling for style as well they knew they could be comfortably confident. They ran no risk of having to pity Pasquali's little sonata because Mr. Kreisler would try to force it to carry more weight than it could bear. They did not settle themselves—the non-violinists, at all events—to suffer as well as they might the lengths of Bach's Chaconne when degraded into a study in technique and form. Even he Saint-Saens B minor concerto they could hope, for once, to hear with its economy courteous, elegant delivery not unaided by an ill-advised attempt to turn polite charm into passion.

So much might Mr. Kreisler's admirers trustfully expect, whether Mr. Kreisler were in the vein or not. Yesterday he was in the vein, overwhelmingly so. Of Pasquali's trifling music, therefore, by his rhythmic dexterity he made music all smiles and merriment, music in the finale downright jocular. He Bach of the Chaconne he made appear, for once, Bach's own great self, man who could lay down the law with authority, who could muse in many odds without meandering, a man of odden exuberances expressed through florid flourishes no less than dazing.

Delightful music Mr. Kreisler let the Saint-Saens concerto sound like, not the hollow stuff too many violinists will give it. In the usually dreary F major Romance, though, of Beethoven, Mr. Kreisler won his greatest triumph. How did he contrive it, to elevate that melody into something light as gossamer and vital as the top branches of an English holly tree swaying against a blue sky? Of course Carl Lamson, that admirable pianist, gave valuable help.

Mr. Kreisler closed his program with fantasy on Russian themes by Rim-

sky-Korsakov. Graciously despite the long program, he added three pieces. The audience then, though they knew they would get no more, continued to applaud. A tribute richly deserved!

R. R. G.

#### CLAUDIUS J. BROADFIELD

Claudius J. Broadfield, tenor, gave his second Boston recital in Jordan hall yesterday afternoon before a small but appreciative audience. His program of songs and spirituals was amplified by four piano solos played by Bernice Bonner.

Mr. Broadfield's first group consisted of Arloso de Benvenuto (Diaz), "Sudar la vita all'or" (Buononcini), an "Ah, mai non cessate" (Donaudy). His naturally beautiful voice was not revealed at its best, for inadequate breath control ruined his attempts at dramatic emphasis, and his diction was muffled. His second group, which consisted of songs by Purcell, Scott, Morgan and Cook, was sung more acceptably, for he kept the voice light, and took more pains with his enunciation. But it was in his last group, which consisted of four arrangements of negro spirituals, that Mr. Broadfield manifested his possibilities. Here his naturally dramatic instincts were given full sway, and he sang with simplicity and fervor, though not without obvious faults of production.

Miss Bonner was noticeably nervous, which may account for her hurried and blurred rendition of Chopin's C sharp minor Polonaise. In numbers by Schmitt, Arensky, and Pich-Mangialaghi she was more at ease.

E. B.

#### FENWAY

##### "Jealousy"

An all-talking picture adapted for the screen by Garrett Fort from Eugene Walter's translation of the play by Louis Verneuil, directed by Jean de Limur and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Yvonne . . . . . Jeanne Eagels  
Pierre . . . . . Frederick March  
Rigaud . . . . . Halliwell Hobbes  
Renee . . . . . Blanche De Clair  
Clement . . . . . Henry Daniell  
Charlotte . . . . . Hilda Moore

Jeanne Eagels is dead. Her last picture, her last screen utterance, has been made. Under such tragic circumstances forbearance should temper criticism. In her late appearance Miss Eagels had been none too effective, and that opinion had been conveyed to her through the reviewing columns of more than one paper. In her first talking picture, "The Letter," she made Leslie Crosbie a hard, nerve-strained woman fighting vainly to conceal her guilt as a murderess. Doubtless that hardness, bordering on coarseness, was her inescapable heritage from Sadie Thompson of the stage play, "Rain." Now, in "Jealousy," Miss Eagels gave instant impression of an actress worn too fine physically, with frayed nerves and tired eyes. Her voice registered harshly. Her whole manner was that of a woman too far gone to indulge in softer moods, to display those dulcet charms which are supposed to enchain the heart of a lover. Only her theatrical sense, her mastery of stage technique, her flaming courage, could save her or the unsympathetic character of Yvonne from distressing dullness, or worse.

Mr. Fort and Mr. de Limur, working from the same stage text supplied by Eugene Walter for Fay Bainter, introduced in person that group of characters which merely are mentioned in the play. Valerie became Yvonne, Maurice became Pierre. These two made the cast of the play. For the pictures M. Lambertier was re-named Jean Rigaud. The picture opens with the two lovers, Yvonne and Pierre, conversing over a balcony breakfast, planning their wed-

ding Yvonne, already enmeshed in duplicity because of her relations with the elder lover, Rigaud, has aroused Pierre's first pangs of jealousy. By her subsequent actions and utterances she feeds that jealousy, strive though she may to disarm it, witness the incidents of the ring, Rigaud's gift which she averred was her mother's engagement ring; of the true ownership of the gown shop; of Rigaud's edict that she remain in Paris when she would visit Italy on her honeymoon. It is the added incident, that of Yvonne's assignation with Rigaud that she may obtain the 500,000 francs needed to avert bankruptcy, that culminates in Rigaud's murder. Yvonne had told Pierre at 11:30 at night, that she must visit an invalid relative, Clement, discharged by Rigaud, is suspected of the crime, because Rigaud had seduced Renee, Clement's betrothed. But before Clement has been freed, Pierre, called himself not a murderer but an executioner of justice, has confessed to Yvonne, has telephoned the police to come for him. Miss Eagels' last word on the screen was "Pierre!" as she cried out through parted draperies at the unhappy husband, staring at visions of the guillotine.

Conventional treatment of this screen version held it to a level of mediocrity which seldom found release. The blending of close-ups and full figures was none too expertly done; the voices were unevenly recorded, now too loud, now too metallic. Only Mr. Hobbs, as Rigaud, forced the microphone to respect his perfect diction. His acting, and that of Mr. March in less degree, aided the picture over many rough spots. W. E. G.

#### KEITH ALBEE

##### "The Girl from Havana"

An all-talking picture adapted by John Stone from the story of the same name by Edwin Burke, directed by Benjamin Stoloff, and presented by William Fox with the following cast:

Starting with a really cleverly ar-

ranged jewel robbery, "The Girl from Havana" gets off to a good beginning and carries along well, with only occasional brief lapses, to an exciting and fairly logical conclusion. Something fairly new in the way of plots is offered by having a girl play detective in place of a bullying and incredibly stupid man. Not that the girl maintains a uniformly high level of intelligence; far from it, but she is a good sport and no feather-brained helpless female. The necessary love interest is subordinated to a point where it becomes unobjectionable and the theme song is only sung once. Every so often, as when the heroine tries to burgle the stateroom of the suspected jewel thieves in broad daylight, one is tempted to groan in despair and wonder whether the director hadn't gone out to lunch and handed the modern silent substitute for his megaphone to an aspiring but not very bright assistant. For the most part, however, the interest is intelligently sustained.

Joan Anders, young, attractive and clever detective, is given the job of tracing the thieves responsible for a spectacular jewel robbery in Los Angeles. It is essential that she obtain positive evidence of their guilt and recover the loot. Once on board the boat bound for Havana she finds the criminals and breeds dissent among them by making up to the least intelligent member of the gang and planting a ring in his pocket that she had stolen from Lona Martin, the lady crook. Meanwhile she finds herself rather interested in a young steward, Allan Grant, who also seems to be one of the thieves and raises her suspicions even more by telling her that he could understand the state of mind that would make a man want to commit murder. Since the thieves she was pursuing were believed to have been mixed up in a

killing, Joan began to find her task very displeasing. With the arrival of the ship in Havana things begin to happen, bringing the story to an exciting and unexpected conclusion which it would not be fair to reveal. Lola Lane made a pretty and fairly credible detective with a pleasant singing voice, and Paul Page managed to overcome the sentimental and priggish lines assigned to him as Allan Grant. Warren Hymer, playing Spike Howard, murderer and chief comic relief, contributed the best acting of all. E. L. H.

#### PARK

##### "College Love"

An all-talking picture adapted by John B. Clymer and Pierre Conderc from the story by Leonard Fields, directed by Nat Ross and produced by Universal with the following cast:

George Wilson . . . . . George Lewis  
"Flash" Thomas . . . . . Eddie Phillips  
Dorothy May . . . . . Dorothy Gulliver  
Jimmie Reed . . . . . (Churchill) Ross  
Gorch Jones . . . . . Hayden Stevenson  
Fat . . . . . Sumner Getchell

Some day the united colleges of the country will rise up and protest the moving picture conception of life at a

big university. According to the usual college film all that the students do is to organize cheering sections, to harmonize around a piano, to make love to each other's girls, and to save the day during the last three minutes of play for dear old whitsitsname, "College Love," now to be seen at the Park Theatre, is no exception to the general run. The mere fact that going to college entails a little work in classes where the professors are not all Apollos has not yet dawned on the horizon of the directors in charge of portraying American youth. Sometime perhaps there will be a film which will give the non-college-going public, if there is any left, an idea of just what the little boys and girls do when they are not cutting up at football games and being too high-spirited for words or for endurance.

"College Love" follows the usual plan of pictures of its type. There is the popular and chesty quarterback who thinks he owns everything at Caldwell University, a co-educational institution, it goes without saying, including the most desirable girls. This objectionable young man, Ed "Flash" Thomas, manages to arouse the ire of George Wilson, also on the football team, by trying to take his girl, Dorothy May, as well as by calling him "boob" and throwing things at him whenever he gets the chance. The stage is all set for a first class row but, alas, it fails to materialize. What happens instead is that on the night before the big game of the year with Stanton, "Flash" goes on a

wild party when he should have been in bed at 10 o'clock, and the noble George has to go and haul him home. "Flash" throws whiskey at him and is generally insulting. As if that were not enough George takes the blame for having been out all night—he had got into "Flash's" bed to fool the coach—and is forbidden to play in the game the next day. Of course it does not take much imagination to guess what happens in the last half of the game when Caldwell is apparently going down to defeat. "Flash" confesses his iniquity and George goes in and saves the day. The only part of the picture that has any claim to distinction exists in the football scenes, taken apparently from a newsreel. The cast was nothing very much, though to be sure its opportunities were pretty scant. Eddie Phillips as "Flash" Thomas seemed more convincing than the others, though George Lewis made an agreeable George Wilson despite his terrific virtue.—E. L. H.

#### SHUBERT APOLLO

##### "Harlem"

A play in three acts, by William Jourdan Rapp and Wallace Thurman; produced at the Apollo Theatre, New York, Feb. 20, 1929; performed at the Shubert Apollo last night for the first time in Boston, with the following cast:

George Williams . . . . . Clarence Taylor  
Mazie Williams . . . . . Eloise Thomas  
Arabella Williams . . . . . Edna Wise Barr  
Ma Williams . . . . . Elizabeth Williams  
Cordelia Williams . . . . . Alma Smith  
Pa Williams . . . . . Alvaro Henderson  
Basil Venerable . . . . . William McFarland  
Jasper Williams . . . . . Emory S. Richardson  
Effie . . . . . Marie Richardson  
Jimmie . . . . . Ossie Lyles  
Thaddeus Jenkins . . . . . Sam Davis  
Ippy Jones . . . . . Billie Walters  
Mary Lou . . . . . Leonore Winkler  
Roy Crowe . . . . . Austin Burleigh  
Briggs . . . . . Herbert Ellis  
Tom . . . . . Wallace Edenboro  
Kid Vamp . . . . . Ernest R. Witham  
Dr. Voodee . . . . . P. Barclay Trice  
Detective Sergeant Palmer . . . . . Cornelius Roddy  
Officer Sam . . . . . Nat Cash  
Janitress . . . . . Helen Nelson  
Janitress' Daughter . . . . . Nomie Simmons

Those who went to the Shubert Apollo last evening, expecting to see a stage full of negro players trying to act and making a ludicrous failure at it, departed with enlightened minds. They saw some very interesting histrionics, noisy perhaps, but still good enough to take many of us back to the good old days when melodrama was one of the most popular forms of theatrical entertainment. "Harlem," originally called "Black Mecca," later "Black Belt," is more than melodrama, however. It is a graphic depiction of a cross-section of that part of New York up around 132d street, where they have negro bosses, policemen, gamblers and wenches; and also families which try their level best to be good citizens, which worship God in their own peculiar yet sincere fashion. It endeavors to indicate the line of differentiation between the old southern negroes and the upstart breed born and brought up in that section of New York sometimes referred to as the "City of Refuge." Ultimately the play proves little. Vaguely anticipating a message, or at least some more or less veiled propaganda, we gather up our outer garments at the final curtain and discover that we have seen merely some very exciting melodrama in a dusky setting.

The Williams family has come up north from one of the Carolinas, at the behest of a son, Jasper, who has assured them of peace and plenty. Pa Williams soon finds that employment eludes him in favor of the West Indian type, at which he rails constantly. Ma Williams, partially consoled by a religious uplift,

Miss the so her ce? was



finds ample occasion to upbraid the various members of her family, especially Cordelia, one of the most strident, venomous, untamable little she-devils we have ever seen on the stage. She has tired of Basil Venerable, studying law; she craves excitement, and she surely creates it. Around her mill jealous lovers, one of whom, Roy Crowe, is killed in cold blood by his gambler boss, Kid Vamp. In the final act retribution overtakes the Kid, a strapping big expugnant, when he tries to shoot himself clear of the law. The murder, set in the middle of the second act, and the speech and action preceding and following it, may be routine theatre; the marvel is that these unsung players do such a splendid job with it.

The first act is devoted to a rough introduction of characters, assembling for one of Pa Williams's rent parties, described in a program glossary as Saturday night orgies staged to raise money to pay the landlord. There is some subdued dancing, some frank and obvious banter, some acrimonious interchange between Cordelia and Basil; between Basil and Crowe. The second act moves to Crowe's apartment, with Cordelia as his consort. Here the murder is committed. The third act turns back to the Williams flat, upon another interrupted rent party. Through all move these picturesque figures, some impelled by evil demons, others simply seeking harmless diversion. Thaddeus Jenkins, played unctuously by Sam Davis, is the only comedy character, yet comedy runs in and out of many a line. The humor of "Harlem" may be unrefined but they are recognizable, and accepted in good faith.

—W. E. G.

## PLYMOUTH THEATRE

## "A Tailor Made Man"

A comedy in four acts, by Harry James Smith, based on "The Well Fitting Dress Coat," a German play by Gabriel Drexley; first New York performance Aug. 27, 1918; revived last evening at the Plymouth Theatre with the cast:

Mr. Huber	..... Maurice Franklin
Mr. Rowlands	..... Foster Williams
Peter	..... Thomas Shearer
Dr. Gustavus Sonntag	..... Kenneth Rowland
Tanya Huber	..... Mary Vance
John Paul Bart	..... Grant Mitchell
Pomeroy	..... Anthony Blair
Mrs. Stanlaw	..... Frances Neilson
Mr. Stanlaw	..... John Maurice Sullivan
Onrinne Stanlaw	..... Carol March
Mr. Fitzmorris	..... Norman Wendell
Mrs. Fitzmorris	..... Genevieve Fitzell
Bobby Westlake	..... John Keating
Kitty Dupuy	..... Uytendale Cramer
Bessie Dupuy	..... Mary Farnen
Mr. Jellicot	..... Harry Green

Revising an old favorite is an interesting experiment, because like a signpost it reveals the distance in point of view the theatre has travelled in the last 12 years. The public has become accustomed to more highly seasoned and indigestible fare than applesauce. The modern technique of revealing a personality through its contradictions of thought and action is not attempted here. Neither can one find any of the subtleties or sophistication of more recent stage successes. Nor yet is this a roaring farce, but a mildly humorous comedy, on a father "dated" theme. The idea of a tailor's assistant masquerading in his clients clothes and going to an evening party with the design of posing as a giant of finance is traceable to the German origin of the play. The hero's evasion of awkward situations and improving of opportunity by "pulling the leg" of his opponents, is good American. He becomes indispensable to a captain of industry by knowing what the public wants and pretending to give it to them. Mr. Mitchell, the little man with the intellectual forehead, and tired eyes, keeps a serious face, with a just sense of the comic. He always let the audience into the joke in time so they can enjoy it with him. We would like to see Mr. Mitchell in a character part which would give him a wider opportunity than John Paul Bart does.

The second act is the most amusing of the performance, as it is the party at which the hero makes his tremulous appearance and meets the man whose clothes he is wearing and a waiter who threatens to show him up. He also has several trial flirtations with ladies of fashion. The scenery for this home of the rich is delightfully done, but the host and hostess and their daughter very much underacted their parts, thereby losing the chance of a funny situation. The third act was sustained partly by the efficiency of the hero's stenographer. In the last there is just the required minimum of lovemaking.

—J. D.

## REPERTORY THEATRE

## "The Winter's Tale"

The cast:	
Archidamus	..... Allen Nourse
Camillo	..... Howard Kyle
Polixenes	..... John Warburton
Leontes	..... Lark Taylor
Hermione	..... Cynthia Latham
Mailliard	..... Lois Buell
Emilia	..... Sue Colvin Emerson
First Lady	..... Beatrice Jennings
Second Lady	..... Rena Marvina
First Lord	..... William Gilbert
Anticlimax	..... Charles Douglas
Paulina	..... Cynthia Brooke
A Gaius	..... Curtis Rhea
Second Lord	..... George Spelvin

A. M. Smith	..... Harry Keefe
Old Shepherd	..... John B. Ryan
Clown	..... Allen Nourse
Officer	..... Curtis Rhea
Geometres	..... J. W. Bailey
Time, as chorus	..... Kenneth Reardon
Autolycus	..... William Gilbert
Florizel	..... Arthur Powers
Perdita	..... James Grammer
Dorcas	..... Pearl Adler
Mopsa	..... Margaret Rice
Servant	..... Beatrice Jennings
Rogero	..... Warren Shelby
Paulina's Steward	..... Kenneth Reardon
	..... Charles Douglas

As good wine, they do say, needs no

bush, so does "The Winter's Tale" stand in no need of words. The loveliest it is, for many a man, of all Shakespeare's comedies, the play the most brimming over with romance, the deepest in study of human motives and reactions, the most vivid picture Shakespeare drew of rustic life in Elizabethan England! As though masquerading as Bohemia! As for the language of this play, surely Shakespeare himself never penned lines more rhythmic or exquisitely poetical. But, already, here are too many words about the play. A short comment on Mr. Jewett's treatment of it is more to the purpose.

For Mr. Jewett is back at his post, director of the Repertory Theatre. He commands a troupe which appears to be quite new, with not a familiar face to be seen. In the gathering of this body of players Mr. Jewett has shown no narrow-minded considerations of locality; if one may judge by their speech, he has collected his forces from all regions where the English tongue is spoken. Such liberality of view is very well, but it does not make for that uniformity of diction which is requisite for the beautiful performance of a classic play.

One might also collect, from last night's performance, that Mr. Jewett has found it impossible to teach his players the rhythmical yet reasonable delivery of blank verse which must be at hand if Shakespearean verse is to sound like anything better than clumsy, only half-understandable prose. Given time, no doubt, Mr. Jewett will teach his people this first essential of good acting—diction.

He has been, in the meanwhile, happier in his appeal to the eye than to the ear. His stage settings he has managed adroitly. By means of making curtains do for many a scene, it has been able to set the more important scenes simple, semi-conventional and tasteful with dispatch. The costumes, of the quality, conventional enough, he has made look well, though he has indeed a curious fancy in the dressing of men's hair and beards. His rustics, the women especially, he has allowed a curious wide latitude in dress.

The play itself Mr. Jewett has arranged judiciously. With a few cuts held necessary for proprieties' sake, "The Winter's Tale" being no musical comedy or vaudeville—and others in behalf of brevity, he has massed it into two acts, the first coming to a dramatic end with the scene of the court following, instead of preceding, that scene on the coast of Bohemia. This transposition is surely well.

R. R. G.

## THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COPLEY—"The Crooked Billet," mystery drama, sixth and last week.  
MAJESTIC—"Follow Thru," musical comedy, sixth week.  
PLYMOUTH—"A Tailor Made Man," comedy, with Grant Mitchell.  
REPERTORY—"The Winter's Tale," Shakespearean comedy.  
SHUBERT—"Animal Crackers," musical comedy, with the Marx Brothers; third week.  
SHUBERT APOLLO—"Harlem," negro melodrama.  
WILBUR—"Courage," comedy-drama, with Janet Beecher; second week.  
QUINCY THEATRE, Quincy—"Strange Interlude," with Theatre Guild players; second week.

## LOEW'S STATE

## "His Glorious Night"

An all-talking picture adapted by Willard Mack from the play entitled "Olympia," by Ferenc Molnar, produced by Gilbert Miller at the Empire Theatre, New York, on Oct. 16, 1928, with a cast including Fay Compton, Ian Hunter, and Laura Hope Crews; directed by Lionel Barrymore and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Captain Kovacs	..... John Gilbert
Princess Orsolin	..... Katherine Dale Owen
Eugenie	..... Nance O'Neill
Frederick	..... Gustave von Seyffertitz
Mr. Chulineswood Stratton	..... Hedda Hopper
Priscilla Stratton	..... Doris Hill
Prince Luigi Caprilli	..... Tyrrell Davis
Count Albert	..... Richard Carl
Von Bergman	..... Younce Toubetzkoy
General Ettlinger	..... Peter Cawthorne

It may be safely assumed that never before in the course of a single picture has John Gilbert been called on to say "I love you" so many times in such close succession. In truth, his protestations of affection might advantageously have been spread over several pictures and even then there would have been quite a few left over for the next time he is paired with Greta Garbo. As if this were not enough, there are so many references to throbbing veins and beating hearts that one is prone to forget that a sophisticated

and witty story is being unfolded in the midst of a good deal of sentimental rubbish that tries to pass muster for clever romance. "His Glorious Night" is an adaptation of the play by Ferenc Molnar originally known as "Olympia," and it serves the purpose of restoring the amorous Mr. Gilbert to his admirers as a talking star. The voice that he reveals is rather studiously correct, perfectly audible but inclined to be self-consciously elocutionary. The direction of Lionel Barrymore is rather disappointing, showing little trace of force or of originality, and too often he allows the actors to become distressingly camera conscious.

The story is that of a beautiful and haughty princess, Olympia Orsolin, who falls in love with a handsome officer, Capt. Kovacs, only to insult him unforgivably when she discovers that he is of peasant birth. To humble her pride Kovacs pretends to be a celebrated card-sharp and thief, and, since he has a few letters and a ring belonging to her which she would give anything to keep secret, he is in a position to force her to pay his price. She wishes him to go away in order to avoid arrest and the ensuing scandal, but he refuses to do this unless she spends a night with him. In the morning, to her consternation, he has omitted to escape and is quite calmly awaiting the police. To complete her mortification her father arrives and with him Prince Luigi Caprilli, to whom she is betrothed. Seeing Kovacs he hails him as an old friend and introduces him to Olympia and her mother.

The play ended with the final departure of Kovacs, now completely reformed, who refuses to see Olympia again. In the picture there is an unfortunate sequence, wherein Olympia pursues Kovacs down a sunlit set, declaring that she loves him even if his father is a shoemaker in Riga. John Gilbert handles the part of Kovacs as convincingly as his stilted lines permit and looks very effective in uniform. Catherine Dale Owen is a lovely and regal Olympia. Nance O'Neill, as Olympia's mother, Eugenie, is highly amus-

ing, and Tyrrell Davis makes the brief part of Prince Luigi memorable by his air of perfect artificial languor and sophistication.

E. L. H.

## NEW PLAYERS AT COPLEY

E. E. Clive, who will present "The Creaking Chair," a mystery play with farcical treatment, at the Copley Theatre next week, has engaged several new players for important roles. Among these are Clive Reeves Smith, Esther

Mitchell, Rosalind Russell and May Ediss, the last-named a past favorite at this playhouse. Mr. Clive has assigned himself to another comic part, that of a butler.

## By PHILIP HALE

Lawrence Strauss, tenor, will give a recital tonight in Jordan hall. It is said that, at home in San Francisco, he has lived for some years in Europe, where he studied with Jules Alger in Paris, and with Jean de Reszke. His recitals have been chiefly in the United States, but he has been heard in London and Paris. According to leading critics of those cities he pleased as a singer and a musician. Tonight he will sing four songs by Brahms (Wle bist du meine Koeningin, Ach wende diesen Blick, Minnelied, and Botschaft; Rebecca Clarke's "The Seal Man"; Debussy's "Chevaux de Bois, Colloque Sentimental, Pantoques; Greek folk songs arranged by Ravel; Jardin d'Amour, arranged by Vuillermoz; a Lower Rhine song, "Och Moder Ich will en Ding han, arranged by Brahms; the Irish folk song, My Father has some very fine Sheep, arranged by Hughes; the English Lord Rendal, arranged by Cyril Scott and the 16th century English Westron Wynde.

Rebecca Clarke, an English composer and viola player, born in 1886, first visited the United States in 1916. She has played much here and in England as soloist and in chamber music. Her viola sonata tied with a piece by Bloch for the Mrs. Coolidge prize in 1919. In 1921 her trio took the second Coolidge prize. Six years ago Mrs. Coolidge commissioned from her a work for piano and violoncello. The text of "The Seal Man" is by John Massfield.

The first concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra will take place tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening. The program will include Beethoven's overture to "Egmont" and his Fifth Symphony; Debussy's "La Mer" and a Prelude and Fugue by Riccardo Pick-Mangialgali, which will be performed for the first time in Boston. Pick-Mangialgali, born in Bohemia in 1882—his father was a Czech, his mother an Italian—was educated musically at the Milan conservatory. He soon gained an enviable reputation as a pianist and a composer. His ballets produced at

La Scala were popular, as were his operas. He has written orchestral pieces, the Notturmo and Rondo Fantastico which were played in Boston by La Scala orchestra led by Mr. Toscanini at Symphony hall, Jan. 8, 1921. Some of Pick-Mangialgali's piano pieces and songs have been heard in Boston.

The Women's Symphony orchestra, led by Ethel Leginska, will give a concert in Jordan hall next Sunday afternoon at 3 P. M. preparatory to an extended tour in southern and western states. The program will be as follows: Wagner, prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; Schubert, Unfinished Symphony; Liapounov, piano concerto (played and conducted by Mme. Leginska); Leginska, Two nursery rhymes, Little Boy Blue and Old King Cole (first performance in the new, enlarged version); Liszt, "The Preludes." Mme. Leginska played Liapounov's concerto with the Boston Symphony orchestra on Feb. 22, 1918. This was the first performance in Boston. The concerto was composed in 1890 and produced the next year at Leningrad. Joseph Hoffmann played it at Chicago in March 1908. The concerto is a continuous movement with the chief theme announced at the beginning, then worked elaborately in alternation with a more songful theme. A third and expressive theme appears later. There is a brilliant ending.

The program of the Symphony concerts next week will be as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso op. 6, No. 10; Stravinsky, Suite from "The Fire Bird"; Krein, The Song of David (symphonic poem); Sibelius, Symphony No. 2.

Other concerts of next week: Thursday evening, Oct. 17, Eleanor Marum, soprano of New York. Her first recital in Boston. Saturday afternoon, Oct. 19, Guy Maier, pianist. The program will include Debussy's "La Boite a Joux," and Stravinsky's "History of a Soldier," arranged by the composer for piano, violin and clarinet. Mr. Maier will be assisted in the latter by Dorothy B. Comstock, Richard Malaby and Edmond Allegra.

## LAWRENCE STRAUSS

Lawrence Strauss, tenor, sang this program last night in Jordan Hall:

Wle bist du meine Konigin, Ach Wende diesen Blick, Minnelied, Botschaft, Brahms; The Seal Man, Rebecca Clarke; Chevaux de Bois, Colloque Sentimental, Pantoques, Debussy; Le Reveil de la Marlee, Quel Gaiant, Arr. by Ravel; Jardin d'Amour, Arr. by Vuillermoz; Ach Moder Ich will en Ding Han, Arr. by Brahms; Westron Wynde, 16th Century English; My Father Has Some Very Fine Sheep, Arr. by Herbert Hughes; Lord Rendal, Arr. by Cyril Scott.

The question will not down: has not Mr. Strauss, tenor though he be, mistaken his vocation? In place of the concert podium, why not the stage? For it is characterization above all else that appears to absorb his attention.

If he were of a mind to achieve his characterization by means of music and his voice, Mr. Strauss might easily become an admirable singer, because he has, beyond doubt, a very good voice indeed, and an excellent knowledge of music. But more often than not, last night, Mr. Strauss—not appreciating the reciprocal help of tone production and judicious enunciation—sacrificed his voice to his diction. By the sounds he delivered, therefore, he gave slight pleasure.

Of the beauty, furthermore, that lies in a well-shaped melody, Mr. Strauss

showed no warm appreciation. He made little of the Brahms songs, feeling, apparently, neither their melodic beauty nor their emotional force. To the melodic line of Debussy's songs he also did scant justice.

With the poetic sense of the latter group he proved himself more successful. Cleverly—accepting, for the moment, his way as the right way—Mr. Strauss set forward Ravel's young gallant of Greece. Brahms's frank-spoken girl from the Lower Rhine country, and the Early English Lord Rendal.

But, if he is wise, he will learn a better way, a way that will make full use of his excellent voice as well as of words, not forgetting the charm of music by men like Debussy and Brahms when it is really sung.

R. R. G.

## METROPOLITAN

## "Fast Life"

An all-talking picture adapted by John F. Goodrich from the play of the same name by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer; directed by John Francis Dillon and presented by First National with the following cast:

Douglas Stratton	..... Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Patricia	..... Loretta Young
Governor	..... William Holden
Warden	..... Frank Sheridan
Paul Palmer	..... Chester Morris
Rodney Hart	..... Ray Miller
Andrew Stratton	..... John St. Polis
Berton Hall	..... Paula Pratt

Every so often it is impossible to help wishing that there was no younger generation or, since that is out of the question, that they could be left alone



and not be accused continually of that most unmentionable of sins, hastening the destruction of the world. It did seem as if all that could be said on that subject had been set down, but there was an unfortunate episode in "Fast Life" now at the Metropolitan Theatre, which went all the absurd utterances on the subject of flaming youth one better or worse, according to the point of view. A very nice boy, played by engaging and gentlemanly Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is about to be executed for a crime that the veriest idiot must have known he did not commit. His needlessly aged father, pleading with the Governor to spare his life, says with unconscious humor that if his son's death could save his generation from destruction he would be only too glad to give it. Whereupon the melodramatic parent of the boy who was killed, announces that the future of the world is in danger if justice be not carried out on the supposed criminal. Now it is unquestionable true that Mr. Fairbanks seems destined to be an ornament of society rather than of the electric chair, but it seems a bit unlikely that either his survival or his demise could be of such importance.

From all this it might be gathered that "Fast Life" is not all that it should be. It is, however, despite a persistent tendency of the director to dwell unbearably on all important scenes, pretty consistently entertaining, provided you enjoy wild parties and harrowing events in the death house of a very convincing looking prison. The plot of the narrow escape of a man from dying for a murder of which he was not guilty. We are treated to the innumerable agonies of the real criminal, extremely well played by Chester Morris, forbidden by his uncle, the warden, to break the news to his father, the Governor, who had refused to stay the execution. There is the usual tearful parting between the hero and his wife just before the execution takes place, the last moment rescue of Douglas by the warden, whose conscience gets the better of his love for his brother and the suicide of the Governor's son, unable to face his punishment.

The acting was for the most part very good: Young Mr. Fairbanks was restrained, sympathetic and unaffectedly tragic in his most trying scenes; Mr. Morris did extremely well with the part of the conscience stricken murderer seldom or never yielding to the easy temptation of overacting a melodramatic character, and Miss Loretta Young made a pretty if overemotional heroine.

E. L. H.

## SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The first concert of the 49th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, overture to "Egmont"; Pick-Mangiagalli, Prelude and Fugue (first time in Boston); Debussy, "La Mer"; Beethoven, Symphony No. 5, C minor.

Orchestra and audience welcomed Dr. Koussevitzky's return by standing and applauding heartily.

The only unfamiliar composition on the program was Pick-Mangiagalli's Prelude and Fugue. The name of the composer was not unknown here for Mr. Toscanini early in 1921 brought out the *Notturmo* and *Rondo Fantastico* when he led La Scala orchestra in Symphony hall. Piano pieces and songs by the Czech-Italian composer have also been heard here.

The announcement that a prelude and fugue for orchestra by any contemporary composer would be played as a rule strikes terror to the stoutest soul, for this form of composition often turns out to be only a musical exercise to prove that the writer has made sound studies and wishes to be taken seriously; often having few or no ideas, shunning emotion, striving anxiously after unimpeachable conformity to established rules rather than seeking loveliness, or by the pouring of new and sparkling wine into the old bottles of the school to quicken the spirit of the hearer.

And as Pick-Mangiagalli's father was a Czech, his mother an Italian, the question arose by which national inheritance would he be influenced—or by combining what is sometimes described as "German thoroughness" and Italian grace and soaring lyricism, would he come to grief, falling between the two. One remembered the sad case of the man who purchased in a second-hand shop a frock coat that had belonged to a clergyman and a pair of trousers that had been cast off by a

man given to the races, cards and strong drink. The coat inspired the purchaser with the desire to rescue perishing souls; the trousers urged his feet to tread the paths of sin. Hence a spiritual conflict that was terrible; it turned the wearer into a Laodicean, incapable of good works, held back by pious coat-tails from ruinous diversions and all fleshly lusts.

Pick-Mangiagalli no doubt was not bothered by thought of parentage or early environment. Educated musically at the Milan conservatory, appreciated as a composer first in Germany, he sat down and wrote an interesting, unusual, exciting Prelude and Fugue, which was recognized by the audience, first of all as music. The liveliness of the Prelude was not without classic dignity. There were little episodes in the stirring rush

and agreeable orchestral chatter that were suave and beautiful, relieving but not checking by undue sentimentalism the continuous flow. The fugue with its scale subject was daringly planned. Not once was there the thought of perfunctory, obligatory development and filling out of the scheme; the whole movement, exciting, and at the end impressive, was as one spontaneous, mighty musical outburst. The audience felt this at once. Seldom has a composition by a man unknown to the great majority of the hearers been so favorably received and honestly enjoyed.

When Debussy's "La Mer" was first performed here in the consulship of Dr. Muck no hand clapped hand at the Friday afternoon concert. Yesterday the performance deserved heartier applause than it received. Is it not possible that each hearer had his and her idea of what the sea should sound like, and was somewhat disappointed in Debussy's impressions? Did the audience expect to be thrilled by the "spasm of the sky and the shatter of the sea" or to be soothed by lapping waters as in Mendelssohn's "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage," which might be taken for a description of a summer sail on a Nantasket excursion boat?

Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of the music by Beethoven is justly famous. It is not every conductor who can so eloquently reveal the different phases of romanticism illustrated yesterday by Beethoven, Debussy and Pick-Mangiagalli. But suppose Beethoven's fifth symphony were to be performed only once in four or five years? Would it not then gain in majesty? Dwellers near lofty mountain peaks are too familiar with them to realize their sublimity.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso, for strings, op. 6 No. 10. Gregoir Krein "Chant de David," Symphonic poem (first time in the United States). Stravinsky, Suite from "The Fire-Bird," Sibelius, Symphony No. 2, D major.

## DUPRE'S RECITAL

Next Monday evening, in King's Chapel, Marcel Dupre, the organist of the Paris Conservatoire, will give his only Boston organ recital. The recital is open to the public. This is made possible by the generous contributions of members of King's Chapel and music-lovers of the city. To those having cards of admission the doors will be open at 7:30 P. M. The general public will be admitted at 8:10. The recital will begin at 8:15.

Mr. Dupre will play concert overture in B minor, Rogers; variations from concerto in G minor, Handel; chorale prelude, "Rejoice, ye Christians," Bach—Dupre; fugue in C minor, Mozart; Le Coucou d'Aquin; prelude and fugue in A minor, Bach; intermezzo (Symphony VI), Widor; pastoral, Cesar Franck; second symphony in C sharp minor (written for this American tour), Dupre.

## WHY GO TO THE THEATRE?

Here Is an Authoritative and Stimulating Answer

THEATRON, An Illustrated Record, by Clarence Stratton; Henry Holt & Co., 301 pages; 250 illustrations.

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Stratton, whose book "Producing in Little Theatres" was published in 1921, has much to say in the present volume about the playhouses called "Little," at first by managers of what are sometimes described as commercial theatres—as if all theatres, big or little, do not depend for their existence on pecuniary support. Perhaps this might be said: The so-called Little Theatres are not afraid of dramatic experiments, of producing plays that

the managers of leading theatres in a large city might think unsuited to the taste of the great public devoted to revues and musical comedies of the "hip and hoof" species.

In the introductory chapter Mr. Stratton asks: Why should any one go to the theatre? He sat through an "all star" production of "She Stoops to Conquer" and was saddened by its miscasting, mistaken interpretation, banal direction, the interpolated vaudeville business with stupid gags. He was cold when he saw "Coquette" after the New York critics had "wept themselves limp over it." He was "dragged to the dullness of 'Behold the Bridegroom.'" At the Century Theatre he was amazed at the acts and actions on the stage unfolded themselves with no relation or little to the printed accounts of the play, and he witnessed the "exaggerated reputation of a Professor Reinhardt dissipate into rather thin air," but he was somewhat cheered when he was told that what Reinhardt displayed on this continent belonged to a manner he had long ago discarded.

When the Moscow Art Theatre was here Mr. Stratton found that the much vaunted realism consisted of having jelly in a saucer and actual warm tea in a samovar; that the devotion of these Russians to their divine Chklov did not prevent them from disregarding his directions concerning stage settings. Again he asked, Why do people go to the theatre?

This introductory chapter will be perhaps the most entertaining one to the general reader who accepts thankfully

what the theatre managers see fit to provide. Mr. Stratton finds no fault with players who, having won their reputation, are unwilling to go on the road; nor should dwellers in small towns demand the original New York cast. "Often they are fortunate in not seeing the original New York cast"—at any rate, they see something—from the acting involved—quite as good. Perhaps better.

There should be local organizations; audiences in the smaller towns should be organized. In the experimentation in the matter of plays "the non-commercial playhouse has a hundred advantages over the costly dividend-paying business one." Its audience becomes theatre-wise, it soon develops a standard and a basis for comparison.

Mr. Stratton in the succeeding chapters discusses auditoriums, the size of theatres, the stage itself, lighting, designing, multiple sets; also realism, plays, "Studying Drama" and novelty, for the life of the non-commercial theatre depends on its experimentation, on its release from tradition. He gives a detailed account of how mechanical problems have been solved some in a daring but ingenious manner by the Little and the College theatres. In the chapter "Realism," these questions are asked: Shall a realistic play be set and acted realistically? Shall a non-realistic play be set and acted realistically or set non-realistically? While it is never safe to assert that any one mode has left the theatre or has waned in popularity, Mr. Stratton believes it is safe to say that "the fussy realism dubbed Belascoism has disappeared." What the audience considers the height of realism may be the exact opposite. The court room furniture is dusted in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." This impressed Mr. Stratton till a lawyer assured him it was only stage business; "no courtroom in which he had ever pleaded had ever been dusted." (Was the lawyer spoofing, Mr. Stratton?)

"Theatron" has not only a historical value in showing the growth and development of "Little Theatres," it contains many pages discussing the advantages and disadvantages of the more modern methods of arranging for the entrance, seating and dismissal of an audience; the more modern structure of the stage, problems in lighting; stage settings for facilitating speed in the action of the play. The many illustrations, helpful in the understanding of the text, are interesting in themselves. When Mr. Stratton advances his own aesthetic opinions and indulges himself in criticism of a rather "I'm not arguing, I'm telling you" manner he naturally lays himself open to rejoinders; but what he has to say is stimulating, even when he is aggressively cock-sure. The book is of an encyclopedic nature. Heavy in the hand, handsomely printed, it sadly needs an index.

## UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"Why Bring That Up?"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by George Abbott and Hector Turnbull from the story by Octavius Roy Cohen; directed by George Abbott and produced by Paramount with the following cast:

Moran	George Moran
Mack	Charles Mack
Betty	Evelyn Brent
Irving	Harry Green
Bert	Bert Swor
Powell	Freeman S. Wood
Casey	Lawrence Lester
Marie	Helene Lynch
Eddie	Selmer Jackson
Treasurer	Jack Luden
Skeets	Monte Collins, Jr.
Doorman	George Thompson
Manager	Eddie Kane
Tough	Charles Hall

For all those who have chorled over the drolleries of Moran and Mack on the radio, the phonograph, or, most fortunate of all, the stage, there is a treat in store. In "Why Bring That Up," now current at the Uptown and Olympia theatres, their unique brand of humor has full scope, only very slightly hampered by a supremely unimportant plot. Once more the eccentric behavior of the unwise early worn is discussed at length, and proves to be just as funny as we always thought it was without ever being able to explain why. Though the remarkable dog who, at the command of Mack, would jump off a bridge after a 50-cent piece and some up with a catfish or the change is missing, the slow-motion skit of the convicts on the rock pile is still there, and that is enough to make up for almost anything. What does it matter if the humor of the Two Black Crows can neither be analyzed nor successfully reproduced second-hand? It is something in a class by itself and if you don't like it it's too bad, for you miss a lot. If, on the other hand, you do enjoy it on no account miss their first talking picture, which seems destined to be the father of a long and prosperous line of successors.

In case any one wants to know what "Why Bring That Up?" is all about aside from the duets of Moran and Mack, it is the story of a team of actors, named, oddly enough, Moran and Mack, who start in small time vaudeville and end up in their own Broadway theatre. Of course, there was a slight interruption in the shape, rather an attractive one, too, of Evelyn Brent, a grasping little chorus girl vamp, whose only use for men is the fact that they have bank rolls. She becomes attracted by the evident prosperity of Moran, acts up to him as long as he has the cash, but loses him when her gigolo knocks out Mack for trying to fire her from the show in which the two friends were playing. Hearing that Mack is unconscious, Moran rushes to the hospital and tries to bring him to, but the only thing that has any effect is the cue for Mack's famous remarks on the early worm. This scene is very amusing and at the same time really touching, though not in the slightest degree overdone. Of course the acting honors go to the inimitable pair, but they had a close rival in Harry Green as the kind-hearted, hard-boiled and ingenious little Jewish manager. E. L. H.

## Janet Beecher

By JOAN DICK

To whom it may concern—all women who are hopelessly impractical and inefficient, yet with an unquestionable faith in life, and all men in any way connected or bound to them should see Janet Beecher in "Courage." This rather slight play is built around the character of such a woman, and her seventh child, who was illegitimate. A mother who has lavished the most unstinting affection upon her children is suddenly faced with their bitter criticism. Forgetting her tolerance and sympathy, they rebel against her muddled-headed attitude toward money, the lack of which is making them uncomfortable. Miss Beecher declares that she feels a wave of relief and sympathy sweeping at her from the audience at the moment in the play when a fortune is left to the family of this improvident heroine, thereby restoring her to her natural superiority.

Occasionally an actress finds a part which appeals to her so strongly that she adds enormously to the author's conception. Miss Beecher was rehearsing "Caprice" with Richard Bennett, dissatisfied because she felt it was badly cast, when the manuscript of "Courage" was sent her. The result was a year's run in New York, and after leaving Boston the play goes on a country-wide tour.

Across the footlights is not the only way in which Miss Beecher appears before the public. At cultural societies, overdressed clubwomen who are never at home, listen to her lecture on "Ideals," and at advertising men's banquets she speaks on "The Answer to Prayer." Her audiences crowd around her afterwards to inquire about the morals of actresses. Meant to ornament all the softer and more pleasant sides of life, Miss Beecher is the type who a quarter of a century ago would have been zealously sheltered and protected. Through force of circumstances, however, she has had to be on her own, up against the bitter realities of



the stage, and it may be inferred she has also had a large share of personal unhappiness. The result has been a protective armor which he has made for herself and which has taken the form of a very strong religious belief.

In spite of an evening newspaper of this city describing her as "mellow maturity," Miss Beecher is exceedingly young looking. She is very slim, with an oval face, piquant features and arresting green eyes. As she sat opposite me in the roomy privacy of the Touraine dining room, drinking tea, dressed in a jersey suit with a turban to match, she looked as if she had come in from a country walk rather than off the stage.

It was on her 17th birthday that little Janet reluctantly made her first appearance in "The Education of Mr. Pip." Her ambition was to become a painter, but owing to the necessity of earning her living at that time she was forced to abandon her art studies. Since then her name has been coupled with Broadway's most successful plays, "The Concert," "Fair and Warmer," "A Bill of Divorcement," "Call the Doctor," "The Girl in the Taxi" and "Meet the Wife" are a few of them. Her older sister, Olive Wyndham, also a distinguished actress, married an engineer and is now living in a mining town and writing fiction. Miss Beecher has been married twice, to Harry R. Gugenheimer and to Dr. Richard Hoffmann. All her free time she spends with her son of 8, who lives in New York. They row, skate and ride donkeys together in Central Park, according to the season. That is holiday.

Today Miss Beecher stands in the front rank of her profession, but this is not the critical analysis of an actress—only an attempted portrait of a lady.

Oct 13 1929

#### REPERTORY THEATRE "Little Lord Fauntleroy"

A play in three acts, based on Mrs. Burnett's famous story. The cast:

Mary Anderson	as Sue Colvin Emerson
Cedric Errol	(Lord Fauntleroy)
Lois Buell	(Lord Fauntleroy)
Lois Buell	(Lord Fauntleroy)
Mr. Hobbs	a Grocer
John B. Ryno	a Bootblack
Allen Nourse	Mr. Havisham, a Solicitor
John Warburton	Earl of Dorincourt
Howard Kyle	Thomas, a Footman
Kenneth Reardon	Higgins, a Farmer
James Grainger	Minna
Rena Maryana	John, a Servant
Beatrice Jennings	John, a Servant
William Gilbert	Wilkins, a Groom
Arthur Powers	

Forty years ago Elsie Leslie introduced "Little Lord Fauntleroy" to Boston audiences at a time when filial devotion and good manners were expected of every child and had an amazing success. Yesterday, Mr. Jewett presented the same play to an audience of modern and more sophisticated children, but the story of the democratic American boy who suddenly finds himself heir to an English earldom and separated from the mother he adored, again won applause. It has become, however, essentially a children's play, so if the acting seemed a bit overdone to adult taste, it must be remembered that the performance was designed for children, and they enjoyed it to the full.

They liked Lois Buell, whose diminutive figure and fresh boyish voice made her well suited to the part of Lord Fauntleroy. In the scene where she wins over the old earl, she pleased even the little boys who were dragged to the play protesting that they didn't want to see that sissy with curls.

Miss Latham, as Lord Fauntleroy's mother was sincere and restrained. She was especially good in the first act where she breaks the news to Cedric, and in the interview with his grandmother, both of which scenes might have easily become sentimental.

Mr. Kyle as the testy earl did some excellent pantomime and listened well to that most difficult part of acting.

The minor characters were adequately represented. Mary delighted the children with her antics, and Mr. Hobbs was greeted with shouts of applause whenever he appeared.

Mr. Jewett merits the gratitude of parents for presenting to the children of this generation Mrs. Burnett's wholesome comedy, in an age when such plays are all too rare.

#### Grant Mitchell Finds It Suit

By ELINOR L. HUGHES

Now that Boston has been thoroughly protected from anything that might injure its morals, it should not neglect those plays which, while entirely harmless and quite pure, are at the same time delightful entertainment quite unhampered by complexes or deep moral questions. These reflections and others of a similar nature were prompted by a visit

to Grant Mitchell's pleasant revival of his always successful comedy, "A Tailor Made Man," at the Plymouth Theatre last Tuesday evening. Interviewed after the performance, Mr. Mitchell said that he would like to present a repertoire of his favorite plays in Boston, such as "It Pays to Advertise," "The Champion" and others, if there was enough public support to warrant his making a prolonged stay. It is to be hoped that this will come to pass, for these delightful plays do not age and seem to improve on further acquaintance.

Questioned about the difficulties or otherwise of finding plays that suited him, Mr. Mitchell admitted that it was not an easy task, but also confessed that he found play reading next to impossible. "I have one play in my trunk now," he said, "that I have been trying to read for eight months, but I can't seem to get much beyond the first act, since I have to go back so often and pick up the threads." We were sitting on the deserted tailor shop set that figures so prominently in his play, and Mr. Mitchell, despite the lateness of the hour and the incursions of his many friends, was in excellent spirits as he described some of the trials that beset an actor who has attained sufficient eminence to qualify as a play reader. "Frequently I have plays sent to me that are in no way suited to my needs, which I read carefully and then send back with a polite note saying why I cannot use them. As often as not," Mr. Mitchell remarked with a smile, "the author will reply that he knew it would not be any good to me but that he wanted my opinion on it before he sent it on to his next victim." Mr. Mitchell did not use the word "victim" but it must have been what he meant, for he went on to tell of even more cheeky proceedings on the part of the aspiring dramatists. "At

times a play will be so bad as to be practically hopeless from any point of view, but in that case there may be a notation by the writer saying that he knows it is bad, but asking me to make any suggestions that I may think desirable, and adding that he is forwarding eight more plays with the same idea in mind." It is fortunate that Mr. Mitchell has a keen sense of humor or he might be prompted to unkind remarks, but he appears to take these nuisances as a part of the day's work and expresses but little resentment.

If any one still thinks that Grant Mitchell is married they should be disabused at once. His trip to Bermuda last spring was nothing in the nature of a honeymoon, all reports to the contrary. It was to visit William Beebe, the naturalist, that he braved the discomforts of the voyage. Mr. Beebe has been given for the time being a small island owned by the English government, about half an hour's run out to sea from Fort St. George. On this island no tourists are allowed and no one comes save by special invitation. Mr. Mitchell was here initiated into the mysteries of deep-sea diving, going down many feet into the water in a regular diving outfit. "It was a curious sensation," he said. "I found that I was talking aloud to myself, apparently a common occurrence with people when they go down for the first time; I suppose that I was trying to keep myself company much in the same way that a small boy whistles when passing a haunted house."

Questioned as to the color of things on the ocean bottom, Mr. Mitchell said: "There is a curious uniformity of gray-green that makes everything look alike; you cannot tell whether you are seeing a rock or a piece of seaweed. The fish are very tame, showing little fear and only a fair amount of curiosity; if I sat still long enough they would swim between my fingers as if I were a part of their usual surroundings." He has another invitation from Mr. Beebe to come to Bermuda this coming spring and is seriously considering going. "I am only afraid that I could not possibly have as good a time as I did before and that makes me hesitate, since I have never enjoyed myself so much anywhere before and I should not like to spoil my memories."

A far cry from the theatre is Bermuda, but Mr. Mitchell with his zest for getting the most out of whatever he is doing finds no difficulty in enjoying both.

#### AS THEY SAW IT

Robbers boarded a street car in Long Island City, held at bay passengers and motorman, and made off with a \$7200 pay roll. Some passengers said the hold-up men were three; some saw four; others were sure there were five. Some described all the robbers as fat and short; others said they were tall and thin. There was also a difference of opinion as to whether the robbers fled on foot or jumped into a waiting, friendly motor car. Grant that in the excitement the passengers had no time to describe the faces or the dress of the invaders, yet the

# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

The revival of "The Winter's Tale" at the Repertory Theatre gave many an opportunity of seeing a play that had been known to them only by the reading of it. To the older generation the revival brought with it the memory of Mary Anderson. There are some who hold that no performance can realize their conception of Shakespeare's men and women; but the great majority of playgoers agree with William Gillette that the printed play is nothing but "the directions" of a drama.

Mr. Jewett fortunately did not attempt to produce "The Winter's Tale" in modern dress, and so the audience was not obliged to greet Perdita as a flapper. He divided the play into two parts following the example of Grant Barker when he revived the comedy at the Savoy Theatre, London, in 1912, with Lillah McCarthy as Hermione and Cathleen Nesbitt as Perdita. Nor would Mr. Barker be drawn into any controversy over the division of acts and scenes. "Whether they were first divided by Shakespeare himself or by a later hand I have no idea, though in some cases (not that of 'The Winter's Tale') the division is quite badly done. It is possible that the developing structure of the theatre and the stage gradually made the scene division both an easier and a more important matter; and possibly in Shakespeare's own case, at least, the increasing length of the later plays necessitated pauses. But that any and every Elizabethan play, any drama of rhetoric and the platform stage, should be played as swiftly and uninterceptedly as possible—that I have not the shadow of a doubt. Therefore for 'The Winter's Tale' I make the obvious and natural division into two parts, and allow for the one pause only."

As for the costuming of the play, Mr. Barker in spite of Apollo's oracle did not think for a moment of classic dress. To give the key to the imagination there was the Renaissance classic, Giulio Romano, the pattern designer recommended in the play itself. "For the Bohemian countryside let us fetter ourselves as little as Shakespeare did. As to scenery as scenery—mostly understood—canvas, realistically painted—I would have none of it. Decoration? Yes!"

Mary Anderson doubled the characters of Hermione and Perdita in London in 1887 and at Palmer's Theatre, New York, in 1888. Her dancing as Perdita was a feature of the performance. "She danced extravagantly about the stage," says the often inaccurate T. Allston Brown. "She wore the costume of rural simplicity, and the skirts were so soft and flimsy, and so free of petticoats that the limbs (i.e. legs, with your permission, Col. Brown) were quite as distinct to view as though shown in tights. She capered nimbly through this terpsichorean demonstration, and climaxed it by throwing herself, limp and panting into the arms of her panting lover."

That discriminating critic Mr. Towse, who said of Mary Anderson that as an actress she revealed neither invention nor ingenuity and was always solely and inevitably Mary Anderson, creating no illusion and only fairly successful when her part fitted her like a good glove, found her wholly delightful as Galatea, Parthenia and Perdita: "A third impersonation which will always be cherished in the memories of those who saw it was her Perdita in 'The Winter's Tale,' instinct with the spirit of the springtime, buoyant with the joy of life, manifesting its happiness in a dance which was the very poetry of motion."

For doubling the characters of Hermione and Perdita Miss Anderson was censured by some. William Winter, always her sworn champion, some might say her slobbering admirer, rushed to her defence. His argument was as follows: Hermione as a dramatic person disappears in the middle of the third act and comes no more until the end, when she emerges as a statue. Her character is fully revealed before she disappears. She is at rest from the moment she faints. When she appears after 16 years as a statue she personifies "majestic virtue and victorious fortitude." She descends from the pedestal, speaks a few words ("there are precisely seven of them in the original, but Mary Anderson added two, selected from 'All's Well'") and embraces Perdita, whom she has not seen since the girl's earliest infancy. "This is their only meeting, and little is sacrificed by the use of a substitute for the daughter in that scene. Perdita's brief apostrophe to the statue must be omitted, but it is not missed in the representation."

Miss Anderson used a stage version in five acts containing 13 scenes arranged by herself. The play ran in London for 166 consecutive nights. The critics preferred her Perdita to her Hermione. This led Winter to a long analysis of the two characters, all for the glorification of the actress. Hermione had usually been represented as an elderly woman to be played by an actress technically called "heavy." Mr. Winter said Hermione should be represented as about 30 years old at the beginning of the play and 46 at the end of it. "Leontes is not more than 34 at the opening, and he would be 50 at the close. . . . To comprehend Hermione the observer must separate her absolutely and finally, from association with the passions. . . . Her emotions are never of a passionate kind. Her mind predominates." The Mr. Winter breaks out in a long rhapsody over Miss Anderson's interpretation of the part. Those who wish to read it should consult the second volume of Winter's "Wallet of Time."

"The Winter's Tale" was first played in New York, greatly altered, and entitled "Florizel and Perdita, or The Sheep-Shearing," in June, 1795. Fawcett, Florizel; Mrs. Marriott, Perdita. This arrangement which "retained something of Shakespeare" was revived in 1796. Not till 1813 was the play really seen in New York. In 1819 Mrs. Barnes played Perdita in a performance said to be creditable.

Operas have been based on the play. Carlo Barbieri's "Perdita" (Prague, 1865); "Hermione" by Max Bruch (Berlin, 1872); "Ein Wintermärchen" by Carl Goldmark (Vienna, 1908); and incidental music to the play has been composed by several, including Humperdinck, who wrote for Reinhardt's production.



Another revival at the Repertory Theatre is "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Elsie Leslie was the original little hero. Tommy Russell also took the part in 1888 and 1889. There were good people in the cast at the Broadway Theatre in December, 1888: J. H. Gilmour, the Earl of Dorincourt; Kathryn Kidder, Mrs. Errol; F. L. Mackay, Mr. Havisham; Effie Germon, Mary; Alice Fischer, Minna. At the 100th performance Tommy was in act 1, Elsie in the second act.

The great success of the play is still remembered. Nice little boys were called derisively "Lord Fauntleroy" by rude schoolmates, abandoning for the time the irritating epithet "Sissy." More than one little boy objected to being dressed after the manner of the stage hero.

Lucille La Verne, whose portrayal of the old woman in "Sun-Up" gave her international fame, appeared as Shylock a fortnight ago in London. Her performance was described as intelligent but lacking in strength, restraint and emotional power. The Daily Telegraph's critic was first of all obliged to free his mind of the fact of the masquerade. "Not until he has managed to forget that this particular Shylock is a woman can he really address himself to the question whether it is a good Shylock or not. And of course he is being reminded continually that the Shylock before him, in spite of all that false hair and grease paint and a gruff voice can do, is, nevertheless, a woman."

Miss La Verne was not the first woman to play Shylock. At least three actresses in the United States have been seen in the part. Charlotte Crampin appeared in New York, early in 1859. She also played Hamlet. Richard III. Iago, not to mention Mazeppa, being the first to go up the run on the horse's back without being lashed to him. Then there was Mrs. Henry Lewis who came to New York in the thirties. She also played Othello, Virgilius, Romeo and William Tell. Mrs. Macready played Shylock, also Richard III, in 1872 at the Academy of Music, New York.

Women have undertaken the roles of Cardinal Wolsey, Claude Melnotte, David Copperfield, Ingomar. The part of Hamlet has appealed to many, among them Sarah Bernhardt, who persuaded herself that the Prince was a woman. This led to a duel in Paris where at that time the drama was taken seriously.

Many have complained of inaudible dialogue; of young actresses chewing their words, rushing their lines, dropping the voice at the end of a sentence. Some one signing himself "A Dramatist" made the same complaint a fortnight ago in a letter to the Daily Telegraph of London:

"Much richly-deserved blame for inaudibility has been laid upon the shoulders of the actors and actresses themselves, and, indeed, they are only prone to attempt to carve out a career upon the stage without having mastered the rudiments of diction. Their habit of speaking in an untone, of swallowing their words and, most of all, of dropping the voice at the end of a phrase is irritating enough to an audience, but it is perfectly maddening to a dramatist who sees his best points missed and lines which have an important bearing on his plot rendered completely incomprehensible. But I think that a great deal of the blame is to be attached to the managers and producers. Just as one can easily fall into a bad habit at golf without being aware of it, so an actor can quite easily acquire some bad tricks unconsciously."

This writer thinks producers are also to blame. "In striving after naturalness they frequently allow actors to tone down their voices to such an extent that, unless they possess absolute clarity of diction, they are nearly incomprehensible."

Inferences of opinion above noted, are another proof of the inability of witnesses to describe what actually happened, even when an experiment is made to test their power of observation. And so in court witnesses may honestly differ in the recital of what happened and what they saw. With the result that jurymen look upon them with suspicion and the ends of justice are often defeated. The inability to be accurate in description of what actually happened is amusingly shown in a pamphlet written by George U. Crocker concerning an experiment made some years ago in a club of this city.

## THE LATE "MRS. JACK"

M. Paul P. Grigaut, in an article published in the Revue Hebdomadaire on "L'amour d'art Aux Etats-Unis" pays Boston a handsome compliment by devoting the greater part of his article to the Gardner Museum, with a few lines about the Fogg Museum in Cambridge.

He begins by saying that one demands of each country a certain amount of originality which defines it: England would not be England without the fogs of the Thames and the meadows of Surrey; Spain without toreros and its would not exist for us. And so Messrs. Ford and Carnegie have taken the place of the old Bill and Rio Jim; the sky-scrapers of New York, Ford's factories in Detroit, oil wells in California—these are "the ideal of a generation that can no longer dream of dying from old in icy Alaska, or of horse-taming on the Texas ranches."

M. Grigaut names museums in this country which have been established by millionaires, especially the Huntington in California and the Gardner in Boston. He describes the latter at length and gives a lively description of Mrs. Gardner based chiefly on Mr. Morris Carter's excellent biography, not forgetting to mention her belief that she was descended from "an ancient branch of the Stuarts in England and counted Mary Queen of Scots and Robert Bruce among her ancestors."

M. Grigaut also quotes from "Dodsworth" Sinclair Lewis, the remarks of an Englishman to the American heroine, to the effect that

her countrymen excel in everything. They were supposed to lack: lyric poetry, ceremonious manners, contempt for money; M. Grigaut wishes that Sinclair Lewis had added that the Americans have now the sincere respect and admiration for art that have for a long time been denied them: This admiration is manifested in many ways—museums, private collections, schools of art even in the universities.

"The Fogg Museum of Harvard," he says, "is, I believe, the most complete of them. Built some years ago—the building itself is ideal—it is the most perfect, the most typical of its class."

He has much to say in praise of Mr. Forbes and Mr. Sachs; the manner in which the pictures are exhibited; the intimate, subtle acquaintance with French tastes shown by the organizers. "The fact alone that six of Cezanne's pictures of which the 'Man in Blue,' five authentic pictures by Daumier (among them 'Les Saltimbanques'), a dozen by Degas, have been reunited, will be sufficient testimony to the worth of the endeavor to complete a unique 'ensemble.'"

## WOMEN'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Once more, yesterday afternoon, Ethel Leginska and her orchestra played before Jordan Hall sold out. Whether the public went to the hall in support of feminism, out of personal regard for Miss Leginska, or—let us hope—in the mere wish to hear good music, does not matter. A large company did, at all events, hear an excellent program admirably performed, and derived therefrom, it was plain to see, rare pleasure. Thus was the cause of music in Boston advanced—even as every dull performance sets back the musical clock.

The time has come when it is no longer necessary to comment on Miss Leginska's orchestra in terms suitable to an organization at its beginnings. Still less to the purpose is it to stress the point that all her players are women. Miss Leginska has at her command an able body of players, competent, now, in every choir, notably strong in some. Her basses, especially, she has bettered, so much so that their tone is at times of a genuine loveliness; only in loud passages for full orchestra do they still

tend toward harshness. Her string players have always been so excellent that it seems curious that Miss Leginska should tolerate the dry quality which, twice yesterday, dulled their tone before the close of the final chord.

Nobly Miss Leginska began the afternoon, with a noble performance of the "Meistersinger" prelude. Here was splendor of rhythm and tone, a plasticity in the treatment of melody—the melody, furthermore, of the greatest significance—that caused a listener to forget, for the moment, his wish that the subsidiary melody in the closing pages might be heard something more clearly.

With similar perfection of rhythm and of melody-shaping, Miss Leginska dealt with Schubert's Unfinished Symphony. Though avoiding unerringly the pitfall of extravagance, not for one instant did she slip with the even more irritating error of turning Schubert into a Viennese Simple Simon sort of person who knew no more than to sing and dance in the sun. To those first romantically mysterious pages, on the contrary, of the working out, she did full justice. To the dramatic passage, too, that follows, she gave full force. From a genius, indeed, who is blessed with fine taste, much may be expected.

She played a piano concerto, Lisapunow's No. 4. She played it superbly, with the technical mastery which tells her how to let every note of unforced tone be heard above a heavy orchestra. It is well she did; the concerto itself seems empty enough. One felt to wondering, with that Boris de Schloezer of the inquiring turn of mind, just what it has about it that makes it sound Russian and by no possibility anything else.

After the concerto Miss Leginska brought forward her new orchestral version of "Old King Cole." Not missing the loss of a voice, it sounded well, mighty brisk and jovial, humorous in the stout way that fits the title. Then, eager for wild romance, Miss Leginska closed her afternoon with Liszt's "Les Preludes."

If she is a proud woman today, she has a right to be. She has brought her

orchestra to a pass when they can work technically, musically and emotionally admirable. And she has developed a public eager to hear her. Congratulations! R. R.

## NEW B. F. KEITH THEATRE

### "Four Devils"

A screen drama, adapted by Berthold Viertel from a novel by Herman Bang; directed in its original silent form by F. W. Murnau and produced by William Fox, first as a silent picture and now partly in dialogue, with the following cast:

Marion	Janet Gannon
Charles	Charles Morton
Louise	Nancy Drexel
Adolf	Barry Norton
The Jester	Mary Duncan

poetic insight, graphic photography and, above all, that sixth sense which in this case relates to turning his scenes. Seldom have we seen such facile play of light and shadow, such subtle searching of corners, such significant small touches which merely flash on and off before one's eyes, yet brilliantly illumine a character or a scene.

Four homeless wails, fallen into the clutches of a brutal trainer of circus performers, have only one staunch friend, an aging clown named Joseph. When Cecchi beats the children the clown interferes. Finally he beats the drunken Cecchi into temporary oblivion and escapes with his four acrobatic proteges, housed in a little donkey wagon and guarded by a pet dog. Later we see the quartet, grown up, ready to astound all Paris as the "Four Devils" in a sensational aerial act in the Cirque Olympia. The old clown is now their manager and counsellor. Marion and Charles and Louise and Adolf have grown up as lovers. The first hint of impending tragedy enters with the presence in a ring-box of Elaine, a rich wanton who becomes enamoured of Charles. He is caught in the snare, neglects the wistful Marion, becomes dissipated, nearly disintegrates the troupe. Just in time he realizes how despicable he has been, but not in time to prevent the broken-hearted Marion from falling deliberately from a trapeze, with no net beneath. The ending is happy, for apparently she will live. The picture intimates as much.

For more than an hour Saturday's audiences were held spellbound by silently told story, by exceptionally affecting acting, by endless instances of vivid, stabbing picturization. Then Miss Duncan, leaning lazily against a mantel, addressed the miserable Charles. The spell was broken. Something snapped, to be felt all over the theatre. Other voices joined the din, all save Miss Gannon's, which proved little more than a child's whimper. Entralment gave way to laughter which had in it a threat of resentment. So easily may charm, that most illusive of qualities of stage or screen, be destroyed. So abruptly may a masterpiece be ruined by the slashing hand of a master bungler. W. E. G.

## FOUR PULPIX THEATRES

### "Hard to Get"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted from a story by Edna Ferber, entitled "Classified," directed by William Beaudine and presented by First National at the Scollay Sq. Capitol, Central Sq. and Strand Theatres with the following cast:

Bobby Martin	Dorothy Mackaill
Pa Martin	Jimmie Finlayson
Ma Martin	Louise Fazenda
Mary Martin	Jack Oakie
Dexter Courtland	Edmund Burns
Mrs. Courtland	Clarissa Selwynne
Jerry Dillon	Charles Delaney

Mr. Beaudine has turned out an amusing comedy in "Hard to Get." He had something to work on, thanks to Miss Ferber's original story; and he was aided further by a small cast of willing workers headed by Miss Mackaill, Mr. Delaney and Mr. Oakie. The narrative is dependent less on novelty of theme than on its treatment. It is the familiar yarn of the haughty manikin who works days in a fashionable modiste's shop and dream o' nights of a Fifth avenue lover and palace. In the case of Bobby Martin, as might be expected, the family background is not encouraging to Dexter Courtland, the Fifth avenue philanderer whom Bobby meets in a hall dressing shop. He is tactful enough to overlook Bobby's illiteracy because he is keenly interested in the piquant little girl. He knows what she is shooting at and is inclined to humor her, by gifts of flowers, sweets and luncheons.

He made one serious error, though, when he pretended that he had run out of gas one night and tried to inveigle Bobby into an inn which included sleeping chambers in its cover charge. Bobby walked home, broke up a family conference at 5:30 in the morning, and found it hard to convince her parents that she still was a good girl. Jerry Dillon, a plain-spoken automobile mechanic, who meantime had fallen in love with Bobby, also was waiting in the Martin sitting room. He glanced downward, remarked, "Those shoes certainly look good to me," and thus expressed his belief in her chastity. The quite unbelievable fact that Courtland appeared soon after, apologized for being a cad, and offered marriage, did not move Bobby. She went out to the street, climbed into Jerry's runabout, and embraced him. Fifth avenue was permanently out.

The dialogue, commonplace, frank, is steadily amusing, especially the verbal sparring of Miss Mackaill and Oakie as the roughneck brother. Yeah, is still in vogue as an unanswerable 'come back'. Slug Oakie's appellation for

one whom he holds in contempt, struck us as a new one. That lad certainly does pick up some blistering slang. Mr. Finlayson, as the subdued pater familias, still fusses with his collars; Miss Fazenda, in wrapper and owl-glasses, preens and chirps as the apprehensive mother. Mr. Delaney made Jerry the straight-forward youth he was supposed

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The clown	Farrell MacDonald
Cecchi	Anders Randolph
Charles, as boy	Jack Parker
Adolf, as boy	Phillippe de Lacy
Marion, as girl	Dawn O Day
Louise, as girl	Anita Fremault

One year ago "Four Devils" was released for New York view as a silent picture. In that form, for some unknown reason, it never was allowed to reach Boston. The more's the pity. For some one in authority in the Fox management, stricken suddenly with an attack of stupidity which by now should have reacted and caused both chagrin and remorse, conceived the idea of cutting in on the last two reels, giving audible speech to the principal players, bringing it up to marketable date along with the other talkies and semi-talkies. In such form has it now been sent on tour, in such form was it unfolded Saturday at the New B. F. Keith's Theatre.

F. W. Murnau, who directed "The Last Laugh," "Tartuffe," and "Sunrise," has been absent from Hollywood these several months. "Sunrise," that curious blend of realism and symbolism, was his swan song. He had hoped it would be a great picture; it was merely a near-great picture. In "Four Devils," this same Murnau reveals again that wonderful talent for c

Miss the so her ice? was



to be. Mr. Burns, though he gave a hint of fine breeding and was quietly humorous, allowed his speech to lapse from Fifth or Park avenue standards. Miss Mackaill, pleasing throughout, deserves an extra word of praise for neatly introducing to her movie audience one of the screen's best butlers, Sidney Bracy. His name had been omitted from the filmed cast.—W. E. G.

## KEITH-ALBEE

## "Big Time"

An all-talking picture adapted from the story by Wallace Smith entitled "Little Lulu," directed by Kenneth Hawks and presented by Fox with the following cast: Eddie Burns ..... Lee Tracy Lily Clark ..... Mae Clark Sybil ..... Daphne Pollard Gloria ..... Josephine Dunn Eli ..... Stepin Fetchit

If you saw Lee Tracy in "Broadway," the play, not the moving picture, you will like his first talking film, "Big Time," and even if you didn't you ought to enjoy his exuberant performance as one of the brotherhood of conceited vaudeville actors prevalent hereabouts. It takes a really good actor to be stuck on himself and yet stay pretty decent and likable at the same time. Mr. Tracy could give lessons in this art to many players we have seen, but it may be that he is just such a generally good sort that it is impossible not to be fond of him whatever he does.

As far as plot is concerned the story of "Big Time" is almost painfully stereotyped, all about the hoover who went back on his wife, who was also his partner, when he had a little more success than was quite good for him. But so long as Mr. Tracy is doing his stuff the plot doesn't matter. We remember with particular affection the scene when Tracy as Eddie Burns was on his way out to California to find his wife, so broke that he tried to steal a ride in a box car that carried mules. The mules' grim-visaged guardian agreed to let Eddie stay if he could make him laugh, and Eddie went through all his best jokes, which were received in stony silence. At the last moment one of the mules gave vent to a horse-laugh that amused the hitherto unmoved judge so much that he fell off a bale of hay, and Eddie got his ride.

Beside Mr. Tracy's excellent work there are several pleasant performances. Most of all does the bemused Stepin Fetchit come to mind as he wandered through the picture forever in pursuit of an erring seal named Annabelle, who loved to hide under beds and was forever getting lost when she was needed to go on the stage and do her act. On second thought, perhaps Annabelle deserves a little applause all by herself; without uttering a single word she was most eloquent in her gestures and conveyed her feelings with telling effect. Daphne Pollard as Sybil, the owner of Annabelle and a staunch believer in Eddie Burns, was entirely satisfactory, and a new actress, Mae Clark, made the part of Lily Clark, who married the bumptious Eddie, sympathetic and dramatically convincing. E. L. H.

## PARK

## "The Drake Case"

An all-talking picture adapted by Edward Laemmle and Charles Loque from the story by Charles Loque, directed by Edward Laemmle and presented by Universal with the following cast:

Lulu Marks ..... Gladys Brockwell Dist. Atty. Caldwell ..... Forrest Stanley Roger Lane ..... Robert Frazer Hugo Johnson ..... James Crane Mrs. Drake ..... Doris Lord Georgia Drake ..... Barbara Leonard Capt. London ..... Bit Thorne Edmonds ..... Eddie Hearn Bill Bond ..... Tom Dugan Judge Morris ..... Byron Douglas Lt. Morrison ..... Francis Ford Dr. Thorndyke ..... Henry Barrows

There has been a series of rather tragic deaths among the talented young actresses of the talking pictures. Jeanne Eagels died just as her second picture was being released. Gladys Brockwell was being released. "The Drake Case," now showing at the Park Theatre, was killed two months ago in an automobile accident. It is always uncanny to watch and listen to some one on the screen who is no longer alive and in a way the fact makes it difficult to judge as impartially as might be desirable. To see a woman acquitted of murder and yet know that sentence of death has already been carried out makes for a peculiar situation. Miss Brockwell was very gifted as an actress, although her personality was not the sort that appeals to a great variety of people. She had a certain aloofness of manner and a rather tragic dignity that were for the most part not brought into play by the pictures in which she was given roles. Although frequently miscast, she made at times a considerable impression and one of her best performances was given in the picture which happened to be her last.

In "The Drake Case" she has the part of Lulu Marks, entering as a servant the house of her former husband, George Drake, who had married a sec-

ond time and then died, leaving his only daughter, Georgia, Lulu's child, in charge of his widow. On the eve of Mrs. Drake's departure for Europe with the girl she is found shot to death and suspicion falls on Lulu, who was known to have quarrelled with Mrs. Drake over some unknown matter. The truth was that Mrs. Drake and the man to whom she was secretly married were planning to incapacitate Georgia from sharing in her father's estate by making her a drug addict, and Lulu had discovered it. She had not, however, killed Mrs. Drake, though she could not offer any assistance to her lawyer, and the testimony that finally saved her came from a totally unexpected and, it must be admitted, rather unlikely source; namely, a burglar who had been robbing the Drake house on the night of the murder and overheard certain startling things. Miss Brockwell gave a restrained and moving interpretation of the unhappy woman who preferred what might have been a fatal silence to giving evidence that might incriminate her daughter. Forrest Stanley acted the bullying district attorney in the conventional manner, and the rest of the cast sufficed, though Tom Dugan deserves a word of praise for his humorous and amazingly honest burglar, Bill Bond. E. L. H.

Oct 15 1929

## By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of a new comedy in three acts and four scenes, "Ladies of the Jury," by Fred Ballard. Produced by Messrs. Erlanger and Tyler. The cast was as follows:

THE JURY  
Mrs. Livingston Baldwin Crane ..... Mrs. Fiske Lily Pratt ..... Claire Grenville Cynthia Tate ..... Eunice Osborne Mayme Mixer ..... Hallie Manning Mrs. Maudie ..... Elsie Keene Dixie Dace ..... Marie Hunt Jar J. Pressley ..... George Farnen Spencer B. Dacey ..... Sardis Lawrence Alonzo Beal ..... J. H. Stoddard Tony Theodophilus ..... Vincent James Steve Brown ..... Avator Kinsella Andrew MacKinn ..... George Tawde

THE OTHERS  
Judge Fish ..... Wilton Lackaye Halsey Van Sise ..... Dudley Hawley Rutherford Dale ..... C. W. Van Voorhis Dr. Quincy Adams James, Jr. .... William Lorenz

Art Dobbs, court officer ..... Al. Roberts Mrs. Gordon (Yvette Yvet), Germaine Giroux Evelyn Snow ..... June Mullin Susanna ..... Yada Cheri Clerk of the court ..... Edward Powell Court reporter ..... Virginia Murray

The playbill characterized this piece as a "comedy." It is really a farce, often a broad farce, with a touch of melodrama in the first act.

Mrs. Gordon is accused of killing her husband. Her maid gives damaging testimony against her. Mrs. Fiske (Mrs. Crane), who is on the jury suspects the maid of lying and asks pertinent questions, hinting at a solution that would free the wife, but her lawyer is stupid and does not follow this line of investigation. In the beginning, Mrs. Fiske is simply a comic jurywoman, whose chatter excites laughter, but as the trial goes on she reveals herself as keen and quick-witted. Not without reason at the end of the act does Mrs. Gordon kneel to Mrs. Crane as the jury is led into a room for balloting. She knows and the audience knows that Mrs. Crane believes in her innocence and will do all in her power to save her.

The two acts in the jury room are frankly farcical. The jury is made up of what are known as types; the foreman dressed in a little brief authority—his supper for years has been a piece of apple pie and a glass of milk; a woman given to uplift work, who is sure that all French women have lovers and that all chorus girls have a sugar-daddy (Mrs. Gordon is French and was a chorus girl before her marriage); a young wife who misses her Harry; an Irish cook; a Scotch gardener; an owner of an interest in candy stores; a chorus girl and others. The foreman and the self-righteous jurywoman are bound to convict Mrs. Gordon. On the first ballot Mrs. Crane is the only one to vote "not guilty." She tells her indignant associates that her intuition assures her that the prisoner is innocent. Little by little she changes their opinion, by working on their vanity, appetite, greed, hinting at what she can do for this one or that one, doing it all so deftly that they hardly know they are being "worked." The foreman and the self-righteous lady are obdurate, until at the end the foreman is led to believe that he attempted to kill a young jurywoman. To save himself from scandal and possibly prison he gives in and the obstinate woman also changes her opinion. In this last scene the play goes even beyond the legitimate impossibility of farce. In fact the whole of the third act is the weakest and the expected conclusion, clumsily brought about, is long in arriving.

The subject might have been treated in a lighter spirit, less in the burlesque vein, and still have been amusing. It is to Mrs. Fiske's credit that she remained in the field of comedy and did not leap over the boundary. She plays with deliciously sly humor, cajoling, flattering the naturally vain, providing comforts, during the long session, con-

stant in advancing her own theory of the murder, at last convincing by direct attack, and by subtle innuendo. An excellent piece of work.

The different members of the jury were well individualized, though some of them must have wondered why the direction called on them to act in burlesque. Mr. Lackaye unfortunately had little to do as the judge, but even in that little he showed himself the well graced actor of great experience. Miss Giroux as the accused wife in her hysterical moments was at times unintelligible, but she gave on the whole an appropriately melodramatic performance.

An audience that completely filled the theatre laughed heartily and applauded lustily.

## COPLEY THEATRE

## "The Creaking Chair"

A farcical mystery by Allene Tupper Wilkes, staged by E. E. Clive. The cast is as follows:  
Angus Holly ..... E. E. Clive Essie Aissa ..... Nathaniel Foss Anita Latter ..... Esther Mitchell Rose Emily Winch ..... May Ediss Edwin Latter ..... Edward Emery Sylvia Latter ..... Rosalind Russell Mrs. Carruthers ..... Olive Reeves-Smith John Cutting ..... Ian Emery Philip Sneed ..... Gerald Rogers Oliver Hart ..... Marshall Vincent Henley ..... Richard Whorf Jim Bates ..... Herbert Belmore

Those who went to the Copley theatre last evening hoping for thrills—tense, breath-taking episodes that make one lose something that is called a "heartbeat," had not long to wait. The play starts out promisingly at the rise of the curtain, with a dark theatre and a dark stage. Anything might have happened before a line is spoken. And to the delight of an audience very evidently filled with admirers of Mr. Clive, it is none other than he, as Angus Holly, the butler, who introduces us to the Latter household. Mr. Latter, an invalid confined to a wheel chair that plays the "creaking" role: Anita Latter, his very youthful wife, a child of Egypt, hysterical, fearful of every symbol of that land of superstition; and Sylvia

Latter, the young and pretty daughter of a former wife, make up the family.

Priceless jewels from an Egyptian tomb, a blue scarab, a blue idol and other blue symbols of oriental origin constitute the basis for a robbery and also supposedly for a murder. Miss Olive Reeves-Smith, the talented daughter of H. Reeves-Smith, an English actor, steps into the picture as Mrs. Carruthers, wife of an Egyptologist who has just discovered the gems in an ancient tomb and forwarded them to Edwin Latter, Miss Reeves-Smith, unfortunately, has too brief a part to allow her hearers to properly judge her capabilities. Beyond that she is highly attractive, that she makes one wish to see more of her before the play is done, and that she contrives to suggest sinister possibilities underneath a velvet softness in the conniving Mrs. Carruthers during the few moments of her presence, there is little to tell.

The play has for its setting the lounge at Edwin Latter's house in Hertfordshire. Passages at arms between Holly, the butler, and Rose, the maid, played by the petite and versatile Miss Ediss, whom he is engaged to marry, furnish a large amount of the amusement. Both have the necessary facial adaptability that is frequently the higher light in the acting. Miss Mitchell plays her difficult emotional role with vivacity—sometimes one feels it is a trifle over-acted, yet none the less done with skill. Miss Russell as Sylvia has many moods, now piquant, now depressed, now vivacious, now coaxing, as suits the occasion. Mr. Edward Emery seems in truth to be the frail individual he is depicting, and is especially pleasing in the friendly familiarities between himself and his butler. The remaining members of the company deserve commendation likewise. Who is the murderer and who the victim and details of the deed are best left to be discovered by personal observation. Suffice to say that the large audience appeared completely enthralled and contented. F. A. B.

## COLONIAL THEATRE

## Earl Carroll "Vanities"

Seventh edition of Earl Carroll "Vanities" in two acts; lyrics and music by Grace Henry and Morris Hamilton, dialogue staged by Edgar MacGregor; settings designed and executed by Hugh Wiltonchby, Karl O. Anderson and C. R. R. Robinson; directed and produced by Earl Carroll, and performed last evening at the Colonial Theatre with these principals: W. C. Fields, Ren. Blue, Dorothy Britton, Pat Henry, Marilyn Kingston, Vivian Wilson, Jean Johnson, Joey Ray, Dorothy Lull, Theodore, Enrica and Novello, Al Joe and John Bennett, Paul Russell, Dorothy Barton, Elsie Connor; orchestra directed by Charles Ruddy.

William C. Fields came to town yesterday, accompanied by a trunkful of false whiskers and moustaches. He ordered the precious trunk deposited in the star's dressing room of the Colonial Theatre and along toward evening sauntered out on to the stage for a little fun. From his first entrance as a pioneer of the far northwest, clad in a splotchy-colored mackinaw, exclaiming as he shook the stage snow from his person. "It ain't no fit night out for man nor beast" and trying to masticate

## THE NEW POETRY

What is to be said of Mr. Walter Lowenlyrical narrative, "Finale of Seem"? Will one kindly interpret the title? It reminds of a sentence written by some New England transcendentalist for the Dial. "A man issues thinks thinging things." Here is a Pilgrim that cries in fine frenzy: "I any kind of sandwich but a ham sand Yes; a cheese sandwich with plenty of mustard is not to be despised. There are sandwiches, some meaty, some rich, some as the lettuce sandwich served at afternoon the most contemptible of the species.

Mr. Lowenfels puts on his singing clopraise of mathematics. He sings of "E Cosine." (It was Oliver Wendell Holmespoke of the "Cosine of Noah's Ark.") He fine burst:

"O love, learn chemistry!  
Transmute the night's heat  
And with your eyes for diatherms  
Warm my mind's bleak gelatin,  
Their burning trigonometrical signs  
Death's lucidity to numbers."

But Mr. Lowenfels was not the first to spired by Euclid and later mathematici far back as 1798 "The Loves of the Tri a mathematical and philosophical p Frere and Canning, was published in the Jacobin. This poem in ridicule of "Loves of the Plants" was richly an Thus the lines:

"For me, ye Cissoids, round my templ  
Your wandering curves."

were thus explained in a footnote: "C curve supposed to resemble the sprig from which it has its name, and there cularly adapted to poetry."

One more quotation from Mr. Low volume:

"Perjure rhabdology for reason!  
With ones and twos, cabala  
Told over by Abacus in a gazebo  
How see an arc  
That needs the optics of mortality?  
fraction,  
The looping eye?"

"Gazebo" is more or less familiar, some stumble over the pronunciation word. The gazebo is sometimes built around a tree. Should one infer that is up a tree in the telling of "cabala second edition of "Finale of Seem" s enriched by footnotes. Canning and Fr more considerate of their readers.

## SACRILEGE

## By PHILIP HALE

When "Alice in Wonderland" is menti there is not only the remembrance of I Carroll, the author; he is associated with John Tenniel, the illustrator, whose picture Alice and the strange men, women and ani she met in the course of her marvellous ad tures have been the delight of thousands. as impossible to think of Alice without Te as it would be to forget DuMaurier's pictu Beatrix coming down the stairs to greet H Esmond, the portrait of Chaband holding by "Phiz," or McLellan's Count Fosco with candle in his hand or singing ecstatically a thumps the piano.

But now comes Mr. Pogany with new trations for "Alice in Wonderland" and we an Alice with bobbed hair, a little fla dressed in a 1929 model. "I have made and her gayly mad friends presentable mod Times change, and Alice, the Duchess, the Hatter and the others, even the Rabbit, got to change with them." Jove, hast tho thunderbolt! Mr. Pogany may say he is no first to improve on Tenniel. It is true that years ago an American illustrator was as sumptuous, but he was soon forgotten.

And there is the case of Mr. Samuel Put who comes boldly forth with a new transla of Rabelais, a translation "in the languag our own day." Here is an example of Mr. nam's slang version: "Since when have you lows begun to sprout horns that you're ge so hardboiled about it. Yea, bo, but you use be glad enough to supply us with 'em." Sir Thomas Urquhart's translation of the three books of Rabelais is a glory of En literature. It stands with the King James tr lation of the Bible, North's Plutarch, Fl Montaigne, Shelton's "Don Quixote" and the Mottaux's translation of the fourth and books of Rabelais is inevitably somewhat rior to Urquhart's work, it is fluent, pictu admirably suited to the spirit in which Rab poured forth his mad humor and his b satire.



The Stradivarius string quartet (Messrs. Wolfsohn, Pochon Moldavaru Warburg), will, through the generosity of Mrs. Edward C. Moore, give a concert in Paine hall, Cambridge, next Tuesday evening. Haydn, quartet, G major, op. 77, No. 1; Schelling, Berceuse pour un Enfant malade, and Gazal (Persian melody), Brahms, quartet, C minor, op. 51, No. 1. This concert will be free and open to the public.



## Symphony Concert

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso for strings, op. 6 No. 10. R. Strauss, Interlude from the opera "Intermezzo" (first time in Boston). Stravinsky, Suite from the ballet "The Fire-Bird." Sibelius, Symphony no. 2. The "Waltz Scene" from "Intermezzo" which had been announced for performance, was not played. Without this piece the concert was too long. Dr. Koussevitzky's reading of the symphony was heard for the first time.

Strauss's "Intermezzo" was suggested by a domestic misunderstanding in consequence of a letter which was intended for a colleague of the same name. Strauss's wife raged and talked of divorce. In the opera—the libretto was written by the composer—Strauss is brought on the stage as Conductor Storch; his wife as Mme. Storch. This was not the first time that Strauss made use of his Pauline for his own musical glorification. In the "Domestic" Symphony he portrays her musically as whimsical, capricious, irritating; now shrewish, now seductive; nor does he hesitate to picture in sensuous strains their reconciliation and fond embracing. What relation this Interlude has to the action of the play is unknown to those who have not heard the opera. It has been said by a German thinking deeply that the "spiritual presentation of the action lies chiefly with the orchestra between acts." The Interlude heard yesterday is suave, melodious, richly colored, without rising to any height of emotion. Whether it portrays Mme. Strauss-Storch after the comforting explanation, or is simply music, must be left to the imagination of the hearer. If it is a musical portrait of Pauline she was evidently in an amiable mood; or, perhaps, the suspected husband was soothing his wife with honeyed words. Whatever the "meaning" of the music, if it has other than musical significance, the audience enjoyed the Interlude which gained in worth by the beauty of the performance.

The "Fire-Bird" selections suffer less than those from other ballets by Stravinsky when the concert hall is substituted for the theatre. The more fanatical Stravinskyites for this reason, and on account of the more orthodox nature of the music, are accustomed to speak lightly, in a condescending manner, of the music; to dismiss it as influenced greatly by Rimsky-Korsakov. They contemptuously characterize "The Fire-Bird" as "academic"; which is in their eyes the unpardonable sin; yet the persistently hammered rhythm in the Infernal Dance of Katschei's subjects is prophetic of rhythms in the "Sacre de Printemps." The former suite is grateful to the ear; interesting without reference to the story on the stage where the attention is more or less concentrated on the movements of mimes and dancers; nor is this music so inevitably associated with action as is the music of "Petrouchka" or of the "Sacre de Printemps." The performance yesterday was brilliant.

It is a question whether Sibelius in his earlier compositions was not injured in the public mind by the insistence of his admirers on his nationality, expressing,

they said, the spirit of Finland: melancholy landscapes, the angry sea, the cries of gulls; as though his music had a specific geographical, topographical, botanical, and ornithological value. Some dwell on Finland groaning and rebellious under the oppression of years. Mr. Schneevoght tells us that the intention of Sibelius in this symphony was to depict the pastoral life of his countrymen; the thought of a brutal ruler that brought tididity; then the awakening of national feeling and at last the entrance of hope and deliverance into their breasts. As the old Frenchman said: "How many things there are in a minute," so Mr. Schneevoght speaks of this symphony. A composer may be a zealous patriot, but his appeal to the world must be universal, not simply national. When the libretto of "Tosca" was shown to an Italian composer, not Puccini, he turned to the scene in the last act where the tenor should pour out his soul and asked Verdi how he would treat the subject. Verdi smiled and said: "I should write some music." Is it not possible that Sibelius said to himself, "I'll write a second symphony"? Might he not have written it at Vienna, Paris, Milan, even in Terre Haute; for his is a virile, sombre nature, a musician of imposing individuality, who would feel the urge to write whether he were in Telsingsfors or Elsieben? It will be observed that in his symphonies he does not make liberal use of folk-music to assert his nationality, and it is fair to believe that in his symphonies he expresses what he himself feels with his stormy nature, his fits of melancholy

without the laborious attempt to put Finland on the musical map. One wishes that he would revise, shorten the last movement. The hearer feels at least three times that the great climax is building, that it arrives; and each time is disappointed by the appearance of intermediate measures that seem inconsequential, detrimental to the structure and what should be the final overwhelming effect. Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of the symphony was intensely dramatic.

Strauss, Stravinsky, Sibelius, all fine fellows in their different ways. Yet the concerto of Handel, nearly 200 years old, by the tender beauty, the spiritual and noble sentiment of the Air; by the spontaneous vivacity and fire of the pontaneous movements—the light and frolicsome grace of the final Allegro—rejoiced the great, superb master. Who dares to prophesy the fate of Strauss, Stravinsky and Sibelius 200 years from now?

The concert will be repeated tonight, the program of Oct. 25, 26, will be as follows: Vivaldi, concerto D minor, for orchestra and organ; Jostén, "Jungle," symphonic poem; Tchaikovsky, symphony No. 6 ("Pathetic.")

## MOTION PICTURES RECORD SEA DEPTHS

### J. E. Williamson Lectures at Symphony Hall

Even the depths of the sea are no refuge from the motion pictures, so J. E. Williamson showed, lecturing at Symphony Hall, last evening. Since the beginning of the century, scientists have been interested in submarine photography, but it was not until the invention of the Williamson tube by the father of the lecturer that photography on a large scale became possible. The photographs are taken from a large water-tight chamber connected to a boat or raft by a flexible steel tube. It was from this chamber that much of Jules Verne's "The Mysterious Island" was filmed.

The first part of the lecture was an introduction to life under the sea. One saw sharks devour smaller fish without turning on their backs, popular opinion to the contrary; squirrel-fish burrow into coral as squirrels do to hollow trees, groupers hide away to return in new skins.

Mr. Williamson also described man's attempts to conquer the floor of the sea, showing the evolution of diving suits from the primitive Roman to the air masks used on submarines today. His pictures of the second sinking of the S-4 brought back vividly the days when the submarine lay embedded in the mud off Provincetown. He showed the new air locks and other safety devices that may avert another such tragedy.

Mr. Williamson concluded his lecture with natural colored motion pictures of the ocean floor, gay-colored fishes making a brilliant kaleidoscope against the orange and pink coral reefs. His next problem is to develop an apparatus that will record the sounds of the sea.

The lectures will be repeated this morning.—E. C. D.

### GUY MAIER

Guy Maier, pianist, gave a concert, yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall, "For Young People of All Ages." Whatever their years, Mr. Maier, it would appear, has slight confidence in the inborn capacity of "young people" for the real enjoyment of music. Schumann's "Childhood Pictures," at all events, he did not risk playing in the simple way, the poetic way—the right way—that lies so fully within his great ability. He chose rather to touch the music up, even to its titles, till it suggested not so much Schumann's little poems as Stevenson's "Tuppence Colored."

In Debussy Mr. Maier showed quite as little confidence as in Schumann. The ballet for children, "La Boite a Joux," he played by piecemeal, making no bones whatever of bringing Debussy's music to a stop while he told Mr. Helle's tale. Such ill-treatment the music could not bear: the tale had the best of it. If one might judge from the look of the public, the "young people" of a certain age relished the telling more heartily than those younger.

The younger fry, in fact, appeared to derive their keenest satisfaction from Stravinsky's "Histoire du Soldat." In the way of a Mother Goose story, Mr. Maier told the "Histoire" extremely well. Not, however, to give a misleading impression of the taste of Boston children for modernity, it must in honesty be recorded that those children in attendance yesterday had the air of suffering the music merely till Mr. Maier took up the tale again.

# The Theatre

Oct 20

By PHILIP HALE

1929

Audiences usually sit up and pay attention in the theatre when there is a trial scene, eating on the stage, or when in the course of a play they are taken behind the scenes. In "Ladies of the Jury" just played at the Hollis Street Theatre the audience is not only taken into the courtroom, it witnesses the proceedings of the jury and is greatly amused, although the life of a woman is at stake. As the scenes in the jury room are played in a farcical spirit, the fate of Mrs. Gordon does not seriously interest the spectators this side of the footlights. In tragedy or melodrama is a trial scene ever conducted so that lawyers in the audience would find it true to the courtroom of everyday life? Some were no doubt impressed in "The Trial of Mary Dugan" by the dusting of the furniture in the opening scene; but a lawyer told a writer who was discussing realism in the theatre, that dusting, if it were ever done, was never just before the opening of the trial; a rash statement, it seems to us.

In modern plays, the prosecutor is always a bully, shaking his fist at witnesses for the defence, roaring his questions and thus exciting sympathy for the accused; yet we have seen prosecuting attorneys who gained their points by suavity, gentleness, and a touch of irony. A stubborn witness is, nine times out of ten, the more stubborn when he is vociferously assailed. In "Ladies of the Jury" the prosecutor followed the traditional methods. Mr. Lackaye was appropriately dignified on the bench, though he did not have the opportunity that was given to Arthur Lewis when he took the part of Mr. Justice Grimdyke in "The Legend of Leonora." Mr. Lewis's address to the accused woman was remarkable for mingled sweetness and dignity, and the tones of his voice will never be forgotten by those that heard him.

Whether the trial in "Ladies of the Jury" and the judge's charge were strictly in accordance with New Jersey court procedure is not for us to say. Are those sitting in the jury room allowed to send out for articles of clothing? Good other than that brought in by the court officer? Are they permitted to send out messages to be telephoned? In a trial are jurymen allowed so great liberty in questioning the witnesses? But what is all this to the Infinite or to the audience? In spite of the melodramatic scenes in the first act, the play is farcical, invented, apparently, for the purpose of showing how a shrewd and attractive woman can win to her side eleven obstinate clamorers for the verdict "guilty," and Mrs. Fiske, played in comedy vein, not lapsing into farce, except possibly at the absurd end when the foreman thinks he may be tried for an attempt at murder, sides with Mrs. Crane. The part of the arrow-minded, pig-headed foreman is admirably played by Mr. Farren until the dramatist, Mr. Ballard, compels him to jump into farce. (Mr. Ballard, by the way, was for a time a member of the MacDowell colony in Peterborough, N. H.) The jurymen and jurywomen were all excellent; Miss Grenville, with her foolish questions about church attendance and her denunciation of the "immoral" French; the girl with the slang vocabulary, whose pyjamas became her; the realtor who was won over to Mrs. Crane's side by her assuring him that real estate operators were not all dishonest; the Scotchman who was converted to Mrs. Crane's theory of the case by a beefsteak and the prospect of his being her gardener—they were all good.

If dramatists go astray in their portrayal of court scenes, novelists have been no better. Anthony Trollope, a stickler for realism, was taken to task for his legal inaccuracy in "Orley Farm." As late as 1923 Sir Francis Newbolt, K. C., made a savage attack in an article "Anthony Trollope and the Law." Trollope was more careful in "The Eustace Diamonds." Writing that novel, he procured expert opinion on the point at issue. That he felt the attack on "Orley Farm" in 1861 is shown by what he wrote a half dozen years later in "Phineas Finn":

"And then those terrible meshes of the Law! How is a fictionist in these excited days to create the needed biting interest without legal difficulties; and how again is he to steer his little bark clear of so many rocks—when the rocks and shoals have been purposely arranged to make the taking of a pilot on board a necessity?"

And so Charles Reade was accused of inaccuracies in his description of a court scene in "Griffith Gaunt," that dramatic study of jealousy, that great novel which may well stand by the side of "The Cloister and the Hearth."

Mr. Ballard probably did not take great pains in portraying court scenes; he simply thought of writing amusingly about the behavior of a jury in consultation.

Nor was W. S. Gilbert anxious for realism when he wrote the libretto of "Trial by Jury," that delightful operetta unfortunately unknown on the stage to the younger generation. As Mr. Goldberg well says in his "Story of Gilbert and Sullivan," this operetta, which contains no spoken dialogue, "wears its fifty odd years with most unrheumatic jauntness." It was a prudish age when "Trial by Jury" was produced in 1875, for Miss Isabel Jay, who then took the part of the plaintiff, was shocked when she found she had to produce a pair of silk stockings in court, so shocked that she asked Gilbert to omit that part of the proceedings. "To my relief Gilbert agreed; but I have often thought that the production of a pair of silk stockings would be regarded as a very mild adventure in the theatre world of today." Still more amusing was the refusal of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, to applaud the operetta without reservation, though he confessed he enjoyed the performance, "because the operetta was calculated to bring the Bench into contempt." He evidently had the judge's song in mind, the judge who threw over a rich attorney's elderly, ugly daughter, and was ready to try a breach of promise case: the song that begins:

"When I, good friends, was called to the bar,  
I'd an appetite fresh and hearty,  
But I was, as many young barristers are,  
An impecunious party.  
I'd a swallow-tail coat of a beautiful blue—  
A brief which I bought of a booby—  
A couple of shirts and a collar or two,  
And a ring that looked like a ruby!"

"The Age of Innocence," based by Margaret Ayer Barnes on Edith Wharton's novel of the same name, has been a long time in coming here. It was produced with Katharine Cornell, Rollo Peters and Arnold Korff as Ellen Newland Archer and Julius Beaufort, respectively, at Buffalo, N. Y. in November, 1928. It was then said that everything had been done to bring it



New York, the '70s—'gorgeous gown of the fashion then prevalent, ruffles and bows, little pill box hats with feathers tilt the chignons, lace gloves . . . the era when Mme. Nilsson was a toast of the aid when Edwin Booth was a player every one was going to see.' When the play reached New York, Alison Smith wrote that Miss Cornell's part of a lady had been drawn without specific assistance from the novel to her physical aspect: 'There are hardly ten lines of description devoted to the glamorous and rueful figure which dominates its action.' The novel presents the problems raised by the social life of New York in the '70's. The dramatist had previously not written a line for publication. She described herself as 'a completely domesticated and perfectly contented housewife and mother.' She met with an accident that put her in a plaster cast necessitated a long stay in a hospital. Then she began to write short stories to occupy her mind. Her back had to be rebroken and reset. It was she decided to write a play. Admiring 'The Age of Innocence,' she had permission to dramatize it. Mrs. Barnes was graduated from Bryn Mawr in 1907. Shortly after her graduation she married Cecil Barnes, a Chicago lawyer.

'Holiday,' a comedy by Philip Barry, is also late in coming. It was the Plymouth Theatre, New York, beginning on Nov. 26, 1928. Originally known as 'The Dollar,' it was so produced in New Haven and Hartford. Something like 30 titles were proposed; the four preferred for a time were 'Pay,' 'The Silver Spoon,' 'New Years' and 'Happy New Year.' The play is a story of New York life. It was written in Europe in the summer of 1928 for Hope Williams, who had met with marked success in 'Paris and London.' In New York the part of Johnny Case was taken by Ben Smith; Seton by Dorothy Tree; Nick Potter by Donald Ogden Stewart; Edith Seton by Walter Walker; Ned Seton by Monroe Owsley.

'A Night in Venice' was brought out at Newark early in April, 1929. Arriving in New York on May 21, 1929, with Ted Healy, Ann Seymour and many others including the Dodge sisters, it was said that at the Shubert Theatre 'color and light were rioting, Ted Healy was cracking jokes, there was the patter of many dancing feet.'

At the Repertory Theatre tomorrow the Jewett players will be seen in Shakespeare's 'Julius Caesar.' In his desire to give a fully adequate performance, Mr. Jewett has asked what was the song sung by the boy, Lucius, Brutus in his tent. Lucius had the musical instrument ready. The stage direction is 'music and a song.' The comment of Brutus was not flattering to the composer or the singer: 'This is a sleepy tune'; but Lucius had it spoken drowsily, 'and after the song he evidently fell asleep.' Raymond Roze, who was here in the days when Boston had its own opera directed by Henry Russell, wrote an overture and incidental music for Herbert Tree's production of the tragedy at His Majesty's Theatre, London, in January, 1898. This music is published. Nothing is said, however, of music for the song.

Roze, the son of that delightful singer, Marie Roze, was a man of decided talent as composer and conductor. There is a story about him in Martin Shaw's entertaining book of reminiscences entitled 'Up to Now' just published by the Oxford University Press. Shaw was once rehearsing an orchestra. He asked the trombone player to play softer. 'He did not look pleased, and was still less so when I repeated the request a few minutes later. The leader of the orchestra leaned towards me and said confidentially: 'I shouldn't say too much to him, Mr. Shaw; he hit Mr. Roze over the head with his trombone yesterday.' He should have been under the German army bandmaster.'

Mr. Maier may be right in concealing the 'Soldat' in so merry a vein. At the Staatsoper, however, in Berlin, they saw the matter in a different light. A tale of irony they made of it there, mighty acrid and sour, with a person no less than repulsive to read the text, with extraordinarily unpleasant people on the stage to mime it. So conceived, the ballet though disagreeable, made its sneering effect. That effect, furthermore, Stravinsky's music, without calling much attention to itself, intensified. Yesterday, in Jordan hall, with all the attention fastened on itself, the music, arranged for piano, violin and clarinet, made no effect at all. How should it, under conditions so untoward? Least of all did it jibe with Mr. Maier's mood. The performance, nevertheless, in its way, was excellent. Dorothy Brewster Comstock with her violin, Edmond Allegra and his clarinet, Richard Malaby at the piano—all three were musically sound as rock—entered into Mr. Maier's merry spirit of comedy.

R. R. G.

## NEW B. F. KEITH

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Frank R. Capra from the story by Ralph Graves, directed by Frank R. Capra and presented by Columbia with the following cast:

"Panama" Williams	Jack Holt
Elmer	Lila Lee
"Lefty" Phelps	Ralph Graves
Major	Alan Roscoe
Steve Roberts	Harold Goodwin
Lobo	Jimmy De La Cruz

In two ways "Flight" is good entertainment, but it is reels too long. It may be commended for its many scenes of sky and terrain, presented in dizzy fashion as if viewed from the cockpit of an army airplane. It has its moments of dramatic power, with amusing digressions, thanks to the team work of the Messrs. Holt and Graves and Miss Lee. Any picture, however, which runs for two hours and hangs its existence on such a simple plot as that provided by Mr. Graves, will do well if it can hold its audience during that drawn-out period. Repeatedly it seemed as if the story had ended, then it would take on fresh life, as if Mr. Graves had thought of something else he wished to incorpo-

rate in his first author-actor picture, and the camera would keep on grinding. The one thing he forgot to put in was a theme song, an omission which scores 50 points in his favor. "Lefty" Phelps was a dub at about everything. He ran the wrong way at a critical moment in a college football game. He wrecked his plane on his first solo hop after he had joined the U. S. marines air service. He bungled a love affair with a pretty brunette Red Cross nurse called Elinor. He behaved so clumsily that "Panama" Williams, sergeant of marines, felt justified after many trials in accusing "Lefty" of disloyalty, ingratitude and cowardice, and in beating him up man-fashion. Both men, it seems, loved Elinor. In the end, of course, "Lefty" proves himself of heroic calibre, pilots a plane, with Sergt. Williams in the observer's seat, skillfully to camp despite a lost wheel, and wins the girl. As we leave him he is trying to look tough and talk rough, like "Panama" as he abuses a bunch of rookies hopeful of becoming flying aces. In and out of this flat-footed narrative are woven odd incidents, such as a hasty flight from the naval base at Pensacola, Florida, to Nicaragua on a call for aid in annihilation of one Lobo, a bandit chieftain who mutilates his prisoners; a wreck in the jungle of the plane bearing "Lefty" and his arch-tormentor, Steve Roberts, with the latter's prolonged agonies prior to death, with "Lefty" propping Steve's body in the plane seat and setting fire to the wreck to circumvent hordes of man-eating ants; and with some very tiresome scenes of an engagement between Lobo's men and the beleaguered marines. When it came to Williams's rescue of "Lefty," after searching airmen had failed, we were reminded of "Submarine." In that hideous picture Holt, as Jack Dorgan, champion diver, refused until the last instant to rescue his mates in a sunken submarine because Bob Mason, oddly enough played by this same Mr. Graves, had won Dorgan's wife and was aboard the fated craft. Some of the dialogue was believable, much more of it was spurious. In the scenes of fighting there was more noise than audible speech, such was the confusion of recording. The sound of whirling planes was closer to the real thing than in any previous picture of this type. Mr. Holt easily led in performance as the hard-bolled "Panama" in-

capable of sentimental expression. The others, including Mr. Graves, were at the mercy of his quaint notions as a screen playwright. W. E. G.

## KEITH-ALBEE

### "Side Street"

An all-talking screen drama by Mal St. Clair and George O'Hara, directed by Mal St. Clair and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Jimmy O'Farrell	Tom Moore
John O'Farrell	Matt Moore
Dennis O'Farrell	Owen Moore
Kathleen Doyle	Kathryn Perry
Mr. O'Farrell	Frank Sheridan
Mrs. O'Farrell	Emma Dunn
"Bunny" Ruffo	Arthur Houseman
"Bunny" Ruffo	Mildred Harris
Mac	Edwin August
"Slim"	Irving Bacon
Patrick Doyle	Walter McNamara

Once upon a time there was an Irishman, no, beg pardon, there were three of them, but they all looked so much alike that a little mistake of that sort is easy to make. When the occasion called for it they had Irish brogues so thick that you could cut them with a knife, which made it slightly difficult to understand just what they were talking about unless you came from Ireland, too. They were all called Moore, since it must come out, Tom, Owen and Matt. Beside all this, however, they were corking good actors, and when some bright person thought of combining them in one picture some good entertainment was pretty sure to result.

In "Side Street," which marks their initial joint appearance, they are still brothers, but their ways of life differ considerably. Jimmy O'Farrell, Tom Moore, is a policeman to start with and later a plain-clothes detective; John O'Farrell, Matt Moore, is a police ambulance surgeon; Dennis O'Farrell, Owen Moore, is a racketeer and the most engaging of them all. While it must be confessed that the first part of the picture drags a bit in a violent effort to establish the fact that the entire O'Farrell family, including the mother and father, are just a bunch of carefree children who have a great time teasing each other over such matters as policemen's flat feet, there can be no question that the excitement in the last few reels makes up for any previous shortcomings.

Though it would be invidious to discriminate too carefully among the Moore brothers, yet there must be credit for a best performance and it goes to Owen, who plays the attractive, rather distinguished gang leader with a certain quiet power and dramatic conviction that inevitably focussed attention on himself. Tom Moore was capital as the lovable and not very bright Jimmy, though his powers of deduction were so weak that as a detective he would have lasted about two days. The part of the ambulance surgeon was the least interesting of the three, but Matt played it very well, and in one scene, when he discovers that his brother, Dennis, is a notorious racketeer, he showed no little ability to portray strong emotion with the utmost simplicity.

If too closely examined the plot of "Side Street" has a reminiscent tinge but the acting gives it a certain distinction. Emma Dunn, as the mother of the three boys, is very fine, and Frank Sheridan contributes some excellent moments as the father. What you remember most vividly, however, is the ironic tragedy at the end of the picture when Dennis sacrifices his life to save Jimmy from the death he had intended for the detective who was trailing him, not knowing it was his brother. Despite occasional excursions into sentimentality, "Side Street" is worth seeing for this last scene alone. E. L. H.

## PARK

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Harvey Gates from the play by John Oxenham, directed by Michael Curtiz and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Vera Ivanova	Dolores Costello
Paul Pavloff	James R. Kirkwood
Serge Palma	George Fawcett
Dimitri Ivanovitch	David Torrence
Governor	Oliver Tell
Anna Rascova	William Irvine
Rat Catcher	Tom Dugan
Soldier	Rose Dione
Maid	

Several years ago, we hate to think how long ago it was, we had a secret admiration that was almost romantic for a certain attractive moving picture actor named James Kirkwood. This admiration was based on one film alone, an exciting story that became involved with Custer's Last Stand and ended in a melancholy manner with the death of the hero. Time passed and Mr. Kirkwood vanished from sight and all that was left was a pleasant but fading memory. So it was that his sudden reappearance in one of Dolores Costello's emotional dramas, "Hearts in Exile," aroused all kinds of agreeable expectations that were abundantly fulfilled. Cast as a sort of secondary leading man, the type that has to be got rid of for the heroine's ultimate happiness, Mr. Kirkwood from his first entrance to his heroic suicide at the close of the film, had everything his own way. These sentimental conclusions with young love always coming out on top have frequently seemed ridiculous and unbelievable, but never more so than in the present instance.

We flatly refuse to believe for an instant that the lovely Dolores would ever have been so moonstruck as to trade the handsome, suave, courteous and valiant Mr. Kirkwood for the crude

and temperamental Mr. Grant Withers, whose part suffered from nothing so much as being cast in the same picture with Mr. Kirkwood. The competition between the old and the new has one conclusion, according to moving picture standards, and another according to human understanding. Mr. Withers won in the first category but lost hopelessly in the second.

"Hearts in Exile" is a Russian drama of the old regime. Dolores Costello plays a lovely girl of the middle class, Vera Ivanova, who is beloved by two men; one of them, Baron Serge Palma, is an impoverished aristocrat of impeccable virtue and the most honorable intentions. The other is Paul Pavloff, a disolute and anarchistically inclined young man. She marries the baron, who loves her devotedly, but finds that she is unable to forget Paul. The long arm of coincidence causes both men to be arrested and sent to Siberia, and on the journey Paul forces Palma to change places with him, his being the lighter sentence, so that Palma may return to Vera. Vera, travelling to Siberia, finds Paul in her husband's place and is compelled by circumstances to remain with him. The picture ends in confusion with the return and suicide of the noble Palma and the reunion of the lovers.

Miss Costello, whose voice has improved immensely, made a lovely and sympathetic Vera, and Mr. Withers succeeded fairly well in making Pavloff reasonably attractive, but it was Mr. Kirkwood's picture throughout. On the pictorial side there were some unusually fine scenes depicting the march of the exiles through a blinding snowstorm on the way to Siberia.—E. L. H.

## By PHILIP HALE

WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Age of Innocence," a play in three acts and six scenes by Margaret Ayer Barnes, being a dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel of the same title. Produced at Buffalo in November 1928. Miss Cornell, Rollo Peters and Arnold Korff in the leading parts; presented by Gilbert Miller.

The cast last night:

Alce Fordyce	Alce Walker
Tom Hamilton	James Vincent
Lucy Dancy	Frances Allen
Sillerton Jackson	Ian Wolfe
Jessie Lefferts	Brenda Dablen
Mrs. Henry Van Der Luyden	Isabel Irvine
Mrs. Manson Mincott	Katherine Stewart
Mr. Henry Van Der Luyden	Frank Andrews
Julius Beaufort	Arnold Korff
May Van Der Luyden	Susan Blake
Newland Archer	John Marston
Countess Olenska	Katherine Cornell
The Duke of St. Austrey	Robert Hobbs
Anastasia	Giannina Gatti
Stephen Letterblair	Albert Tavernier
Carlos Saranmonte	Edouard La Roche
Jean	Pierre Villon
Newland Archer, Jr.	Henry Richards

Not having read the novel, we cannot say how closely in detail the play follows the story, but it may be said that no dramatization, however skillfully made, can reproduce a novelist's analytical treatment of characters, the subtleties of characterization, the preludes to the long and carefully constructed crescendos of emotion that lead to a tragic ending. A play like "The Age of Innocence" must be judged without regard to a novel which suggested it; nor is it necessary to ask whether the unhappy heroine is the woman imagined by Edith Wharton.

Last night the production and the performance were of greater interest than the play itself. The costumes worn by women of New York in the seventies; the furniture; the local allusions—these, supposedly faithful to the period; the old standards of behavior and morality, the objections to divorce entertained by men and women of the old families—these were important to the various scenes and shed light on the loneliness of the Countess, who having fled from the brute of a husband, found herself misunderstood in New York, her old home and by members of her family, even by her grandmother who stood gallantly by her until the Countess wished to divorce the Count who was on his way to claim her. No, the Countess did not speak the language common to her relatives; she did not think as they thought. Beaufort tempted her to leave with him. He had long loved her; had befriended her when she was in trouble. At first, interested in Archer, a playmate when she was a child, admiring him for his ambition to purge New York of political corruption, she grew to love him. She would have run away with him if his wife had not come to her house and talked of Archer's career and the baby to be born. Then the Countess made the supreme sacrifice.

Was it the dramatist's fault or Miss Cornell's that the character of the countess was not clearly revealed so that there was great sympathy for her in her unhappiness and self-sacrifice? Even when Beaufort wooed her, it was



not irresistibly apparent that Archer held the key to her heart. Miss Cornell was always an engaging woman in spite of this or that costume that now seems to us grotesque; she spoke her lines with understanding, often with plausible effect; she was graceful in attitudes and movements, but the spectator knew the supposedly suffering woman no better at the end than when she first entered the ballroom.

Mr. Korff was not to be misunderstood as the lover. What he wanted, how mightily he was stirred in his quiet way by passion was shown without undue emphasis. For him there was true sympathy. A fine fellow in his libertine way was Beaufort. One wished that he had not sometimes spoken his lines in so low a key that he was hardly intelligible. Mr. Marston, with all his ability, could not make Archer a lovable or impressive character. While the others in the company were much more than adequate, the portrayal of Mrs. Van der Luyden by that excellent actress Miss Irving, was a prominent feature of the performance. Even the leading members might learn from her in distinct enunciation and know the value of carefully considered emphasis. There was a large and interested audience.

#### PLYMOUTH THEATRE

##### "Holiday"

Comedy in three acts by Philip Barry. Produced first at Plymouth Theatre, New York, Nov. 27, 1928. Presented by Arthur Hopkins. The cast:

Julia Selton	Dorothy Tree
Henry Case	George Henry
Charles Case	Ben Smith
Linda Selton	Hope Williams
Delia	Alice Johnson
Ned Selton	Monroe Owsley
Edward Selton	Walter Walker
Laura Cram	Nancy Allen
Selton Cram	Thaddeus Clancey
Nick Potter	Donald O'Brien
Susan Potter	Beatrice Ames

Mr. Barry hit on a fruitful theme. A young man of the people, with a pretty knack at making money, fell in love with one Julia, the daughter of a family high in high finance. Because of his knack the head of the family countenanced the match. But lo! The son of the people, seeing money enough ahead to live on for three or four years, was all for what he called, "living," living while young and capable of enjoyment. The father and Julia not seeing eye to eye with this idealist furnished the conflict necessary to the making of a play.

What could be better? From material so rich Mr. Barry might have made any kind of a play he felt a fancy for, a comedy, say, a serious drama, or a farce. Unable, apparently, to choose among so many inviting genres, he chose instead to combine them all.

By way of farce he limited himself to the polite variety, smart speeches and wit and conscious cleverness in the mouths of everybody on the stage, some of it highly diverting, some of it too artificial to amuse. The actors, be it said, every one of them, made the most of the crisp morsels that came to their lips.

When he turned to serious drama, Mr. Barry, although pronouncedly a person of today in speech and manner, set his folk to disputing about youth and love, freedom, the emptiness of a life, of work and money, the charms of idleness, quite as Ibsen might have done 50 years ago. Ibsen, though, made people believe he believed what he said; he never turned aside from his point to raise a laugh.

It was when he laid down his light touch long enough to write real comedy that Mr. Barry showed himself strongest. The love of Julia for the young man of the people, the love of Julia's up and coming sister for Julia, for the young man and for her drunken brother, the thrill of suspense preceding the end—these made for comedy of genuine worth.

The play was admirably acted. Lack of space forbids details, but attention must be called to the personal charm of Miss Williams which turned an extravagant role convincing, also to her fine technical skill. Miss Tree, Mr. Walker and Mr. Owsley deserve especially honorable mention in a cast of unusual excellence. R. R. G.

#### SHUBERT THEATRE

##### "A Night in Venice"

An extravaganza in two acts. Staged by Busby Berkeley; music by Lee David and Maurice Rubens; lyrics by Joe Keirn Brennan and M. Jaffe; settings by Watson Barratt. First performance in Boston. The principal performers were Ted Healy, Ann Seymour, Beth and Betty Dodge, Claude and Clarence Stroud, Stanley Rogers, Joe and Pete Michon, Betsy Rees, the Johnsons, Halfred Young, John Byam, Olevine Johnson, Jackie Paige, the Bear and Stevens Brothers. Chester Hale troupe of dancers and the Allan K. Foster girls.

This is one of the funniest shows that Boston has been favored with in many a season. To be sure, much of the comedy is low—very low—and the chief comedians have again and again recourse to the double entendre, but it has its light moments as well, as wit-

ness the simulated spontaneity of Ted Healy.

For its pictorial elegance much might be said. Much lingers in the memory, as "The Lure of the Night," with Venetian beauties on an ice flow, if your imagination can follow such an incongruity. Then again the Plate, after the manner of Cellini, with a dozen undraped cuties high up in the flies. And again the dancing and evolutions on the grand staircase, that revealed Busby Berkeley as getting away from fundamentals in the dance and showing skill at invention and imagination.

For the dancing there is quite enough for one evening. There are the Dodge sisters, gospel-eyed, bare of legs and back, rounding out an exceptional program. Their bird dance was an outstanding feature of the performance, their pantomime a succession of subtleties. So, too, the Stroud brothers, in nifties of the dance. And the ensemble, a vivacious group of cuties, worked hard and long and charmed with their rhythmic elegance, their precision, the lightness of their dance. Ted Healy was everywhere, wisecracking and spreading his airy flippancies with unconscious abandon.

And so the kettle boils at the Shubert. Call it vaudeville or what you will; by any name it's a smashing entertainment. T. A. R.

#### REPERTORY THEATRE

##### "Julius Caesar"

A tragedy in five acts, by William Shakespeare; revived under the direction of Henry Jewett by the Henry Jewett Repertory Theatre company, with the following cast:

Julius Caesar	Howard Kyle
Marcus Antonius	Allen Nourse
Marcus Brutus	Lark Taylor
Cassius	Curtis Rhea
Calpurnia	John B. Ryno
Trebonius	Arthur Latham
Cinna	Kenneth Reardon
Soothsayer	Charles Douglas
Titinius	William Gilbert
Decius Brutus	John Warburton
Octavius Caesar	James Grainger
Lucius	Rema Mayana
Portia	Cynthia Brooke
Calpurnia	Cynthia Latham

Not often to our stage comes "Julius Caesar," once favorite war-horse for the resounding tragedians of the past. The demands that the play makes not only on the actors but also on the scene designer and producer are too great to be undertaken lightly. There must be four actors of more than ordinary merit if the tremendous issues involved are to be brought out with the necessary emotional power. No mere elocution will suffice, as all know who have suffered in the past from the amateur performers whose highest idea of bliss was to get their teeth in the tempting speeches so kindly provided for Marc Antony by the thoughtful Mr. Shakespeare. Brutus will not be served by Roman attitudes alone; if there is not a sense of deep and overwhelming sincerity and uprightness of soul he will be nothing but a self-righteous prig. As for Cassius, he must be played with more than a sputtering and futile irritation; it lies with the actor to convey what Shakespeare wrote: that this man was no empty and volcanic anarchist but a patriot whose idealism, less lofty than that of Brutus, was a more practical nature and who failed only because he was at every turn thwarted by the excessive scrupulousness of a man who failed lamentably to understand the fickleness of human nature. Portia, the "woman well-reputed," who was cast in too heroic a mould to survive defeat and whose death, a horrible death, is less complex than the men, but she must be shown to have a certain womanly softness that the Roman matron schooled in self-control would be prone to hide. Indeed the play requires a cast of giants and perhaps reached its fitting triumph only at the historic production when Edwin Booth and his two brothers, playing Brutus, Antony and Cassius, lifted it to the heights.

Yet all these fond imaginings are not meant to disparage the efforts of those who nowadays are brave enough to offer us Shakespeare. Mr. Jewett is to be highly commended for giving Boston another chance to see "Julius Caesar" that is so seldom given outside of schools. Last night's performance was notable particularly for the excellence of the Brutus; Lark Taylor in that part which is the very heart of the play portrayed the noble patriot with a fine simplicity and dignity that won him admiration and sympathy. His speeches, far from sounding sententious and dull, were spoken with an earnestness that gave them a new freshness and interest. The Marc Antony of Allen Nourse was picturesque and vivid, his dramatic power and intensity in the forum scene deserve especial commendation. Julius Caesar, as acted with considerable impressiveness by Howard Kyle, stood out with startling effect in the few scenes in which he appeared. The Portia of Miss Cynthia Brooke spoke her lines beautifully and was excellently suited to the part. The scenery was effective and of an appropriate simplicity. E. L. H.

#### HOLLIS ST. THEATRE

#### "Porgy"

A play in three acts by Dorothy and Du Bose Heyward; staged by Rouben Mamoulian and produced by the Theatre Guild at the Guild Theatre, New York, Oct. 10, 1927. Performed also at the Martin Beck Theatre, New York, Sept. 12, 1929. Presented last evening at the Hollis Street Theatre in a return engagement, with these principal players:

Maria	Georgette Harvey
Joe	Wesley
Clara	Dorothy Paul
Robbins	Percy Verwayne
Simon Frazier	Rose MacLendon
Alan Archdale	Wayland Rudd
Undertaker	Frank Wilson
Crab Man	Jack Carter

Crown's Bess	Evelyn Ellis
Simon Frazier	Morris McKenny
Alan Archdale	Erskine Sanford
Clara	Edna Thomas
Undertaker	
Crab Man	Leich Whipper

With that degree of temerity sprung from untutored knowledge that "Porgy" stands unique on today's stage, the Theatre Guild has challenged accepted beliefs that a play two years old is a play cold and dead, fit for revival only after a decent term of years has allowed one generation to pass and a new one to become theatre-minded. Twice New York has seen this rhythmic, shadowy portraiture of those humble, loyal, simple, vicious or irresponsible souls who dwell within the dingy walls of Catfish or Cabbage Row; twice now has Boston had like privilege; even to London meanwhile has the Guild trans-shipped this savory segment of southern negro life with no belittlement of its own prestige. Few plays of such singularly racial theme have enjoyed such universal acclaim. "Able's Irish Rose" was such a play, but that was sheer comedy, frequently farce; and it owed a great share of its remarkable success to the fact that the major part of our national population was frankly concerned over the alliance of the Levys and the Murphys.

But now the story of "Porgy" is commonly known; the story of a crippled negro who had one great love for Bess, attractive but debased by drink and drugs; his loyalty and helpfulness to the girl when others of her race would shun her. How Crown, brutish always, killed poor Robbins in a dice game, took to the swamps, stole Bess from the homeward-bound picnickers, kept her a week and sent her home out of her head, home to the faithful Porgy. How Porgy waited by his window, strangled his enemy, went to jail for five days "fo contempt o' cote," returned to Catfish Row with his pockets filled with gifts for his neighbors, to find Bess had betrayed him, had gone to New York with the Sporting Life, the high-yellow man, purveyor of "happy dust," who always had coveted her. And how Porgy, desperate, set out in his little goat cart to find her, way up North.

Last evening's performance lost something by a series of inexplicable stage waits. It would seem that expedition in set changes now could be reasonably expected, yet repeatedly the continuity was broken, the spell weakened, while strange noises denoting confusion seeped through an unemotional curtain. By so much was injustice visited on the players, for on their part they seemed as eager, as natural, as spontaneous as if their roles had come freshly to them. There is not space in which to renew praise of this or that principal. Through Mr. Wilson, down to Mr. Whipper's dual bits as the sympathetic undertaker and the chanting crab man, all were splendid. The spirituals were sung with feeling and gusto. That first act scene, with its gigantic wall shadows of the chanting mourners, has retained its impressiveness. Mr. Mamoulian's magic with lighting effects, his skill in groupings, in emotional contrasts, in individual characterizations, is still evident. "Porgy" is not cold and dead, yet. It possesses too much beauty, too much humanness, ever to perish. W. E. G.

#### THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COLONIAL—Earl Carroll "Vanities," revue, with W. C. Fields; second week.

COPILEY—The Creaking Chair," mystery farce, revival; second week.

HOLLIS—"Porgy," folk play, return engagement, eighth week.

MAJESTIC—"Follow Thru," musical comedy, eighth week.

PLYMOUTH—"Holiday," Philip Barry's comedy, with Hope Williams.

REPERTORY—"Julius Caesar," Shakespeare's historical play.

SHUBERT—"A Night in Venice," extravaganza, with Ted Healy.

TREMONT—"Bitter Sweet," Noel Coward's operetta, American premiere, tonight.

WILBUR—"The Age of Innocence," comedy drama, with Katharine Cornell.

THEATRE—"Strange Interlude," with Theatre Guild players; fourth and last week.

#### LOEW'S STATE

##### "The Trespasser"

An all-talking screen drama, written and directed by Edmund Goulding and presented by United Artists, with the following cast:

Marion Donnell	Gloria Swanson
Jack Merrick	Robert Ames
Hector Ferguson	Purnell Pratt
Fuller	Henry B. Walthall
Jackie	Wally Abbott
John Merrick, Sr.	William Hall
Miss Potter	Blanche Fisher
Miss Ferguson	Kay Hammond
Blanche	Mary Forbes
	Nancy in Corday

For once the slightly hysterical en-

thusiasm of press agents seems to have been justified. Gloria Swanson in her first talking picture proves herself an infinitely finer actress than she ever was in the silent pictures. She should be deeply grateful to the coming of sound and speech in the films, since now her excellent speaking voice adds further depth and charm to her dramatic ability. If "The Trespasser" seems unworthy of her new-found merits it is still good enough to give ample hint of what she may do in the future with more original and noteworthy material. It is not only her speaking voice which adds interest to Miss Swanson's performance; she seems younger, handsomer and more buoyant. Of course, she dresses, as always, in the height of fashion, but for a change she is allowed to be something besides a fashion plate. Aside from one glaringly improbable incident, when Gloria is summoned to the death-bed of the man who had befriended her and arrives at his home in the most extreme of evening toilettes, ermine wrap and all, good taste prevails throughout the picture. Miss Swanson was her own producer, which may account for a good deal.

Marion Donnell, an efficient and attractive young stenographer, elopes with Jack Merrick, only son of an enormously wealthy and snobbish millionaire. After a few days of happiness Mr. Merrick discovers them, insults Marion and forces an annulment on his easy-going but reluctant son. Marion goes back to work and Jack, in despair, marries the girl his father had chosen for him—Catherine Carson, known for some reason as "Flip." In the course of a year a son is born to Marion and, on going for help to Mr. Merrick, she learns that Jack and his wife have been seriously injured in an accident in France. Hector Ferguson, Marion's employer, falls in love with her and does everything to make her happy, though he cannot marry her, since he has a wife already. At his death he leaves a large sum of money to Marion, an act of generosity that causes all kinds of scandal and forces Marion not only to reject the gift, but also to call on Jack to establish the paternity of her son. Brought together once more, Jack and Marion find that they still love each other, but cannot forget Jack's wife, now a cripple. "Flip" offers to give Jack up, but Marion will not accept the sacrifice. She sends her son to Jack and disappears, but later on there is a reunion for the sake of a happy ending.

Miss Swanson gives a very fine, sincere and moving performance as the sorely tried Marion, and reaches a real climax of emotion in the tragic scene when she gives up Jack for what she thinks is the last time. To this same scene Kay Hammond contributed a very touching portrayal as the crippled young wife who loved her husband so much more than her own happiness. Others in the cast who deserve mention are Robert Ames as the pleasant, though singularly unforceful Jack Merrick, and Purnell Pratt as Hector Ferguson, Marion's protector and friend. E. L. H.

#### WINIFRED MACBRIDGE

Winifred Macbride played the following piano music last night at Jordan hall: Fantaisie and Fugue in G minor, Bach-Liszt; Fantaisie in F minor, Chopin; Sonata in B minor, Liszt; Ragamuffin, Ireland; Folk-Tune, Goossens; Rush Hour in Hong Kong, Chasins; Refrain de Berceau, Bird Song, Palmgren; Danse Rituelle du Feu, De Falla; La Danse d'Olaf, Rachmaninoff; Prelude in B flat, Rachmaninoff.

Miss Macbride has a good technique, though it is not always equal to the demands she puts on it; she is able to set up excellent rhythm—live and flexible; she has a flair for dramatic contrast; for the mysterious and the poignant in small pieces, and she is adept at evoking atmosphere. Where her music demands clarity, precision, and nicety, she is at her best. Where it calls for great sonority, power, and skilfully varied dynamics, she has not quite the strength necessary. Her passage work got blurred as the concert progressed, and she was inclined to over-pedal, in an effort to reach the sonority she set as her goal. However, she is on the whole, a satisfying pianist. She has lightness and delicacy, even poetry, without falling into the over-languorous, too-graceful style so many women pianists resort to. She has humor, and a sense of the fantastic.

A very small but appreciative audience applauded and demanded extra numbers. E. B.

#### BRIGHTON'S NEW THEATRE

Since the new Neteco Egyptian Theatre in Brighton opened its doors to the public for the first time last Saturday evening, it has been visited by tremendous throngs, comprising not only regular movie patrons but hundreds of persons eager to view this exceptionally beautiful atmospheric sea-



located only 20 minutes from Park street, on the main thoroughfare of Brighton. There is ample space in the rear of the structure for parking of more than 200 cars. Mr. Samuel Pinski, president of Netoco, justly proud of his latest contribution to the comfort of the theatre-going public, acknowledges an indebtedness to the theatre's architects, the Messrs. Eisenberg and Feer.

This week's screen program offers two attractive features, "Broadway" and "Our Modern Maidens," with Joan Crawford, in addition to a generous showing of short subjects, and latest news reels.

Oct 23 1929

**TREMONT THEATRE**  
**"Bitter Sweet"**

First performance in America of "Bitter Sweet," an operetta in three acts, score and lyrics by Noel Coward; produced by Charles B. Cochran at the Palace Theatre, Manchester, Eng., July 11, 1929; at his Majesty's Theatre, London, July 18, 1929, with Peggy Wood as the Marchioness of Shayne, Dorothy Boyd as Dolly Chamberlain, William Hart as Lord Henry, Billy Wilson as Vincent Howard; presented at the Tremont Theatre last evening by Florenz Ziegfeld and Arch Selwyn, in association with Mr. Cochran, with the following cast:

Dolly Chamberlain.....	Patricia Ludlow
Lord Henry.....	Max Kirby
Vincent Howard.....	Evelyn Lane
Marchioness of Shayne.....	Gerald Noddy
Mr. Millick.....	Isabel Ohmrad
Mr. Bush Devon.....	Tracey Holmes
Mr. Millick.....	Zoe Gordon
Mr. Millick.....	Miriette
Mr. August Little.....	Desmond Jeans
Mr. Schenck.....	Phlontoff Moore
Marchioness of Shayne.....	Evelyn Lane
Lady Devon.....	Jane Moore

What a first night! What a premiere performance! And what an audience, held in the ecstasy of an evening of enchantment! Here is an occasion for hyperbole, for use of words and phrases feebly expressing amazement, admiration and applause for one of the most extraordinary achievements on any stage, at any time. Extraordinary, because it seems inconceivable that one man, no matter how deliberate in preparation, how resourceful in the varied forms of stagecraft, could have turned out such a brilliant, fascinating, acutely gripping operetta. A study, romantic, humorous story, dialogue crisp or tender or satiric as becomes the mood of character or scene; melodies graceful, witty, always fluent, frequently stirring and invariably delightfully scored; lyrics pointed with humor, softened with sentiment, sharpened with subtlety; never dull nor coarse nor wasteful.

Gilbert could write lyrics, but it needed Sullivan's music to complement them. Offenbach, Planquette, Lecoco and the many others leaned on their librettists. In these days, at home, a composer does not deem it a misdemeanor to collaborate with a half-dozen lyricists. True, our own George M. Cohan has written several musical comedies, words, music and all; but he had a faithful friend to orchestrate his tunes; and he never has written an operetta. Mr. Cohan, meet Mr. Coward, and then go and write us an American operetta.

The time, this year of grace. The opening scene, serving as prologue, Lady Shayne's home in Grosvenor square, London. Lady Shayne, who sees abominations in jazz, noise and speed, walks on to see her favorite niece, Dolly Chamberlain, in the embrace of the leader of the jazz band engaged for the evening. Lady Shayne is not shocked; rather she approves, though she knows that Dolly is nominally engaged to a dull but otherwise eligible youth of her own set. The marchioness is vexed, not at Dolly's choice of lovers but at her indecision as to what she shall do. "Will you live for her, die for her?" she asks the jazzist, though she must see him as a shallow, selfish, ill-bred fellow. Then Lady Shayne relates her own story, of romance, tragedy, youthful passion come to rest in a haven of still waters.

The scene changes to Vienna, to a cafe where Sarah Millick-Linden, for that was the early name of Lady Shayne, sings o' nights while her lover-husband, Carl, a young Austrian music-master, fiddles. Sarah also dances with the patrons. One night a young cavalry officer embraces her ardently. Carl springs at him, calls him a swine, is killed in a travesty of a duel. His widow becomes Sari Linden, a famous singer, returns to London, meets Lord Shayne, an old admirer, who gives a house party in her honor, proposes, and is accepted, though Sari tells him honestly that her heart is in the grave with Carl.

Back to Grosvenor square for the epilogue: Lady Shayne's story is told, she sings one of her dead lover's songs to an impatient group of youngsters. Dolly, making her choice, flies to the arms of her jazz leader, who nonchalantly releases himself. Hearing that old song, he exclaims: "What a melody," and proceeds to jazz it. The ending is not conclusive. Does it hint that jazz will not be put down, that it is stronger than romance? It would be interesting to know what Dolly's future held.

This hasty summation cannot do half

justice to the full rich narrative as it is related in the performance. It is impossible in words to conjure up a picture or series of pictures such as were unfolded. The scenes in Lady Shayne's house, in Herr Schlick's cafe in Vienna, each typical, each true in detail. The costumes of 1850, of 1875, of 1895, and of course, of 1929. Seldom such vivid, gay colors, such reminiscent designs of gown and coiffure. For music, waltzes, once at least a romping polka, a march or two, ballads of sentiment, a sextet, unaccompanied, in the tradition of an old English part-song; superb choral climaxes for mixed voices;—voices fresh and wonderfully well trained. There are a half dozen fine numbers: "Tell Me, What Is Love?" "Ladies of the Town," a rollicking quartet, done joyously, "Little Cafe," a duo, "Tokay," "Green Carnations," a polished caricature set to music, and "Zigeuner." All of these numbers were played admirably by a large orchestra conducted by Frank Tours, a musician of ripe knowledge.

Miss Laye, as the beautiful Sarah Millick,—Linden-Shayne, received an ovation on her first entrance, gained steadily in esteem. She has fine features, a voice of remarkable clarity; she has poise, a hundred little graces, to mark her as gifted singer, finished actress. Mr. Nodin as Carl Linden, the lover who died for love, likewise in voice and performance was more than adequate. It is impossible here to mention all of the cast who deserve praise, but a word must be spoken for the piquancy of Mlle. Mireille as the cafe dancer, Manon, and for Miss Gordon, as Lotte, one of the quartet of cheerful ladies of the town.

The audience, representative of the discriminatory order of lovers of good theatre and good music, was friendly from the beginning and generous with adulation throughout. Mr. Coward, who, strange to say, was not hiding on a fire escape but sat throughout the evening in a stage box, briefly expressed his thanks for such kindly reception of his modest little opus.

**W. E. G.**

**KOUSSEVITZKY**

A very large audience went last night to Symphony hall to hear Mr. Koussevitzky play the double bass, also to help the Elizabeth Peabody House Association and the Travelers' Aid Society.

They had, in some respects, a curious evening of it, for during the first half of the concert they heard musicians of quality in the ungrateful roles of substitutes. Mr. Koussevitzky, for instance, in the opinion of experts a master at the double bass, they heard doing his best with that double bass to make it fill the place of a bassoon. For Mozart, no less, wrote a concerto for bassoon, with accompaniment for instruments in variety—which variety Mr. Pierre Luboshutz, at the piano, supplied as well as he could. Of the solo part Mr. Koussevitzky made something very sweet.

Mr. Fraser Gange, like Mr. Luboshutz, doing his best, drove his nice baritone voice deep down as he could to meet the demands of a low bass voice in Mozart's aria, "Per questa bella mano." Mr. Koussevitzky playing a florid obligato. Mr. Burgin led a small orchestra delightfully. It brought refreshment, that orchestra with every instrument holding to its most satisfactory place.

In Bruck's "Kol Nidre!" Mr. Koussevitzky tried conclusions with a cello. Here he met his most happy results. Low tones abounded, of a glorious richness, and the upper tones, surely not a double bass's best, sounded not amiss in Bruck's sombre liturgical music.

In the second half of the concert the artists confined themselves more comfortably to the instruments at their command. Mr. Gange, indeed, in Brahms's "Four Serious Songs," found music so nicely adapted to his excellent voice that he might safely have ventured to trust more completely Brahms's vocal line and the biblical texts; they stand in no need of dramatic betterments. And Mr. Koussevitzky played next his own concerto, a work already known and praised for its musical grace and its skilful use of his instrument's capabilities.

The audience showed pleasure all the evening.

**R. R. G.**

Oct 24 1929

**MARTHA BAIRD**

Martha Baird, at her recital last night in Jordan Hall, was all for music large in scale. She began with Bach, his Toccata in C, arranged by Busoni. She went on with Beethoven, the Waldstein Sonata. Coming to Chopin, she chose the Chopin of biggest mould,

him of the B-flat minor sonata.

As a rest, perhaps, before tackling Liszt—the D-flat major study and some unfamiliar variations on a theme by Paganini—Miss Baird announced four preludes by Debussy: "Les Sons et les Parfums," "Des Pas sur la Neige," "Feux d'Artifice" and "Voiles."

Surely Miss Baird attempted to prepare too much. She is not, to set down an impression in words perhaps too plain, a musician so natively endowed with fine rhythmic feeling, so sensitive to melody, or yet so keenly alive to what is emotional and dramatic in music that she can venture performances—like those of the two sonatas—which suggest improvisations.

Here lies no hint that Miss Baird failed to prepare those sonatas in the way she thought fit. Of course, she did nothing of the kind. A still keener analysis, however, of Beethoven's infinite rhythmic variety, she must undertake before she can hope to do justice to a sonata like that called Waldstein. To the significance that derives from repetitions, too, and sequences, from dynamic contrasts downright sharp, it may be permitted to call Miss Baird's attention.

Miss Baird has many assets; notably, beautiful tone, fingers and wrists admirably trained. In Chopin's funeral march, where rhythmical vagaries could not tempt her astray, where a single mood prevailed, she played extremely well.

Her audience applauded Miss Baird warmly.

**R. R. G.**

**CONCERT NOTES**

Lee Pattison, pianist, will play in Jordan hall this evening when he will give the first public performance of his recently composed suite entitled "Told in the Hills." This suite has the following titles for the various movements: In the Style of a Folk Song; Allegretto Scherzando; Sleep Well, My Child; Sleep Softly Under the Trees; We Twirled the Globe—Africa and far Peru, Spun Gaily by Old China; Too, astonished to find himself, as round he sped in wake of far Peru; Ripples the brook, gleams the shifting sky; Like a Processional.

On remembering a child's tune (Mistress Mary), Mr. Pattison will also play two sonatas by Soler, Purcell's Minuet, Bull's the King's Hunting Jig; Schumann's Phantasie op. 17; Chopin's Barcarolle and Scherzo in C sharp minor.

The program of the Symphony concerts tomorrow night and Saturday afternoon will be as follows: Vivaldi, Concerto D minor for orchestra with organ, edited by Alexander Siloti; Werner Josten, "Jungle," a symphonic poem (first performance); Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 6, "Pathetic." The concerto was the first composition conducted by Dr. Koussevitzky in Boston, at the first concert of the 44th season, Oct. 10, 1924. It was the first performance of the concerto in the United States. Music by Mr. Josten of Smith College, Northampton, was played at a symphony concert last season. The "Jungle" will be performed for the first time. It was suggested by one of Henri Rousseau's pictures. He was a French painter who did not turn to art till he was 40 years old.

It is said his ideas of jungles were derived from frequent visits to the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. Highly impressionistic, his paintings were hung unfavorably at exhibitions. He was derided by colleagues and the public. Today his pictures command a high price. He knew extreme poverty until he died in 1910. Mr. Josten wrote "Jungle" at first for an unusually great orchestra. The present version, though it still calls for a full band of players, is not so numerically exacting. The music tries to portray "the emotions and sensations which assail a white man entering the jungle, with its lures, terrors, primitive love and ferocious death."

The Isadora Duncan dancers will give entertainments tomorrow night and Saturday afternoon in Symphony hall for the benefit of the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary. The dancers, Lisa, Lola, Maya, Lily, Tamara, Manya, Alexandra, will be headed by Irma Dunca, who as a solo dancer and with the ensemble, will dance to music by Schubert, Scriabin, J. Strauss and Chopin. There will be two solo dances and a dozen divertissements tomorrow night. A feature of the entertainments will be Gretchaninov's Russian songs danced by the ensemble; also impressions of modern Russia. Maurice Sheyne will be the pianist.

Albion Metcalf, pianist, has arranged this program for his recital in Jordan hall Saturday afternoon: Bach-Siloti, organ prelude, E minor; Bach, Gigue from the 5th French suite; Medtner, sonata-ballad with introduction and finale, op. 27; Liszt, Dance of the Gnomes; Brahms, intermezzo, A major, scherzo from sonata op. 1; Scriabin, prelude, E minor; Toch, The Juggler; Chopin, ballad, F major, nocturne, D flat major, etude, C major, scherzo, B minor.

**P. H.**

Oct 25 1929

**LEE PATTISON**

Lee Pattison, pianist, gave his first Boston recital in several seasons last

night in Jordan hall. A fair-sized and distinguished audience was present to hear him solo, after so many successful appearances in two-piano recitals with Guy Maier, and to hear the first public performance of his recently composed suite, "Told in the Hills."

Mr. Pattison played exquisitely in the first four pieces on his program—two sonatas of Padre Antonio Soler, a minuet of Purcell, and The King's Hunting Jig of John Bull. Delicacy, clarity, agility, marvelous rhythm, and good taste were apparent in his playing of these. The grace of the minuet, the merry agility of the jig, he evoked skilfully. But in the Schumann Phantasie (op. 17) which followed, the very gaudiness that made his first offerings so enjoyable tended to dim the majesty of Schumann's moving themes. Mr. Pattison seemed too preoccupied with decoration, with dainty and studied nuance in embellishment, to give out the full grandeur of the work. But his vital and exciting rhythms helped to carry over to the listeners much beauty.

The second half of the program opened with Mr. Pattison's suite, "Told in the Hills." The seven pieces, moderate: In the Style of a Folk Song; Allegretto Scherzando; Andante; "Sleep Well, My Child Softly Under the Trees"; Allegro Giocoso; Andante: "Ripples the Brook, Gleams the Shifting Sky"; Moderato: Like a Processional; Epilogue: On Remembering a Child's Tune." As the titles indicate, the work is in poetic vein, reminiscent of MacDowell, charmingly varied, and fanciful. This is frankly descriptive music, containing much that is charming, much that is brilliant, and few moments of rather labored and heavy sonority, notably in the Processional.

The program closed with a performance of Chopin's Barcarolle op. 60, and a scherzo in C sharp minor. Mr. Pattison let himself be tempted into setting forth tempi too fast to reveal the shape of phrase, and he did unconventional things in both selections, but one cannot help gasping at the sheer speed of octaves such as he showed on the scherzo, and at his impelling and breathless rhythms.

Mr. Pattison was warmly applauded and compelled to add to his program.

**E. B.**

**METROPOLITAN**

**"Disraeli"**

An all-talking picture adapted for the screen by Julian Josephson from the play of the same name by Louis Napoleon Parker, directed by Alfred E. Greene and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Disraeli.....	George Arliss
Lady Clarissa.....	Joan Bennett
Lady Beaconsfield.....	Florence Ariss
Charles—Lord Dersford.....	Anthony Bushell
Lord Robert.....	David Torrence
Hugh Myers.....	Ivan Simpson
Mrs. Travers.....	Doris Lloyd
Duchess of Glastonbury.....	Gwendolyn Logan
Count Rosinow.....	Michael Visaroff
Mr. Terle.....	Kyrle Bellow
Foljambe.....	Norman Cameron
Queen Victoria.....	Margaret Mann

If George Arliss had been acting on the stage in person we doubt very much if the attention accorded him would have been any more absorbed or the applause more enthusiastic than that which greeted the showing of his first talking picture, "Disraeli," at the Metropolitan Theatre yesterday afternoon.

As long as he was before the camera nothing else mattered: not the fact that the picture itself had followed the play from which it was drawn with such meticulous care, that the plot fairly cracked with obviousness and age, nor that many of the actors taking part appeared uncomfortably stagey, as contrasted with Mr. Arliss's suave and satisfying portrayal. With Disraeli in the flesh, so vivid did it all seem, we became as excited over the purchase of the Suez canal as if we were intimately concerned and might expect peerages as a result of its successful accomplishment. Mr. Arliss gave so fresh, so finished and so convincing a performance that he has been playing this part for years.

Several years ago there was a silent film made of "Disraeli," which we chanced to see, and while the dramatic effect is much heightened by the use of speech, the mechanical differences are very slight. In both cases the picture was a faithful copy of the play and nothing else, and the result inevitably made for a certain amount of staginess. Scenes end sharply as if a curtain had been dropped, and little effort has been made to sustain the action. The actual negotiation for the purchase of the canal are never seen on the screen which seems rather a mistake, since they could be made more dramatic than Disraeli's leisurely manoeuvres with Mrs. Travers, the Russian spy. In short, little or no use was made of the wider field offered by the infinite possibilities of the moving picture; all the director did was to photograph the play.

But after all, what really matters is George Arliss, and there is no possible fault to find with him. His fine voice with its infinite range of expression, so well controlled that even a whisper was perfectly distinct, was a revelation in



itself. His makeup, so like that of the real Disraeli that it was almost eerie to see him, was no handicap to the subtle play of emotion for which his mobile face is famous. He was entirely convincing at every moment of the film and gave a wonderful idea of the brilliant mind and indomitable courage that made Disraeli, exotic and incomprehensible alien that he was in the England of his time, such a powerful and accomplished man.

In the supporting cast the pleasantest performance was given by the charming and dainty Miss Joan Bennett, a picture of loveliness and grace in that most trying of all costumes, the bustle. Her scenes with Mr. Arliss were naturally and attractively played and she made the minor character of Lady Clarissa Pevensey a great addition to the picture. Mrs. Arliss repeated her sympathetic portrayal of Lady Beaconsfield, Disraeli's plain and devoted wife, and David Torrence was again excellent as Lord Probert, the head of the Bank of England whose obstinacy nearly brought Disraeli's cherished plan to nothing. The others were all sufficient to their parts.

E. L. H.

Oct 26 '27

## Symphony Concert

BY PHILIP HALE

The third concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Vivaldi, Concerto, D minor, for orchestra with organ (edited by Siloti. Josten, "Jungle"), symphonic poem (first performance), Tchaikovsky, symphony No. 6, B minor, "Pathetic."

Werner Josten, teacher of fugue and composition at Smith College, wrote "Jungle" last year. The subject was not suggested to him by any tale of adventure; not even by H. M. Tomlinson's famous book of his experiences in Brazil, nor by the marvellous description of the Eastern jungle in "Gallion's Reach." Mr. Josten saw a picture by Henri Rousseau, who began to paint when he was 40 years old; he was ridiculed, his exhibited paintings were badly hung; all sorts of obstacles were put in his way; he was wretchedly poor to the day of his death in 1910. And now the once despised pictures command a high price. Rousseau did not find it necessary to visit a jungle. Studies in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris were sufficient for his purpose, as Auber did not visit Naples for "local color" when he wrote characteristically Neapolitan music for scenes in "La Muette de Portici." Mr. Josten informs us that the music of his symphonic poem "tries to portray the emotions and sensations which assail a white man entering the jungle, with its lures, terrors, primitive love and ferocious death." One might reasonably say that no music can give so vivid impressions of jungle life as does the prose of Tomlinson, Paul Morand or Andre Gide; but given Mr. Josten's program, any hearer who is willing to meet him half way will admit that he has written admirably to express in tones that program; and this without any desire to be sensational. His themes are his own with the exception of a Voodoo rhythmic motive; nor does he content himself merely with episodes loosely connected; the work is firmly knit, it has form and substance. Mr. Josten not only has musical ideas in plenty; he has imagination; he realizes in music what he saw in Rousseau's picture. No doubt the music is more picturesque, more impressive than the painting. From the beginning to the end there is the assurance of a sagacity, a wildness in tones that does not depend at all on laboriously sought-out dissonances or car-splitting tonal explosions. A huge orchestra is employed. Probably the instrument "the lion roar" appears for the first time in the orchestra. (It is a greatly enlarged edition of boyhood's plaything, known as "the Devil's Fiddle," by some as "the bull fiddle.") But the effectiveness of Mr. Josten's score does not rest on attempts at realism, any more than the sheep in Strauss's "Don Quixote," are the commanding feature in that tone-poem. As among African tribes, so in this symphonic poem, drums have their meaning, at times sinister and portentous, but the work gives the impression that the melodic figures, the developments, the harmonic schemes, the contrasts—note the haunting sensuality of the love episode—were all conceived as a whole.

"Jungle" is an uncommonly interesting work, none the less so because it comes from a teacher at Smith College who delights in the revival of operas by Monteverde and Handel; finds inspiration in poems by Shelley and Baudelaire; hymns the praise of the "Queen of Paradys" and has not forgotten Dryden's "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day."

Dr. Koussevitzky, as is his habit, took great pains in the preparation of the performance. Although the music pre-

sents many technical difficulties, the performance was a brilliant one. The composer was deservedly called to the platform.

Vivaldi's concerto was the first composition conducted by Dr. Koussevitzky in Boston. It is worth hearing more than once if only for the beautiful slow movement. The other movements deserve respectful attention, especially from those who loudly, one might say blatantly, proclaim that the history of music began only with the coming of Stravinsky. Handel, Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms—they are all "old hat"; though some condescend to speak favorably of Mozart. No doubt these extolers of ultra-modern music, making no discrimination in their wild-eyed eulogy, would sniff disdainfully at the superbly dramatic performance of the "Pathetic" symphony and dismiss the great Russian whose appeal is universal, as a maker of tunes, possibly prefacing "tunes" by the word "vulgar," or saying that this music is "too obvious." It is the fashion in some quarters to extol Rimsky-Korsakov at the expense of Tchaikovsky, but the latter was a man of a far deeper nature who was not ashamed to sound his own joy and unhappiness, his delight in life and his dread of death. So that his own emotions make their way to the hearts of his hearers.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The next concerts will be on Nov. 8 and 9, for the orchestra will be away next week. The program of the fourth pair of concerts will comprise Mozart's Symphony in E flat (K. 543), Gruenberg's Symphonic poem "The Enchanted Isle" (first time in Boston), Spohr's Nocturne, a suite for wind instruments (probably a first performance here) and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel."

## ISADORA DUNCAN DANCERS

The Isadora Duncan Dancers, with Irma Duncan their director, danced with exuberance and grace last night at Symphony hall. The performance was given for the benefit of the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary. There was a distinguished list of patronesses, and a large, but by no means large enough audience. The audience was not large enough because there were quite a few empty seats in the hall, and it is regrettable that there should be any when these dancers from Moscow give their programs. Their art is vital, dramatic, sincere, buoyant and thrilling.

The first section of the program consisted of dances (solo and ensemble) to music by Schubert, Schumann, Grieg and Strauss. The arranger of the dances (probably Irma Duncan, the director) has a genius for evolving compositions that are not merely graceful and expressive, but also vibrant with meaning—part of the music, without obviously interpreting it. From a central core of motion, waves of movement flow forth, expend themselves, and return to the core for renewal. Every gesture of the dancers has meaning, and even in their "pure" dancing one senses a strongly personal, even a national, flavor.

The second part of the program was danced to music of Chopin. The abandoned grace, the healthy naturalness, the youthful gaiety and ingenuousness of the gifted Russian girls lent added charm to the music. With postures and steps that brought out the national bouquet of the music, they enlivened it, and lent it sharper poignancy. In the A Minor Polonaise they executed an electrifying ensemble, revolutionary in spirit, tellingly dramatic.

The last section of the program was perhaps most interesting. Dancing and singing Russian folk tunes, they brought to the stage a naive and lovely art, not without the vitality and drama that is the core of everything they do. Their last three offerings, "Pictures of Modern Russia," were unusually moving. In

"The Work Song" they gave an unforgettable picture of youthful energy tugging and triumphing.

There was much applause for the young dancers, their gifted director and their able and artistic accompanist Maurice Sheyne.—E. B.

## UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

## "The Virginian"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Howard Estabrook from the novel and play of the same name by Owen Wister, directed by Victor Fleming and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

The Virginian..... Gary Cooper  
Trampas..... Walter Huston  
Steve..... Richard Arlen  
Molly Wood..... Mary Brian  
Uncle Ruckey..... Chester Conklin  
Honey Wiggan..... Eugene Palette  
Judge Henry..... E. H. Calvert  
"Ma" Henry..... Helen Ware  
Nebraska..... Victor Potel  
Shorty..... Tex Young  
Pedro..... Charles Stevens

O. Henry and Owen Wister: "In Old Arizona" and "The Virginian." Two excellent authors, two absorbing stories, two admirable out-of-doors pictures, with dialogic. Produced by two of the leading motion picture producing studios of the country, directed by men who

have lasting cinema achievement to their credit, filmed by players who know their screen technique forward and backward, it is inevitable that these two pictures be set side by side for passing comparison. Raoul Walsh and Irving Cummings, who directed "In Old Arizona" for Fox, were first in the field of out-door all-talking photoplays. They had a glamorous story, elaborated from an O. Henry short tale about the Cisco Kid, a lone bandit, a debonaire lover, a wily but lovable rogue, perfectly portrayed by Warner Baxter. That was a picture recording every conceivable sound in nature's barnyards and canons. Ten months later comes Paramount, with Mr. Fleming's careful screen production of Owen Wister's novel and stage play, "The Virginian."

Mr. Fleming believes in detail, sees in it the means of building up his main structure. He has a strong dramatic sense, knows how to ply suspense, how to stress a climax. Yet somehow, one had the impression at first view of "The Virginian" that for once at least the climax stole up unawares on Mr. Fleming, half way in his picture, leaving him with the need of rearing anew, that he might come surely and safely to the reasonable end of his picture. In other words, the scene of the lynching of Steve, the cowboy who became a cattle rustler through his own discon-

tent and the vicious influence of Trampas, was so fraught with tragedy, so unerringly approached and accomplished, so movingly played by Mr. Arlen, to say nothing of his fellow companions in thievery, that it became the big scene of the picture. The escape of Trampas to the foothills, the wounding of the Virginian, his recovery, and his inevitable encounter with the man who had degraded and betrayed his friend Steve became secondary incidents. Thus the picture closed at lower pitch than must have been intended.

Despite this situation "The Virginian" is an important contribution to the audible screen. Its photography is superb, especially that showing the passage of the stolen herd of cattle down a moonlit river. In fact, light and shadow play importantly throughout the picture. The scenes at the christening in Molly's school-house, with the youngster's dissonances in "Three Blind Mice," the capture and lynching of the cattle thieves, the bar of the Palace hotel, these were humorous, dramatic, picturesque. The acting was of high order. Mr. Cooper maintained a fine tempo as the drawling, soft-voiced Southerner. His affection for the luckless Steve was genuinely indicated, his sentimental scenes with Molly were natural because of their simplicity. Mr. Arlen made Steve almost the hero, Mr. Huston's Trampas becomes another of his flawless characterizations. Miss Brian was at her best in her outburst against "Ma" Henry, in her futile appeal to the Virginian that he avoid a duel with Trampas. Miss Ware, always the finished actress, made "Ma" Henry very real, and Mr. Palette was Honey Wiggan to the life.

W. E. G.

## STUART MASON

## DIES SUDDENLY

Stuart Mason, a member of the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music and for eight years conductor of the People's Symphony orchestra of Boston, died suddenly yesterday. He was 46 years old. Funeral services will be held Monday afternoon from the Watertown chapel, Boston, with the Rev. Marcus Carroll officiating.

Mr. Mason was a past master of Euclid lodge of Masons and a member of Delta lodge of Braintree. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Margaret C. Mason, and a son, William Chipman Mason, 2nd. The home is in 54 Revere street, Boston.

Mr. Mason made his Boston debut as a pianist with the Boston Orchestral Club in 1910. He served as soloist at one of the Boston Symphony concerts of 1921 and in 1923 he was invited to appear as guest conductor. From 1919 through 1927 he was conductor of the People's Symphony orchestra of Boston, giving programs which introduced much vital music and many distinguished musicians to Sunday afternoon audiences.

Oct 27 '27

By PHILIP HALE

Albion Metcalf, pianist, played in Jordan hall yesterday afternoon. Bach-Siloli, Orphan Prelude, E minor, Bach, Gigue from the fifth French Suite. Medtner, Sonata Ballad, with Introduction and Fugue. Liszt, Dance of the Gnomes. Brahms, Intermezzo, A major; Scherzo from Sonata op. 1. Scriabin, Prelude, E minor. Toch, The Juggler. Chopin, Ballad, F major; Nocturne, D flat major; Etude, C major; Scherzo, B minor.

This program might be fairly described as orthodox. There was no room for any musically immoral Frenchman. Toch of the ultra-moderns was admitted by reason of a parade piece which Mr. Metcalf played brilliantly, to the delight of the large audience. If there was need of transcribed organ

music by Bach, the man who rendered Couperin the Great wrote charming pieces for the predecessors of the piano, Mr. Metcalf did well to think of Siloti, and turn aside from the monstrosities of Busoni. Medtner is in fashion among some pianists, Medtner, who sold his birthright for a mess of Brahmsian pottage. And why write in the spirit of Brahms, or of Mozart or of Bach when the three wrote infinitely better than their would-be imitators. It was pleasant to note that Mr. Metcalf was not ashamed to recognize the fact that Liszt not only knew how to write for the piano, but often wrote exceedingly well, with originality, with plenty of ideas, writing as a gentlemanly virtuoso or as a true lover of the beautiful.

Mr. Metcalf is a pianist with whom it is necessary to reckon seriously. He has sufficient mechanical proficiency for what he undertakes; he has an agreeable touch; a touch that is pure and liquid when the music demands it; his rhythmic sense is well developed; he can frame the structure of a composition and supply gracefully and with fitness the ornamentation. In other words, he is a musician as well as a pianist. His interpretation of Siloti's transcription was sober but not dry; respectful but not dull. He was poetic with the Intermezzo of Brahms and the Chopinesque Prelude of Scriabin. No doubt

he played Medtner's music with understanding, but was the labor worth while?

The next time Mr. Metcalf plays in public—and he has faithful and appreciative followers, as was shown yesterday—may he have the boldness to stray still farther from the beaten track and let us hear what our young contemporaries in France, England, Italy, Russia and Germany are doing, even though they may seem to write audaciously and without regard for established formulas and academic traditions.

## ISADORA DUNCAN DANCERS

Fortunate indeed were those who accepted the opportunity to witness yesterday afternoon the graceful, rhythmic interpretation of classic melodies so airily portrayed by the Isadora Duncan Dancers from Moscow in their recital in Symphony hall. To have seen the transition from the slow march to Schubert's music, done by the girls in their soft, clinging draperies, hands upraised to heaven as if in solemn prayer to the gods, to the rollicking, gazelle-like tripping in the Mazurka and Valse from Chopin—to have seen this was to have dreamed for a few moments of being one's self a wood-nymph or a sprite from fairyland who could appear or float away at the wave of a magic wand.

"Scenes from Childhood," with the Schumann accompaniment, performed by a sextet, suggested all the playfulness of youngsters of any land in any age, representing games such as blind-man's buff and marching soldiers. Irma Duncan, flashing the commanding fire from eye and limb like a magnificent general, led her company in the Schubert Marche Militaire to the great enjoyment of an audience that made up in enthusiasm what it lacked in numbers. The Russian songs and the "Impressions of Modern Russia" that concluded the program roused the onlookers to repeated applause. Maurice Sheyne played the accompaniments. The simplicity of the costumes, in their bright tones of flame or autumn hues, allowed free and pleasurable motion that was as liquid and dreamy as a bit of poetry.—F. A. B.

Oct 28 '27

## PARK

## "The Last Performance"

A part-talking screen drama adapted from the story by James Ashmore Creelman by the author, directed by Dr. Paul Fejos and presented by Universal with the following cast:

Erik the Great..... Conrad Veidt  
Julie..... Mary Philbin  
Fenton..... Leslie Fenton  
Buffo..... Fred MacKaye  
Mark Rovee..... Gustav Poyas  
Theatre Manager..... William H. Turner  
Booiling Agent..... Anders Randolph  
Judge..... Sam DeGrasse  
District Attorney..... George Irving

For all their novelty and unquestioned interest, the talking pictures had much to answer for with the enforced departure of the finest screen actor ever seen in this country, Emil Jannings. Because he was unable to speak polished English he was wanted no longer. Now the news comes that Conrad Veidt, the gifted and compelling German actor who made such an extraordinary impression in "The Man Who Laughs," is returning home for the same reason. It seems to us little short of appalling that two such men, so far beyond anything that this country has yet produced in vivid, imaginative dramatic power and technique, should be denied to the public because they cannot speak the right language. Mr. Veidt's final American picture, "The Last Performance," now showing at the Park Theatre, is in every respect, especially the last reel, a most convincing argument for the silent pictures. Conrad Veidt is a master of subtle and telling pantomime, his gestures are eloquent in



# The Theatre

Oct 27 By PHILIP HALE 1929

George Bernard Shaw, in spite of the praise given his last play, "The Cart," is apparently happy only when is freeing his mind in controversy. But Mr. Nevinson also feels obliged to have his little say. Mr. Shaw: Mr. Nevinson shows the most deplorable imbecility. Mr. Nevinson: Mr. Shaw shows the most deplorable senility.

They are still talking in London about Lucille la Verne's Shylock. The Sunday Times: "The first Portia was a boy, so why shouldn't the latest Shylock be a woman? Alas, whiskers do not make the man."

The Observer asks: "Now that woman has achieved that most improbable of all Shakespearian impersonations, Shylock, who will arrange an appropriate cast for the play of 'Romeo and Juliet'?"

The Boston Symphony orchestra will give concerts in Buffalo on Oct. 28, Chicago, Oct. 29; Minneapolis, Oct. 30; Indianapolis, Oct. 31; Pittsburgh, Nov. 1, Nov. 2; Cambridge, Nov. 7; Boston, Nov. 8, 9.

## JAZZ

(R. W. in the London Daily Chronicle)  
No other kind of music has  
(Or so I think) such pep as Jazz.  
Some call it an infernal din,  
Other chaps sit and take it in,  
Other snaps move and shake it out  
By whirling womenfolk about;  
They call this dancing; that may be,  
The music is the thing for me.  
How grand to hear Paul Whiteman's crew  
Tackle the "Rhapsody in Blue."  
I am enraptured by the moan-  
ing groaning of the saxophone,  
I am enchanted by the toot-  
le-tootle-tootle of the flute.  
Better than those, nay, best of all  
Do I enjoy the tricks of Paul—  
I love to watch the master hand  
Beating the tempo and the band.  
To him I say, with fearful joy,  
"Go in and (Gershwin), dear old boy."

Maurice Rostand's new play, "The Last Tsar," is an attempt to present the events that led up to the Russian Revolution. "It is written in less than questionable taste, in flagrant defiance of history, and in verse." The Grand-duchess Olga is shown as in love with the French tutor of the Tsarevitch. This tutor pleads in vain with the Tsar that war be avoided at all costs.

Sacha Guitry's new play "Histoires de France," enthusiastically received in Paris, is a series of tableaux from the time of the Gauls to Clemenceau announcing to his friend Monet, the painter, the victory of the Allies.

"Follow Through" (not "Thru"—but the play was the same) was produced at London's new and palatial theatre, the Dominion, on Oct. 3. The reception was cordial; Ada May "radiated sunniness;" but "The Bachelor Father" at the Globe struck the Times as "exceedingly cheap," though Aubrey Smith played the father. "All that the pupies have to do is to sit round the old dog and yap. They yap with great vitality."

The many friends of Mr. Anton Witke, who was concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Oct. 10, 1916—May, 1918, are glad to know that he purposes to make Boston his home, to be busied here and in New York. Born in Bohemia in 1872, educated musically at Prague, he was chosen concert master of the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra when he was 20 years old. After he left Boston he became concert master of the Frankfurt and the Bayreuth Festival orchestras. This latter position he still holds. It is hardly necessary to speak of his repertoire—it includes 24 concertos, or of his work in chamber music here and in European cities. In 1926 he married his former pupil, Alma Rosengren, who, born at Lindsborg, Kansas, begun her musical studies at Bethany College. Studying later with Mr. Witke in Boston she was first violinist of the MacDowell Club and soloist for Music Appreciation classes at Harvard. She has toured in the United States, Canada, Europe. Before she returned to this country, she was a first violinist of the Frankfurt Symphony orchestra and the second violinist of the Witke String Quartet. Husband and wife now specialize in playing duos for violins and violin and viola.

Mme. Luisa Tosl, who will sing in Jordan Hall this afternoon, is of Italian birth, but she received her early education in the United States and now lives in Boston. After she had studied for a time at the New England Conservatory, she went to Italy and was graduated from the Royal Institute of Music at Milan. She then sang in opera and in concerts in the chief cities of Italy. She toured in the United States and Canada with the old Lombardi opera company, but the greater part of her musical life has been spent in the opera houses of South America. At Buenos Aires she made a special study of Argentine and Spanish songs. While she has won success according to critics of Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, cities of Spain and at New York, in florid roles, she has also been heard as Marguerite, Mimi, Violetta and Santuzza.

Announcement has been made of Clarence Cameron White's recital tomorrow night. Mr. White is favorably known here and in other cities as a violinist and composer. He was educated at Oberlin, Ohio, having been born at Clarksville, Tenn. For several years he taught in Washington, D. C. In 1908 he studied in Europe for three years; the violin with Zacharewitsch, composition with Coleridge-Taylor. Returning to Boston he taught, gave concerts and composed. He left this city to be director of music at the West Virginia Collegiate Institute. Among his compositions are "Bandonna Sketches" and "From the Cotton Fields" for orchestras, pieces for violin and piano, songs, and choruses. His valuable collection of "Forty Negro Spirituals" for solo voice with an illuminating preface was published in 1927.

Lillian Steuber, who will play the piano in Jordan Hall next Tuesday evening, has been praised by competent critics in various cities of this coun-

try from Los Angeles to New York.

Fania Bossak, mezzo-soprano, will sing here for the first time next Wednesday evening. Born at Tiflis, she came to Boston as a child and soon after moved to New York. She studied for two years in Europe: at Vienna with Maria Seyff-Katzmayr of the State Conservatory and at Berlin with Lula Mysz-Gmeiner and Lilli Lehmann.

The Aguilar Lute Quartet will give a concert on Monday, Nov. 18, at 8:30 P. M., in the ballroom of the Copley Plaza Hotel. This celebrated Spanish quartet, founded in Madrid, consists of three brothers and a sister, who are making their first appearance in this country in New York on Nov. 11 after a brilliant season in Europe and South America. Their first appearance in Boston will be under the auspices of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Inspired by a national tradition, the Aguilar Quartet has adopted the Spanish lute and given to this instrument again its place of honor. Through this quartet, a large repertoire of fascinating music previously unheard here will become known.

An earlier announcement that tickets for the Ernest Schelling series of four Saturday morning concerts in Jordan Hall will be sold to the general public has met with a large response. As in the past, Mr. Schelling will be assisted by 50 members of the Boston Symphony orchestra. There will again be the delightful talks of Mr. Schelling, the collection of stereopticon slides, the impromptu demonstrations at the piano, the community singing with a man-size thermometer registering how well the young audience has sung, and other surprises. Each child will keep a notebook. Prizes are awarded at the end of the season for the best books turned in by the children.

Florence Austral (Florence Mary Wilson), who will sing in Symphony Hall on Nov. 17 at 3:30 o'clock, was born at Melbourne, Australia. She sang during her early years at amateur and church concerts, and in 1918 at the Ballarat competitive music festival at Victoria, New South Wales, where she was then living. Her success at this festival led her to study at the Melbourne Conservatory of Music, later in London where she appeared in one season as Aida, Isolde, Elisabeth and all the Bruennhildes of "The Ring." In 1925 she was engaged for the Cincinnati Music Festival. She filled her third engagement at this festival in 1929. New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Toronto, London and other cities have praised in the highest terms her voice and art.

The English Dancers, members of the English Folk Dance Society, who revive the old traditional dances of Shakespeare's time and earlier, will be in Symphony Hall on Wednesday, Nov. 6 at 8:30 o'clock. This will be the only opportunity to see them. They have visited Belgium, Denmark, Hungary, Spain, invited by governments and societies. This is the first time they have come to this country and Canada. Clive Carey, accompanying the dancers, will sing some old English folk songs.

The Musical Art Quartet of New York will give a series of three programs of chamber music in Jordan Hall this season. The announcement will be welcomed by those who have for years followed the concerts given by the Flonzaley quartet. This new quartet with Sascha Jacobsen as its leader, hopes to continue the work of the Flonzaleys. By dint of the individual artistry of its players and by work towards perfection of ensemble, the Musical Art Quartet has already achieved success. The Boston dates for the quartet are Nov. 20, Jan. 15, and March 12. The players are Sascha Jacobsen, first violin, one of the leaders of the younger generation of violinists; Marie Roemaet-Rosanoff, cellist; Paul Bernard, second violin, and Louis Kaufman, viola.

their stark simplicity and his face is one of the most interesting and expressive that we have ever seen. When, however, he is forced by the extreme stupidity of the director, to try to speak, the results are almost tragic. Mr. Veidt's voice is not suited to the English language as yet and it was distressing to hear his struggles with the simplest phrasing. It was possible, with an effort, to understand him, but the senseless addition of that sound sequence was a terrible blunder. Mr. Veidt has our profound sympathy.

The leading figure in "The Last Performance" is a foreign magician and hypnotist, Erik the Great. He has two assistants, Julie, a lovely girl whom he wishes to marry, and Buffo, a warped and vicious young man, hating Erik for his power and eager to hurt him. A third man joins them, Mark Royce, a youth who Erik had found starving and out of kindness protected. Mark and Julie fall in love, a state of affairs promptly revealed to Erik by Buffo. Erik announces their engagement, but in the course of an old sword trick at a stage exhibition Buffo is killed and suspicion falls on Mark. He is brought to trial and in danger of conviction when a terrible sacrifice on the part of Erik, the nature of which must not be revealed here, saves his life. Apart from Mr. Veidt the best performance was contributed by Leslie Fenton, who made the neurotic and envious Buffo a haunting and hateful figure. Mary Philbin as the insipid Julie, was sweet and appealing but of little force. Most notable were the imaginative and interesting camera effects obtained by the director, Paul Fejos, especially the scenes in the theatre; the magic tricks, Erik's uncanny hypnotism and the tense and ominous moments leading up to the death of Buffo. Dr. Fejos, giving up the temptation to be merely weird, has here, with telling effect, concentrated his attention on producing authentic drama.

E. L. H.

## SCOLLAY SQUARE AND FENWAY "Woman Trap"

An all-talking picture adapted by Earl-  
left O'Connell from the play entitled  
"Brothers" by Edwin Burke, directed by  
William Wellman and presented by Para-  
mount with the following cast:

Dan Malone	Hal Skelly
Ray Malone	Chester Morris
Kitty Evans	Evelyn Brent
Watts	William B. Davidson
Mrs. Malone	Eli Ellsler
Mr. Evans	Guy Oliver
Eddie Evans	Leslie Fenton
Smith	Charles Giblin

The way of the transgressor always has been hard. If "Woman Trap" it is so hard as to be downright discourag-

ing. Dan Malone, for instance, was a skylarking detective sergeant who loved his brave little mother, his errant brother Ray, and a girl named Kitty Evans. He believed in giving the boys a chance, shut his eyes to piffing infractions of the law. He knew that Ray and young Eddie Evans were travelling with a tough gang, but it did not come home to him until Eddie's father invaded the Malone home, accused Ray of leading his son astray, assaulted him, and started a rough house in which good old Mother Malone was blinded by a piece of crockery thrown by her own Danny. That incident transformed Dan into a hard-boiled, relentless "copper," at war with all law-breakers. He became a captain. He sent young Eddie to the chair for a murder which possibly Eddie did not actually commit, and thereby became an object of hatred to Kitty. Ray, caught in a raid by federal officers on a rum-running gang, became a fugitive from justice after a terrific battle in a stalled warehouse elevator in which he thought he had killed his would-be captor. He went West, served time for a minor crime, returned to see his blind mother, this time did kill a federal officer and closed the books by committing suicide to release Dan from a situation which would have cost him job and reputation. Even Kitty, hardened because of her brother's pitiable passing which she laid at Danny's door, became a transgressor. She deliberately plotted to trap Ray and Danny in one net, weakening only at the last moment, when Ray solved the problems of all with one merciful bullet.

Mr. Wellman has taken the same central theme of "Dark Street" and of "Side Streets" and given it new twists and superior direction, both in the utilization of the camera and in dramatic incidentals. That theme is based on contrasting qualities of brothers, twins



In one instance, a trio in the "Side Streets." Emma Dunn, old-school actress, was appearing in a mother role. So in "Woman Trap," none too apt a title by the way, Effie Eklar, another of our fine old character actresses, stands out as the courageous soul who brushed aside her own tragic affliction because of her great love for her two boys. Mr. Skelly, at ease in his initial moods of gayety and irresponsibility, was less convincing when he must become serious and heavy-handed. Mr. Morris was again the weakling youth gone wrong, in a smooth performance. Miss Brent, in a few brief scenes, acted tensely, effectively. When all is said, we confess that we are tiring of rum-runners and hi-jackers. Burglary used to be one of the more honorable accomplishments of the criminal profession. We should like to see a good bit of second story work for a change.

W. E. G.

## NEW B. F. KEITH'S

## "The Sophomore"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Joseph Franklin Poland from the story by Corey Ford and T. H. Wrenning, directed by Leo McCarey and presented by Pathe with the following cast:

Joe Collins ..... Eddie Quillan  
Margie Callahan ..... Sally O'Neill  
Tom Weck ..... Stanley Smith  
Barbara Lange ..... Jeanette Loff  
Dutch ..... Russell Gleason  
Mrs. Collins ..... Sarah Padden  
Armstrong ..... Brooks Benedict  
Joe Collins's Nephew ..... Spec O'Donnell

What promised to be just another college football love story rose for a few moments to something almost inspiringly funny when in the middle of "Sophomore" we were given a chance to see what goes on behind the scenes at a college musical comedy. All the cast were men and we never before quite realized just how ungraceful the best male figure can be when clad in abbreviated chorus girl costume, but while that exhibition was funny enough the best moment came when the hero and heroine, two youths who hated each other most cordially, had a free-for-all fight on the stage that brought down not only the house but also a good part of the scenery. Unfortunately there were few bright moments. Only the burlesque radio announcer at the football game struck a note of originality and seemed almost

too lifelike. All the hero did was to tackle the star player on his team when that misguided gentleman was trying to make a touchdown over his own goal-line. He did not make a winning touchdown.

The story does not bear any trace of the originality that one had a right to expect from seeing Corey Ford's name on the program as part-author. It ambles along pleasantly and unexpectedly to a conclusion that was obvious from the first five minutes. Joe Collins, sympathetically and naturally played by the agreeable Eddie Quillan, is a sophomore at Hanford College. He is well liked in a mild way until he brings a pretty waitress to his fraternity house dance and the whole party walks out on him. Various complications ensue when Margie pays Joe's term bill in order that he may remain in college; she tries to prevent the news being told to Joe and in so doing nearly gets him expelled from college. There is one of the usual football games at the close of the epicure when Joe saves the day and is honorably reinstated. Besides Eddie Quillan's likable and manly Joe there are good performances by Stanley Smith as Tom Weck, Joe's rival, and Russell Gleason as Dutch, his roommate. Jeanette Loff is decorative in a small role and Spec O'Donnell makes the most objectionable small boy we can remember.

E. L. H.

## KEITH-ALBEE

## "Salute"

An all-talking picture by Tristram Tappan and John Stone, directed by John Ford and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Cadet John Randall ..... George O'Brien  
Midshipman Paul Randall ..... William Janney  
Midshipman Albert Edward Price ..... Frank Albertson  
Nancy Wayne ..... Helen Chandler  
Marion Wilson ..... Joyce Compton  
Maj.-Gen. Somers, U. S. A. .... Clifford Dempsey  
Rear-Admiral Randall, U. S. N. .... Lumsden Hare  
Smoke Screen ..... Stepin Fetchit  
Navy Coach ..... David Butler  
Cadet ..... Rex Bell  
Midshipman ..... John Breiden

John Ford seems to have produced the best all-round football picture to date. The best because he has been wise enough to fortify his screening of an Army-Navy annual fracas with a narrative commingling humor, spectacle, pageant, and just enough adolescent sentiment to win the approval of the feminine quotas of his audiences. Moreover, he has assembled a cast which defies criticism. The story is of two boys, John and Paul Randall, raised to manhood in the homes of their respective grand-dads, Maj.-Gen. Somers and Rear Admiral Randall.

John is a West Pointer when the picture opens, Paul is about to enter Annapolis. John is big, bold, self-confident. He believes in taking what he wants. Paul is slight, bashful, inclined to hide or to belittle his abilities. It is with his fortunes that the picture deals chiefly. We see him and his fellow-plebes hazed by upper classmen, see them at rookie drill with arms, on the water, on the football field. Nancy Wayne, daughter of an invalided fleet officer, a sort of college widow, likes Paul, singles him out for encouragement, prevents him from quitting when he finds himself accused of tale-bearing. Though he fails to make the regular football eleven, he is sent in during the final quarter, spills the cocky John and scores a touchdown after a wild run. Failure to kick a goal leaves the final score a tie at 6-6, which is hailed as a Navy victory against a much stronger team.

Mr. Ford has done a wonderful piece of dovetailing in his sequences. He has taken news reel shots of an actual Army-Navy game, with its cheering throngs, its marching hosts, and has woven in scenes of the various plays, of the Navy dressing room where the coach, played by David Butler, himself a director in more than one football picture, delivers a splendid speech, and of the sidelines, with Price, the comical midshipman, repeatedly asking when the coach is to send him in. Even the Navy goat is there, with the lugubrious Stepin Fetchit as custodian.

There are several amusing incidents. At the Army-Navy hop a gangling youth solicits dances for his sister Susie. The fellows take one look at him and refuse. John Randall takes a chance, and finds Susie a stunning girl who dances charmingly. Mr. Ford handles that bit cleverly. The hazing scenes likewise are amusing. Mr. Janney is really the chief figure in "Salute." He acts with a restraint which now and then is too obvious, but otherwise his Paul is a manly chap. Mr. O'Brien's role is secondary, making no demands on him histrionically. Miss Chandler is an appealing if shrinking figure, Mr. Albertson as the fresh midshipman was very funny. We do wish Stepin Fetchit would do less groaning and pay more attention to elocution. His speech comes out scrambled and pointless.

W. E. G.

## Jordan Hall

Yesterday afternoon, in Jordan Hall, Luisa Tosi, soprano, gave a recital of songs and arias, assisted by Natasha Orloff, Russian violinist. M. E. Packard supplied flute obbligatos and Eleonora Turner-Lazzara and Alfred Auzalone acted as accompanists. Mme. Tosi's numbers included "Se tu m'ami!" by Pergolesi; "Voi che sapete" by Mozart and an aria from Lucia di Lammermoor by Donizetti, together with songs by Granados, de Falla, Chapi and others. Miss Orloff presented the Andante from the "Sinfonie Espanole" by Lalo, a Sarasate "Introduction and Tarantelle" and smaller pieces by Juon and Paganini.

Mme. Tosi is evidently a singer who has studied much and conscientiously. As an exponent of the bel canto style of tone production she has made no slight reputation. She has appeared with success in opera and concert in Europe. An echo of these successes came in her interpretation of the Donizetti aria from "Lucia." In this we glimpsed dramatic fervor together with tones noticeably beautiful. The coloratura qualities of her voice delighted her audience. In the Pergolesi and Mozart numbers her interpretation, however, seemed less perfected. Mme. Tosi's audience recalled her many times with warmest manifestations of approval.

Miss Orloff was also warmly applauded. Her technical equipment is, for the most part, sufficient for the music she essays, and she will increasingly infuse her playing with more warmth and feeling, and thus gain the whole-hearted approval of her listeners. It was satisfying to observe that she played with ease, an accomplishment not always in the possession of those many years' her senior. Both Mme. Tosi and Miss Orloff generously added to the printed numbers upon the program.

G. M. S.

## SPEAK UP, PLEASE

By PHILIP HALE

It is often said that a play is not a play until it is put upon the stage. It may also be said that a play is not a play when the actors and actresses do not speak intelligibly. That many young actresses, who, without sufficient preparation, but possessing what managers are pleased to call "personality," take the role of a flapper, a chipper, or even a supposedly charming ingenue and chew, mumble their lines or speak them with breathless rapidity, letting their thin or discordant voices fall on words that should have emphasis, is not surprising. Unfortunately too many men and women of indisputable intelligence, well-trained in many respects, are often unintelligible in the delivery of the text. We have had melancholy examples of this in the last few weeks.

It was not always thus, as is proved in this late day when players of the old school as Isabel Irving and Wilton Lackaye grace the stage. The admirers of the unintelligible, often inaudible players say that the present manner of speech is "realistic." Many sins are committed in the name of "realism." Bald realism is destructive to illusion, and without illusion the spectator is left cold or perplexed. When the great tragedy by John Ford was played in Paris some years ago with the title changed to "Annabella," it was thought best to introduce realistic touches. Giovanni enters with the bleeding heart of his loved sister transfixed by a dagger. At the rehearsals the actor brandished the fresh heart of a sheep. Nothing resembled less a real heart. It was then thought that if a real heart seemed false on the stage an imitation heart would appear real. The heart of Annabella was then cut out of red flannel, after the shape one sees on holy images. The redness was extremely brilliant, different from the color of blood, but the audience at the public performance was thrilled, then seeing the bleeding heart of the beautiful Annabella.

Nor in drawing-rooms of real life do women, as a rule, speak in such low tones that they are hardly audible. In the excitement of conversation and the interchange of scandal they raise their voices, often to screaming pitch. The voices may be discordant—did not Oliver Wendell Holmes say that the Bostonian voice was the product of codfish and the east wind?—but there is no trouble in hearing what is spoken.

Was Mrs. Fiske, in her effort to be realistic, to play in the vein of daily life, the first to forget deliberately the charm of distinct enunciation? She has had many followers, women, who misguidedly or careless, thus mar an otherwise excellent performance.

There was a time when the English stage-folk were famous for the clearness of their speech. If prominent critics of London newspapers are trustworthy, the English players have also fallen into evil ways. Hardly a week passes but there is complaint of faulty enunciation, or inaudible delivery.

And there as here there seems to be a mania for speaking with lips hardly apart, for an inexpressive monotone that wars against the spectator's understanding and enjoyment.

Thomas and Harrison Rhodes based on the latter's novel of the same name. New York, Longacre Theatre, Oct. 7, 1929. Produced by L. Lawrence Weber; directed by F. Gatenby Bell. The cast was as follows:

Tornetti ..... William Dorsin  
Scarlotti ..... Henry Morley  
Count Chirak ..... Charles Ewald  
Georges ..... William Faversham  
Princess Lydia ..... Katherine Kohler  
Mrs. Bridgerton ..... Daisy Atherton  
Mrs. Alfred Hastings ..... Ara Gerald  
Prince Otto ..... Theodore St. John  
A Maid ..... Peggy Hovenden  
Phelps ..... Edmund Dalby

Forty or 50 years ago this play would have been a straight romantic drama. If there had been what is called the "relief of comedy," there would have been a comic valet and a coquettishly comic maid, but the hero and the heroine would have played without a thought of comedy, much less of uttering wise-cracks. And so "Her Friend the King" with the exiled monarch, the loving woman, who, having been unwilling to be his mistress longed to be his wife, and not for the sake of a crown, and plotted for his restoration would have appealed to women, the worshippers of matinee idols. There would have been dazzling uniforms, devoted adherents, desperate villains sworn to keep a usurper on the throne. There might also have been the adventures of a prince and princess, loathing the idea of a forced marriage, never having met until the one was incognito, the other incognita.

In the version of the last night there are the familiar elements—the kingdom with a name known to politicians and geographers and the characters already mentioned but the drama was now a comedy, with lines that often in the romance. Wheezes about Wilton Lackaye sawing wood; the aged, wealthy and adoring woman an American joking about her fiancé Midas-like touch—everytime he stepped into the water he brought up gold—jests that were even less packed than that. But if the play is mild with a telephone but no sword, dagger, or poisoned cup of wine or if it is a pleasant entertainment pleasantly acted by men and women whose speech was always audible. They do mumble or gabble their words, but they lower their voices even when they were obliged to perpetrate their jokes.

Miss Gerald, a welcome apparition to the eye, graceful, with a sense of humor, had the good sense not to emotion where the situation have called for it but where the dramatists failed her. She did not step beyond the bounds of comedy in characterizing the fine nature and the spirit of Mrs. Hastings. Miss E. was a charming princess in her for freedom; Miss Atherton did could be done with a conventional mistake stiffness for dignity; she pered dignity with good nature, but his points quietly but effectively the skill of the experienced. Neither he nor Miss Gerald took roles too seriously, and so they the play from being queerly old-fashioned. The others gave good sound though one might easily think of P. Otto being played with more light grace and humor. The play deserves much larger audience.

## LOEW'S STATE

## "Marianne"

An all-talking picture adapted by Renee Stallings and Gladys Unger from the story by Dale van Emey, directed by Z. Leonard and presented by Metro-Goldwyn Mayer with the following cast:

Marianne ..... Marion Davies  
Andre ..... George Lawrence  
Stagg ..... Charles Ewald  
Soapy ..... Cliff Edwards  
Sam ..... Benny  
Lt. Francis ..... Scott  
The General ..... Robert  
Pere Joseph ..... Emil

Here is the debut in talking picture of another popular star, and frankly hope that this will be the last some time. So much excitement stirred at the thought that John G. or Gloria Swanson or Marion Davies about to address a palpitant world, the resulting picture is apt to be a disappointment. "Marianne" Miss Davies a chance to speak in English with quite a convincing French accent, to put on a French uniform, false moustache, to make herself smoking a large black cigar, to exude all kinds of temperament, to burst song and finally to give a very impersonation of Maurice Chevalier.

It is quite refreshing to find, in the scene of the film is laid in France that the war is left out entirely, an action taking place after the armistice. If there seems at times to be an excessive amount of low comedy an unfortunate tendency on the part of Lawrence Gray, the hero, the girl all too lifelike imitation of W. Haines, yet the picture offers a amount of amusement, some good and at the end one or two really dramatic moments.

"Marianne" is the story of a peasant girl who, emulating O. Moore in "Lilac Time," falls in love with a rather fresh American soldier, billeted in her village. He first attracts her attention by endeavoring to catch her pet pig, Anatole, with worst of intentions. The pig rescued for the moment, he tries to her over by strumming a ukelele beside her window in accompaniment of an extremely sentimental song, meets with even less favor and he once determined to give her some to worry about by stealing Anatole, being roasted for the general's dish. The not unnatural result of this capade is that he gets himself shut in the guard house, while a paltry lugubrious friends cheer Marianne telling her all the terrible things to happen to him. After a series of similar pranks Stagg and Marianne find themselves really in love, but sends him away because she is trothed to someone else. This link, a blinded French soldier, appears on the scene and his Marianne's devotion to him leaves Stagg with only one alternative, to die. Eventually there is a happy ending after Andre obligingly becomes a priest. The shining light of the performance was Cliff Edwards as a cheerful, melodious and delapidated doughboy. Gray sang pleasantly enough, George Baxter made much of his minutes as the blind Andre, and L.







rev 3 1922

# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Many of our readers are acquainted with "Journey's End" through the printed book. So much has already been written about the play that it is hardly necessary to describe it in detail. It is to be seen tomorrow night at the Wilbur Theatre.

Written by R. C. Sherriff, the drama was produced in London by the Stage Society at the Apollo Theatre on the afternoon of Dec. 10, 1928, when the actors were Messrs. Horne, Zucco, Field, Evans, Olivier, Cooper, Speaight, Walsh, Stoker, Wincott. On Jan. 21, 1929, it was brought out at the Savoy Theatre, with the substitution of Colin Clive (Capt. Stanhope) for Mr. Olivier, and Reginald Smith (The Company Sergeant Major) for Mr. Walsh.

When the play came to Henry Miller's Theatre, New York, on March 22, 1929, the players were Messrs. Roberts, Quartermaine, Stanley, Williams, Keith-Johnston, Wenman, Hawkins, Seaward, Stanley, Dowday.

The English actors who came to New York gave six performances in London at the Arts Theatre in March before they sailed. Comparisons were made by the critics. Mr. Darlington wrote: "Compared with the company at the Savoy, this second cast, sound though it seems on paper, gave a performance at which I, who have twice been moved most deeply by the play and could be again, felt hardly any emotion. . . . What this company's chance of making a success in America may be, it is impossible even to conjecture. At least there is this to be said, that in New York they will not have to face the ordeal of being compared with their originals. They will be judged there on their own merits, which are quite considerable." One knows how successful was the performance in New York, though Mr. Darlington thought that Mr. Quartermaine in London had not given Osborne sufficient serenity of soul; that Mr. Wenman spoiled almost every speech of Trotters by being consciously funny.

A dispatch to the New York Sun dated London, Jan. 22, 1929, stated that "Journey's End" was written by Maurice Browne, formerly of Chicago. Mr. Browne was the producer at the Savoy; the play was written by R. C. Sherriff, who has been described as "a slim, dark, modest young man of 32 who had no idea at the time of its completion that he had written a play that was good, let alone unusual." He was—perhaps he now is—an insurance broker in London, interested in football as a player and at one time a captain of the Kingston Rowing Club, at the same time actively engaged in the productions of an amateur dramatic society. He took most of the material in "Journey's End" from his own experiences in the world war. He enlisted when he was 17 years old in an East Surrey regiment, and served for four years at the front, finally reaching the grade of second lieutenant.

After an amateur performance, the play was practically rejected by every first-rate theatrical office. Bernard Shaw, who read the play, would only say that he saw no reason why it should not be produced. Even half of the members of the Stage Society's play-selecting committee voted against it. The chairman cast the deciding vote in favor.

Ivor Brown wrote in a few words the fitting description of the play: "This is not a jolly entertainment for the well-dined nor does it attempt to be a grand epic or shattering propagandist drama about war. It is limited to the transaction of life and death in one corner of a human burrow in the foreign field: within its limits it is a perfect—thing."

Whether the play is produced in France or in Germany, as "Le Grand Voyage" in Paris (September, translated by Lucien Besnard and Virginia Vernon; in Germany as "Die Andere Seite") the success has been overwhelming. When English players gave the original version at Munich on Oct. 3 the theatre was crowded; the state government and Parliament, the Munich municipality and other authorities were fully represented. Before the performance Bruno Frank, the writer, referred to the death of Stresemann, the actor that played Stanhope referred sympathetically at the end to the death of the great German and the coincidence that this special performance should have been appointed for the day of his death. Stresemann was a member of the international committee including the British and United States ambassadors in Berlin, with Einstein, Gen. von Slescht and many others, which had arranged a special performance of "Die Andere Seite," to secure an audience representative of the leaders in all branches of life.

While the performance in Paris was warmly praised by English critics, trifling errors in details were pointed out: "Neither officers nor men in the British front line wore brightly polished buttons on their tunics, nor did they have pretty yellow tea sets on the tables of their dugouts."

The London Times reviewer of "Journey's End," the printed book, wrote: "It passes with admirable security between the two pitfalls that endanger present writing on the late War—the pitfall of flag-waving or, alternatively, of pacific sentimentality, which all but the worst writers have learned by now to avoid, and the yet darker pitfall of heroic modesty, wherein soldiers are represented as perpetual purveyors of a kind of hearty bathos, as men who will never call a battle a battle but always a party with Fritz. Mr. Sherriff will have none of this. He is unafraid of the sentiment that is part of the nature of man, but he never swerves from his own austere view of the truth to the flattery of legend. The result is a remarkably solid and satisfying transcription of life. . . . It exhibits men in a dugout and communicates their suffering to the audience."

Mr. Milne did not entitle the play that is to be seen at the Plymouth Theatre next Tuesday night "The Perfect Alibi." When this play was produced at the Haymarket, London, on Feb. 29, 1928, it was known as "The Fourth Wall." This wall is the one that, being absent, enables an audience to see what is doing on the stage. The wall is absent in every play. Mr. Milne chose the title because he exposes to the audience the manner in which "a crime is reconstructed and the criminal is convicted." The spectators look on at the murder and are shown how the murderers are detected, or as Mr. Agate puts it, deploring the fact that a critic in his review is "essentially precluded in the interests of the playgoer from giving away certain plots." Mr. Milne "shows us how far in the business of sleuthing the professional detective can be outdistanced by a young lady who has never previously set eyes upon a criminal." Mr. Agate hears Mr. Milne saying: "Let's pretend that the young lady is a super-Sherlock Holmes and that Sus-

sex policemen are Watson to a man."

At the Haymarket the role of the detective Mallet was played by David Hawthorne; that of Susan Cunningham by Nora Swinburne; that of the criminal, Carter, by Frank Cellier. At the Hopkins Theatre, New York, Mallet was played by Leo G. Carroll; Susan by Vivian Tobin, Carter by Richie Ling.

"Fioretta," a musical comedy, will be seen at the Tremont tomorrow night. Earl Carroll brought it out at his theatre on Feb. 5, 1929, after it had been seen in Baltimore on New Year's Eve. He, Lionel Atwill, Fanny Brice, Jay Brennan and Charles Howard had leading parts. George Houston and Theo Karle sang. Charlton Andrews "adapted" Mr. Carroll's book. The music was by George Bagby and G. Romilli. According to an "official spokesman," the two young men have spent the greater part of the last six years in Venice studying music; this Venetian musical comedy was written there. Mr. Bagby comes from Kentucky, where he was at school and at college. Mr. Romilli was born in Massachusetts and was graduated at Bowdoin College. They met in Italy 12 years ago. "Fioretta" as a show was said by Mr. Percy Hammond to surpass in splendor of dress "the Beaux-Arts ball or the Ritz at supper time. . . . Accustomed as you are to the grandeur of Times square's spectacles, it will startle you by the costliness of its clothing, and cause you to regard such prodigal spendthrifts as Mr. Ziegfeld and Mr. White as mere pikers."

## Concerts

The death of Stuart Mason is a serious loss to the musical world of Boston. As a composer he was one of the very few Americans to show poetic imagination. Well grounded musically in this city, joining the faculty of the New England Conservatory, he went to Paris in 1908 to continue his studies with Gedalge in composition; with Philipp and Pugno in piano playing. His charming Rhapsody on a Persian Air for orchestra and piano was brought out in Boston at a Symphony concert led by Monteux in April, 1921. His Four Characteristic Pieces for violoncellos were performed in 1919 at a concert of the Boston Musical Association led by Longy. He had written chamber music, piano pieces, songs. Though an ardent admirer of the better French composers of his day, sympathizing with their love of clarity, their devotion to taste and beauty, he preserved his own individuality, nor did he allow himself in a spirit of romanticism to become musically effeminate. He was versatile, but not by reason of this, did he permit himself to be superficial. He was an excellent teacher; he was an intelligent conductor, respected by the players, not only in rehearsals, but as an interpreter of ancient and contemporaneous works. His reviews of concerts while he was music critic of the Christian Science Monitor were a leading feature of that newspaper. He was a man of extensive reading, interested in past and current events; an agreeable, entertaining companion with a lively sense of humor; a warm and faithful friend.

Some of the concerts this week are of more than ordinary interest. Dr. Koussevitzky will bring out two works unknown to the Symphony audiences: Louis Gruenberg's symphonic poem, "The Enchanted Isle," which was played for the first time at the recent Worcester Festival, and old Spohr's Notturmo for Wind Instruments and Janissaries music (i. e. Turkish music—triangle, cymbals and bass drum; though the Janissaries band is said to have contained oboes and a piccolo). At present we are unable to say whether Mr. Gruenberg's "Isle" is on the map—in a South sea—or in Fairyland. His "Daniel Jazz" was performed here in 1928 at a Chamber concert. Mozart's Symphony in E flat and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" will be the other numbers on this week's Symphony program.

A good many years ago an ingenious man—was not his name Jenkins?—compiled a dictionary of all words but familiar ones. We are reminded of it by Mr. Partridge's program for his recital on Tuesday night. The names of the composers are familiar, but many of the songs will be sung for the first time. Richard Trunk, by the way, in 1912 conducted the Arion Society of New York and also conducted in Newark, N. J., but in 1914 he returned to Munich. He has written many songs, among them music for 12 poems by Verlaine; but few of them are found on singers' programs in this country. Walton is known here by an orchestral work. Honegger's "Chanson de Ronsard" was composed five years ago. Walt Whitman has inspired Vaughan Williams for works of large dimensions as well as songs. Then there is the group of old English worthies: Byrd, Campion, Dowland, and the great Purcell, whose nobly pathetic "Lament of Dido" was sung here long ago in a never to be forgotten manner by Blanche Marchesi. Campion's name is sometimes spelled Campian, but the poet-composer more frequently used the former spelling. By profession he was a physician, but he soon became famous as a poet and a writer about poetry, and it is as a poet rather than a composer that he will live. Still he wrote many attractive tunes, as the one chosen by Mr. Partridge which is in the manner of a country dance; it was first published in Philip Rosseter's "Booke of Ayres" (1601). There is a delightful essay on Campion in A. H. Bullen's "Elizabethans." Dowland harmonized in four parts his well-known "Awake, Sweet Love." His life, as a lutenist, was full of adventure. The Duke of Brunswick gave him costly presents and wished him to enter his service. The Landgrave of Hessen also made him great offers, but Dowland went to Italy. Later he was lutenist to Christian IV of Denmark. For some reason or other Dowland fell into disfavor there. He returned to London where he died in 1625-6.

There are familiar names on the program of the English Singers who will sit at a table this afternoon in Symphony Hall and lift up their voices in madrigals, songs, motets, etc.—including "ballets," which composers often insist on "correcting" to "ballads." But Thomas Tomkins, John Bennet, Thomas Vautour? Hardly anything is known of Vautour's life. He flourished in the early part of the 17th century; he was in the service of Anthony Beaumont, and

received the degree of bachelor of music from Oxford. He was probably of French descent. His "Mother I will have a husband" was in "The First Set," a very rare work published in 1619. There were several composers named Tomkins—two whose Christian name was Giles, John, Robert, and two Thomases. One Thomas, precentor of Gloucester Cathedral, was the father of one Giles, also John, and he had two sons both named Thomas.

Miss Wyman's collection of folk songs is known by her singing of them. Perhaps Mr. Brockway's harmonizations are somewhat sophisticated, but let us not forget that the two were first in the field, noting tunes and words



...the late Cecil Sharp arrived here as a daring discoverer, Miss Wynian, now the wife of Dr Painter.

English Singers and English Dancers in one week, the latter on Wednesday night.

Some one asked recently what has become of Mme. Melba, or Dame Nellie Melba as perhaps she prefers to be called. She sang in aid of a hospital at Brighton, Eng., on Oct. 5. Again Mimi's farewell "Addio senza rancore" was heard; there were songs by Duparc, Chausson, Bemberg, Tosti, Strauss. She stirred her hearers "to perhaps even greater enthusiasm than before by singing 'Home, Sweet Home,' which on her lips, as so often in the past, retained all its native simplicity and artless charm." Dear, loyal English public!

Yvette Gullbert has reappeared in London, assisted by "Miss Mildred Dilling, the well-known American harpist." Dilling? Dilling?

And we are told that Miss Myra Hess in London still "approaches" Bach, Mozart, Franck, Schumann in a "spirit of reverent devotion." Mme. Janotha when she played here put a prayer book on the piano. Ludvig, the baritone, read his missal on the oratorio stage when he was not standing and violent in song.

Mr. William J. Henderson recently heard Schoenberg's "highly ingenious and perfectly worthless" variations for orchestra.

"The work does not disclose a single idea which demanded the record of musical notation. Before the writer is a so-called poem by Amy Lowell. Here it is:

"The cat and I  
Together in the autumn night  
Waited.  
He greatly desired a mouse,  
I an idea,  
Neither ambition was gratified."

"The critical objection to this catalogue of facts is not that it is written in *vers libre*, but that it is written at all. That the poetess had not an idea, a statement you accept without reservation, but that she should shamelessly confess it to the public in the language of department store office correspondence betrays a lack of maidenly reticence. Mr. Schoenberg's variations are better than this because the workmanship is superior. They were made by a master of form, harmony and orchestration. But beyond that there is no reason why they should have been made."

## A DISCOVERED SATIRIST

It has been generally understood that Lewis Carroll's account of the adventures of Alice and his story of the hunting of the snark were delightful nonsense, comparable with the talk of the Fool that pleased Sir Andrew Ague-Check when he spoke of Picrogramitus; of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; "'twas very good, i' faith." Now comes Mr. John Francis McDermott, who in his introduction to "The Collected Verse of Lewis Carroll," characterizes Carroll as a great satirist. Parodist, yes; satirist?

Mr. McDermott finds in Carroll (Charles Dodgson) a double nature; the stodgy, cloistral nature of the mathematician and logician warring with a satiric mind, practising the *reductio ad absurdum*. Even the parodies are satires. Take "The Hunting of the Snark." Some, according to Mr. McDermott, have assumed it to be an allegory of life; others think it a political satire; but Mr. McDermott finds that the best interpretation is to consider it "a solemn mockery of life, a general human satire of all life." In an analysis of the poem, this intrepid discoverer notes a satire on ships, seamanship, mathematics, natural history, maps, the law courts, and even the usual literary method in the story of adventure. Sunbeams from cucumbers! No doubt the habit of a warranted genuine snark of getting up so late

"That it frequently breakfasts at 5 o'clock tea. And dines on the following day"

has an occult meaning. And what would Mr. McDermott say of the forgetful person, who, boarding the vessel, had forgotten his umbrella, watch, jewels, clothes for the trip, luggage and, worst of all, his name?

"He would answer to 'Hi!' or to any loud cry, Such as 'Fry me!' or 'Fritter my wig!'"  
To "What-you-may-call um!" or "What-was-his-name!"

But especially "Thing-um-a-jig!"

It is a pleasure to find the verses from Carroll's various books in one volume, not forgetting "Rhyme? and Reason?" with the story of "Hiawatha's Photographing":

"First the Governor, the Father;  
He suggested velvet curtains  
Looped about a mussy pillar;  
And the corner of a table,  
Of a rosewood dining table.  
He would hold a scroll of something,  
Hold it firmly in his left hand;  
He would keep his right hand buried  
(Like Napoleon) in his waistcoat;  
He would contemplate the distance  
With a look of pensive meaning.  
As of ducks that die in tempests."

Here we have Carroll at his best; the miscellaneous light verse in the latter half of the volume are for the most part of inferior quality. Even the introductory verses to the Alice books

gracious appreciation, with delicate refinement, and with an amount of tone color that is surprising, considering their individual vocal equipment. Of course, it is carping to stress the fact that the voices and vocal production of these singers are not of high quality. They perform music that was meant to be sung by any household, for in Elizabethan days, the music books were passed out after supper, and family, guests, and servants sang forth with mutual enjoyment. The English Singers, gathered about a table, reproduce for us a supper table of the past, when the ale and boar's head had been cleared away, and the books of parts passed round.

They sang yesterday, with their customary skill and understanding, motets, ballets, and madrigals of Elizabethan times, and the ever-popular and interesting "Cries of London." An unusual feature of yesterday's program was a group of four Appalachian folk-songs collected and arranged by Howard Brockway.

These songs, brought over to this country from England by immigrants, and cherished almost intact for generations in the fastnesses of the Kentucky hills, were most beautiful in melodic line and harmony. "As I walked out" seemed to be the most charming of the four that were sung.

The English Singers did their most successful singing in a folk-song arranged by Vaughan Williams, "The Springtime of the Year," and in the favorite "Silver Swan" of Orlando Gibbons, which was given as an encore.

These singers may depend on a faithful number of followers whenever they give a concert, for their entertainment is unique and refreshing. They are full of the pure love of music, and if they are not always successful in the effects

they strive for, their intentions are tasteful and musical. Cuthbert Kelly, as usual contributed explanatory and quaintly humorous remarks on the music sung. E. B.

## NEW B. F. KEITH'S

### "Rio Rita"

A screen musical comedy by Gur Bolton. Harry Tierney and Joe McCarthy, based on the Ziegfeld stage production of the same name, directed by Luther Reed and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Rita Ferguson.....	Bebe Daniels
Capt. Jim Stewart.....	John Boles
Roberto Ferguson.....	Don Alvarado
Dolly.....	Dorothy Lee
Chick Bean.....	Bert Wheeler
Lovett.....	Robert Woolsey
Ravinoff.....	Georges Renavent
Mrs. Bean.....	Helen Kaiser

"Rio Rita" must have cost Radio Pictures a barrel of money, real money. There is ample evidence of this in the sumptuous production, in the cast. It seems a pity that this vast outlay could not have been made to better purpose. For, despite certain merits which will be mentioned later, "Rio Rita" remains simply a series of photographs, partly in black and white, partly in colors, of the Ziegfeld stage show. Like "The Cocoanuts," "The Desert Song," and other stage pieces taken over for screen productions, it is merely a pictorial, mechanical, unimaginative replica of something we all have seen done much better in the original. If only the men who are making these cinematic copies could have waited for the wider film and the larger screen! Then, perhaps, would have come more stunning scenes, more effective ensembles. Two illustrations will suffice to explain this contention. The setting for introduction of the Rangers' chorus, a high light of the stage show, is so cramped as to be ridiculous. That rousing chorus, incidentally, is heard only once and none too impressively. Again in technicolor, we are shown gracefully curved stairways on each side of the pirate barge's deck. On these stairs dance and manoeuvre two groups of girls. The camera, however, shows first one side and one group, then the other, never both at once. It is as if an expert decorator had dressed two display windows in a shop, and then, for some tantalizing reason, had lowered a curtain on one of them.

Now for the merit side. Bebe Daniels, only a few months since skylarking in hoydenish parts in the silent films, is a positive revelation as the Mexican beauty who fell so dramatically in love with Capt. Jim Stewart, head of the Texas Rangers. She acts with a fine sense of proportion, now coquettish, now justly sentimental, now imperiously cornful. She sings remarkably well, and true. She matches facial play to spoken words. She is the one sure asset of this hybrid "Rio Rita." Mr. Boles, lacking the youthful dash of J. Harold Murray, who sang "Jimmie" for Mr. Ziegfeld, still was agreeable vocally. Why, though, was Mr. Tierney's score deemed so inadequate that two mushy ballads must be interpolated, to retard screen action already all too lethargic? Mr. Renavent as the villainous Ravinoff gave a finished characterization. The Messrs. Wheeler and Woolsey, snatched from vaudeville and musical comedy, were allowed great latitude in their comic interludes, new perhaps to motion picture audiences, more familiar and thus less amusing to others.

"Rio Rita" runs exactly two hours, and there is no intermission. That it will prove another very remunerative attraction from a box-office viewpoint was indicated by the tremendous throngs of the opening days. W. E. G.

## KEITH-ALBEE

### "Young Nowheres"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Bradley King from the story by Iva A. R. Wylie, directed by Frank Lloyd and presented by First National with the following cast:

Albert Whalen.....	Richard Barthelmess
Annie Jackson.....	Marion Nixon
Mr. Jesse.....	Bert Roach
Claver.....	Anders Randolph
George.....	Raymond Turner
Brunette.....	Jocelyn Lee

It is difficult to give proper praise to such a picture as "Young Nowheres" without sounding maudlin and unduly sentimental, but this film deserves all possible enthusiasm that can be given. Telling the simplest and most commonplace of stories and with a cast consisting of Mr. Barthelmess and Miss Nixon alone, so far as interest was concerned, this touching little drama held a Saturday afternoon audience deeply attentive and touched. It is so easy to say that the lives of ill paid workers are dull and drab, but hard to realize how they may yearn for the simplest commonplaces such as an open fire and a place to be alone together. In conveying this pathetically humorous situation the director of "Young Nowheres," Frank Lloyd, has proceeded with much delicacy

## THE NUISANCE, NOISE

Those warring against noise in New York and those suffering from noise in Boston might do well to consider the action of Budapest's City Council. The continuous sounding of suburban train whistles, street car bells, motor horns, is to be prohibited after January 1. Motor cycles are to be severely treated: no back-firing, no trials within hearing of a dwelling-house; their riders convicted a second time will lose licenses and machines. The order "Go slow" when passing a hospital or school will be strictly enforced. Workmen building or repairing houses will not be allowed to shout joyfully to each other on the scaffolding. Carpets must not be beaten outside a courtyard. If one tenant in a block of flats objects to an organ grinder, the grinder must go farther on. Loud speakers and gramophones must work behind closed windows. Nothing is said about riveters.

These councillors in Budapest no doubt remembered the Sybarites who forbade all those practising noisy trades from dwelling in their city: as braziers, smiths, carpenters. No one was allowed to rear a "rooster" in the town. Yet they taught their horses to dance at their feasts to the music of flutes, and to some full of jumping nerves a flute is more to be dreaded than the hammer of the presumably honest carpenter. The Sybarites, fine fellows in their way, thought that if they did not wish to die before their time, they should never see the sun rise or set.

## THE ENGLISH SINGERS

The English Singers — Flora Mann, Nellie Carson, Lillian Berger, Norman Stone, Norman Notley, and Cuthbert Kelly—gave one of their programs of motets, ballets, madrigals, cries, and folksongs in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. A fair sized audience was present.

The English Singers, while not gifted individually, are able to give, enjoyably, programs of a very distinct and special appeal. The music they sing is charming, flavored as it is with the spirit of an age gone by, and they sing it with

for the holidays, and gives her the first party she has ever known. All his savings go for food, for fuel, so that they can have a fire of their own, and for a Christmas present for Annie, a kimono. In the midst of their innocent happiness the owner of the apartment, Mr. Cleaver, returns: first amazed and then furious, he calls Annie unprintable names and Albert strikes him. Hailed into court as malefactors, the wails tell

the park, forbidden to sit together in the girls' boarding house, they find peace only on the beach at Coney Island. Annie is a delicate little thing, and in the fall weather she catches pneumonia, being unable to afford rubbers. On the night before Christmas Albert takes her from the hospital to the apartment of one of the wealthy tenants in the building where he lives, the man being away

and quiet sympathy, never once yielding to the easy pitfall of melodramatic exaggerations. Two lonely and friendless youngsters, Albert Whalen, an elevator operator, and Annie Jackson, a cleaning girl, meet by accident in the same apartment building where they both work, and fall in love. Their wages are next to nothing and they cannot even think of getting married: worst of all they have no place to be alone. Shooed off the grass in



their story and the angry man reverts. Furthermore, a bibulous and kind-hearted middle-aged rounder who had liked Albert, promises to take care of them. It would be impossible to imagine anything better than the acting of Richard Barthelmess and Marion Nixon in the leading roles. Simply and tenderly they portrayed the bewildered and hopeful children who asked so little from life and got even less. Praise is due also to Bert Roach for his brief moments as the never sober but well-meaning Mr. Jesse. E. L. H.

#### PARK

##### "The Mississippi Gambler"

An all-talking picture adapted by Edward P. Lowe, Jr. from the story by Karl Brown and Leonard Fields, directed by Reginald Barker and presented by Universal with the following cast:

Jack Morgan.....Joseph Schildkraut  
Lucy Blackburn.....Joan Bennett  
Suzette Richards.....Carmelita Geraghty  
Dunnie Blackburn.....Alec B. Francis  
"Tiny" Beardsley.....Otis Harlan  
Capt. Weathers.....Billy Welch

It is probably inevitable that when one kind of picture makes a striking success there will be a whole series of imitations and dilutions of it turned out to trade on the popularity of the original film. It is too bad that Joseph Schildkraut's performance in "Show Boat" made such an impression that he now seems doomed to play a series of handsome dissolute young gentlemen who earn their living with the cards. "The Mississippi Gambler," now showing at the Park Theatre, is the first, and it is to be hoped the last of these feeble carbon copies. Joseph Schildkraut has done many excellent things in the theatre—who could forget his Liliom in Molnar's play of that name? He has given good performances in the moving pictures, too, but this kind of wishy-washy melodramatic romance will do him no good. His voice is very good and he has unquestionable dramatic ability, when he does not forget it in an effort to be unutterably irresistible and dashing.

The scene of "The Mississippi Gambler" takes place on one of those old river steamboats, now become a perfect god send for the sentimentally inclined director who desires a slightly different setting for moonlight and love-making. Mr. Schildkraut, as Jack Morgan, Carmelita Geraghty as Suzette Richards and Otis Harlan, as "Tiny" Beardsley, are engaged in fleeing wealthy and unsuspecting passengers. Their game is tried once too often on the incredibly innocent father of the attractive Lucy Blackburn. It works, of course, but Lucy, with whom Morgan finds himself in love, discovers the trick and forces Morgan to play her for the money her father had lost, the only condition being that if she loses she will be Morgan's prize. He lets her win, in a grossly mishandled sequence, then breaks with his partners in crime and leaves the boat. As he stands on the bank watching the steamer depart, a letter is brought to him with the lock of Lucy's inside that she had told him she would give only to the man she loved. Miss Joan Bennett, as Lucy, made a lovely picture in her becoming old-fashioned costumes and acted with all the conviction possible to her part. The outstanding performance, however, was given by Carmelita Geraghty as Morgan's discarded sweetheart; she put real feeling and dramatic fervor into an absurd and thankless role. The Southern accents assumed by all the players were inclined to run away with them and sounded very foolish.—E. L. H.

W 5 1929

#### By PHILIP HALE

**WILBUR THEATRE**—First performance in Boston of "Jenny's End," a play in three acts by R. C. Sheriff, presented by Henry Miller in association with Maurice Browne; staged by James Whale. Produced by the Stage Society, London at the Apollo Theatre, Dec. 9, 1928. Messrs. Horne, Zucco, Field, Evans, Olivier, Cooper, Speaight, Walsh, Stoker, Wincott. New York, at the Henry Miller Theatre March 22, 1929. Messrs. Roberts, L. Quartermaine, Stanley, Williams, Keith-Johnson, Wenman, Hawkins, Seaward. The company seen here last night gave its first performance at Hartford, Ct., on Oct. 31. The cast was as follows:

Captain Hardy.....Francis Compton  
Lt. Osborne.....Henry Stephenson  
Private Mason.....Dan Booker  
2d Lt. Raleigh.....Frederick Cathine  
Capt. Stanhope.....Richard Bird  
2d Lt. Trotter.....Norman Pierce  
2d Lt. Hibbert.....G. P. Huntley, Jr.  
Company Sergeant Major.....John Parrish  
The Colonel.....George Thorne  
German Soldier.....Ben Kranz  
Broughton.....William Watson  
Private.....Vernon Downing

The officers in "Jenny's End" are presented as Englishmen and youths differently affected by life in the dug-out. Stanhope, long in service, has shattered nerves. He drinks continuously and in great quantity. He is

often angry without cause, unreasonable, tortured by the thought that at school he was a hero in the eyes of Raleigh and his sister, and now this Raleigh, only a little younger than he, is assigned to his company. Will not the hero have fallen from his pedestal? Will Raleigh, shocked, tell his sister of Stanhope's deplorable condition, gallant and competent officer as he is? Fearing Raleigh's letters home, Stanhope treats him harshly even up to the time that he is killed. Then Stanhope going to his death mourns the boy-worshipper, as he mourns the death of Osborne, the finest man in the dug-out. For this schoolmaster Osborne, lover of books and gardens, cool in danger, for he can read "Alice in Wonderland" while awaiting the summons that he feels sure will bring death, tries to bring Stanhope to reason. Accepting his fate, Osborne, without heroics, is the very flower of an English officer.

There is Trotter, a cheerful soul, fond of jesting and eating and drinking; careless of danger. There is Hibbert, feigning sickness, so afraid he is of the fighting, preferring to be killed by his captain to any exposure on the front line, yet, playing the man when Stanhope tells him that he, too, has been frightened; that he loathes the whole business.

They and others, among them the colonel, disliking to carry out a general's orders that will send men to certain death, yet bound by duty to send them on; the cook who is supposed to be a comic character as well as a brave soldier, live their life for six days in the dugout, awaiting the German onset that they know is inevitable and close at hand. It is said that Mr. Sheriiff wrote his play for an amateur company which did not have a female member; hence the omission of any "love interest" except the reference to the girl in England adoring Stanhope, who had on a leave of absence, returned with honors. We doubt the truth of this statement, for as Corat said of one of his pictures that a woman in it would spoil the landscape, so a woman in the play would spoil the dugout.

Life under constant strain. The dramatist shows how each officer is affected, the war as a war, although there is firing, whizzing of shells, the chatter of machine guns, now and then a terrific explosion—all this is incidental to the effect produced on systems nervous, steadied by a sense of responsibility and duty, or accepting carelessly routine and discipline. There are would-be jovial moments, there is carousing, there is joking, but with the thought of school days, cricket, football, loved ones in England, is also the reminder that death is close at hand.

The humor introduced into the play is generally of a heavy order, as of men endeavoring to be waggish when they are sick at heart, or anticipating the onrushing foe. Even Osborne is ominously quiet as he leaves his trinkets on the table before going on his desperate adventure.

There was an excellent ensemble in the performance, but the portrayal of Osborne by Mr. Stephenson stood out in bold relief by his calmness, one might say his serenity, his kindness, his sanity, natural sweetness of character. Mr. Bird as Stanhope had a theatrical

part. Was it over-acted? Was it possible for an English officer so hysterical at times to retain the respect of his fellows? To be a leader, however, personally gallant he was in action? The last scene, when Stanhope bends over the body of Raleigh, was finely played, as was the scene in which Mr. Catling, as Raleigh, enters the dugout, finds everything strange, but rejoices that he is under his old friend, Stanhope, whom he had not yet seen as an officer.

It has been said that while in this play the spectator sees the effect of war on individual characters, he himself is not moved by what goes on and is said on the stage. Yet last night not a few might have repeated Walt Whitman's line in the description of a vessel lost at sea: "I am the man, I suffer'd, I was there."

#### SHUBERT THEATRE

Jack Donahue, with Lily Damita, in "Carry On," musical comedy in two acts, book by Fred Thompson and Jack Donahue, words and music by Arthur Swanstrom, Benny Davis and J. Fred Coots. First produced at Cleveland, Oct. 21. Presented by Bobby Connolly and Arthur Swanstrom. The cast:

Jimmy Canfield.....Jack Donahue  
Mary Harper.....Shirley Vernon  
Hobson.....William Frawley  
Arthur Travers.....Milton Watson  
Carl Schreiber.....Barry Walsh  
Bernice Pearce.....Mary Moran  
General Harper.....Richard Temple  
Billswater.....Eddie Rodde  
Parker.....Robert Dohn  
Oswald.....Alfred Barendsen  
Marie.....Rene Devola  
Jeanette.....Gwendolyn Milne  
Joan.....Marion Chambers  
Colette.....Frances Markey  
Irene.....Isabel Zehner  
Maj. Archibald Pensonby-Falcke.....David Hutchison  
Pierre.....Harold Tisne  
A British officer.....Charles F. Bird  
A British Tommy.....Joseph Spree  
Captain, U. S. A.....Harry Holbrook  
Bugler, U. S. A.....Charles Dodson  
A German prisoner.....Robert Dohn

A German prisoner.....Alfred Hutchison  
Yvonne.....Lily Damita

This production, the programs will have it—informally—cost the tidy sum of \$250,000. This seems a big outlay of money, but nevertheless those daring producers will surely see their money back, with profits accrued. For the entertainment lacks nothing, unless the want of indecency be a lack, that makes for success in musical comedy. It also rejoices in certain merits by no means universal.

Of the virtues most common to musical plays "Carry On" is richly furnished with the sort of tunes that please so mightily that radio audiences will be listening to them for a year or two to come, tunes both sentimental and sprightly, with one rousing military march thrown in for good measure. It has dancing also in plenty, of the kind now most popular, but extremely good of the kind, especially when the Albertina Rasch girls take a hand, also Miss Shirley Vernon.

Engaging music and clever dancing might have been expected. A real plot, though, was not to be counted on so confidently. A plot, however, there is to "Carry On," one by no means bad, since it tells a real tale alive with droll situations—why not, when a young millionaire goes to the front as a private, where his butler as sergeant leads him a life?

But there is more than a lively plot! Real drama holds the stage for an stirring episode, when the troops, leaving for the front, leave the millionaire behind under arrest as a spy, an episode movingly played by Mr. Donahue. The comedy, too, is for the most part good, with reason and character, taking the place of silliness, there to make it good. The want of low comedians brought refreshments to some persons present last night.

There were excellent comedians, or the contrary, on hand to play those really funny scenes, at the head of them William Trawley, a "crooner" of skill as well as able actor. Miss Damita a young woman of unusual charm

though not the best singer or dancer ever heard or seen, played an attractive role delightfully. As for Mr. Donahue, that rhythmically agile person displayed his customary agility. The evening through he pointed his speeches neatly, and, after an inauspicious start as a New York millionaire, he played the unlucky private with admirable humor and verve.

The settings, it must be added, by Joseph Urban, were both opulent and tasteful, also the costumes by Charles LeMaire. R. R. G.

#### TREMONT THEATRE

##### "Fioretta"

Musical comedy in two acts and 17 scenes; book by Earl Carroll, adapted by Charlton Andrews; music and lyrics by George Bagby and G. Romill, with additional lyrics by Grace Henry, Jo Trent and Billy Rose; produced at the Earl Carroll Theatre, New York, Feb. 5, 1929; first performance in Boston last evening at the Tremont Theatre, with the following cast of principals:

Brian MacDonald.....Frances Gabrielle  
Duchess of Venice.....Frances Gabrielle  
Count Matteo Di Brozzo.....Manart Kippen  
Captain of the Guard.....G. Davison Clark  
Julio Pepoli.....Leon Errol  
Fioretta Pepoli.....Evangeline Raleigh  
Orsino Count di Rovani.....Alexander Callam  
Marchesa Vera di Livio.....Josephine Harmon  
Cicisbeo.....David Gerry  
Marquis Filippo di Livio.....Charles Howard

Of the three stars who originally led the procession in Mr. Carroll's potpourri of pageantry, percussion and piffle, only one, Mr. Errol, had the hardihood to remain. Miss Fanny Brice, for a brief time masquerading as the Marchesa Vera di Livio, and Mr. Lionel Atwill, as the conniving minister of state, Count Matteo, dropped out of line early, perhaps from exhaustion. Mr. Errol, however, is of more enduring fibre. Having mastered the role of Julio, an awkward fellow who happened to have a very pretty daughter named Fioretta, Mr. Errol brought to its native artlessness all or much of that comic routine which has served him so well in more distinguished years. He teetered, staggered, fell repeatedly on that wobbly right leg, arose and reeled and fell again. He summoned all of his serviceable tricks of pantomime, of unchastened gesture, of rowdy speech. Feigning inebriation, he delivered a rambling dissertation from atop a table in a wine cellar while half a dozen stalwarts in gay uniforms stood ready to right him as he seemed about to collapse. Of his many moments of brave buffoonery last evening he found his best foil in the cute little donkey, called Geranium, which hauls Julio and the squawking marchesa across the stage in the second act, and provokingly lies down while Mr. Errol scolds him.

Mr. Carroll is one of the most eccentric of contemporary producers. He has a fine faculty for setting on the stage pictures of beauty which appeal to the eye honestly. The procession to the great hall for the wedding of Fioretta and her dashing lover, Orsino, condemned to be shot immediately after the ceremony, is spectacle of most im-

pressive character, well directed. It has color, dignity, almost a sort of exaltation. The tableau of the silver gondola, with crescent moon against deep blue sky, was a delicate fantasy. Yet an instant later Mr. Carroll is apt to offend all the canons of good taste by some tawdry interlude. Of such an even trend is his genius.

The story is as simple as Mother Goose nursery rhyme. It has been set to tunes which are quite devoid of substance, the sort of tunes which a choir of two dozen male voices may safely sing in unison. The dialogue, when of the credited writers or out of Mr. Errol's copious scrap book, is markish labored, too often without wit. What could be duller than that ranting recitation allotted to Matteo in the royal park! The players evinced amazing rivalry as to which could shout the loudest, either in song or speech. For those with ears still sensitive despite years of dwelling in a world devoted to noises it must have been a very trying evening. Miss Raleigh was a sweet, unassuming Fioretta, Mr. Callam sang and fenced boldly, Miss Harmon was broadly

morous as the marchesa who sang of the "wicked Old Willage of Venice," and employed vigorously methods which smacked frankly of the burlesque stage. It is to be suspected that Miss Brice and Mr. Atwill are entitled to the felicitations of the season. W. E. G.

#### THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COPELY—"The Creaking Chair," mystery play, fourth and last week.

MAJESTIC—"Follow Thru," musical comedy, fourth and last week.

PLYMOUTH—"The Perfect Alibi," A. A. Milne's "detective" comedy, opens tonight.

REPERTORY—"Julius Caesar," Shakespeare's historical play, third and last week.

SHUBERT—"Carry On," musical comedy, with Jack Donahue, Lily Damita.

SHUBERT APOLLO—"Her Friend the King," romantic comedy, with William Faversham; second and last week.

TREMONT—"Fioretta," musical comedy, with Leon Errol.

WILBUR—"Journey's End," R. C. Sheriff's war play.

NOTE—The Hollis Street and Tremont theatres are dark this week.

#### By PHILIP HALE

**PLYMOUTH THEATRE**: First performance in Boston of "The Perfect Alibi" (entitled by the dramatist "The Fourth Wall"), a play in three acts and five scenes by Alan Alexander Milne. Produced as "The Fourth Wall" at the Haymarket, London, on Feb. 29, 1928. Chief players, Norah Swinburne, Jack Hobbs, Frank Cellier, Spencer Trevor, David Hawthorne, Tom Reynolds, Kinsey Pille and Mary Sheridan. Produced as "The Perfect Alibi" at the Hopkins Theatre, New York, on Nov. 27, 1928. Presented by Charles Hopkins.

The case last night was as follows:

Jimmy Ludgrove.....Philip Tonge  
Susan Cunningham.....Vivian Tobin  
Edward Laverick.....Thomas Loudon  
Edward P. Carter.....Richie Lint  
Maj. Fothergill.....H. Langdon Bruce  
Jane West.....Mary Newham Davis  
Mrs. Fullerton-Fane.....Lemore Chapendale  
Arthur Ludgrove.....Harry Davenport  
Adams.....Carson Davenport  
P. C. Mallet.....Harry Beresford  
"Sect." Mallet.....Leo G. Carroll

The audience soon after the raising of the curtain sees the worthy Arthur Ludgrove murdered ingeniously by the slick and suave Mr. Carter aided and abetted by the sinister Mr. Laverick. The audience sees, but does not, to use the French term, "assist," at the murder. Mr. Milne then shows how a girl relying on her intuitions brings the murderers to justice, studying the problem at midnight, but in decorous dress, with her lover, Jimmy, at first pooh-poohing, at last admiring and applauding. Mr. Milne, having written an excellent detective story, in the form of a novel, and no doubt having read many novels of this class, could not help at the end falling into the customary pitfalls, nor refrain from bringing in a pistol from which the cartridges had been withdrawn, an envelope that does not contain the damning evidence—but one must not go further. The interests of those who have still to see the play must be protected. The first act is excellent in every way. The great surprise comes early in it. Who would suspect the portly, kindly gentleman of plotting murder? Everything pointed to Mr. Laverick, who certainly had a villainous countenance, a sneaking manner, and a voice that was neither frank nor pleasing. This for the purposes of the play. No doubt Mr. Loudon in private life is the most admirable of men, perhaps a sentimentalist. The murder not only shrewdly plotted, the deed to prove suicide are admirably staged. Only one little thing that raises suspicion is overlooked as the dicers leave the room. The inter- sustained, and there is no hint the outcome.



In the second act it would seem Mr. Partridge aims to satirize the honest but ineffectual endeavors of a professional detective and the conclusions of his father, a village policeman lost in admiration of his son's acumen. And so even Mr. Partridge joins his co-mates in showing how superior an amateur detective is to the professional even when he hails from Scotland Yard. The alibi of all in Ludgrove's house are firmly established, apparently not to be shaken; but the murderers did not reckon on the close scrutiny of the detective's notes by Susan and her swain. The first scene of the last act—the long conversation at midnight—proceeds at a slower pace, and the final accusation and arrest is stuffed with the improbabilities that make detective stories and mystery plays so entertaining. If these improbabilities were omitted, who would read the novels or see the plays? "The Perfect Alibi" is in its scheme refreshingly unusual, but Mr. Milne cannot escape the formulas and the conventions when the cheery Mr. Carter knows that he is suspected.

Miss Tobin, at first indistinct and hurried in speech, soon recovered herself and gave plausibility by her reasoning and her behavior to a character invented for the unreasoning pleasure of a detective. Her final scene with Mr. Carter was played in a sufficiently dramatic manner to hold the spectators in suspense, with a sobriety, a demure assurance, a mixture of humor and irony that deserved the compliments of baffled Mr. Carter. Mr. Ling was a most engaging scoundrel, a delightful companion—except to poor old Ludgrove. His clear enunciation, the good nature oozing from his speech, his readiness in action, his coolness, not even shaken when he walked out to arrest—made his performance one to be gratefully remembered. Mr. Beresford was an amusing policeman, amusing in spite of persistent and unnecessary mugging. His respect for Scotland Yard, his beery voice, his stupidly wise comments, his pride in his son—these too will not be forgotten. The others, especially Mr. Carroll, Mr. Tonge and Miss Newham-Davis were more than adequate in their roles.

A large audience was greatly entertained.

ROLAND E. PARTRIDGE

Roland E. Partridge, tenor, sang this program last night in Jordan Hall, accompanied by Cellus Dougherty: My Little Sweet Darling, Byrd; I Care Not For These Ladies, Camplan; Awake, Sweet Love, John Dowland; Sweet, Be No Longer Sad, Lament of Dido, Sailor Song, Purcell; Ganymed, Schubert; Boschart, Brahms; Miv traumatic, Trunk; Trunken Mussen Wir, Wolf; Caecilia, Strauss; Chanson de Ronsard, Honneger; Bring Me Thy Songs, Delight, Ballantine; The Sky Above The Roof, Vaughan Williams; A Clear Midnight, Joy! Shipmate, Joy! Winds, Walton; Winters term, from "Die Walkure," Wagner; Death the Commander, Mous-sorsky.

After a year or more of absence from Boston concert halls, Mr. Partridge came back last night to please a large audience. Absence has altered, seemingly neither his nature nor his art. Even as in the past, Mr. Partridge appeared armed with an individual, dignified program. Again he had with him the fervor and energy which set him apart from the usual run of young American singers. He is still possessed of his nice tenor voice, well-sounding so long as he does not try to sing too low or too high, too loud or too soft. A certain ease, indeed, he has gained in the delivery of tones moderately high. He has also acquired a boldness, if scarcely an ease, which enables him to emit at will a very high note indeed.

Mr. Partridge, further, has bettered his legato.

His pronunciation of English, on the other hand, never his strongest point. Mr. Partridge has suffered to degenerate into something painfully faulty. His extravagance of style, too, he has not learned to curb. Those whispers and shouts, those extreme variations of pace they exhibit, handsomely, Mr. Partridge's warmth of temperament, but they serve Purcell's music ill, Schubert's as well and Brahms's. Inferring that they answer Honneger's purpose little better, or Mr. Ballantine's, either, now seems not the moment to venture comment on their songs. The combination of Whitman-Vaughan-Williams could surely have been done fuller justice to: even cursory study of the songs shows as much.

This is all a pity. Mr. Partridge has voice, talent, energy. Why will he not learn thoroughly vocal technique and the principles of fine musical taste before he ventures in public programs so exacting?

Mr. Dougherty, with his accompaniments sometimes beautiful, sometimes idling, on the whole proved himself a help.

R. R. G.

FOLK DANCES

The English Folk Dance Society, Douglas Kennedy, director, 14 dancers with music for violin and piano (Elsie Avril and May Elliot Hobbs) and with Olive Carey to sing, appeared in Symphony hall last night. The program was as follows:

Country Dances: Helston, Cornwall  
The Furry Dance: Gathering Peascode  
(John Playford's collection 1650-1728)  
Morris Dances: Bampton, Oxon  
Highland Mary: Headington, Oxon  
Hunt the Squirrel: Headington, Oxon  
Sword Dance: Northumberland  
Eardson: Clive Carey, baritone  
Songs: Clive Carey, baritone  
Country Dances: Phoenix; Step Stately  
(John Playford's collection 1650-1728)  
Morris Dances: Wheatley, Oxon  
Professional: Field Town, Oxon  
Step Back: Field Town, Oxon  
Country Dances: Traditional  
The Boatman; St. Martin's  
(John Playford's collection 1650-1728)  
Morris Jig: Bledington, Glos.  
Ladies' Pleasure: Bledington, Glos.  
With pipe and tabor accompaniment.  
Country Dance: Kentucky, U. S. A.  
The Running Set: Clive Carey  
Country Dances: The Old Mole  
(John Playford's collection 1650-1728)  
Morris Dances: Adderbury, Glos.  
Ladies' Pleasure: Bledington, Glos.  
Gallant Hussar: Bampton, Oxon  
Green Garters: Bampton, Oxon

The English Folk Dance Society, under the directorship of Douglas Kennedy, opened an American tour last night in Symphony hall. The program of English country dances, Morris dances and jigs, and sword dancers, was warmly applauded by a large and distinguished audience. The entertainment, or demonstration, as Mr. Kennedy would have us call it, was given under the patronage of the Boston branch of the English Folk Dance Society.

As Mr. Kennedy pointed out, in a short introductory speech, the English folk dances and Morris dances are being revived and danced with more and more enthusiasm, not because they are English, and not because they are old, but because they are fun to do. Certainly they are fun to do. But contrary to Mr. Kennedy's half-concealed anxiety, they are also fun to watch. Mr. Kennedy and his 13 companions danced with the "gay simplicity" that

characterizes English folk dancing, and with an admirable sense of space, rhythm and humor.

Cecil Sharp first became interested in reviving the English country dance 30 years ago. Since his death in 1924, others have taken up the work he started. The tour that was opened last night in Boston will continue through America, in an attempt to interest all peoples of English descent in their own folk culture.

The dances are very beautiful—the Morris (originally Moorish, perhaps), dances, especially. The bells and handkerchiefs, the leaps, the gay twirls of the foot, the bright ribbon garters of the men lent charm to the intricate figures of the dance. A vigorous and skilful sword dance, part of an ancient ritual, was splendidly done. The costumes of the dancers, while not pretentious, were unusually appropriate and beautiful.

A number of songs, folk tunes collected and arranged by Vaughan-Williams, Cecil Sharp, Gustav Holst, and the singer, Clive Carey, pleased by their tender eloquence and quaint humor. It is easy to see the tremendous effect this folk music is having on contemporary English composing, for the songs sung last night were strong with the spirit that imbues the best English music today. Mr. Carey sang with excellent diction, though with a regrettably forced and hollow tone.

The dancers were accompanied by piano and violin for all the dances but one. That one was accompanied by the traditional pipe and tabor, charmingly reminiscent of pastoral scenes. The sound made one wish that this whole program of dances could have been given out in a field, under a sunshiny sky, its natural setting.

E. B.

CONDE—BOARDMAN

Two musicians showed sense last night, Maria Conde, soprano, and the pianist, Reginald Boardman. Instead of attempting, with their single talents—not yet quite mature—to entertain an audience apiece, they gave a concert together. A pity it is more musicians will not do likewise.

Mr. Boardman led off the proceedings with five movements from Bach's sixth French suite. In his thirst for speed he damaged certain characteristic rhythms, the bourrees particularly, also that of the courante. Far better Mr. Boardman played Schumann's

novellette for piano.  
Quite a Chopin's dies he varied r' a Schu' he sacri

Mrs. Conde, meanwhile, had sung four Faure songs, "Soleil," "Mandoline," "Les Berceaux" and "Notre Amour." In a few years' time Mrs. Conde has gained in warmth of tone. It seems regrettable, however, that neither in this group nor in Rimsky-Korsakov's "Hymn to the Sun" she should have had opportunity to display her pretty knack at staccato. She was announced to close the concert with a group of songs in English, "Moon Marketing," by Weaver; Bax's cradle song, "Ebb Tide" and "Pan and the Little Green Reed," by Mrs. Gulesian, and "April Children," by Carey. Mrs. Conde was well accompanied by Edwin Bittcliffe.

For his third contribution Mr. Boardman chose a prelude in C by Abram Chasins, agreeable music, and Liszt's Mephisto waltz. By playing the waltz with musical intelligence, with careful attention to rhythm and to tone color, Mr. Boardman succeeded in giving his performance a real air of virtuosity, a suggestion even of the Mephistophelian temperament. Here was admirable work.

Both artists were applauded by an audience of unusual size.

R. R. G.

CONCERT NOTES

Gertrude Ehrhart will sing tonight in Jordan hall. Her program includes songs by Salvador Rosa, Chopin, Roussel, Milhaud, Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Brahms, Miaskovsky—who is known here only by a very long symphony—Prokofieff, Stravinsky (the Fisherman's song from "The Nightingale"), and a group of songs written by Mr. Gebhard last summer at Bar Harbor. He will play the accompaniments of this group.

The program of the Symphony concerts this week is not the one that was announced. Spohr's Notturmo for wind instruments and "Turkish Music" has been put over a week. Ravel's charming "Mother Goose" suite has been substituted. Louis Gruenberg's symphonic poem "The Enchanted Isle," Mozart's symphony in E flat major and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" have been retained. Mr. Gruenberg planned a series of four symphonic poems with fantastic titles. Two of them were never completed. "The Enchanted Isle," composed during the world war, was laid aside for some years, then revised and rescored.

It was not inspired by any poem, essay, or geography.

La Argentina will dance in Symphony hall next Saturday afternoon, when she will be assisted by Miguel Berdion, pianist. She will dance to music by De Falla, Granados, Guercero, Albeniz, Valverde; an Andalusian tango to a folk-tune, a dance to a Cuban folk tune, and the Carmosa, the national dance of the Philippine Islands. "La Corrida" will give impressions of a bullfight. Mr. Berdion will play pieces by Albeniz and De Falla. The "Dance des Yeux Verts" has music by the lamented Granados, and it is said it was composed for Mme. Argentina and dedicated to her. There is a graphic description of her dancing in De Falla's gypsy ballet "El Amor Brujo" in J. B. Trend's "Manuel De Falla and Spanish Music," recently published by Alfred A. Knopf, a most interesting book.

Vladimir Horowitz, the brilliant pianist, will play in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon Brahms's sonata in F minor, Debussy's "L'Isle Joyeuse," Prokofieff's "Six Fleeting Visions," and "Suggestions Diaboliques," three pieces by Chopin and three pieces by Liszt, including Busoni's arrangement of "La Campanella."

Concerts next week—Monday night, Boston Symphony Orchestra, Tuesday night, William Richardson, baritone, George W. Brown Hall; Apollo Club, with Royal Dadmun, baritone, Jordan hall. Wednesday night, Luella Melius, soprano, Jordan hall; George Brown, violoncellist, George W. Brown hall. Thursday night, Royal Dadmun, Jordan hall. Friday afternoon, Boston Symphony Orchestra. Friday night, Aidan Redmond, singer, Stelbert hall. Saturday afternoon, Frederic Tillotson, pianist, Jordan hall. Saturday night, Boston Symphony Orchestra.

P. H.

GERTRUDE EHRHART

Gertrude Ehrhart, soprano, sang this program last night in Jordan hall: Ariette, Salvador Rosa; Meine Freundin, Chopin; A un jeune gentilhomme, ode chinoise, Roussel; Catalogue des Fleurs, Milhaud, Le Begonia, Les Prillaires, Le Brachycome, Les Jacintees; Der Lindenbaum, Schubert; Der Nussbaum, Schumann; Wie des Mondes Abend, Franz; O Wusst ich doch den Weg zuruck, Brahms; Contradictions, Circles, Miaskovsky; Sunlight Streaming in the Chamber, Tender Love, Prokofieff; Fisherman's aria, from "Rossenol," Stravinsky; Charm—to be said

in the sun, The Silver Cloud, The Flower-phone, Gebhard.

Miss Ehrhart's recital last night ran true to form. The singer, as usual, brought forward many unfamiliar songs—too many of them, as, unfortunately, is also usual, scarcely worth the bringing. Classic songs and romantic she sang as though she herself did not think them worth bothering with overmuch. Mr. Slonimsky she had again in attendance, to make a feature of his accompaniments. A public she also had on hand, a numerous one, which has learned from Miss Ehrhart, to suffer modern music gladly. All true to form, as said above.

The evening, nevertheless, had characteristics of its own. Mr. Gebhard, for instance, brought three new songs to the stage, accompanying them himself, mightily brilliantly too. The first of these some listeners found the most immediately striking; others felt the need of hearing it soon again. Delightful melody, delicate imagination and a singularly rich accompaniment—is it possibly almost overplentiful? Distinguish "The Silver Cloud." Grace and a Puck-like humor make delightful the setting of Miss Abbie Farwell Brown's "The Flower-phone." They won the applause of the evening, and rightly, these songs, and in these Miss Ehrhart did her best singing.

In a year's time, however, Miss Ehrhart has added to the body of her voice, and her fine clarity of enunciation in English she now sustains oftener without damage to her tone than she formerly could do. She has also learned to find melody, not merely odd intervals, in songs like those pretty nothings of Milhaud's. The melody, too, of the "Nussbaum," she appeared to feel, though certainly not its rhythm, and with the first stanzas of Stravinsky's air she did well. These songs and the "Silver Cloud"—here stands the high point of Miss Ehrhart's art to date, a definite step forward.

By suppressing the sharpness and tartness of Milhaud's accompaniments Mr. Slonimsky increased the sonority of Milhaud's songs, though thereby he snipped away much of their character. In a vein amazingly subdued, he played practically all his accompaniments in a tone color so somberly drab that they all sounded much alike, like Stravinsky, let us say, whether Schubert did the writing or Stravinsky himself. Perhaps, in some cases, he used more than tone color to better the likeness. Whatever his means or his motives, Mr. Slonimsky made for monotony last night. Monotony, though, from Mr. Slonimsky—that is a feature, too.

R. R. G.

METROPOLITAN

"The Mighty"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by William Slavens McNutt and Grover Jones from the story by Robert N. Lee; directed by John Cromwell and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Blake Greeson.....George Bancroft  
Louise Patterson.....Esther Ralston  
Sterky.....Warner Oland  
Dorsey Franks.....Raymond Hatton  
Maxime.....Dorothy Revier  
Jerry Patterson.....Morgan Parley  
J. K. Patterson.....O. P. Heggie  
The Mayor.....Charles Sellon  
Major General.....E. H. Calvert  
Mr. Jamieson.....John Cromwell

When anyone goes to see a picture in which George Bancroft plays the leading role, there are certain things which, as a rule, can be counted on. First of all, there will be a great deal of physical action: Mr. Bancroft will have at least one scene in which he will knock down three or four men at once and possibly throw one or two over each shoulder. Then he is quite sure to play a distinctly tough character who allows himself to be approached by the law in a perfectly innocent manner and then all of a sudden will lash out like the proverbial wounded tiger and spread immense destruction, preferably in the dark. Of course, there has to be a refining feminine influence somewhere in the vicinity, but the love-interest is kept discreetly restrained, because who is there that would not prefer Mr. Bancroft in a berserk mood to watching him whisper sweet nothings in a shell-pink ear?

"The Mighty," now to be seen at the Metropolitan Theatre, is no exception to this general rule, but neither is it any exception to the rule that Mr. Bancroft's presence in any film makes for pretty good entertainment. His immense vitality and rowdy humor are a refreshing contrast to the sickly sentimentalism and improbable "rah-rah" college stuff that has been handed out to a forbearing public for such a long time. In this picture Mr. Bancroft takes the part of Blake Greeson, a hard-boiled gunman who is yanked into the World War by main force and remains in it to become a major with a reputation for great heroism. While in France he manages to instill a little of his own reckless courage into a sensitive boy, Jerry Patterson, so that though once a weakling, he dies an heroic death.

After the war Greeson goes to Jerry's family to tell them what had happened, and is, on the strength of his war record, made chief of police to clean up the crime that is rampant in



the city. His own gang think that with him in power it will be easy for them to make a haul; finding him, to his own surprise, a bona fide guardian of the law, they try to stage a great robbery. There is a wild chase through the streets and an exciting battle in a warehouse which make for a most effective climax. Mr. Bancroft gives his usual satisfying and vigorous performance, though more at home in his unregenerate days than as a reformed and virtuous character. Warner Oland was a sinister villain in his almost too familiar style, and Raymond Hatton made an amusing figure of Doccy Franks, Gresson's staunch though unattractive follower. E. L. H.

## SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's fourth concert, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, was as follows: Mozart, Symphony, E flat major (K. 543); Gruenberg, "The Enchanted Isle," a symphonic poem (first time in Boston); Ravel, "Mother Goose" Suite; Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

Dr. Koussevitzky wisely reduced the size of the orchestra for Mozart, as he did at the recent Beethoven Festival for that composer's first symphony when he gave a memorable performance. The performance yesterday of Mozart's Symphony is to be ranked with that playing of Beethoven's music, for exquisite proportion, euphony, and above all for creation—to use a phrase of Mr. W. J. Henderson's "The atmosphere of celestial beauty which surrounded the true Mozartian art." It is true that large orchestras were not unknown in Vienna when Mozart lived there. Seven years before the composition of the symphony played yesterday he spoke of one of his symphonies performed by an orchestra in which there were 40 violins, 10 violas, 8 violoncellos, 10 double basses, and wind instruments doubled; an orchestra of 200 took part in a performance of an oratorio by Dittersdorf; but as a rule the orchestras were small and compositions were planned accordingly. There were only twelve violins in all at the Vienna opera house; only six at the opera house in Prague when "Don Giovanni" was produced there.

Yesterday the various walks of the wind instruments were clearly defined, more so than if the instruments had been doubled for playing against 30 odd violins with other members of the quartet in proportion. For once the skill and taste with which Mozart employed the wind was disclosed to even the usually indifferent hearers, who were content enough if they saw "Mozart" on the program, feeling sure that no surprise would rouse them from genteel apathy. Dr. Koussevitzky has conducted many poetic or stirring performances of the old masters—if Mozart can justly be called an old one and not a modern—but never one more charming, more entrancing than that of yesterday. Mozart wished his music to "sound." Yesterday it sang. The finale had the dashing gaiety that characterizes his overture to "Nozze di Figaro."

Mr. Gruenberg wrote to us that having laid aside "The Enchanted Isle," projected during the world war; finding it on his return from Europe, he came across melodies and passages that brought back to him the wistful, romantic days of his youth. He determined to recapture "a whiff of these enchanted islands of memory." And so his isle was not far off in some far sea. Yet as the music was playing one hearer could not help remembering Prospero's Island as described by Caliban: "The isle is full of noises, Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not."

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices, That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep Will make me sleep again."

(Mr. Gruenberg, though he believes that a composition should stand firmly as music without the aid of any literal, or pictorial association as a prop, will pardon the intrusion here of Shakespeare.)

It is no wonder that this symphonic poem, first heard at the recent Worcester festival, delighted the audience. Here is music by a contemporary that is melodious, imaginative, and, when contrast is required, poetically dra-

matic. Perhaps at the beginning the influence of Debussy is slightly shown; but it is hard for any modern composer with a poetic soul to escape wholly this influence. There is here no imitation; no obvious recollection; only a sympathy in expression. The idiom is modern, but healthily so. There is nothing morbid, naturally or designedly in Mr. Gruenberg's musical thoughts; nothing forced or labored in his expression of the thoughts. Melodically, harmonically and rhythmically the music is his own. Nothing to show mere ingenuity; nothing, by a barren exhibition of technical skill, to impress the pedant. The last pages admit apparently a few superfluous measures. It seems ungracious to say this when the work as a whole gave so much pleasure. This pleasure was enhanced by the modesty with which Mr. Gruenberg responded to the applause. He did not with the last chord jump frantically from his seat and with coat tails flying make a wild rush to the platform. He was slow in rising at Dr. Koussevitzky's invitation; he walked down the main aisle, shook the conductor's hand, bowed to the audience, and then, without grin or smirk, with his chest in his natural position, resumed his seat. And it is not impertinent to say that preparing and interpreting the composition of an American, native or adopted, Dr. Koussevitzky shows the interest, the zeal that he would bestow on a new work by a European or on an important classic, and puts it in the clearest, most favorable light by his genius for interpretation.

The charming suite of Ravel's and the rondo of Strauss brilliant in itself and by the performance completed the program of a most interesting concert. It will be repeated tonight. The program of next week comprises Spohr's Notturmo for wind instruments and Turkish music—to be played as a whole for the first time in Boston; Eichheim's "Burma" and "Java"—first time in Boston; Strauss's Symphonica Domestica.

## LETTERS OF T. S. PERRY

### A Loved Bostonian with His Books, His Work and His Friends

LETTERS OF THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY: Selected by Edwin Arlington Robinson with an introduction by him: The Macmillan Co. 255 pp. \$3.

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Robinson describes his friend as a man revealing in his letters a personality "as engaging as it was unusual, as facetious as it was ferocious, and as amiable as it was annihilating. . . . Even in his depressions and indignations he was always distinguished." As his letters show, he was a man of books and prejudices. Books were to him like people. There were able works that did not arouse his interest, like some "worthy and admirable persons whom he would rather not have in the house." He learned the Russian language so that he could read almost everything in Russian that could be called literature; but, admiring Henry James as writer and as man, he found too many words in the later novels. "By that time James had invented a new language, which his old friend had never found time to learn. Perhaps Russian had been enough." An "incurious agnostic," Perry was not an optimist, and in no sense was he an atheist. He himself said foolishly that he was not a writer, meaning thereby that he was not a great creator. Mr. Robinson sees in him one of the great appreciators—"without whom there would be no great writers, or artists of any sort"; rather than "a dynamic and predestined penman."

The one thing he really cared about and wanted, apart from friends, family and books, was denied him "by a twist of fate that partly concealed itself in the manifold ramifications of academic diplomacy." (This no doubt accounts in a large measure for remarks in his letters about the overseers and policy of Harvard University.) "He was a great reader, a great friend and a great gentleman."

This introduction is much more than the customary invitation, complimentary but superficial, often perfunctory, to lure the reader on and thus swell the sale of the book. Mr. Robinson should be urged to "drop into prose" as essayist and literary critic.

The letters addressed to William James, John T. Morse, Jr., Solomon Reinach and others—the greatest num-

ber in the book are to Mr. Morse, his biographer—were evidently written by Perry without the thought of publication; written, as, it is said, he talked, and he was known as a brilliant conversationalist. They reveal the nature of the man, his prejudices, that perhaps made him the more lovable; his whims and fancies; his humor, now sly, now rollicking; his indignation at what he deemed unworthy in church, state and society.

In 1889 he wrote to Moorfield Storey that the notions of Harvard's overseers were bourgeois and philistine. A year later he was angry when he heard that Santayana was denied promotion in Harvard some eight years before "because some prominent overseer said he taught atheism. . . . A most scandalous thing for S. is one of the best men they ever had in the college, one of the best teachers, one of the best influences. . . . Of course the charge is preposterous. The college lost a very brilliant man. I am very angry about it." The giving of honorary degrees amused and wearied Perry. "At about this time in the year"—the letter was written from Leningrad in June, 1908, to Mr. Morse—"begins the hunt for a man to work in your garden and another to get a degree. The proper authorities read long lists of say 'divines' and other worthies who have lived 50-odd years without appearing in a police court, and thus are the joys of Commencement thoughtfully prepared well in advance. The gentleman who declined such shopworn honors alone deserves them."

He enjoyed reading the Wall Street Journal to hear one voice speaking wisely, clearly and briefly in a world full of emptiness. "There are no shavings, no superfluous words. Sometimes, to be sure, it is only the superfluous words that people like. They call them eloquence." He recalled an occasion when "the modern Demosthenes," Gov. Rice, at a commencement called ships "the white wings of commerce." The only survival of these precious gems is "in those epitaphs applied to recipients of degrees at Cambridge. . . . they always sound to me as if they had been composed in Latin and then translated by some blundering freshman. At Yale they have a much more familiar and homelike address: this I prefer to our pomp."

In 1889 he wrote from Venice to Moorfield Storey, "I don't like Gauls; I like not the English; I love my country best, one and inseparable, foolish but intelligent." As Mr. Robinson says in a footnote, Perry modified somewhat these opinions and preferences when he was older. That year he asked Storey to send him a Boston newspaper, the first one he could lay his hands on: "The Boston Herald is dull; the Record foul; the Post heavy; the Advertiser odious." In 1928 he wrote from that picturesque village, Hancock, N. H., his summer home, "I notice that our friend Mr. Borah has risen to oppose the huge navy. . . . That navy business is the most alarming thing yet. It is Germany over again. We seem anxious to take the place she held and with our awful mania for managing others, we are a peril to mankind. What we need is a good thrashing. See how Germany is improved."

In 1865 he wrote to William James that he had seen the play "Enoch Arden"—"Good, better than most farces." In the same letter he asked how much Seltzer aperient was needed to have some effect. He had been reading novels by Murger, Feydeau, and one of Paul de Kock's—"moral but very uninteresting." At Bayreuth in 1888 he heard "Parsifal," and found the first act dull, the plot "foolish enough, Rider Haggard being beaten at his own game. . . . Wagner still seems to me a tremendous charlatan, but very able and impressive in a slow way. Much of his work is very dull, but when he is good he is very good. . . . We went to the master's grave. I was asked the day before if I didn't want to do this, and I answered with occult readiness, that it was what I had long wanted to see (Meaning that for many years I had wished to hear of the death of R. Wagner, because I regarded him as a colossal fraud. My esoteric meaning escaped my interlocutor.)"

Speaking of the lake where the King of Bavaria "put on immortality," Perry supposed the reason was that the King's system finally got full of caraway seeds and so he went mad. "Small blame to him, for quite as bad as the English mint is the German caraway seed in boiled potatoes and cold beet-root."

Zola was "a great man with a bad name; he has lying deep in his nature a keen love of propriety that almost amounts to prudishness." He was used to the shirt of France, which seems to be based on the rustic blouse. The brevity of English shirt-tails ruffled "the peachy down of Emile's modesty." Perry enjoyed Irvin Cobb's "Glory of the Coming"—"a capital book. I think it quite remarkable"; he liked the Saturday Evening Post; "The 'high-brow'"

generally sneers at it as mere light of the rabble, but I always defend it and often read it." G. B. Shaw (1919) is a "curiously unsatisfactory person, as clever as he can be, and perfectly hateful."

In 1923, Perry wrote to his son-in-law Joseph C. Grew, that the radio was turned on at the barber's. "It seemed to me as if I could hear the crumbling of civilization in the hideous chatter of the comic man and the sickening music I think the radio is a curse to humanity in its lighter moments." The America voice distressed him. He wrote to Mr. Morse that this voice must have been taken straight over from the war-cry of the Indians. "No one takes steps to correct it. Mothers answer their children's squalls with equal yells—it is awful. There is to me no charm like beautiful speaking voice. I simply worshipped that of Adelaide Neilson."

Prohibition (1921) was obnoxious to him, for it destroys respect for the law. "There is a general disposition to break down every fence." He saw two novel that took up the relative merits of divorce and bigamy, with decided preference for bigamy. "A good many writers of verse cry for freedom, and the freedom when they get it they use like dirty little boys who write dirty little words on a fence. Certainly the parson has lost much of his old power; the politician has dug his own grave, and now law is proving itself ridiculous. With nothing to respect, anarchy is cheap. It is only a convention that one should respect the law and that convention is going with the rest of the lot. They will have a hell of a time when they are all gone, and then they will have to set to work to rig up some new ones."

If Perry did Woodrow Wilson gross injustice continually sneering at him he did not hesitate to speak of the "venom" shown by his friend Lodge who "introduced" political prejudice and politicians are sure to do."

It may be said without exaggeration that there is not a dull page in this book; no page that does not tempt quotation. Space forbids Perry's letter to Mr. Morse in which he sees himself burned at the stake on Boston Common. "It would be a good end for me and great fun for the newspapers. How minutely the reporters would describe the process of combustion, and the photographers would perpetually apply their interesting art. Doubtless you would stay away from the vulgar ceremony, but sometimes you would go to see it represented in the movies."

The book is sadly in need of an index of proper names and subjects.

## UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

### "Welcome Danger"

An all-talking screen comedy from an original story by Ted Wilde and Clyde Bruckman, directed by Clyde Bruckman and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Harold Lloyd . . . . . Harold Lloyd  
Billie Lee . . . . . Barbara Kent  
Patrick Clancy . . . . . Noah Young  
John Thomas . . . . . Charles Middleton  
Carl Walton . . . . . William Walling  
Dr. Chan Gow . . . . . Jimmy Ward

In his first all-dialogue achievement Harold Lloyd certainly gives one's money's worth. "Welcome Danger" runs for practically one hour and 45 minutes. In its wobbly course is packed for more material, comic or otherwise, than any picture needs. Apparently, once hearing the sound of his own voice, this mad young wit became obsessed with that elation of spirits which sometimes carries the strongest of men beyond bounds. Never, for instance, have we seen so many free-for-all fights, chiefly with Chinese "extras." Mr. Lloyd incites these violent encounters, encourages them by every sly device, participates in them with an ardor which knows not when to tire. Moreover, he has introduced something new in sight and sound. When he and a wall-eyed policeman are immured in a Chinese den, expecting sinister attack, the lights go out, the screen is blank. Yet the voices of the two are heard. Those voices are building up a comic situation. Lloyd, apparently climbing stairs, complains that he cannot find the next step. When the lights return he is at the top of a mountainous stepladder, about to plunge into space. Several times is this trick of a dark screen resorted to, each time gaining its meed of laughter.

As Harold Bledsoe, a goggle-eyed botanist whose father was formerly an iron-handed chief of police in San Francisco, Mr. Lloyd is seen in early reels indulging in bleating love scenes with Barbara Kent as Billie Lee. Abruptly he is thrust into a police hunt for a notorious character known as the Dragon, who is at the head of a gigantic opium smuggling ring. Harold becomes enthusiastic on the subject of finger-printing to such immoderate degree that the disgusted police send him on what they deem a wild-goose chase. After interminable adventures Harold exposes the Dragon and is patted on the back by those who had ridiculed him.

Harold is accompanied in his quest by one Clancy, as dumb a "cop" as ever hit the wrong man with a stuffed meat stick. More than half of the picture



## "NORMA" REVIVED

The Cosmopolitan opera company at the Arlington Theatre promises a performance of Bellini's "Norma." The opera, once famous, has not been heard in Boston since Lilli Lehmann appeared as the priestess. It was produced at La Scala, Milan, on Dec. 26, 1831, with a great quartet of singers: Mmes. Pasta and Giulia Grisi; Messrs. Donzelli and Negrini. The public was at first cool. Bellini appeared indifferent, and contented himself with saying: "We shall see, we shall see." Yet a friend reported that the composer wept. His grief is shown in a letter he wrote to Florimo, in which, though he had faith in the future of the opera, he said: "In works for the theatre, the public is the supreme judge." His faith was fully justified, for "Norma" soon filled opera houses throughout the musical world.

The first performance in Boston was in English and by the Seguin company at the Old Tabernacle (Howard Athenaeum) on Oct. 27, 1845. Norma, Mrs. Seguin; Adalgisa, Mrs. Maeder; the Roman Proconsul, Fraser; Orovisi, Edward Seguin. The opera was given five times to full houses, according to Col. William W. Clapp, Jr., not always accurate in his record of the Boston stage. The Seguins were great favorites here. They both died in New York, Edward in 1852; his wife, born Ann Childe, in 1888. With the exception of Mrs. Wood, she was regarded as the best English singer that had been heard in this country up to the time she retired from the stage on the death of her husband. The first performance in Italian was by the Havana opera company at the Howard Athenaeum on June 2, 1847, when the two women were Rainieri and Fortunata Tedesco, the idol of the Boston public, famous for her voluptuous beauty and magnificent voice. It was she that took the part of Venus in "Tannhaeuser" at Paris when the Jockey Club behaved in an unseemly manner. Our old friend Arditì was the conductor at the Howard Athenaeum and he great double-bass virtuoso Bottesini was a member of the orchestra. When Wagner was conductor at Riga he chose for his first benefit on Dec. 1, 1837, "Norma," assuring the public that he could not offer a greater proof of his esteem than by performing an opera which contains "the most melodious pieces and unites fire with the most profound truth . . . the most inveterate adversaries of the new Italian school of music have been compelled to acknowledge that this opera is sublime."

It was on April 9, 1889, that Lilli Lehmann appeared as Norma at the Boston Theatre: Adalgisa, Felicia Kaschoska; Pollione, Paul Kalisch; Orovisi, Emil Fischer.

Rosa Ponselle, for whom "Norma" was revived at the Metropolitan Opera House, appeared as the Druid priestess in London last May. Mr. Ernest Newman wrote that many discovered there was really something in this old work. "They found a steady crescendo of dramatic interest to the final note. The suspicion arose in them that, old-fashioned as the idiom is, the composer knew his job; and they began to understand how it is that 'Norma' has kept the stage for a hundred years, and why many of the greatest of operatic singers drugging all that time have found the fullest scope for their art in it; Lilli Lehmann, for instance, who had sung almost every operatic part there was to sing . . . declared that 'Norma' was ten times

as exacting as 'Fidelio.' Norma is, indeed, one of the great figures of opera, but she would not have continued to be that for a century unless there were something more to it than the drama alone; there must be something in the music also." Then Mr. Newman told his readers how to listen to "Norma."

"It is the fate of all opera to become a medley of outworn conventions to later generations, and those of the 20th century will one day be as old-fashioned as those of Rameau, of Mozart, or of Meyerbeer." It is necessary to "perce through the conventions and get at the principle of life that was manifestly so strong within them in their own way. . . . We must purge our minds for a week or two, as well as we can, of the music that has been written since the epoch when the work was written, and try to listen to it with ears contemporary with itself." Then we shall see that "contrary to the current belief of today, Bellini, had, for his time, a first-rate dramatic sense; and it must have been this that gave him his hold on his own epoch. . . . That he never lost sight of the stage even in the midst of his abandonment to his most sugary lyrical vein could be demonstrated from scores of passages in his works; always he manages to strike in at this right moment with an effect that is simple enough in itself, but invariably telling in virtue of its aptness and, above all, its perfect timing. . . . I have been struck by the variety of forms and colors given by Bellini in what, to the casual eye, seems to be mainly the one monotonous accompaniment figure. He generally has something up his sleeve even here for the exceptional moment. . . . I have come to believe that the secret of Bellini's success in his own day was not his lyricism, which is generally commonplace, but his remarkable sense of the dramatic situation of the moment, revealing itself in all sorts of subtle touches that we have to train our modern ears to perceive. . . . There was more talent in this young man than the modern world suspects. Let us not forget that he was only thirty when 'La Sonnambula' and 'Norma' were written, and that he was dead before he was 34."

"Norma" demands grand singers.

The press agent of the Cosmopolitan Opera company informs us that Lydia Van Gilder is a Hoosier by birth; that she sang for two seasons at La Scala; and accomplished the feat of singing Sieglinde's music in the afternoon, the music of Amneris in the evening of the same day.

He also informs us that Miss Clara Shear, who has been heard here with the Chicago Civic opera, refuses to be ordered as to what she should think say. "When she was asked how she liked housework she replied, 'I hate and have no intention of doing it, if I don't have to.' She has no illusions as to the character of jazz, and thinks that the high-brow critics who sneer at it, and the young aesthetes who deify it, are equally at fault." She says it is principally because it is such a great vehicle for dancing, which she loves. Before she made her American debut she had been engaged to an Italian whom she met while studying in Italy. As she was successful, she was promptly cabled to her betrothed, breaking off the engagement. She had an agreement to the effect that if success eluded her she would marry; if she succeeded, she would not—or rather that she would wed her career," which is musically important.

Then there is Miss Pilla, who our esteemed friend the press agent says, comes from Lynn. "About 10 years ago, Miss Pilla wrote a letter to her

English teacher inscribed: 'Not to be opened until my ambition is realized.' The better part of a decade passed. Then she returned from Europe with the praise of both public and artists ringing in her ears. The letter was opened. In it was found a statement of her ambition, her determination to become a great singer, and to work with fervor toward her ideal. She made her debut in Italy in 'Andrea Chenier.' The composer, Giordano, was in the audience. Later in the evening, she says, 'she was entertained at a supper.' Giordano was present. 'He took hold of my hand and held it until he got through telling me how nicely I did and what a nice voice I had. I thought he had a mortgage on it—the hand, I mean, not the voice.'"

Miss Saroya is not a stranger in Boston. Born at Philadelphia, she studied in this country and in Italy. She has not only toured the length and breadth of the United States with the San Carlo company, she has sung in South America and in Cuba.

There are interesting concerts this week. The Boston Symphony orchestra will begin its series of Monday night concerts tomorrow, and on Friday and Saturday will bring out two oriental compositions by Henry Eichheim. The Apollo Club will give its first concert of the season, there will be recitals by Mme. Melius, soprano; Messrs. Dadmun, Richardson and Redmond, singers, and Mr. Tillotson, pianist. Mr. Dadmun's program names an unfamiliar composer—Rontani, whose Christian name is Raphael. He was a Florentine, in the service of Antonio de Medici, an illegitimate son, whose mother was Bianca Capello. The collection of Raphael's songs was published in 1614.

Mr. Lansing R. Robinson sends us a letter written to him by his friend, Mr. G. W. Chandler in Paris:

"Tonight I am taking a couple of ladies to 'Les Cloches de Corneville.' We used to call it the 'Chimes of Normandy.' Never hear anything like that in these days of jazz and musical (?) comedy (?) that is in the States. . . . I do not know that I have ever witnessed a better rendition of Planquette's charming operetta, than that of last evening. The settings and costumes were as they should be, which was never the case in America, and the peasants spoke with the Norman accent. For once the marquis did not appear in a Mexican costume, which for some unknown reason has always been the case in the States."

"We have often conceived a wrong idea of many of the old operetta characters. For example, in the States, Lorenzo XVIII in 'The Mascotte' was portrayed as a sort of clown with a red face and a red bald wig, wobbling about on unsteady legs. Harry Brown was no doubt responsible for this. The only comedian who had the courage to do it as it was originally intended was Henry Dixie. Incidentally New York did not seem to go wild over it, having been accustomed to the clownish Lorenzo, and seeming to imagine that Dixie was trying to do something of his own. I only wish that we could hear these old pieces once in a while. . . . All charming and as far superior to the latter day stuff as Wagner is to Irving Berlin, or pretty nearly, for nothing could quite stretch itself to such extremes. But the present generation is degenerate in so far as music and the drama are concerned. Shakespeare, himself, were he to come back, could scarcely hope to pay expenses en tournée. A qui ly faute? The public, I presume, for American producers, and they can scarcely be blamed, will put on only such plays as the public will pay to see. Here in Paris there are five theatres subsidized by the government, producing plays and operas of educational value at reasonable and even cheap prices. On ne peut pas tout avoir. We in America have hotel rooms with bath and rotten shows, and jazz music thrown into the bargain, and, the worst of it is that one cannot escape this last which, thanks (or otherwise) to the radio, creeps into every crack and crevice."

## The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Serafin and Joaquin A. Quintero, the Spanish dramatists, are not unknown here. Last May their delightful "Lady from Alfaceque" and the one-act "A Sunny Morning" were performed at the Hollis Street by the Civic Repertory players. At the Hollis Street tomorrow night "A Hundred Years Old" will be seen here for the first time with Otis Skinner as Papa Juan, "El Centarío." This comedy in three acts was brought out by Gilbert Miller in Cleveland last April, when Katherine Grey, Arthur Lewis, Octavia Kenmore, Mary Arbenz, Charles Dalton, Fred Tiden and others were associates of Mr. Skinner.

Papa Juan wishes to receive on his 100th birthday all his relatives, rich and poor, good and bad, and he wishes his favorite great-grandchildren to arrive. The Granville-Barkers, in the preface to their translation of the play into English, describe "A Hundred Years Old" as a sentimental comedy. "It was a pity," they say, "that the English theatre produced no worthy successor to T. W. Robertson, no one to enrich his technique, to bring a more catholic view of life and a robust mind to play-writing. 'A Hundred Years Old,' turn its Spanish environment to English, might be the work of a later Robertson. It is unashamedly sentimental; but is wholesome sentiment to be anathema? And see with what artistic tact the authors have placed the sentiment in the mouths of a very old man and a very young girl, have kept them briskly merry besides, and have surrounded them with vigorous comedy."

"A Hundred Years Old" was at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, on Oct. 1, 1929. Mr. Richard Lockridge wrote in the Sun: "In the centre of sentimentality there is always a core of something real. In the spectacle of a gentle man growing old quietly, gaining tolerance with age, laughing still and still looking forward into the future, there is a very real beauty." And Mr. Lockridge wrote of Mr. Skinner: "His is a glamorous art—possibly it is the art of yesterday—but of it he is authentically an elder master. He comes to us from a day when swagger was still in the theatre, when reticence had not laid its perhaps grayish intelligence over so much that is best in drama. In his acting there is fine strength, robustness, knowledge of the medium through which he has worked for a lifetime. Never has he more clearly shown the qualities which have made him one of the most loved of our troupers."

Mr. Jewett's players will bring out "Measure for Measure" at the Repertory Theatre. It has not been performed here since Mme. Modjeska took the part of Isabella, which was one of her favorite roles. The play was seen in New York for the first time on March 27, 1818, when the excellent and versatile Mrs. Barnes "from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane," played Isa-



bella; Pritchard, the Duke; Robertson, Angelo. There were only two performances. For a long time "Measure for Measure" was left to readers of Shakespeare.

The play has never been very popular, even in England. It was revived at the Haymarket, London, on April 26, 1929, by the British Empire Shakespeare Society, when Jean Forbes Robertson played Isabella; Balfour Halloway, the Duke; Frank Cellier, Angelo; Ivan Samson, Claudio; Jane Thurle, Mariana.

The reason, no doubt, why "Measure for Measure" has seldom been performed, is not on account of its subject—the story is based on Giraldi Cinthio's story "Juriste" on which George Whetstone built a play "Promos and Cassandra" published in 1578 but never acted. Shakespeare helped himself to this play recreating the Bawd, the Fantastic, the Clown and the Constable—it is on account of many lines which shock our inconsistently prudish age, but might pass in modern comedies without ruffling sensitive natures. Yet "Measure for Measure" holds the attention fast even in the reading. Coleridge found the tragedy "horrible," the comic part "disgusting," yet he admitted counter-balancing beauties and thought Claudio's famous speech: "Ay, but to die, and go we know not where" a heroic resolve. "It appears to me to be the grandest symptom of an immortal spirit, when even that bedimmed and overwhelmed spirit recked not of its own immortality, still to seek to be—to be a mind, a will."

Hazlitt found the play full of genius and wisdom, though he could not take a "cordial" interest in it. He thought Angelo had a greater passion for hypocrisy than for his mistress; "neither are we greatly enamored of Isabella's rigid chastity, though she could not act otherwise than she did. We do not feel the same confidence in the virtue that is 'sublimely good' at another's expense, as if it had been put to some less disinterested trial."

Naturally some lines must be omitted at the Repertory's performance, yet Hazlitt called Lucio, Pompey and Master Froth "pleasant" persons. "They appear all mighty comfortable in their occupations, and determined to pursue them 'as the flesh and fortune should serve.'"

The finest, the most understanding essay on "Measure for Measure" we know is Walter Pater's published in his "Appreciations." To him Shakespeare infused a lavish color and a profound significance into the play, "so that under his touch certain select portions of it rise far above the level of all but his own best poetry, and working out of it a morality so characteristic that the play might well pass for the central expression of his moral judgments." Those about to see Mr. Jewett's revival of "Measure for Measure" should read this essay. Mr. Jewett is to be thanked for bringing before the public this play unknown to the younger generation except by the printed book.

It was "Measure for Measure" that led Wagner to write his opera, "Das Liebesverbot," which failed miserably and laughably at Magdeburg on March 29, 1836. His libretto was a curious version of the play. Angelo was a German governor who wished to turn Sicilians into Puritans. Mariana was not at the moated grange but a novice. Isabella married Lucio. The police substituted the title, "The Novice of Palermo" for "Forbidden Love." At Wagner's benefit, the second and last performance, the only people he could see seated before the overture were his landlady, her husband, and a Polish Jew in full costume. There was a general free fight in the wings, beginning with Isabella's husband attacking Claudio, a second tenor.

Whose music will be used at the Repertory for the lovely song, "Take, oh, take those lips away"? There are many settings from John Wilson's published 1653-59 to Greenhill's (1883). Perhaps there are some still later than Greenhill's.

Mr. Clive will bring out "Murder on the Second Floor," tomorrow night at the Copley Theatre. London first saw this comedy at the Lyric Theatre on June 21, 1929. Frank Vosper, the author, took the part of Hugh Bromlow, a young dramatist in a Bloomsbury boarding house. The landlady (played by Sara Allgood), has a daughter (Nora Swinburne). The landlady's husband, the gentleman who had been to New York, the Oriental student, the spinster, the parlor maid, the two cheery young people to whom our playgoers are accustomed seeing boarding house plays, are all inmates of Mrs. Armitage's house. The budding dramatist, in love with the landlady's daughter, takes her advice, and shows how the inmates would behave if they found themselves in a thriller. And so there is a play within a play. The dramatist puts himself and Sylvia Armitage into it. The boarding house is "The centre of a mysterious conspiracy." There is a box of dope for one bedroom, a knife for another one—in fact there are all the tricks of the trade. In New York, at the Eltinge Theatre last fall, Laurence Olivier played the author; Florence Edney, the landlady; Phyllis Konstam, her daughter.

When "Fioretta," now playing at the Tremont, was first heard by a New York audience last February, there was tumult with shouting at the back of the stage. According to Mr. Lockridge, "most musical productions require that new sets be put together while the action—if you care to call it action—is going on. Thus the heroine and the hero may be singing about their love near the footlights, with a drop behind them, while the ballroom of the country club is being built behind the drop. At such times you will notice sudden bulges in the drop. The bulges are stage hands. And you will hear voices. They blend with the song:

"You're perfect—where's that rope—Fioretta, I love—will yuh gimme that wrench? Will yuh?—in a cottage built for two, I'll cherish—shove it over! Hey, what th'—because you're perfect, perfect, per—Gimme that rope! Shhhh! Hey—bang! bang!—and I'll never forget, no, I'll never for—shhhh! Now! Hurry up! Come on, can't yuh?—when the moon shone down—BANG! BANG! . . .

"The work, of course, is being done under difficulties. And free speech is a priceless thing. Nor is it at all certain the song would be worth hearing, anyway. Still . . .

Mr. Lloyd's voice, neither raucous nor yet piping falsetto; simply the voice you would expect to hear from that confident young man. It is further aided by some very fine photography, so expertly directed as to make every Lloyd trick as perfect in execution as it was trick as perfect in design. "Well, comically inventive in design. 'Welcome Danger' may be silly, but it at least serves to keep Mr. Lloyd in motion pictures. Now if Charlie Chaplin will oblige, all will be well. W. E. G.

## LA ARGENTINA

La Argentina gave of her incomparable art for the benefit of the Boston Music School Settlement yesterday afternoon at Symphony hall. The hall was crowded with an audience that rewarded the dancer's grace and charm by rapturous applause and by many gifts and flowers.

To those who have not seen La Argentina, no words can summon the spell, half glamorous, half warmly human, that she exerts; to those who have seen her, words are empty. The gracious warmth of her personality glows through the perfection of formal art that is her dancing, and imbues every movement with meaning. She is graceful, she is lovely to look at, she is an actress of superb and delicate resourcefulness—but one does not think of these things. Watching her dance, we are conscious only of a marvelously expressive person translating her moods, her feeling for music and rhythm, her warm heart and gay humor, into movements that delight, because through them we become acquainted with her.

Her mastery of the castanets is miraculous. With those sharp staccatos, languorous murmurings and noisy chattering, she speaks to the audience. She points the measures of her dance with the figures she steps out, bestows a percussive decoration on the music. Her beautifully planned costumes, never so gorgeous that they can dim her beauty, she manages with an art that puts scarf dancing and other artificial play with fabrics, to shame. The sweeping circular movements of the skirts, the arch flick of a ruffled sleeve, the wide joyous smile behind the handkerchief—these are parts of the whole dance, indispensable.

New dances this year were "Goyescas," in which she became a bewigged and powdered dame, but Spanish as her castanets; "Dance from La Vida Breve," in which she was a vibrant, tempestuous flirt; "Dance de Yeux Verts," which revealed her more stately, a proud and reserved beauty.

"Jota," which let her be unaffectedly gay, with twinkling feet; "Cielo de Cuba," in which with turbaned head, and sash-bound ruffles, she became a coquettish creole; and "Carinosa," for which she metamorphosed into a shy Filipina, enjoying a two step at a formal ball.

There were other dances of enchanting memory, among them the charmingly gauche and awkward "Lagarterana." One wishes the dancer had let us see once more that tortuous and ecstatic ritual dance from El Amor Brujo, which best reveals her as a dancer and actress of extraordinary power. Perhaps the kind lady from Argentina who repeated so many dances for a beauty-greedy audience, may dance it at her next recital, to be given at Symphony hall, Nov. 23.

Miguel Berdion, excellent pianist and dance accompanist, contributed some beautiful playing, solo. E. B.

## HOROWITZ

Vladimir Horowitz, pianist, played this program yesterday afternoon before an audience that filled Symphony hall:

Sonata, F minor, Brahms; Gavotte, Prokofieff; Suggestions Diaboliques, L'Isle Joyeuse, Debussy; Polonaise, C-sharp minor, Impromptu, A-flat major, Valse Brillante, Chopin; "Don Juan," Liszt.

A person visiting Selborne, Gilbert White tells us, had a habit of eating toads, "to make the country people stare." Though he had no country people to amaze, or toads to astonish them with, Mr. Horowitz, what with his speed and prodigious strength, set his listeners yesterday to "staring" with all their eyes. They stared hardest—unless the Liszt fantasy opened their eyes still wider—at Chopin's impromptu, whipped up by Mr. Horowitz to a pace that turned the pretty graceful piece into a technical conjuring feat.

He showed amazement as well they might, at the extraordinary exhibition of technical virtuosity in Prokofieff's "Suggestions Diaboliques"; the Russian, like Massenet, evidently conceives the devil in comedy vein. Once more the listeners expressed astonishment, when Mr. Horowitz, perhaps putting Debussy's island more definitely on the map than Debussy would have fancied, offered a dazzling technical display in "L'Isle Joyeuse." In Prokofieff's up-and-coming gavotte they took rare delight—no wonder; here Mr. Horowitz, for the moment not flamboyant, showed himself at his best.

With the Brahms sonata, however, the audience appeared quite as enthusiastically content. Mr. Horowitz, nevertheless, in the view of the minority, showing no regard whatever for the rhythmic figure on which Brahms based the sonata's first movement, merely con-

trasted, through that first movement, course, fast strident noise with the second theme turned shapeless and invidiously soft and sweet. Equally rapid made the andante, because of total monotony and lack of sensitiveness of melody. When he came, on the other hand, to the great chorale-like passage of the finale, Mr. Horowitz, as sympathetic, neither sentimental nor rushed to death, delivered it with grandeur.

The more brilliant portions of the polonaise Mr. Horowitz played with a stirring rhythm, with tone so telling that once again the minority could wish that the young man would copy his passion for making us country people stare. Then he might develop the full genius that unquestionably is his. R. R. G.

## PARK

### "Woman to Woman"

An all-talking picture adapted by Nicholas Fodor from the original play by Mich. Morton; directed by Victor Saville and presented by Tiffany-Stahl, with the following cast:

Lola . . . . . Betty Compson

David Compton . . . . . George Barris

Vesta Compton . . . . . Juliette Farnham

Florence . . . . . Margaret Chambers

Hal . . . . . Reginald Sharpe

Davey . . . . . George Billings

Dr. Gavron . . . . . Winton H.

Much has been demanded of Betty Compson in the past, from playing the violin to cooking convincing meals, but it is pretty safe to say that never before has she been forced to go through such a series of antics as in her most recent picture, "Woman to Woman." She starts as a dancer in a cabaret in Paris during the war, then, after a very tear-drenched interlude, she suddenly becomes a famous dancer with a 4-year-old son and a weak heart. To cap the climax, she is forced to do Gloria Swanson when she gives up her child to his father, and last of all she gives a performance of the Dance of Death, at the end of which she most appropriately dies. It is only fair to say that Miss Compson carries off the emotional hodge-podge with great warmth of feeling and astonishing simplicity, but it is a pretty foolish business.

The story tells of a British girl who meets and loves a pretty French girl, intends to marry her, but is wounded and loses his memory. Years later he finds her again, but only after he has married a haughty beauty, who will not divorce him. George Barris and Juliette Compton gave two excellent performances as the forgetful officer and the lady he marries by mistake.

### "Mister Antonio"

An all-talking picture adapted by Frederick Fanny Hutton from the play of the same name by Booth Tarkington; directed by James Flood and Frank Reicher; presented by Tiffany-Stahl, with the following cast:

Antonio Camaradino . . . . . Leo Carrillo

June Ramsey . . . . . Virginia Valli

Milton Jory . . . . . Frank Reicher

Mrs. Jory . . . . . Eugene Besser

Earl Jory . . . . . Franklin Lewis

Joe . . . . . Gareth Hughes

Several years ago Otis Skinner appeared in Boston in a pleasant little play about an Italian organ-grinder who befriended a young girl, June Ramsey turned out of her home by her relatives for spending the evening at a road house with a young man. A quiet and sentimental story, with many chances for the leading actor; "Mister Antonio" now serves Leo Carrillo abundantly well in his talking picture debut. His cheerful trust in human nature, his generous anger at mean selfishness and his spontaneous chivalry toward the girl throw in his way by the merest chance make Antonio Camaradino a very lovable person. Mr. Carrillo takes full advantage of his opportunities; his Italian accents sound entirely genuine; his expansive manner savors in no way of exaggeration, and his growing love for June Ramsey is sincerely and movingly portrayed. Virginia Valli is a winning and attractive heroine, and Frank Reicher made almost believable the sanctimonious hypocrite, Jory. E. L. H.

## KEITH-ALBEE

### "The Delightful Rogue"

An all-talking picture from the original story by Wallace Smith; directed by Leslie Pierce and Lyn Shores and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Lastro . . . . . Rod La Rocque

Nydra . . . . . Rita La Rocque

Harry Beall . . . . . Charles B.

MacDougall . . . . . Ed Bra

Hymie . . . . . Harry Sen

Junipero . . . . . Sam B.

Nelson . . . . . Bert Moor

It is bad enough when an attractive moving picture actress suddenly goes cute but when an actor of established reputation makes up his mind along the same lines, the results are little short of disastrous. Behold, then, Mr. R. La Rocque usually a suave and agreeable gentleman with a flair for sophisticated comedy, in the leading part of "The Delightful Rogue," a role that encourages him to act all over the stage to be coy and to assume an accent, presumably Spanish, that could be cut with a knife. Amusing enough to begin with



a chafant modern pirate... address for poisoning his Chinese cook, allowed himself to become so wonderfully irresistible and so infallibly top of everything that it was tire and distinctly annoying. If only could have mussed up his hair or allowed someone to get the better of him—no, Mr. La Rocque turned out to be of these uncarable persons who, with calm superiority, run everything their own way and never make a mistake.

Lastro, a gentleman much wanted by the police in the tropics for a series of real and imaginary crimes, arrives in a yacht at the small island of Tapit. He might have been expected, he finds himself interested in a handsome girl, who, singer and dancer at a cafe. In order to attract her attention to himself, Lastro kidnaps Harry Beall, with whom Nydra thinks she is in love, and takes him to the yacht. Thither, as he is lured, comes Nydra to demand the release of Beall. Lastro agrees to this, she will spend the night with him in his cabin. Let not the innocent become unduly agitated; all that the noble stro wanted to do was to satisfy himself that Beall was worthy of Nydra; other words would he marry her after he had passed the evening with a notorious law-breaker?

As might have been expected, Lastro and Nydra spend their hours together perfectly harmless conversation but all, of course, suspects the worse and, as through a series of unconvincing roics. Nydra starts ashore with him the morning but on the way jumps aboard and swims back to the yacht of the duly delighted Lastro. Out of this childish and improbable affair a performance of a new actress, Rita Roy who made the straight-forward, urageous Nydra by far the most mutuating person in the picture. She is a fine singing and speaking voice and much personal charm and vigor. Contrasted with the affected behaviour of Mr. La Rocque she seemed startlingly odd, and even with heavier competition she should make an excellent impression.

E. L. H.

tw 12 1929

By PHILIP HALE

MAJESTIC THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "A Hundred Years Old" ("El Centenario"), a play written in Spanish in 1909 by Serafin and Joaquin Alvarez Quintero, translated into English by Helen and Harley Raville-Barker. Presented by Gilbert Miller in Chicago in April, 1929; at the Forum Theatre, New York, on Oct. 1, 1929. The cast last night was as follows:

Don Juan	Arthur Lewis
Don Carlos	George Harvey
Don Juan	Katherine Grey
Don Juan	Fred Tiden
Don Juan	Otis Skinner
Don Juan	Oscar Keumore
Don Juan	Mary Howard
Don Juan	Hardie Albright
Don Juan	Mary Arbenz
Don Juan	Veronica Rey
Don Juan	Charles Dalton
Don Juan	Gerald Hamer

The two Spanish dramatists were already known here by the amusing comedy and the sentimental little play produced by Miss Le Gallienne's company "A Hundred Years Old" is anky sentimental, but not mawkishly. Papa Juan wishes all his descendants, they are many—the rich and the poor, the happy and the discontented, even a girl that the older women ought had disgraced them—to sit at dinner with him in celebration of his 100th birthday. He has one other wish; at before he dies, he shall see his great-grandchildren or at least one of them. To carry out his first purpose, he quietly defies the objectors those thought undesirable sitters at a feast; for the fulfillment of the her wish he plots shrewdly with a knowledge of young hearts. That is the sum and substance of the plot, if a simple story can be said to have a plot.

In the course of the story various characters are introduced; the daughter who is alarmed at the physical and mental state of her husband; he in turn goes about deploring the fact that his wife will surely be the first to die; a woman, gracious, hospitable, sensible, the man amusingly crochety, silly upset, curiously impractical—ness his plan for having his books read and uniformly. There is the suspicious, insufferable, complaining, imitable Dona Filomena and her sweet and much-enduring daughter; the young Trino with whom Currita has fallen in love before she has met him; the honest gardener Antonon and the sarcastically inclined Alonso—did the dramatists have the meetings at Barcelona in mind when they put Alonso's words into his mouth?—These are the main men and women who pass the day and evening in Papa Juan's la and garden, all more or less plain, in nature and disposition not unlike the villagers in any civilized country, a simple play, but one that is of life, even when the good old matters remarks that are dangerous platitudes, a play that is a by its quiet observation its kindly

spirit. Surely this is a "slice of life," as much as the slices cut by "realists," shouters for "verismo," as much a slice as an Alsatian tale told by Erckmann-Chartrain.

Audiences do not always go in for thunder and guns and all that, for adultery and murder on the stage; not even for thrills and mysteries. There are still spectators who like to see a representation of happy domestic life not upset by brainstorms or by men and women obsessed by the thought of sex with the result of dramatic complications. But a play of this kind could easily be voted dull—or at least time—if it were not admirably acted. Mr. Skinner brings to the portrayal of Papa Juan all the resources of his ripened art. A portrayal that is as mellow as it is complete in its finish; in its broader painting as in the elaboration of details, an elaboration that to the audience seems the spontaneity of nature. Boston has admired and applauded Mr. Skinner in many roles of widely varying character. Is it extravagance to say that his portrait of Papa Juan will have an honorable position in the long gallery of his making; that in many respects this portrayal is one that the most skilled actor would like to have recalled at the mention of his name?

The company is well selected. Miss Grey, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Dalton are old friends of our theatre lovers. Mr. Tiden played a part that might easily be caricatured; he made Don Evaristo a human being that some of us have known even in Boston. The young lovers acted with becoming ingenuousness, and Miss Howard made the role of Eulalia more than a minor part.

The audience was warmly applaudive.

REPETOY THEATRE

"Measure for Measure"

A comedy in four acts, by William Shakespeare. Henry Jewett, director. The cast:

Vincenzo	Lark Taylor
Escalus	McLain Gates
Angelo	Howard Kyle
Licio	Allen Nourse
First Gentleman	John Warburton
Second Gentleman	Charles Douglas
Mistress Overdone	Sue Colvin Emerson
Pompey	Arthur Powers
Claudio	Walter Emerick
Provost	Curtis Rhea
Thomas	William Gilbert
Isabella	Cynthia Brooke
Francisca	Warrene Shelby
Elbow	John B. Ryan
Froth	Kenneth Reardon
A Boy	Reina Maryana
Mariana	Cynthia Latham
Abhorson	Harry Keeler
Barbarnum	J. W. Bayley

The revival of "Measure for Measure" has been commented on in the press as being "the fourth individual performance in 200 years of American theatrical history." This neglected play has, however, an entirely modern appeal both in the outspoken treatment of its subject, and the fact that it relates the attempt to enforce an unpopular law which had become practically obsolete. In its exposition of the transient state of moral values, three of the characters wrestle with terrifying problems either imposed upon them from without, or as a result of their own psychology. First the "enskied" novice Isabella, who is put in the most difficult position of having to choose between the loss of her brother's life and her own chastity, and chooses the former, although she would have given her life for him "frankly as a pin"; the youth Claudio, who cannot bear to look his last on this lovely world in which he has had so much pleasure, and where he has spent such a short time, and humanly begs his sister to save him; then the righteous and impeccable Angelo who, while condemning Claudio for incontinence, becomes so enamored of Isabella that he forces this terrible decision on her.

There are many complaints heard nowadays after a Shakespearean performance. That it is too long, that the acting is either ranting or stilted, that the lines are not clearly spoken. None of these criticisms would be true of last evening's performance. It was played with simplicity and naturalness and there was some admirable diction. The settings were sufficient, the one of the convent particularly pleasant. We were disappointed that the scene of the moated grange only ranked velvet curtains.

From Miss Brooke and Mr. Kyle we had the right to expect interesting interpretations of their parts, Miss Brooke having acted many of Shakespeare's heroines, and Mr. Kyle having been Angelo when the play was last given here, and we were not disappointed. Miss Maryana, Mr. Emerick, and Mr. Taylor also contributed a great deal to the success of the evening's entertainment.

J. D.

COPLEY THEATRE

"Murder on the Second Floor"

First performance in Boston. A comedy-drama, in three acts by Frank Vesper. Produced at the Lyric Theatre, London, on June 21, 1929. Presented at the Eltinge Theatre, New York, Sept. 11, by A. H. Woods. The cast last night was as follows:

Hugh Bromilow	Ian Emery
Lacy	Edith Mitchell
Sylvia Armitage	Rosalind Russell
Joseph Reynolds	E. E. Clive
Mrs. Armitage	Oliver Reeves-Smith

Phoebe St. John... Elizabeth... Mr. Alimake... Gerald Rogers... Mr. Smith... Richard Whorl... Mr. Constable... Herbert Belmont... Inspector... Marshall Vincent... and Constable... Nathaniel Foss... Ambulance Man... Hugo Swirkal...

To Copley audiences, bred on mystery plays of the Edgar Wallace variety, Mr. Vesper's play should prove an amusing diversion. Using the frame-work of a play within a play, he produces a "thriller" that at once burlesques the

usual type of mystery drama, and yet excites the audience as well.

The first act, which serves as a frame shows a Bloomsbury boarding house where are assembled a domineering landlady with her docile husband and beautiful daughter, a simpering spinster, a commercial traveller, a Hindoo student, an ambitious dramatist, and a cockney maid. The dramatist at the advice of Silvia, with whom he is in love, writes them all into a "commot thriller for the masses."

The boarding house becomes transformed into a place of mystery and suspicion. Dope-smuggling, seduction, adultery, murder infest the air. The dramatist and Silvia, idling in the moonlight, see a stealthy figure creep across the hall to the room of the commercial traveller. The murderer, but who is it? The amusing, harmless characters of the first act have become the typical figures of mystery plays, any one of whom except the lovers might be capable of the deed it is left to the dramatist, with that infallible reasoning peculiar to amateur detectives in fiction, to solve the mystery, and in the epilogue, to win the girl.

Out of this rather trite material Mr. Vesper has constructed a play that is original, amusing, with some truly dramatic moments, in spite of its general burlesque tone. Nevertheless, it is the acting that really carries the play. Mr. Clive as the commercial traveller was amusing in the prologue and sinister in the play. Mr. Emery worked his part up to a fine climax in the third act. Mr. Whorl, orientally polite in the prologue, showed the traditional sneakiness of Hindoo criminals in the rest of the play. Miss Reeves-Smith, the landlady, was not entirely convincing. Domineering she was good, but she weakened in the more sentimental portions. The comic relief was afforded mainly by Miss Budgeon, whose silence in the second act, compelled by reasons which we must not divulge, contrasted with her former and subsequent volubility.

The remaining characters were more than adequately played. Those who prefer murder relieved by comedy to pure sensational horror will find it "Murder on the Second Floor" a worthy successor to "Number 17" and "The Ghost Train."

"FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN" DELAYED

E. Ray Goetz announced late yesterday afternoon that the premiere of his new musical comedy, "Fifty Million Frenchmen" had been postponed to tomorrow evening at the Colonial Theatre. Postponement from the scheduled date of opening, from Monday, was explained as due chiefly to delay in loading certain pieces of the massive Norman Bel Geddes scenery in New York on to one of the 70-foot balloons, top cars necessary to haul this exceptionally heavy production. That last carload has arrived in Boston, and carpenters, electricians and property men have been working in double shift, hanging the sets and preparing for an absolutely smooth performance on Wednesday evening. Meantime principals and chorus are reported as letting perfect in the lines, songs and stage business of "Fifty Million Frenchmen," after four weeks of intensive rehearsals.

LOEW'S STATE

"The Taming of the Shrew"

An all-talking picture adapted by Sam Taylor from the play, "The Taming of the Shrew," by William Shakespeare, directed by Sam Taylor and presented by United Artists with the following cast:

Katherine	Mary Pickford
Petruchio	Douglas Fairbanks
Baptista	Edwin Maxwell
Grassano	Joseph Cassin
Hortensio	Geoffrey Warrall
Grumio	Clyde Cook
Bianca	Dorothy Jordan

Even at the first showing yesterday noon of "The Taming of the Shrew" at Loew's State Theatre, vacant seats were conspicuous by their absence and judging by the crowds without and the hilarious enjoyment within, the same pleasing state of affairs should continue indefinitely. This first joint appearance of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford should bring much pleasure to their innumerable admirers, ranging, if one may judge from yesterday's audience, from the cradle to the grave and from the highest to the lowest kind of brows. Enthusiasm which prevailed even before the picture began rose to

gales of hysterical laughter as Petruchio carried on his ludicrous campaign of wife-taming.

Many may have wondered whether the Shakespearean text would be used by Miss Pickford and Mr. Fairbanks and if it were, how would it sound? The results are gratifying and Shakespeare sounds surprisingly modern: the blank verse trips gaily off the tongues of all concerned, not over them, and no one seems in the least worried over the fact that they are taking part in a costume drama. The plot of the play is followed with considerable accuracy, though one must regret the unnecessary brevity which causes the film to leap suddenly from Petruchio's house to Katherine's lecture on wifely duty, in its present state having the air of a set piece for Miss Pickford rather than the logically worked up situation that Shakespeare had devised.

Never has we seen Miss Pickford look more attractive: the beautiful period costumes of silk and velvets with flowing trains and elaborate head-dresses were most becoming. If it did seem a bit hard to believe that anyone so small and dainty could wreak such havoc with furniture and music master alike, yet she made a convincing spit-fire and flourished her whip with plenty of spirit. It seemed a pity that she burlesqued her famous speech at the end of the play with a broad wink to the audience, but for the most part she was admirable in character and, though she spoke little, her gestures and expressions were eloquent.

Mr. Fairbanks handled Petruchio with immense gusto and hearty good will. If it appeared that he was burlesquing the character a bit, no one could blame him: his ludicrous attire and outrageous behavior at the wedding, his rough and tumble wooing of Katherine, his ridiculous outbursts of temper when he sent food and servants flying to all corners of the room, his familiar insistence on the sameness of the sun and moon, and finally his comic bewilderment at the prompt and overwhelming success of his methods were thoroughly delightful and always amusing. As usual he made a picturesque and engaging figure, though there were far less acrobatics than usual. Others in the cast worthy of mention were the dainty Bianca of Dorothy Jordan and the wily old Gremio of Joseph Cawthorne. The whole production is beautiful to behold and well worth seeing.

E. L. H.

THIS WEEK'S STAGE

(NOTE: (\*), all dialogue; (\*\*), part dialogue; (\*\*\*), silent.)

COLONIAL—"Fifty Million Frenchmen," musical comedy, premiere performance tomorrow night.

COPLEY—"Murder on the Second Floor," mystery melodrama.

MAJESTIC—"A Hundred Years Old," comedy, with Otis Skinner.

PLYMOUTH—"The Perfect Alibi," A. A. Milne's "detective" comedy, second and last week.

REPETOY—"Measure for Measure," Shakespeare's comedy.

SHUBERT—"Carry On," musical comedy, with Jack Donahue, second week.

TREMONT—"Fiorella," musical comedy, with Leon Errol, second and last week.

NOTE—The Hollis Street and Shubert! Apple Street are dark till Sept. 10.

ARLINGTON THEATRE

Cosmopolitan Opera Company. Verdi's "Rigoletto." The cast:

Gilda	Tina Pazzi
Maddalena	Bernice Schalk
Giovanna	Alice Haesler
The Duke	Dimitri Onofrei
Rigoletto	Joseph Royer
Sparafucile	Benedetto Chailis
Monterone	Natale Cervi
Borsa	Francesco Curci
Marullo	Eugenio Prosperoni
Count of Ceprano	Frank Grumard
Countess of Ceprano	Beatrice Allieri
A Page	Reina Kramer

Conductor—Aldo Franchetti.

Said a gentleman from the stage, presumably the manager of this new company: "If you like it," said he, in a singularly engaging little speech, "tell your friends to come over."

If last night's performance is an earnest of what may be expected during the next two weeks, nobody need hesitate to tell opera lovers to go "over." They must, of course be reasonable; they cannot look to secure for a popular price what they have a right to demand when paying a high price. Here, in few words, is what the very large and enthusiastic audience got last night.

They got much, for there sat the extremely capable Mr. Franchetti in the conductor's chair. Mr. Franchetti not only knows his way through "Rigoletto"—all the routine points and some far finer ones—but he is possessed of the authority which enables him to impress his will on the forces he controls. He being, furthermore, a man of rousing vitality, Mr. Franchetti provided a performance always lively, sometimes dramatically telling.

He had an orchestra of perhaps 35 men, amply able to fulfil his wishes. Unusually sonorous as to strings, with woodwind of more than customary excellence, this orchestra showed every indication of careful rehearsing. Because of their security, they could play with vigor and accent, with a certain abandon.

Equally capable was the choral fresh-voiced, lusty, easy in action even, to some degree, ingenious. They were also graceful dancers. They



gs, to finish with what met the eye, were conventional and unobtrusive, consequently adequate.

ger, slow at a start sang admirably in the third act. In action he embodied all Rigolettos save the exceptionally great. Wearing his fine costumes with a genuine air, Mr. Onofre sang excellently except when trying for strength, he sang too nasally. Barring forcing which led to shrillness, Miss Paggi also displayed her clear, cool voice to advantage, Mr. Challis likewise his, with no reservations at all. The smaller parts were all well done. If operas to come equal "Rigoletto," opera-lovers have good entertainment before them. Let them all "go over."

R. R. G.

### BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

A splendidly varied and balanced program opened the first concert of the Monday night series last night at Symphony hall. Beethoven's Egmont Overture opened the program. Interlude from Strauss's Intermezzo followed; then came Suite from Stravinsky's Fire Bird, and lastly Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, was greeted by prolonged applause, before the concert, after each number, and at the close of the Beethoven Symphony by an audience which left no empty seats in the hall.

As was to be expected, the performance of the program was excellent. The Egmont Overture had brilliance and dignity, the Strauss Interlude poetically interwoven colors, the Fire Bird Suite furious excitement, dainty elegance, weird and exotic fantasy. Dr. Koussevitzky excels as much in his dramatic thrilling reading of the Beethoven Fifth Symphony as in his matchless interpretation of the glittering Stravinsky Suite. The Symphony marched on to relentless climax after climax, carried forward by splendid rhythm, glowing with an inner core of color that illumined every phrase. The precision and nuance at the command of the orchestra never ceases to inspire wonder and pride, and the players were forced to rise and share in the applause at the close of the concert.

E. B.

## THE PASSING OF EHMKE

Howard Ehmke announces that he has pitched his last game for Mr. Mack; he has decided to retire from baseball. Perhaps Mr. Ehmke reads Emerson, for in these days, chorus girls, particularly good Mr. Ziegfeld's, read the poets from Chaucer to Mr. Guest, many baseball heroes have enjoyed the advantages of a college education. Reading Emerson, Mr. Ehmke must have been impressed by these lines:

"The god of bounds,  
Who sets to seas a shore,  
Came to me in his fatal rounds,  
And said: 'No more!  
No farther shoot.'"

The marvelous pitcher who struck out thirteen men at Wrigley field on Oct. 8—a memorable date in the world's history—knew by bitter experience some days afterward that he could not again fire the lips of fans with sky-assailing praise. Not for him a fading glory in any club of a minor league. Farewell to the diamond, except perhaps as a critical spectator. "Private business matters" demand that attention he has hitherto bestowed on the perplexed men called to bat. In hours of leisure he will no doubt recount exploits and legends of the game he honored—modestly referring to himself, talking effusively with those of his household, or the admiring employes or employers.

He chose the psychological moment, and thus gave a lesson to be heeded by all engaged in the professions and the arts. How many singers, actors, pianists, lag superfluous on the stage when poverty does not compel them! They cannot bear the thought of withdrawal, of missing the applause even when it is merely courteous. There are poets who keep rhyming after the Muse has forsaken them; essayists who have nothing more to say; men of business who per-

ist in going to the office when they are retained only through fear of wounding their pride. The Archbishop kept on preaching sermons though Gil Blas, honest for once, had warned him of failing power. The voices of singers crack; the fingers of pianists stiffen; poets stammer and essayists only repeat what they and others have said with fresher thought and in a more engaging manner; clergymen are forced to take from the barrel filled with sermons of the past years. Who is it in "Olivette" that sings, "Now is the time for disappearing"? Mr. Ehmke, sensible man, knew that his time had come.

## APOLLO CLUB

By PHILIP HALE

The Apollo Club, Thompson Stone conductor, assisted by Royal Dadmun, baritone; William Burbank, pianist, and Leland Arnold, organist, gave a concert, the first of the club's 59th season, last night in Jordan hall. The choral pieces were as follows: Curti, World, Thou Art Mine. Gaines, Youth (with tenor solo by James MacFarlane). Gaul, a sonnet from the Portuguese. MacDowell, To a Wild Rose. Leonl. The Brownies. M. W. Hill, The Riders. Speaks-Baldwin, Morning. H. F. Gilbert, Pirate Song (with baritone solo by Mr. Dadmun). Bartholomew, Shenandoah. German folk song, Good Night. Franck-Gaines, Psalm 150. Mr. Dadmun sang Koenigsmann's "When the King Goes Forth to War"; Gretchaninov's "Over the Steppe," Moussorgsky's Song of the Flea; Beethoven's Faith for Johnnie. Greiner's The Old Gentlemen and the old Irish Ballynure Ballad, accompanied by Dorothy Birchard Mulrone.

Under Mr. Stone's direction the Apollo Club has acquired a technique that enables it to sing with genuine sentiment—not the bleating sentimentalism dear to some similar organizations—and dramatically, while preserving musical, not only rhetorical, expression. It was to be expected that there would be precision in the attack of a phrase and, what is as important, the dismissal of it; that there should be pure intonation, and a reasonable balance of parts. But the Apollo Club has gone beyond this; it now has a command of nuances and it respects melodic lines. There was none of the choppy, staccato, barking delivery that is thought by some conductors to show male vigor, with an unpleasant stressing of consonants, and the breaking of words into syllables with pauses between them. The singing of the Apollo men last night was delightfully smooth in purely lyrical passages, and full, sonorous, yet euphonious when there was need of dramatic force.

As regards the selections, that is another matter. In old times music committees were obliged to put sickly love songs, chiefly of German origin, by the side of rhapsodies about nature and would be jovial Bacchanalian ditties, which last, as a rule were sung with incongruous sobriety of face and voice. Today committees take refuge in arrangements. What would Cesar Franck have said of his Psalm arranged for males only? What would MacDowell have thought of his "Wild Rose," again

### ARLINGTON THEATRE

#### "Carmen"

Cosmopolitan Opera Company in the opera in four acts by George Bizet. The cast:

Carmen	Rosa Zulallan
Micaela	Marion Whitmore
Frasquita	Alice Haesler
Mercedes	Bernice Schalker
Don Jose	Fernando Bertini
Escamillo	Mario Valle
Zuniga	Benedetto Chellis
Morales	Eugenio Prosperini
Dancalro	Natale Cervi
Remendado	Francesco Curci

Last night's performance of Carmen had many excellences. The principal singers, especially those two veteran singers, Fernando Bertini and Mario Valle, sang Bizet's stirring music well; the minor parts were satisfactorily acted and sung; the chorus, especially after the opera had got along to the smugglers' mountain haunts, sang out with energy and precision. Rosa Zulallan lavished a naturally opulent and rich voice on Carmen's songs, and acted with care and vivacity, if not always like "Carmen, the wicked gypsy." She sang especially well, the "Seguidillas," but her rather choked production covered the natural beauty of her voice in many other arias, especially during the second act. In the third act her voice rang forth more clearly, and she lent dramatic fervor to her death card scenes. The audience was highly appreciative of Miss Zulallan's singing and interpretation, and she received many gifts of flowers.

Mario Valle sang the music of the Toreador splendidly; he let us hear the whole song, and did not turn half of it into a series of shouts and scuffles with an imaginary bull, as many Escamillos do.

Fernando Bertini sang with clear and limpid tone; he was especially tactful in his ensemble singing, adapting the naturally bright and full volume of his voice to the lighter voices of some of the minor characters.

Miss Whitmore, as Micaela, sang sweetly, though with a tremulous tone; Alice Haesler as Frasquita, and Louise Bernhardt as Mercedes, sang with

brilliance and authority in parts that are too often undistinguished. Benedetto Chellis made of Zuniga, a comic figure, though he sang well on the whole, and Natale Cervi and Francesco Curci contributed operatic clowning as the two smugglers Dancalro and Remendado.

A large audience drew pleasure from this production of the Cosmopolitan Opera Company, and applauded the

singers and the able conductor, Gabriel Simeoni.

Tomorrow afternoon "Martha" will be presented, with Onofre, Paggi, Schalker, Cervi, Valle and Curci, and tomorrow evening "Aida" will be given, with Pilla, Van Gilder, De Angells, Cervi, Royer, Challis, Curci and Haesler.

E. B.

### WILLIAM RICHARDSON

William Richardson, baritone, with the help of Maud Cuney-Hare, piano; Robert Gunderson and Hans Werner, violin; Arthur Fiedler, viola, and Carl Barth, cello, sang this program last night in Brown hall:

Invocazione di Orfeo, Peri: Nel cer piu men sentio, Paisiello. Monico. Lied eines Schifers an die Diosauren, Prometheus. Schubert: Ueber Nacht. Hugo Wolf: Falling Leaves, Appeneament. Gretschaninov. Voice and string quartet—La cinche fela. Loeffler. Voice, viola and piano—Sunrise. Alves: Smugler's Song. Kernochan: Pent. Montagne Range. Porto Rico street cries (collected by W. H. R. and M. C. M.). Clear the Track (negro chanty). Ride on King Jesus (negro spiritual): arranged by Harvey Gaul: A Caravan From China Comes. W. S. Smith. Voice, string quartet and piano.

Ancient Italian airs demanding the height of vocal and musical mastery to make them interesting; two of the most exacting songs, both musically and vocally, which Schubert ever wrote; songs by a Russian; a song by Loeffler, with all the subtlety in it that the name of Loeffler suggests; a poem by Bodelaire and a poem by Goethe—all these great matters Mr. Richardson undertook to cope with last night. It is hard to think of a second singer in Boston, active at the present, who would attempt so much.

If Mr. Richardson had been able to sing all this program as well as he sang the Loeffler song we all might rejoice in the thought that a new musical Daniel had come to judgment. For, in this song, he used his superb voice, so judiciously that, for the moment, it took on an unwonted freedom, power and flexibility. The lovely melody of the song's long, illusive phrases Mr. Richardson felt and reproduced, its line shading alike. The words of the poem furthermore, he enunciated with commendable distinctness, and with every air of understanding their meaning. Here was excellent singing, of most mighty taxing.

A Daniel, though, unfortunately, we cannot feel has come to judgment, for in no other song—the street cries excepted—did Mr. Richardson manage his voice with the same skill. In no other did he attain equally good enunciation. The rhythmic variety of the Schubert songs he failed to grasp. In the Italian airs, apparently ill at ease, he failed to develop a climax, as well as in the song by Wolf.

Somebody must have counselled Mr. Richardson unwisely. Instead of roaming at will among masterpieces of man schools, pray let him learn to maintain his glorious voice at the high point he reached last night in "La Cloche." Let him develop his musicianship to the pitch when he can sing all songs in attempts finely, not merely one. Mr. Richardson can do so if he works wisely—hence these plain words, harsh perhaps, but kindly meant.

R. R. G.

### "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" AT PEABODY PLAYGROUND

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was presented at the Peabody playhouse last night as the opening performance of Our Theatre Repertory Company's third season. Milton Parsons directed the performance, and a feature was the playing of the original music composed of G. C. Howard, first played in 1852. The acting of the entire company was excellent and the usual uneasiness of amateur theatricals was entirely lacking.

### LUELLA MELIUS

Luella Melius, soprano, sang this program last night in Jordan hall, to the accompaniments of Milford Snelle: "C'en ai fait," from "Flute Enchantee," "Ah sans meme," from "L'enlevement au Serail," Mozart; Verschwiegene Liebe, Die Zigeunerin, Wolf; L'heure silencieuse, Staub; Guitarres et mandolines, Ravel; Air du Rossignol, from "Parysatis," Saint-Saens; "Rain Drops," Wolfarth-Grille; "Tonight," Barnett; "Voices of Spring," Johann Strauss.

The lovely head tones that have always distinguished her exquisite voice Mrs. Melius brought back to town last night, along with her extraordinarily smooth legato. In a year's time, however, Mrs. Melius has added amazingly to the solidity of her tones. Last

night, indeed, she sang with a woman of tone, throughout her middle range, and higher and lower, too, if she felt the will, that once would have seemed impossible.

Now that she is treading the path of such marked improvement, let us hope that next Mrs. Melius will see her way to eliminating pinching and yanking when emitting her very highest notes—or else will avoid the notes in question; they, after all, serve no necessary artistic purpose. If she will also give closer heed to enunciation, she will not only better her diction but will help the process, evidently of moment to her, of supplying her voice with body. Too often last night she gave the impression of merely vocalizing, especially in the air from the "Magic Flute." Her trill, unhappily, Mrs. Melius has not held to the high standard of a year ago.

With the new warmth and splendor that have come to her voice, Mrs. Melius is better equipped than formerly to deal with songs. The two Wolf songs she sang last night with phrasing no less than exquisite, with genuine character. The pretty song by Staub she sang charmingly, and Ravel's brilliant effort after the Spanish style, she made brilliant indeed, glowing in tone, in rhythm smart and bright.

Since she is partial to coloratura, Mrs. Melius was fortunate in the discovery of an agreeable air by Saint-Saens, a grateful air for a singer who, like Mrs. Melius, has the knack of producing the bird-like tones the title calls for. Mozart, though, and Saint-Saens, with a nightingale on his hands, conceived coloratura singing differently.

Mrs. Melius was more than cordially applauded. So was Mr. Snelle, for his performance of solos by Schumann and Chopin.

R. R. G.

### ARLINGTON THEATRE

Cosmopolitan Opera Company. Flotow's "Martha." The cast:

Lady Harriet Durkam	Tina Paggi
Nancy	Bernice Schalker
Sir Tristan Mickleford	Natale Cervi
Plunkett	Mario Valle
The Sheriff of Richmond	Francesco Curci
Lionel	Dimitri Onofre

An audience of fair size found extremely lively entertainment at the opera yesterday afternoon. Mr. Simeoni made the most of his small orchestra; it played with vigor and snap. From the chorus he got good singing.

From that same chorus Mr. Altieri, the stage director, procured animation. The principal singers lagged no whit behind in their comedy. Mr. Valle, to say the truth, led them all, with Miss Schalker, a delightful Nancy, only a step behind. They both sang excellently. So did Mr. Onofre, and Miss Paggi, as Martha, resisted temptation to force

tone more valiantly than she could do as Gilda. Mr. Cervi played Sir Tristan in the usual Italian way.

In the evening came Verdi's "Aida," with this cast:

The King	Natale Cervi
Amneris	Lydia Van Gilder
Aida	Iride Pilla
Rhadames	Fortunato de Angelis
Amonasro	Joseph Royer
Ramfis	Benedetto Chellis
Messenger	Francesco Curci
Priestess	Alice Haesler

A very large audience evidently took great pleasure in a performance of tremendous energy. Mr. Franchetti, out for big effects, is the man to get what he wants; nobly chorus and orchestra followed his will. So did the singers.

Some of them sang better than others. Mr. Challis, for instance, sang with warmth and dignity. So did Mr. Cervi, with astonishing smoothness as well. Mr. de Angells had, at all events, fervor to his credit. Miss Pilla, likewise energetic and eager, was presented with many flowers. In a role less heavy than Amneris Miss Van Gilder would probably appear to better advantage. Singing admirably, Mr. Royer also acted with real character.

The staging, though naturally not elaborate, was very good. The opera tonight will be Verdi's "La Forza del Destino."

### GEORGE BROWN

George Brown, violoncellist, assisted by Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, played the following music last night at George W. Brown hall: Allegro non troppo, from the Brahms Sonata for violoncello and piano in E minor; Haydn concerto in D major; a Sarabande and a Gavotte, both of Bach, for violoncello alone; Kodaly Sonata for violoncello and piano (op. 4); a Tcherrepine prelude from "The Well-Tempered Violoncello," a Rachmaninoff serenade, and Katey's Reel (Hughes). A large audience was present.

Mr. Brown had the able assistance of Heinrich Gebhard in the sonatas by Brahms and Kodaly. The latter proved to be the most interesting part of the evening's program, for Kodaly has written music enchantingly free in spirit, with lovely melodies, but he has also written music that makes use of the peculiar possibilities of the cello. In this sonata were no swift passages in spiccato, that must nearly always seem toneless and harsh; here were no exacting octaves to be played so



edily that they become just a reedy But here were lovely long trases in the rich middle register of the instrument; here were delicious harmonies, suave pianissimo passages and sonorous double-stops. The piano part lent Debussyish color to the songs the cello sang. The sonata, given its first Boston performance last night, is Hungarian in form and character: the first movement follows the slow, rhapsodic pattern of the Czardas opening, while the second and last movement is a spirited gypsy dance, though it has moments of thoughtfulness and closes very quietly. Mr. Brown played splendidly in this sonata, and Mr. Gebhard lavished tonal beauty and his remarkable technical proficiency on the piano part.

Mr. Brown did not play so well during the rest of his program, but perhaps his weaknesses in bowing and intonation were due somewhat to the music. The Haydn concerto, for example, called for lightness and grace in the difficult upper registers of the cello, and asked for speed where tone had to be sacrificed to achieve it. He played the charming adagio of the Haydn with sonority and feeling, and he made the Bach Sarabande unusually impressive, though the Gavotte seemed jerky and rough.

Arthur Fiedler contributed admirable accompaniments. E. B.

#### CONCERT NOTES

The program of the Boston symphony orchestra's concerts this week will include Spohr's Notturmo for wind instruments and Janissaries music; "Java" and "Burma," two Oriental pieces by Henry Eichheim, both played here for the first time with Javanese instruments added to the orchestra, and Strauss's "Domestic" symphony in which the composer portrays in tones himself, his capricious wife, his more or less interesting baby, the nurse and other members of his tumultuous household. Mr. Elchheim will conduct his compositions. The orchestra will be out of town next week. The program for Nov. 29, 30, will comprise a suite from Hindemith's ballet "The Demon"; Borodin's symphony No. 1 E flat; Saint-Saens's violin concerto No. 3 (Mr. Thibaud, violinist); F. Schmitt's "Study for Poe's Haunted Palace." Mr. Burgin will conduct on Nov. 29, 30.

#### COLONIAL THEATRE

First performance on any stage of "Fifty Million Frenchmen," a musical comedy in two acts, book by Herbert Fields, lyrics and music by Cole Porter; scenery designed by Norman Bel Geddes; costumes supervised by James Reynolds; produced under personal direction of E. Ray Goetz, and presented last evening at the Colonial Theatre with the following cast:

Michael Cummins	Jack Thompson
Billy Baxter	Lester Crawford
Marcelle Fouchard	Dorothy Day
Clara	Izabelle Martinetti
Violet Hildegarde	Helen Broderick
Joe Wheeler	Betty Condon
Sammy Carroll	Thurston Hall
Jackie Carroll	Bernie Morgan
Peter Forbes	William Gaxton
Lonnie Carroll	Genevieve Tobin
Ray De Vere	Evelyn Hoar
Ray De Vere	Georgette Mudge
Ray De Vere	Robert Leonard
Ray De Vere	Annette Hoffman
Ray De Vere	Larry Jason
Ray De Vere	Hilda Moreno
Ray De Vere	Willie Jackson
Ray De Vere	Jack Kaufman
Ray De Vere	Mario Villani

Mr. Goetz, until now identified with more intimate trifles of the stage, pieces exacting a light touch and a sort of personal contact, has here gone in for something big, something massive. So massive, in fact, that Mr. Bel Geddes perhaps reading his instructions literally, built a series of sets on such colossal scale that three nights of this initial engagement were lost while local artisans trimmed the too solid furnishings to fit the Colonial stage, in itself no mean acreage. Against these backgrounds Mr. Goetz sets his principal players, his ensembles, his imported Hollywood dancers and California Collegians in narration of a story which starts off briskly enough but soon tires. He has called it a musical comedy tour of Paris. He shows us the foyer, cocktail room and bar of the Ritz; the spacious offices of the American Express company in the rue Scribe; the Cafe de Paris in the Place de l'Opera; the race track at Longchamps; the lounge and corridor of the Claridge, the Chateau Madrid, and two or three of those supposedly gay resorts which attract gullible tourists. Here Peter Forbes of New York and Lonnie Carroll of Terre Haute, and meet and fall in love. To make the story longer, Peter's cronies nurse him into a wager that he can win Lonnie within the month as a poor fellow. He surrenders his letter of credit, his ready cash; takes up the torturing vocation of pseudo-guide to those who will trust him. He meets the Rosens, loud and coarsely comic; the DeVeres, mother and daughter, the latter of the cabaret; Violet Hildegarde, a fur buyer who pretends solemnly that she wants to be assaulted, and is willing to pay well. He

has many trying moments with the cool and impenetrable Looloo, who sees through him, but will take him in the end. And of course he wins his wager of \$25,000, a princely sum in these days of financial unrest.

The first act moves along gloriously, thanks to Mr. Gaxton's well simulated air of youthful exuberance, to the succession of scenic revelations, to Mr. Cole's tunes which sound perhaps better than they really are because of some very skilful orchestration which frequently makes dominant use of the piano, and to dialogue, lyrics and situations which constantly give promise of freshness, wit and novelty, a promise which scarcely holds to the final curtain. The second act, still ambitious pictorially, graced by two black and white gowned groups of Hollywood dancers, and jazzed to a fictitious frenzy of enthusiasm by seven young instrumentalists from the western coast, fails to amuse. Only when Mr. Gaxton does his bogus legerdemain or when Miss Broderick sings in detached manner, asking "Where Would You Get Your Coats," if certain fur-bearing animals did so and so—only then does laughter come unforced.

While to Mr. Gaxton fall the hardest labors of the evening, Miss Tobin unfortunately becomes little more than a stationary character, with a set smile and a mode of elocution which ruined many of her lines. Perhaps if these two could make a more even distribution of tasks, it would be more beneficial all around. It would seem, also that the dry humors of Miss Broderick, if given more play, might serve as more diverting entertainment than one or two of the numbers listed in last evening's program. However, one realized that this premiere performance, which started after 8:30 and ran well after 11, will be subjected to immediate and possible ruthless revision and elisions. As viewed for the first time it impresses one as a very expensive piece of stage property which requires expert surgery to make it more than a passing fancy for the curious-minded patrons of the theatre. W. E. G.

#### METROPOLITAN

##### "Footlights and Fools"

An all-talking and singing picture adapted by Carey Wilson from the short story by Katherine Brush; directed by William A. Seiter and presented by First National with the following cast:

Fifi d'Auray	Colleen Moore
Jimmy Willet	Raymond Hackett
Gregory Pyne	Frederic March
Claire Floyd	Virginia Lee Corbin
Call Boy	Mickey Bennett
Chandler Cunningham	Edward Martin
Joe	Adrienne D'Amboise
Treasurer	Frederic Howard
Stage Manager	Sidney Jarvis

Reduced to simplest terms, love and disillusionment are the human instincts uppermost in this story. Fifi d'Auray, much in love with Jimmy Willet, who delights in his own easy but somewhat precarious profession of gambling, is the prima donna of a musical comedy in which she appears as a tantalizing French coquette. In real life she is the plain-faced and pert little Murphy girl. If only Jimmy would get himself a steady job, she would consent to marry him. As it is, she causes many misgivings in the fond but lazy suitor's mind by refusing even to see him until he finds employment.

Mr. Gregory Pyne, a millionaire banker, succumbs to the captivating Fifi's stage charms, and deluges her with flowers and invitations. None of these will she accept. However, Fifi's bosom friend, Claire Floyd, becomes enamored of the handsome aristocrat, and wins the promise of a diamond bracelet, can she but effect a meeting between him and Fifi. Her method of securing the bracelet is one of the amusing touches

in the play. In the hope of gaining favor with the elusive Fifi, Mr. Pyne finds a position in his bank for Jimmy.

Follows a hasty wedding and a disillusioned bride. As the curtain falls, she sits in stunned apathy at the revelation that her adored one has succumbed to temptation and become a thief. In the part of Fifi d'Auray, Colleen Moore has departed somewhat from her usual role. The little Irish girl from Watertown, Pa., who has studied in Paris falls down occasionally in her French accent and idiom, as might be anticipated. But her sudden and unexpected transitions to her native lingo invigorate the play with a few touches of naturalness. Raymond Hackett in his weak, careless characterization of Jimmy supplies a satisfying contrast to Frederic March, who does his role of the unwanted suitor with great dignity and niceness of detail.

There are scenes of much beauty, in color photography, in the musical comedy of which Fifi is the star. There is dancing, and in one number on the boulevard of Paris, Fifi in feathery pink is an animated bit of humanity, amid a galaxy of courtiers in high-hat formal attire. While Colleen Moore could not be said to have all the dancing grace and skill of Dorothy Stone, she does show a flirtatious verve that is thoroughly entertaining. F. A. B.

#### ROYAL DADMUN

Royal Dadmun, baritone, well accompanied by Dorothy Birchard Mulroney, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall before an unusually enthusiastic audience of excellent size. This was his program:

O del mio dolce ardor, Gluck; Or chio non seguio piu, Rontani; The Seminarian, By the Banks of the Don, Mousorgsky; Zur Ruh, zur Ruh, Hugo Wolf; Eros, Grieg; On the Seashore of Endless Worlds, When I Bring to You Color'd Toys, The Cryin' Blues, Jazz Boys, from "Four Negro Songs," Carpenter; Le Legende de la Sauge, Massenet; Les Berceaux, Faure; Chanson Espagnole, Georges; The Twelve Days of Christmas (traditional Old English), arranged by Frederic Austin; Up from My Tears, Weaver; Love's Philosophy, Quilter.

Mr. Dadmun, at his recital perhaps a year ago, distinguished himself by his singularly keen insight into the dramatic significance of every song he sang. To a remarkable degree he demonstrated what the great art of differentiation means.

Last night he demonstrated it again. But, to say it boldly, Mr. Dadmun, in a year's time, has let art sink to artfulness. As keenly as ever he "senses" character.

Gluck's lover—a happy lover, mind, not disconsolate, as too many singers will have him—and Rontani's Mr. Dadmun put forward very differently. Of the Spanish roisterer he gave a vivid picture.

It was Mr. Dadmun, however, who needs must make these effects himself, if they were to be made at all; in the ability of the composers, apparently, to see a thing or two, he placed slight confidence. To Rontani's aria, for instance, to make sure of the point, he lent an air of musical comedy. Carpenter's "Blues" he frankly burlesqued. The drollery of the seminarian he rubbed in hard. A pity it is that Mr. Dadmun should sit, injudiciously, at Chaliapin's feet.

For, after Chaliapin's way, Mr. Dadmun too often seeks his effects in a manner by no means musical. Too often he sings with mouth almost closed, to the muffling of his splendid voice. Too often, overreager after declamation, he ruins melody—witness the "Morgen" of Strauss. To a wearisome extent he indulges in a light head tone quite out of accord with the naturally noble quality of his voice.

All these mannerisms are the more to be deplored because Mr. Dadmun, when he chooses, knows how to sing a melody—remember Gluck's air and Massenet's—in fashion as shapely as the best. And thereby he loses not a jot or tittle of character or atmosphere, as his admirable performance of the legend proves. When he opens his mouth generously, furthermore, and enunciates with precision, he can deliver his words, especially in English, with exemplary distinctness.

A man of genuinely beautiful voice, a fine musician, a man of insight and temperament, if Mr. Dadmun allows sentimentality and extravagance to get the best of him it will be a thousand pities. R. R. G.

#### ARLINGTON THEATRE

##### "Forza Del Destino"

Presented by the Cosmopolitan Opera Company. The cast:

Leonora	Bianca Saroya
Preziosilla	Bernice Schalker
Curra	Alice Haesler
Don Alvaro	Fortunato De Angelis
Don Carlos	Joseph Royer
Fra Militone	Natale Cervi
Marchese Di Calatrava	Eugenio Prosperoni
Doctor	Giorgio Loncarzo
Padre Guardiano	Benedetto Chailis
Trabuco	Francesco Curci

An audience that left few empty seats in the Arlington Theatre was present to hear the vocalized woes of that singularly unfortunate group of characters of La Forza Del Destino. In this opera, true to the romantic Spanish tendencies of the libretto, all the characters suffer, sin and are consumed by bitter remorse; they meet violent deaths and the opera closes only when the last surviving character expires. Verdi's music, with its tragic arias preceded by a preliminary "um ta ta" in the orchestra, seems as fresh and enjoyable as ever. One lovely tune follows another, and all are dramatic, and as appropriate as the fantastic plot allows.

Last night's performance of the opera was more than satisfactory, for the competent and silver-voiced Bianca Saroya sang Leonora, and Conductor Aldo Franchetti put vigor and brightness into the ensembles, held the chorus up to tempo, and wrested strong and steady support from the orchestra.

Too much cannot be said of the work of Bianca Saroya, who acts with grace and intelligence, presents a charming appearance, and sings with freedom, warmth and exquisite tone.

Fortunato De Angelis, as Don Alvaro, sang with the full power of his remarkably brilliant and full-toned voice most

of the time. However, a certain rigidity makes his singing rather unexpressive; he seems to be unable to achieve nuances. But it is a pleasure to hear a real, robust, to whom a high note is an occasion for rejoicing, and not something to be anticipated with dread.

Joseph Royer used a good baritone voice with skill in the role of Don Carlos, and sang and acted expressively.

Bernice Schalker as Preziosilla, acted with vivacity, and sang sweetly, though rather jerkily. Benedetto Chailis sang Padre Guardiano. He has a voice of

such fine timber and range that it is a pity it is not more flexible. Natale Cervi and Francesco Curci again contributed some operatic clowning.

Tomorrow night's opera will be Traviata, with Day, Martinelli, Haesler, Altieri, Valle, Cervi, Prosperoni, Curci and Petrilli. E. B.

#### SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the fifth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, was as follows: Spohr, March, Minuet, Andante with variations, and Finale from Notturmo for Wind-Instruments and Janissaries Music. Elchheim, "Java," a symphonic poem and "Burma" (conducted by the composer; first time in Boston). Strauss, Symphonie Domestica.

Symphonic and vocal music by Spohr was performed at the symphony concerts with a certain regularity up to the Nineties; but nothing by him has been listed on the programs since 1906 when Willy Hess played a violin concerto. Yet Spohr for many years cut a prominent figure in the musical world as composer and violinist; he was thought to be a mighty fine fellow in the concert halls. He agreed to this in his autobiography. Today he is known only by two or three violin concertos, a few anthems still sung in churches with choir of mixed voices, and, possibly the overture to "Jessinda." Little is known about the origin of his Notturmo, extracts from which were played yesterday. Perhaps the work was composed for some court or other special occasion; perhaps for some orchestra proud of its wind choir.

The Theme with variations (which, transcribed, was performed here 70 years ago by the Mendelssohn Quintet Club) surely tests the proficiency of that orchestral section. Yesterday, it is needless to say, the performance was brilliant; one might justly say unsurpassable. Although the announcement that variations are to be played by an orchestra, violinist or pianist is calculated to strike terror in the soul of any hardened concert-goer. The art of the players yesterday lent interest to the music itself; the hearer refrained from saying aloud or thinking: "Old hat! Hear what Germans, who, Mr. Ludwig insists, are the most musical people in the world, enjoyed in the early years of the 19th century."

Mr. Elchheim, having acquainted the Symphony audience with music of China and Japan, visited Java and Burma for its benefit, studied the music of those countries, and brought with him Javanese instruments, which were added yesterday to those familiar in the West. No doubt this excellent musician, this enthusiastic admirer of Oriental music, will visit Sumatra and Borneo, and in a symphonic poem entitled "Borneo" will introduce the dance of the celebrated "Wild Men."

"Java" was performed by the Philadelphia orchestra last week. "Burma" is an enlargement of music written for a play by Irene Lewisohn, produced in New York in 1926. In its concert form it consists of three exciting dances.

When Saint-Saens heard Javanese musicians at the Paris exhibition of 1889 he described their music as ravishing: "The little bamboo bells; the gamelang, a series of small tuned gongs struck with sticks enveloped in cotton, charm deliciously the ear. There are unexpected rhythms; it is dream music by which some have been hypnotized. What ought the ancient Hindu music to be, with its complicated and characteristic modes? No doubt the master work of oriental music, of that art which responds to a certain state of mind and civilization from which hu-

manity goes farther and farther day by day."

It was manifestly impossible for Mr. Elchheim to reproduce in his symphonic poem, with a huge western orchestra, even with the addition of the instruments brought from afar, the mood that depends largely on the scene, the native players and even the costumes. He was obliged to westernize the music somewhat; yet the chief themes were unmistakably oriental, and the variations of the charming, wistful



Malayan song did not dispel the illusion, or the mood, inspired by that air. There was nothing incongruously academic in these variations; no attempt to show technical skill as encouraged in conservatories. There was no abandonment of the exotic.

But if the exotic delights the soul in the first moments, the prolongation of the mood is a foe to enjoyment. The most sympathetic hearers wish that the music would at last have a more western, even a more familiar flavor. In plain words, "Java" would gain in picturesqueness and charm if it were shortened. Mr. Eichheim knew what he wanted in the performance; the orchestra eloquently responded to his wishes. Warmly welcomed when he came on the platform, hearty applause recalled him after the performance.

Strauss' Symphony in which he dilates in tones on joyful, also harassing, domesticity is known to all. More or less ingenious commentators have told audiences what they should see and hear in Strauss's home; how he, his wife, their relatives, and the baby behave, in peace and in screaming argument. The child is put to bed; but there is no passage in which one hears the father like Mr. Babbitt, singing in his bath. Nor is there any table scene, no hint at beer and sausage. In this respect the Ode Symphony, "The Plains," by Jabez Tarbox, produced at San Diego in 1854, is a more realistic work. If the analyst John Phocnix is to be believed, The train has camped for the night. "The unpacking of the kettles and mess-pans, the unyoking of the oxen, the gathering about the various camp-fires, the frizzling of the pork are so clearly expressed by the music, that the most untutored savage could readily comprehend it. Indeed, so vivid and lifelike was the representation, that a lady sitting near us, involuntarily exclaimed aloud at a certain passage, 'That, that pork's burning!' and it was truly interesting to watch the gratified expression of her face when, by a few notes of the guitar, the pan was removed from the fire, and the blazing pork extinguished."

Strauss's themes are commonplace, but the orchestral dress in which they and their combinations are clad is gorgeous. The performance was of the virtuoso order and of the highest rank. The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will give no concerts here next week. Mr. Burgin will conduct on Nov. 29-30 when the program will comprise Borodin's Symphony, B minor, No. 2; Saint-Saens's violin concerto No. 3 (Mr. Thibaud); Schmitt's Study for Poe's "Haunted Palace," and perhaps a suite from Hindemith's ballet, "The Demon."

#### AIDAN REDMOND, BARITONE

Aidan Redmond sang before a fair-sized, very cordial audience last night at Steinert hall. He displayed a baritone voice of beautiful natural quality, though, unfortunately, he seems to be unable to cope with the technical problems of the songs he sings. While he

sang out boldly in the Arioso de Benvenuto from Diaz's "Benvenuto Cellini," he could not deal with the stately long phrases of Handel's "Where E'er You Walk." The latter he sang mezza voce and rephrased to suit his convenience.

In four French songs he proved himself an intelligent interpreter, and his diction was remarkably good. But here again he depended on mezza voce more than on solid, controlled, full-bodied tone. He sang three songs, by Roger Quilter more freely and with an evident talent for evoking and sustaining atmosphere. Four dramatic but not highly tasteful songs closed the announced program. The audience demanded and received many extra songs. E. B.

#### ARLINGTON THEATRE

##### "La Traviata"

Presented by the Cosmopolitan Opera Company. The cast:

Violetta Valery.....Emily Day  
Flora Bervoix.....Alice Haesler  
Alfredo.....Beatrice Alder  
Alfredo Germond.....Ugo Martinelli  
Giorgio Germond.....Mario Valle  
Dr. Grenville.....Natalie Cervi  
Baron Duphol.....Eugenio Prosperoni  
Gaston.....Francesco Curci  
Giuseppe.....Eugenio Petrilli

CONDUCTOR—GARIBOLDI SIMEONI  
Mr. Valle sings again in "La Traviata," pray let all the singers in Boston young and old alike, make it their business to lend their presence at the performance. They will admire it heartily, its authority, its expressiveness, its musicianship. Let them then, admiringly analyze the performance, in search of the underlying excellence that makes it notable.

They will discover, if they have ear in their heads, that Mr. Valle departs not by the breadth of a hair from Verdi's instructions. Trusting to Verdi's competence at effects, he sings the notes as Verdi set them down. He sings the words clearly, reasonably, forcibly or not, as they demand, with the ac-

cents they—and consequently Verdi call for. Every word he sings, bears in mind if you please, nor speaks or barks. And he sings the words smoothly. The result: Mr. Valle combines, in a manner no less than remarkable, genuine "bel canto" with a conversational, realistic style of delivery which would serve "L'Heure Espagnole" completely or Wagner in his most declamatory vein. A model! Because Miss Day, in her great scene with Mr. Valle, followed to some degree this noteworthy model, she and he brought the poignant drama of that scene straight home, at no cost to the charm of its music. Whenever, indeed, Miss Day could rest content to sing Verdi's music musically, as she did much of the time, without laying on too heavily, for both her voice and the music's line and rhythm, she sang de-

lightfully, also movingly. In a few months' time her voice has gained so markedly in volume that she shows herself unwise to drive it needlessly.

Of Mr. Martinelli the same may be said. The small parts were extremely well done. Mr. Curci, likelier than ever to a distinguished Russian conductor not unknown in Boston. Miss Altieri, a lively Flora whatever the program said, Mr. Cervi of the resonant voice, and Mr. Prosperoni, they all contributed liberally to the success of the evening. So did Mr. Simeoni, who, keeping the ball rolling unflinchingly, also drew some fine phrasing and some sonority from his small orchestra. The dancers, too, gave pleasure.

The opera was well and consistently costumed after the time of Dumas's play, barring the glaring anachronism of Mr. Martinelli in the second act. "Faust" will be sung this afternoon, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" tonight. R. R. G.

## NEWMAN OPENS TRAVEL TALKS

### Argentina First in Noted Lecturer's Series

Mr. Newman began his series of illustrated Traveltalks last night in Symphony hall. The good-sized audience welcomed him in an unmistakably honest manner. And he, too, was pleased to see again his many faithful friends, who from year to year have been entertained and, at the same time, have gained information about countries, cities, glories of nature, manners and customs, not as those attending a formal lecture stuffed with statistics, but as those listening to an old and valued acquaintance telling at ease what he had seen, heard and learned during his absence of a year.

The subject last night was Argentina, with special reference to Buenos Aires, the second largest Latin city in the world. The many pictures shown and the observations of the traveller led the audience to believe that the inhabitants were actuated in all they did by civic pride. It is said that they dislike North Americans, yet they are not disinclined to carry out many ideas derived from

the United States. If their beautiful women go to Paris for their robes; if the English and the Germans have taken a firm hold in business, the skyscraper, motor traffic regulation—nearly 90 per cent. of the cars are of United States make—and many details in city government are borrowed from us. Prominent among the bank buildings is that of the First National Bank of Boston.

The wealth of Buenos Aires is great, and the people are not afraid to spend it in costly residences, public buildings, magnificent boulevards, and in sports, as racing, polo, golf, tennis, football. There is no opera house comparable to the Colon. The views of a garden-party gave some idea of the manner in which the fashionable set finds amusement.

Meats, vegetables, fruits are much cheaper than they are in Boston. Newspapers make very low rates for seeking jobs. The President is a Socialist and will not have class distinctions, especially not in the schools where the girls are required to wear a uniform and simple costume. There were pictures of the fruit-growing districts; the great wheat region; the ranches with an averaging amount of livestock. At the end was a return to society disporting itself at Mar del Plata, and the welcome given to President Hoover.

This interesting traveltalk will be repeated this afternoon. Next week "Brazil" or properly speaking "The Brazil."—P. H.

#### REPERTORY THEATRE

##### "The Little Princess"

A play in three acts, adapted from Mrs. Burnett's story. The cast was as

follows

Miss Amelia	Centina Latham
Lavinia	Elaine Baldwin
Ermenegarde	Patricia M. Mackin
Lois	Ruth Emerson
Blanche	Margaret Hill
Miss Minchin	Lillian Simpmo
Jessie	Margaret Smith
Lily	Helen McCann
James	Sylvia Cohen
William	Kenneth Reardon
Emma	Truman Nelson
Becky	Warrene Shelby
Sara	Ruth Guterman
Mr. Carmichael	Lois Buell
Nora	Sue Colvin Emerson
Dorothy	Marie Elliot
Janet	Mary Parks
Barrow	Rema Maryana
Guest	John B. Ryan
Ram Dass	J. W. Bayles
Carrisford	John Warburton
Carmichael	Charles Douglas
	Curtis Rhea

The second of Mr. Jewett's revivals of children's classics was presented yesterday afternoon before a youthful audience as enthusiastic as that which witnessed "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Like that more famous story by Mrs. Burnett, the "Little Princess" has for its main appeal the unselfishness and unconscious sweetness of its central character. Sarah Crew, reduced from the position of rich, star pupil of the grasping Miss Minchin to that of a penniless orphan, will not allow adulation to spoil her, or ill-treatment to down her, and reaps the reward of all good

children in the fairy-tale denouement of the play.

Miss Buell, as Sarah, avoided priggishness in the first act as the pet pupil, and sentimentality when, as the maid of all work, she transformed the rat-ridden garret into a make-believe palace, with an enthusiasm that delighted the children as much as her unaffected pathos moved the adults of the audience.

The supporting company played directly to the children avoiding all subtlety of shading that might confuse their young hearers. Miss Smith made a hard, money-mad school-mistress, Mr. Rhea, a sentimentally benevolent invalid. Miss McMackin's rendering of the gay, generous Ermenegarde offered a strong contrast to the babyish Lottie, played by Miss Hill. Miss Guterman was a faithful, but not too pathetic Becky. The monkey and the pet rat added greatly to the general entertainment.

The play, which will be repeated next Saturday, by its wealth of humor and romance, should delight even the children of this sophisticated age. E. C. D.

#### ARLINGTON THEATRE

##### "Faust"

Opera in four acts by Charles Francois Gounod, presented by Cosmopolitan Opera company. The cast:

Faust	Dimitri Onofrei
Mephistopheles	Benedetto Chailis
Valentine	Joseph Royer
Vasnet	Eugenio Prosperoni
Siebel	Beatrice Schaller
Marguerite	Bianca Saroya
Martha	Alice Haesler

Yesterday afternoon's performance of Faust by the Cosmopolitan Opera Company, though well-sung, seemed too slow and long-drawn-out for a matinee. Perhaps there were some special difficulties back stage that made the changing of sets unusually slow; perhaps Mr. Simeoni found it hard to keep the chorus and principal singers up to tempo; perhaps some judicious cuts might have been made that were not.

The singing of Dimitri Onofrei in the role of Faust was unusually good. He used his bright lyric tenor with security and ease, and acted, if a trifle woodenly, with intelligence. Bianca Saroya's Marguerite was beautifully sung but very conventionally acted. Benedetto Chailis was a majestic but benign devil. Being the only interesting character on the boards as to appearance, he made one wish that devils might not be so legendary as some suppose; how delightful to have Mefisto leap forth from behind cupboards, and let a little picturesque temptation into dull lives! Joseph Royer sang with vigorous and beautiful tone as Valentine.

A very small but cordial audience applauded the singers and the conductor. E. B.

#### FREDERIC TILLOTSON

Frederic Tillotson, pianist, played this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall:

"Mein Glaubiges Herze," Rummel-

Bach: Toccato con Fuga, No. 4. Bach: Une barque sur l'océan, Ravel; Marsch Op. 3, No. 3. Prokofiev; Fairy Tale, Opus 20, No. 1. Medtner; La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin, Minstrels, Jardin sous la Pluie, Debussy; Nocturne C minor, Valse A flat, Scherzo C sharp minor, Chopin.

There is much of Chopin's music, smartly op'nes an English critic of distinction, that can be properly played by such persons only as can sing, properly, Bellini arias. If we broaden his statement till it includes those who feel Bellini's turn of melody aright, perhaps it stands not so far from the truth. Bach adagios, by the same argument, might advantageously be confined to the people who have a knack at singing Bach, and so we might go on.

Mr. Tillotson, just at present, has apparently lost all patience with Bellini.

For song of any sort, if we may judge by yesterday's program, he is not in the mood. A Bach adagio, to be sure, he did put on his program, and a Chopin nocturne. But he treated the one perfunctorily, the other roughly. Neither sang.

He was all, instead, for rhythm—preferably sprightly—and harmony, fast in short, patterns. Jovially and noisily he played Bach's air and the half minute of the Russian's march. Not so rudely did he play again, but noisily rather, with such contrast as sharp accents afforded.

No doubt to play so precisely makes valuable training for any pianist under the sun. So to play an entire program, however, in public, makes for monotony, for it ignores the qualities which distinguish Bach from Ravel or even Chopin. Only the well-played early pages of the Chopin scherzo brought yesterday the needed relief.

An audience of excellent size, it should be told, took evident pleasure in Mr. Tillotson's momentary unromantic mood. R. R. G.

#### FLUTE PLAYERS CLUB

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Flute Players Club. Georges Laurent, musical director (Messrs. Eleus and Lebovici, violins; Lefranc, viola; A. Zighera, violoncello; Laurent, flute; B. Zighera, harp), assisted by Richard Malaby, piano, and Roland E. Partridge, tenor, gave its 48th concert yesterday afternoon at the Boston Art Club. The program was as follows:

Schubert, quartet for flute, harp, viola, 'cello; De Falla, "Psyche," for voice, flute, harp, violin, viola and 'cello; G. Faure, two songs from "L'Horizon Chimérique"; Ballantine "The Broken Theme, Bring Me Thy Song's Delight"; Manton, two Kentucky Mountain Folksongs; Wagner, Lohengrin's Narrative; Tournier, suite op. 34 for flute, violin, viola, 'cello, harp; Haydn, string quartet, D major, op. 64, No. 5. Most of these compositions were performed for the first time in Boston.

De Falla's "Psyche," written in a mezzo-soprano, and five instruments, was first heard at Barcelona on Feb. 9, 1925. Louise Alvar sang the voice part at Paris later in that year. Eva Gauthier, always searching for unfamiliar songs, in New York, late in December, 1925; Anne Thurstfield at Ojai, Cal., in 1926. (Are there no mezzo-sopranos in Boston capable of doing justice to this little cantata?) Mr. Jean-Aubry, editor of the Chesterian, wrote the French poem of which the subject—it has been said—is classical "viewed at second-hand through a Renaissance milieu." Ladies attending Queen Isabella at the Alhambra take part in a concert. Their instruments play a prelude, interludes, and postlude to verses on a mythological subject sung by a mezzo-soprano. Wise men of the east have differed in their views of the character of "Psyche." Some have found it thoroughly Spanish. J. B. Trend, the latest biographer and critic of the composer, thinks the music has a "Parisian feeling. . . . Everything is vague and indirect; nothing is definitely stated." De Falla in his flattering dedication to Mme. Alvar says if she does not find the music Spanish, it is in the Spanish vein of the by-gone century, i. e. as it seems to the composer. The instrumental measures are charming with unusual, haunting effects; not at all too vague, nor indirect, although at the end the music goes up and is lost in the air as if the court ladies were suddenly disturbed. As regards the vocal measures it would not be fair to express an opinion. They need a better schooled, more sensitive, more poetic singer than Mr. Partridge; even if they do not demand a woman's voice.

"L'Horizon Chimérique" is a suite of songs, the last in the long list that gives Gabriel Faure a commanding position among all composers. The suite is dated 1922, four years before the death of Faure. The young poet, Jean de la Ville de Mirmont, died in the world war fighting for France. The two songs sung yesterday were "Le Mer est infini" and "Diane, Seline." Here again is a grace, a sensuous, dreamy, melancholy expression, characteristic of Faure, that escaped the singer, who was more at his ease in the less impressionistic songs that followed. Lohengrin's "Narrative" is hardly in place in a concert of this nature.

Schubert's quartet is not to be found in the "complete" edition of his works. The harp part played yesterday was written for a guitar. Scorn not the guitar even if it is not played by Segovia. Rossini and Weber used it in operas; Percy Grainger has made free and liberal use of it in accompaniments and as an orchestral instrument, and Schumann thought of it as an accompaniment to the solo in the romance of his symphony in D minor. The quartet, beautifully played, is headed by Schubert, though there were passages in the first movement that might have written, but he would not know where to stop. Mr. Alvar

Nov 17 1927



# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

All those who still hold admirable and finished acting in respect, the acting that is nature itself, should see Mr. Otis Skinner's portrayal of Papa Juan in the delightful play by the Spanish brothers at the Majestic Theatre. Nor is it a case of leading man and a negligible company. All the actors and actresses succeed not only in giving reality and life to the men and women in the little Spanish village; they create the illusion of what, for want of a better term, is called "atmosphere," and not merely "Spanish atmosphere." The tale might be told of many villages in this country, though a New Englander that has reached his 100th year might not be so chipper, so kindly, so mentally alert as Papa Juan; nor be at the head of so large a family. We have all seen the spiteful, suspicious Dona Filomena (played by Miss Kenmore), though in New England she is usually a soured spinster. We all know Don Evaristo (portrayed by Mr. Tiden, not caricatured, though a less skilful, less experienced actor might easily be tempted to play the part in burlesque vein), the man of nerves, anxious about his health, easily annoyed, absurd if you like, but not a bit of a fool, and in spite of his foibles, a lovable person. The young women, for once, are not silly, chattering flappers. They are young in thoughts, hopes, illusions and behavior.

Is there too much "sentiment" in the comedy for those who find pleasure only in plays with "sex" the leading subject or in dramas of mysteries and murders? Not many years ago the Boston public filled theatres to revel in sentiment that was often rank sentimentalism. Whenever one of these old plays is revived by a reckless manager, the audience fidgets, sniffs, is bored. But "A Hundred Years Old" is first of all a play of everyday life with a current of sane, refreshing, beautiful human feeling running through it. As for Mr. Skinner's Papa Juan, one is reminded of Walt Whitman's line: "Old age superbly rising! Ineffable grace of dying days!"

In the years of stage sentimentalism the Spanish brothers would have had Papa Juan die peacefully in his chair, with music faintly heard off-stage; with Trino and Currita in a fond embrace. And the audiences of those years would have found the scene sweetly pathetic, moving them to tears. But Papa Juan undoubtedly lived to welcome the birth of his eagerly awaited great-great-grandchild.

William Gillette, who has been on the stage since 1875, has played many parts to the pleasure of audiences; played parts in which his personality sometimes overshadowed the dramatist's characters; sometimes taking roles that were unsuited to him as in "Diplomacy"; physically unsuited to him as when he endeavored to portray the burly, vigorous ex-stevedore Brachard in Bernstein's "Samson." Mr. Gillette will be long remembered by his Job McCosh, the Secretary; by his Dumont in "Secret Service." As Sherlock Holmes (Nov. 6, 1889) he was no longer Mr. Gillette in various disguises; he was Conan Doyle's detective.

As the story goes, Charles Frohman and Gillette were in London when the talk was about Doyle's stories.

"We must get those stories," said Frohman. "All right," said Gillette.

Frohman visited Doyle to secure the rights.

"Certainly, Mr. Frohman, but I shall make one stipulation. There must be no love business in 'Sherlock Holmes.'"

"All right, your wishes shall be respected."

Frohman said nothing to Gillette about the stipulation; Gillette introduced a "love interest" in the play.

A year later Doyle read the manuscript. He liked the play and made no objection to the sentimental passages. The play was brought out in London in 1901.

So Mr. Marcossion and Daniel Frohman tell the tale in their life of Charles Frohman, not accurately, for they say the early visit was in 1899, whereas it was in 1889; that "Sherlock Holmes" was brought out at the Garrick Theatre in London, whereas the theatre was the Lyceum.

Good old "After Dark," which, revived by Christopher Morley et al. at Hoboken, drew such crowds that a tablet was placed in grateful recognition of Dion Boucicault's worth. Now Mr. Brady brings the melodrama to the Apollo theatre.

"After Dark," a tale of London life, was produced at the Princess's Theatre, London, on August 12, 1868. (There was a revival in London in 1891.) Mr. Townsend Walsh thinks that Boucicault drew his inspiration from "Les Bohemiens de Paris" by Dennery and Grange, brought out at the Ambigu, Paris, in September, 1843. Mr. Walsh also mentions W. T. Moncrieff's "The Scamps of London," which had for a sub-title "The Cross-Roads of Life." This drama, frankly adapted from "The Bohemians of Paris," was produced at Sadler's Wells, London, in 1843. It was revived at the Grecian, in 1868.

Boucicault's melodrama, with the sensational scenes—a drugged man lying on the underground railway; the arches of London Bridge; a music hall in full blast, pleased the London public greatly, and as Boucicault always wrote with at least one eye on the public, he and the manager were also pleased, so pleased that he had an attack of nervous prostration after the run of nine months.

"After Dark" was popular in this country, even after it was known that Augustin Daly's "Under the Gaslight" had furnished the leading incident. One night Daly, walking home with his brother, said: "I have got the sensation we want—a man fastened to a railroad track and rescued just as the train reaches the spot." When "Under the Gaslight" was produced in New York on August 12, 1867, the "railroad train" parted in the middle and the legs of the man who was propelling the first half of the express were seen. Even this ludicrous accident did not kill the play. The success was so great throughout the country that there were many burlesques of the railroad scene.

Boucicault brought "After Dark" to Niblo's Garden in New York in the fall of 1868. McKee Rankin, F. C. Bangs, Owen Marlowe played leading parts. Louisa Moore and Edith Challis came from England. Daly brought an action for injunction. The management of Niblo's paid Daly a royalty for each performance. Twenty-one years afterward a lawyer insisted that Daly's copyright was invalid because the title originally deposited differed from that of the printed book. The first page ran, "Under the Gaslight, a Drama of Life and Love in These Times." The book's title was "Under the Gaslight: a Romantic Panorama of the Streets and Homes of New York." The case went up to the supreme court, which held that the title was "Under the Gaslight"—what followed was merely descriptive, not a change of title.

When "After Dark" was performed at the Boston Theatre in November, 1868, Leotard, "the daring young man on the Flying Trapeze," was for two nights an attraction. When the play was at the same theatre in 1891 Mr. Corbett, engaged for a "specialty," was described as "a rising young pugilist."

Theophile Gautier, by the way, in his review of "The Bohemians of Paris," objected vigorously to the title. The Bohemians, he said, in eloquent words, were either the gypsies—as those seen in Spain—"the ancient and mysterious melancholy of the Orient is in their eyes of black diamonds"—; the true Bohemians of Paris were the painters, poets, musicians, journalists, who lived joyously from day to day; who forgot the bread of tomorrow in their meetings of the night before; who loved pleasure more than money; laziness and freedom more than glory. The dramatists' "Bohemians" were fustians, the riff-raff of the streets. But in 1843 this drama was the great success of the year though plays by Hugo, the elder Dumas, Balzac, Gozlan, Scribe had been staged. "The people likes that which appeals to the eye, beauty, brilliance, pomp, because its own existence is shabby, obscure, miserable."

When "Under the Gaslight" was performed at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, on Nov. 24, 1869, David Belasco took the part of a newsboy and in the course of the performance played the banjo and danced.

It is a pleasure to find Mr. Arthur Guiterman, in his "Song and Laughter," paying tribute to that busy, indispensable man in a theatre orchestra known as "Traps." We have space only for the first verse of the poem describing the triumph of "Traps" and his winning the hand of the lovely Arabella Canterina, aged 21:

Though I hardly know a hautboy from a common marlinspike,  
And am ignorant of music, still I know the things I like.  
I am present at the sessions of Calliope the Muse,  
Where the fiddle tweedle-edges and the trombone trooral-oo;  
While the programs crisply crackle I will hearken, rapt and mute,  
To the gurgling ocarina, to the ophicleide or flute;  
But the best in all the concourse of the instrumental chaps  
Is the kettle-drumming, rattle-whirring, cymbal-bashing Traps.  
For he blows the mad barumpaphone, he bangs the bumbaroo,  
He sounds the parabelle and the pollyoodle, too;  
He clangs the wrangle-angle and he chimes the ting-a-ling,  
He toots the touraloural and he slams the kara-zing!

Berlin critics found "Journey's End" "dangerously near to the comical"; one critic had "to choke his laughter in his throat." Another said "What is out of date in Germany excites admiration in America." But in other cities of Germany, as Munich, and in Paris, "Journey's End" excited enthusiastic appreciation. Will the latest German war-play, "Douaumont," by E. W. Moeller, who was at school during the world war, please in London? Its theme is "the gulf between the returned soldier, still half-living in his memories, and the civilian unable to understand his obsession with death and the horrors of war." Moeller was 8 years old when the Germans invaded Belgium.

## A NOTE ON APPLAUSE

Mr. Stokowski, who is never so happy as when he is rebuking the Philadelphia Symphony audience when in his opinion it misbehaves, was upset not long ago because there was applause between the movements of a symphony. Applause, he said, was barbarous. It must have originated in a forest years ago. He said the clapping of hands to show enjoyment of a performance was a mediaeval. What did he not say against the clapping of hands together? Yet the Psalmist urged the people to do this: called upon the floods to clap their hands. Isaiah made the same request of trees. And when Mr. Stokowski, the justly celebrated conversationalist-conductor—Mr. De Pachmann as a chatting pianist being thus outdone—had ended his remarks, the audience clapped their hands, which must have pained the good man deeply.

What would Mr. Stokowski and his excellent players say if no applause followed a performance; if hands were sedately folded by fair women or kept by men in trousers-pockets? Or would Mr. Stokowski prefer the pounding of canes and umbrellas in approbation, with whistling, perhaps, and cries of "Hot stuff!" and "Atta-boy" from the younger barbarians in the audience.

Nero, master of the lyre, and an expert manager of his recitals at Rome and elsewhere, did not object to applause. He trained 5000 lusty young men in certain ways of applauding: Bombos, which resembled the buzzing and humming of bees, or the sound of trumpets; Testas, to express the crashing of earthen pots, clattering one against another; Imbrices, the rattling made by a sudden shower on the tiles of a house, or the sound that gutter tiles may make. And Nero, by the way, objected to any one leaving the theatre before the recital was over, no matter how necessary the cause; so that many men "weary of tedious hearing and praising him, when the gates were shut, either by stealth lept down from the walls, or counterfeiting themselves dead were carried forth as corpses to be buried."

It is true that applause has no significance to-day; it is bestowed indiscriminately. The good, the mediocre, the poor performing on concert plat-

forms are always "heartily applauded." Not only by parents, relatives and friends; the herd follows them, or some restless fogleman gives the signal in a distant corner. Applause enters into careful consideration of the psychology of the mob. The clapping of hands is faint only when a symphony, symphonic poem, fantasia of genuine worth but by an unknown and modern composer is brilliantly performed.

Florence Austral, whose international reputation is enviable, will sing in Symphony Hall this afternoon. She was born at Melbourne, Australia, Florence May Wilson. Having sung as an amateur, she studied systematically at the Melba Conservatory in Melbourne—she continued her studies in Lon-



where she made her first appearance in opera (1922) as Bruennhilde. As soon as she took the roles of all the Bruennhildes of "The Ring"; she appeared as Aida, Isolde, Elizabeth. She has been applauded in orchestral concerts conducted in London by Weingartner, Wood and Ronald. Her first appearance in the United States was at the Cincinnati Music Festival of May, 1925. In the same month she was engaged for the Evanston (Ill.) Music Festival, and was re-engaged for the following Cincinnati Festivals.

She sang in Symphony Hall, Boston on April 8, 1926, when she was suddenly called on to replace Hulda Lashanska.

Joaquin Nin, the celebrated Spanish pianist, wrote of the Aguilar Lute Quartet which will give a concert at the Copley-Plaza Monday night: "The Aguilar Quartet has won for the lute a worthy and honorable place in modern music. They draw from this instrument effects bringing forth its historical value; also answering the requirements of modern technic. The independence of the four lutes, each with an individual timbre, makes possible a variety of polyphonic combinations. The Aguilars have indeed obtained on these instruments a technic which reaches the highest point."

The four members, three brothers, José, Francisco, Ezequiel, and a sister, Elisa, were heard for the first time outside of Spain in the season of 1927-28, when the Pro Arte Society of Paris presented them. Possibly not one person out of ten in the audience had ever heard the lute; the majority knew of it only as part of the mediaeval troubadour's equipment. Few guessed its marvellous possibilities as a concert instrument until these four artists demonstrated the fact.

"It would be impossible to compare this organization with any other, for it is unique, and the four Aguilars are its creators. True, there exist in Spain bands of itinerant musicians—variously called *estudiantinas* or *ron-dallas*, but these groups use, in addition to the lute, guitars and *bandurrias* (the latter a variant of the lute). What is more, they do not attempt to play the type of music listed on the programs of the Aguilars—early 15th century music, the works of Scarlatti, Couperin, Bach, Mozart and the complicated scores of the moderns. The instruments adopted by the Aguilars are those known as the Spanish lute, quite distinct from the Italian or French lute, and conforming to a model established for centuries throughout Spain. The body is only slightly convex, thus forsaking the full-bombed shape known to the early Arabs, and followed to a great extent throughout the other countries of Europe. That this change is of no late epoch is shown in a drawing of the 14th century preserved today in the Royal Academy of History in Madrid. Why this change was made may possibly be attributed to the desire to render the sonorities more delicate."

The Aguilars' first concert in New York was on Nov. 11. The critics were unanimous in praise.

The concert tomorrow will be in aid of the Junior Division of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and all the proceeds will be devoted to the support of the temporary home of the society at 43 Mt. Vernon street. The program will be as follows: Mozart, Serenade. De Falla, Dance of the Miller's Wife. Albeniz-Turina, Cordoba. Nin, De Murcia. Granados-Nin, Orientale. Halffter, Gypsy Dance. Martha Bigelow Elliot will give some interpretive dances: Fiske, Sunrise. Lieurance, Moonlight Idyll. Albeniz, Tango.

The Smallmann A Cappella Choir, which will sing at Jordan Hall this afternoon, was formed by John Smallmann, conductor of the Los Angeles Oratorio Society. He took young professional singers; voices that would blend and be effective in contrast. The choir was at first an amateur organization. The singers practised, we are told, three times a week, without vacation, for three years before they ventured to appear in public. There were a few more public appearances each year, "but only after six years of the most intensive training did they plan to leave their own province." They have built up their audiences from year to year, so that now they fill the largest auditoriums in Los Angeles, San Francisco and other coast cities, and are annually re-engaged as a feature by the leading symphony orchestras there.

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The Boston Flute Players' Club has arranged an unusually interesting program for its concert this afternoon. De Falla's "Psyche" for voice, harp, flute, violin, viola and cello was inspired by Jean Aubry's poem. "De Falla's consciousness that in their accentuation French and Spanish are at opposite poles, is reflected in the structure and feeling of the music. Nothing is definitely stated." Marcel Tournier, composer, represented by a suite for flute, violin, viola, cello, harp, is a French harpist, born at Paris in 1879. He gained the first prize for harp-playing at the Paris Conservatory in 1899 and is professor of the harp at the Conservatory. He took in 1909 the second, second Grand Prix de Rome. A ballet and many harp pieces are among his compositions.

Miss Flora Woodman, an English soprano, will sing in Boston for the first time on Wednesday evening, Nov. 27. Young, she has already won fame in her own country. She has sung with the Scottish orchestra in Edinburgh and Glasgow; the Manchester Halle Society, the Liverpool Philharmonic Society; in the leading choral and orchestral concerts in London; she has given recitals at Monte Carlo, and sung in English Festivals.

Madame D'Alvarez, who will sing here next Friday night, is a Peruvian, born at Liverpool. Educated in Belgium, she is now, The Herald is informed, an American by adoption. The Herald is also informed that this singer, whose voice is of rare and rich beauty has, thanks to her mother's folk, "the traditional nobility of the Incas in her blood"! also that her grandmother was "the last Inca priestess of Peru; the first Peruvian battleship was paid for with her grandmother's pearls."

Nevertheless, the granddaughter, who first came to the United States as a member of Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan opera company and has given pleasure to opera and concert goers in Boston, will be heard in a recital on the 22d of this month.

Maxim Karolik, tenor, who will give a recital in Jordan Hall on Monday evening, Dec. 2, was formerly connected with the opera "Musical Drama," founded at Leningrad in 1911, which represents an attempt to embody Wagner's and Moussorgsky's idea of opera; the dramatic side entering as "a substantial part of the artistic whole." Mr. Karolik, a representative of this school of musical and dramatic training, a graduate of the Leningrad Conservatory, has had much experience in opera, on the concert stage and in the theatres of Italy, England and this country.

Zighera, the Cellist, and Mr. Laurent had the "fattest" roles, but their comrades contributed to the perfect ensemble. The slow movement and two of the variations of the theme are the most prominent pages of the quartet. Tournier, the professor of harp-playing at the Paris Conservatory, has written much for that instrument. The audience of good size was appreciative. These concerts are a pleasant feature of Boston's musical season.

#### SMALLMAN CHOIR—AUSTRAL

The Smallman A Cappella choir, founded and conducted by John Smallman, made its first Boston appearance yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. This was the program:

Gloria in Excelsis, from Miss Pappas Marcelli, Palestrina: "The Three Kings," Catalan nativity song, Romeo: "The Wall of Heaven," O Saviour, Mend. Brahms: "Fum! Fum! Fum!" Catalan folk song, arr. by Schindler: "Australian Up-Country Song," Grainger: "Now is the Month of Maying," Morley: "Wassail Song," arr. by Vaughan Williams: "Sing Ye to the Lord," motet for double chorus, Bach: "Divendree Sant," Nicolai: "The Island," Rachmaninoff, arr. by H. Alexander Matthews: "Irish Tune from County Derry," Grainger: "Hymn to Raphael the Divine," Bossi.

To say it plainly and to say it at once, certain features of this admirable choir's concert one might wish different. Not everybody, to speak first of trifles, likes to see a chorus labelled by means of big letters, on their benches. Nor does everybody find his pleasure enhanced, even though the singers come from California, by the sight of them garbed in Spanish costumes touched up with hints of Russia and Mexico to the south.

Of more signal importance, let us hope that when he visits us again Mr. Smallman will have brought his singers to that high pitch or excellence when they can sustain their pitch without sagging. This he can do; the singers are deficient in vocal technique, not in fineness of ear. He will add much to the vitality, furthermore, of his performances when he trains the choristers either to swell or diminish a long-held tone; to attack such a tone full voice and try to hold it, tends toward both monotony and hardness of quality. In body and warmth of tone he will also

gain if he frowns on sounds so light and thin that only the very edges of the lips seem involved in their making. Pronunciation, too, in English, might be bettered.

These few remediable defects are worth hinting at because the Smallman choir, notwithstanding, gave a performance yesterday that must have brought proof, if proof is needful, that a chorus singing, even when it sounds like a chorus and not a poor orchestra, is not of necessity dull. The singers yesterday, all praise to them, hummed very little; they whined not at all. Though not blessed with an unusually high average of voices, they can give, when they will, a loud lusty tone that, achieving brightness, nearly always escape the shrill.

This strong, bright tone they give very often. For they sing as though they liked to sing—and when people like to sing they sing brightly, unless words and music order otherwise. Also they sing according to the one rule that makes chorus singing worth hearing; they sing each part, be it treble or second tenor, as though that were the one part that matters. There was melody, therefore, in every bar of Palestrina's Gloria, and expressiveness, genuine conviction. The same high quality of life animated the entire second group.

It must also be added that the choir, in the technical matters of release, attack and legato, have attained a fine efficiency. Because of an embarrassment of musical riches yesterday and a generosity of added numbers, not everybody was fortunate enough to hear the Bach motet. A large audience applauded with the enthusiasm usually reserved for a popular prima donna.

At Symphony hall, meanwhile, Florence Austral, the dramatic soprano, was singing this program:

Aria: "Leise, leise," "Der Frelschütz," Weber: Liebestreu, Wie Melodien, Der Tod das ist die kühle Nacht Zwei Zigeunerlieder, Brahms: Liebestod, from "Tristan and Isolde," Ständchen, Morgen, Cantic, Straus: "Love's Quarrel," Scott: "Five Eyes," Gibbs: "Rude Wind, Cruel Sea," Katherine Glen: "Alleluia," O'Connor-Morris.

To lose the Weber aria, in which, to judge from her earlier appearance here, Miss Austral must have been at her best, was a pity.

Once more, yesterday, she showed herself the possessor of a dramatic soprano voice overwhelming in volume, in quality magnificent. Again she demonstrated her mastery of technique—displayed most markedly in her command of a wide range of dynamics, in exemplary clarity of enunciation, and smoothness of delivery—and her fine musicianship. Brahms's "Der Tod, der ist die kühle Nacht" there was admirable singing indeed, all in the marvelous tone, neither loud nor soft, which Miss Austral gages so finely, with precisely the right rise and fall of tone as the melody demanded. Admirable indeed!

Not again, however, at all events in German, did Miss Austral sing so well,

she did, almost in the familiar old vespers hymn. She forced her voice, to put it bluntly, till she often injured its quality. Because, too, of those sudden bursts of tone and consequent changes of quality, she distorted her melodic line.

Why will Miss Austral, a singer who should maintain a standard, do so? She surely cannot fear that her voice, delivered justly, will fail to fill Symphony hall. Because people applaud her loud tones loudly she cannot be so unwise as to believe that they would not applaud beautiful tones more loudly still. Let us hope she will consider what she is about.

John Amadio played Debussy's "Flute of Pan," for flute alone, so delightfully as to tone, phrasing and poetic suggestion, also Bridge's "Moto Perpetuo," so brilliantly that to miss the Bach sonata, played early in the program, became a real loss. Nils Nelson played very good accompaniments.

R. R. G.

#### MAIER AND PATISON

Guy Maier and Lee Pattison, veteran two-piano recitalists, gave an enjoyable

program before a large and very cordial audience last night at the Repertory Theatre.

The program was as follows:

Overture to "The Magic Flute" (Mozart-Busoni); prelude, Fugue and Variation (Cesar Franck); Scherzo from piano quartet (Schumann-Maier); Rondo, in C major (Chopin); "Herolical Fountains" (Pattison); Fantasia and Fugue in A minor (Bach-Bauer); "Rhythmic Dance" (Goossens); "Standing Before the Ruins of Rheims Cathedral" (Casella); "The Roulant" (Debussy); "Turkey-in-the-Straw" (Dallies-Frantz); "The Beautiful Blue Danube Waltzes" (Strauss-Chasins).

The perfect ensemble, the rhythmic verve, the esprit and sensitiveness of the two-piano playing of Maier and Pattison is too well known to need comment. It would be hard indeed to find two players so well matched in touch and style. In the overture to the Magic Flute, in Mr. Maier's delightful arrangement of the Schumann Scherzo, in Chopin's charming Rondo, the liquid beauty of their passage work, as well as the subtle nuances they evoked were notable; in the Franck prelude and Fugue and in the Bach Fantasia and Fugue they achieved sonorous tone, grace and delicacy in revealing the inner voices of the fugue, and splendid climaxes.

Mr. Pattison's fantasy, "Herolical Fountains," based on a line from Yeats's Death of Synge—"He went up out of his ailing body into the herolical fountains,"—was a beautiful harmony of tone colors. However, the program for the fantasy required more than the score could give of ghostly and ecstatic emotion. Shortened considerably, and played without more program than the line from Yeats, it would have been more successful in achieving the effects for which the composer aimed.

Especially well played were Goossens's "Rhythmic Dance," a jolly, rollicking piece, and Casella's "Standing before the Ruins of Rheims Cathedral," an evocative and imaginative fragment. A brilliant performance of "The Beautiful Blue Danube Waltzes" closed the announced program. Many extra numbers were demanded by the enthusiastic audience, and some parts of the set program were repeated during the course of the evening's music. *E. J.*

#### SCOLLAY SQUARE

##### "The Return of Sherlock Holmes"

An all-talking screen drama by Basil Dean and Garrett Fort from two short stories by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, directed by Basil Dean and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Sherlock Holmes.....Clive Brook  
Dr. Watson.....H. Reeves Smith  
Mary Watson.....Betty Lawford  
Capt. Longmore.....Charles Hay  
Roger Longmore.....Philip Holmes  
Col. Moran.....Donald Fraser  
Prof. Moriarty.....Harry T. Morey  
Sergeant Gipper.....Hubert Druce  
Sparks.....Arthur Mack

The management of the Scollay Square Theatre is to be congratulated on a neat stroke in obtaining "The Return of Sherlock Holmes." It is a very timely return, concurrently as it happens with that of Mr. Gillette to the legitimate stage in the play in which 30 years ago he as the great detective himself matched wits with the remarkably astute Prof. Moriarty, arch-villain of his times. It had been supposed that with the final curtain of the Gillette-Doyle play the professor had plotted his last diabolical crime; but thanks to the Messrs. Dean and Fort this assumption has been proved premature. There is this assurance, that there will be no second motion picture concerning the encounters between these two, for Moriarty comes to an indubitable death in this picture. And with Moriarty dead, there could be no zest in the game for Mr. Holmes.

"The Dying Detective" and "His Last Bow," two of the shorter tales of the imperturbable sleuth, have been utilized for the present narrative. Holmes, about to quit Baker street for a quiet life in the country, with his books, his violin, his pipe, and his bees, makes a sudden decision when he presents himself at the home of his old friend, Dr. Watson, whose daughter, Mary, is about to be wed to young Roger Longmore. The wedding must be deferred, it seems, since Roger's father, Capt. Long-



...just been found dead. The victim had written a confession, now missing of course, of his share in Prof. Moriarty's latest conspiracy to loot transatlantic liners of valuable shipments of gold and precious stones through an elaborate wire tapping device. Our old friend Sgt. Gripper, richly exhumed by Mr. Druce, is content with a suicide theory, or that Roger, who is missing, was caught robbing his father's wall safe and fled, leaving father to die of shock. Not so, Holmes. He knows better. So he, Dr. Watson and Mary catch the ship sheltering the conspirators, who already have shanghaied Roger. Holmes disguises himself as a German fiddler in the ship's orchestra, as a stupid steward. He tracks Col. Moran by phosphorescent footprints, deducts this and that, obtains and destroys the Longmore confession, and finally meets Moriarty in the latter's suite aboardship.

Mr. Brook does a very clever piece of work throughout, indicating succinctly not only the outward or physical aspects of Sherlock Holmes, but his mental attributes and processes as well. Mr. Morey appears briefly but brilliantly. W. E. G.

#### KEITH-ALBEE

##### "The Isle of Lost Ships"

An all-talking screen drama based on the novel of the same name by Crittenden Martin, directed by Irvin Willat and presented by First National with the following cast: Frank Howard ..... Jason Roberts Dorothy Renwick ..... Virginia Valli Aunt Emma ..... Clarissa Selwynne Capt. Forbes ..... Noah Beery Jackson, the detective ..... Robert O'Connor Gallagher ..... Harry Cording Mrs. Gallagher ..... Margaret Fielding Mother Burke ..... Katherine Ward Mr. Burke ..... Robert Homans Who is there that has not been taken with the idea of an island of lost ships, vessels centuries old inextricably involved in a dense mass of seaweed that holds them prisoner at the same time that it keeps them afloat? Such is the interesting subject from which "The Isle of Lost Ships," now to be seen at the Keith-Albee Theatre, takes its story. For the most part the theme is well carried out, the scenes at sea being particularly interesting and convincing. There is an appealingly vivid shipwreck when a large passenger steamer fouls a floating, half-submerged derelict; the subsequent scenes of panic and disaster, as a heavily loaded life-boat capsizes in a raging sea, are too true to life to be pleasant.

On board a steamer bound from Porto Rico to the United States is a young naval officer, Frank Howard, under suspicion of murder and in the charge of a detective, Jackson. On the same ship is also an attractive girl, Dorothy Renwick, travelling with her aunt. One story night the ship strikes a wreck and

starts to founder, but for various reasons Howard, Jackson and Dorothy are left on board when the life-boats pull away. The vessel does not sink, however, but drifts with the tide into the Sargasso sea, the final haven for all kinds of abandoned derelicts. This strange, apparently forsaken, place harbors an unsavory lot of castaways from all over the world over whom a brutal scoundrel named Forbes, holds undisputed sway. Following the custom of the place, Dorothy is told that she must choose a husband at once; to the disgust of Forbes, she picks Howard.

Knowing that their lives are in danger Howard and Dorothy, with the assistance of some of the more amiable inhabitants of the place, plan to escape in an antique submarine miraculously kept in condition by an elderly Irish sailor.

The outstanding performance in the picture was given by the Sargasso sea with its tragic wrecks—it had a dramatic conviction quite lacking in the human actors. Nevertheless, Robert O'Connor made a likable and amusing Jackson and Virginia Valli was a pretty if much too immaculate heroine. Jason Roberts as Howard, and Noah Beery, as Forbes, both gave the impression of being uncomfortably out of their element. E. L. H.

#### PARK THEATRE

##### "Acquitted"

An all-talking drama adapted to the screen by Keene Thompson; directed by Frank Strayer and presented by Columbia with the following cast: Dr. Bradford ..... Lloyd Hughes Marian ..... Margaret Livingston Egan ..... Sam Hardy McManus ..... Charles West Tony ..... George Rigas Nelson ..... Charles Wilson Smith ..... Otto Hoffman

The best thing about "Acquitted," is the superb villainy of Sam Hardy. This elongated gentleman has proved his worth in the films, both silent and audible. He can be affable, big-hearted, as in "On With the Show," in the role of Jerry, the harassed producer trying to open a show on a shoe-string. He can be paternal, the wise counselor, friend of the needy. Of late he has taken to shady paths, and we now behold him as Frank Egan, a brainy crook who thinks he knows all there is to know but concludes in the last stanza that he doesn't know "a darned thing." Yet while he is in the hey-day of his criminal career he is so self controlled, so resourceful, so kindly even in his

most malevolent moods that one cannot help admiring him.

This story is of the love of a girl, a member of Egan's gang who specializes in the picking of pockets, for a young physician who has been railroaded to prison on conviction of killing a dope addict in his offices.

Without Mr. Hardy's booming voice, his virile personality, "Acquitted," would be a sorry bit of melodramatic flotsam.

Also on the bill is "Broadway Scandals," a Columbia presentation of backstage romance, adapted by Gladys Lehman from a story by Howard Green, directed by George Archainbaud, with this cast:

Mary ..... Sally O'Neil Ted Howard ..... Jack Egan Valeska ..... Carol Egan Mrs. Main ..... Barney Sherry Pringle ..... John Hyams Radio Announcer ..... Charles Wilson Bobby ..... Doris Dawson George Holloway ..... Gordon Elliott

This is a tardy visitation of a composite of "The Dance of Life," "Say It With Songs," "Broadway Melody," and "Movietone Follies." It is Columbia's way of saying, "All the other studios have made one, why not we?" It has all the familiar ingredients, the lowly hoover, his devoted little partner, the big-time dame who almost steals said hoover, the reconciliation, and the celebration of happy reunion by means of a split-week engagement in Poughkeepsie. Jolson introduced the radio broadcaster sentimentally in "Say It With Songs," but "Broadway Scandals" goes further. It makes fun of the gentle art of broadcasting in general. There are several song numbers for Mr. Egan, a newcomer to the screen, for Miss O'Neil, and for Miss Myers. As vocalists none of the trio amounts to much, Miss O'Neil least of all. She seems to be one of those pathetic figures of the screen who are unable to get anywhere in particular. One of the more compensating features of an afternoon or evening at the Park is found in the dual appearance of Charles Wilson in both pictures, first as the police inspector who proves himself a patient waiter and later as the cheerful broadcasting studio manager. W. E. G.

Nov 19 1939

#### By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"Sherlock Holmes," a play in four acts and five scenes by William Gillette and Conan Doyle. Revived for Mr. Gillette's last performances on the stage. Direction of Messrs. Erlanger and Tyler. The cast last night was as follows:

Sherlock Holmes ..... William Gillette Doctor Watson ..... Wallis Clark John Forman ..... Brunelle Shaw Sir Edward Leighton ..... Byron Russell Count Von Stahlburg ..... Alfred Ansel Prof. Moriarty ..... John Milner James Larrabee ..... Montague Shaw Sidney Prince ..... William Postance Alfred Bassick ..... Augustus Keough Jim Craig ..... William H. Barnard Thomas Lear ..... Herbert Wilson "Lichfoot" McTear ..... Henry Lambert John ..... Fred Tasker Billy ..... Burford Hampden Parsons ..... Donald Campbell Alice Faulkner ..... Peg Entwistle Mrs. Faulkner ..... Dorothy Peabody Russell Madge Larrabee ..... Roberta Beatty Theresa ..... Kate Byron Mia. Smeedley ..... Rose Klorston

It was meet and proper that Mr. Gillette, taking his leave of the stage and his devoted followers, should choose the play he based on stories by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, for this actor playwright has been identified in the minds of thousands with the detective at whom Dr. Watson marvelled. Furthermore this play is one that peculiarly suits Mr. Gillette's theories of acting and his own ability as an actor.

As Holmes, last night, Mr. Gillette was as cool, undisturbed, quick witted, resourceful as of old. Sure of himself he knew he would outwit Moriarty, whose every move he could anticipate. Yet at the wondering at Alice Faulkner's willingness, say rather eagerness to be his wife, he could not forget the prophecy of the arch-criminal as handcuffed he was led off the stage. It should be remembered that in Doyle's stories there are two versions of Holmes's fate.

The play is still a good thriller, old fashioned as it is. Mr. Larrabee and Madge in the first act are perhaps the characters that now seem the most preposterous in their villainy and in their methods of showing it. One cannot today pity poor Alice in spite of her trials and tribulations, but Moriarty, at the head of his desperate band; the ruffians ready to do his dirty work; they are still a joy to an audience; Moriarty giving his orders, as Napoleon in the saddle; the scene in his underground office; the calmness with which he tells of the death of those that tried to thwart him; above all the scene in the gas chamber, with the smashing of the lamp, however artificially this stage property is introduced—and the deceitfully luring lighted cigar—all this is good melodrama which last night as countless nights before made the audience sit up.

The play was acted in the good old-fashioned manner. Mr. Milner was again the cynical, cold-blooded diabolical Moriarty. His band of desperate

criminals would have graced any melodrama of Drury Lane or the Grand Opera House. Mr. Clark might have sat for Watson's picture in the printed stories. Miss Entwistle was sufficiently pathetic, heroic and affectionate in turn as Alice, but next to Mr. Gillette and Mr. Milner, one will remember Mr. Shaw and Miss Beatty as they alternately raged and were alarmed though blustering in the first act.

An audience that filled the theatre rejoiced in the revival and applauded Mr. Gillette and his company to the echo.

#### PLYMOUTH THEATRE

##### "Scarlet Pages"

A play in three acts by Samuel Shipman and John R. Hymer; first produced at the Apollo Theatre, Atlantic City, on Aug. 29, 1929. Opened Sept. 9, 1929, at the Morocco Theatre, New York, with Elsie Ferguson in the leading role, supported by Clair Luce, Robert Ames and others. Presented last evening by A. H. Woods at the Plymouth Theatre with the following cast: Laura Hutchinson ..... Barbara Hastings Frederick Stoner ..... David Higgins Mary Bancroft ..... Elsie Ferguson Leonard Barnes ..... Donald McClelland Robert Lawrence ..... Robert Williams Nora Mason ..... Kathryn March Mrs. Mason ..... Jean Adair John Remington ..... Lee Baker Richard Trainor ..... J. Moy Bennett Officer Callahan ..... William Burnett Clerk of the Court ..... Archie Savor Carlotta Corday ..... Francesca Hill Judge Graham ..... John Costello Nellie Burke ..... Sue Moore James McGowan ..... Henry Pemberton Thomas Britton ..... Elmer Cornell Billie Veronica ..... Gilbert Faust Valerie ..... Lily Marne

So seldom, alas, does Elsie Ferguson visit this part of the world that it is hard to feel anything but gratitude to the play that brings her back, even if one might wish something more glamorous, more poetic and more generally suited to her rare gifts of voice and personality. "Scarlet Pages" is an exciting, fairly well constructed play with a truly dramatic second act and a first and third of preparation and anticlimax. It offers Miss Ferguson numerous opportunities to become emotional and employ her enchanting speech for the defence of an unjustly accused little night-club hostess, but she is worthy of much better material. Anyone who remembers her in that beautiful screen version of "Peter Ibbetson" can but wonder and regret that the play has never been revived to allow her once

more to act the radiant Duchess of Towers.

Enough of vain repinings: Elsie Ferguson is enough in herself to make almost anything worth seeing, and "Scarlet Pages" offers good entertainment. Mary Bancroft, an outstanding woman lawyer and a candidate for Congress, is called on to defend a young girl, Nora Mason, who is accused of killing her father. Admitting her guilt, Nora refuses, shuddering, to tell why she did it. The suggestion of the prosecuting attorney that it was because her father would not let her marry Robert Lawrence, an up and coming moving picture operator, she denies utterly. Witnesses put on the stand testify to family quarrels and threats while angry, but not until she is bullied and harassed beyond endurance does the real reason come out. So horrible is the truth that the prosecutor refuses to believe it until Mary Bancroft, with a gesture that destroys all her future career, gives positive proof. What this irrefutable fact is would not be fair to reveal, suffice that it is totally unexpected and highly dramatic.

As Mary Bancroft Miss Ferguson gives a fine and well considered performance; not for an instant does she yield to the melodramatic temptations offered by her part. Her lovely voice gave full value and more to the lines whether in the tenseness of the trial scene, the light bantering of her friends or the desperate pleading with her new found daughter. As always she was a picture of grace. Robert Williams, as Nora Mason's cock-sure but likable sweetheart was constantly in character; Kathryn March made a convincing and appealing figure of the accused girl, save in the difficult last scene where the lines assigned to her failed to carry conviction. Lee Baker came close to caricature with his loud-mouthed, frequently incomprehensible, district-attorney; Gilberta Faust gave an exquisitely scene and moving little portrait of a nun. The audience was most enthusiastic, though not as large as could have been desired. E. L. H.

#### SHUBERT APOLLO THEATRE

##### "After Dark"

A melodrama in four acts by Dion Boucicault; produced Aug. 12, 1868, at the Princess Theatre, London; at Niblo's Garden, New York, that same year; last presented in Boston at the Boston Theatre, Aug. 30, 1891; performed last evening at the Shubert Apollo Theatre under direction of Jessie Bonstelle by arrangement with William A. Brady with the following cast: Dicey Morris ..... A. Loew Chondos Bellingham ..... H. Heaton George Medhurst ..... G. Blackwood Old Tom ..... W. Sherwin Gordon Chumley ..... Mr. Van Ryper A policeman ..... C. Ward Rose Edkerton ..... Norma Vail Eliza ..... Miriam Sears Area Jack ..... C. Livingston Crumpey ..... A. Davidson Nell ..... Viola Leach Jim ..... Cecil Burden ..... Dale Rhodes

The Famous Four Jingle Sisters, "especially imported from Switzerland for this production" (they were the Misses Freeman, Cassidy, Morahan and Miller), played the overture to Aubert's "Fra Diavolo," on piano, violin, trumpet and drums respectively. Miss Jessie Bonstelle, now of the Detroit Civic Theatre, parted the green plush curtains to explain to a hushed audience how "After Dark" should be played and to bespeak kindly treatment of it. The performance began. Came Dicey Morris, the Hebrew owner of the Silver Hell gambling house on Houston street, already conspiring evil things with Chondos Bellingham, alias Richard Knatchbull, seducer of women, escaped convict, villain of all sorts. Came young Medhurst, in hiding for forging his wealthy father's name in a gaming hall; Old Tom, the sot destined to play the hero's role, who was none other than Frank Dalton, whom Knatchbull had doubly wronged. Came Rose Edgerton, with flute-like voice and fluttering hands; now we know where Jane Cowl acquired some of her mannerisms. Came Eliza, of honest but suffering fate, former bar-maid, wife of Medhurst, daughter of Old Tom, her real name Fannie Dalton. Others there were, but these were the principals in this vibrant drama of 1868.

Old-time scenery, and costumes. The gaming house raid, the railway viaduct and its trampish lodgers, Eliza's plunge into the icy Hudson, the while she splashed up handfuls of water for realism; the rescue by Old Tom; the Elysium gardens, the old songs, the whirlwind prize fight, the supreme act of villainy, leaving the drugged Chumley to be mangled by a roaring on-coming train, again Old Tom to the rescue. Of what heroic mould was this man! And ultimately, "The Gates of Justice," when villainy is unmasked, when lovers are reunited. All done seriously, with sweeping gestures, with detailed aides, with declamatory climaxes splendidly achieved. That was the stuff of the theatre in which our fathers and mothers took their delight, found their excitement. Who are we now to deride it? Last evening's company played with noble sincerity. There was nothing of travesty in their demeanor.

The audience, at first timid, only partly comprehensive, became gradually attuned to the spirit of play and per-

formance; joined in whole-heartedly; departed happily. Perhaps they will spread tidings that "After Dark" is something to be seen if merely as a carefully preserved relic of the stagecraft of three score years ago. Duller plays have been dragged into the theatre within out time; plays which held less of story, less of glamour. Who could fail to be moved by Miss Seay's singing of "Gentle Annie" or by Mr. Livingstone's of "We Never Speak As We Pass By." Mr. Davidson not only sang feelingly of "The Lost Child," he played with suppressed emotion on the slide trombone. Miss Leach, as Nell, the Lil' Diamond of the West, proudly displayed her green cotton tights and warbled nasally, "Up in a Balloon, Boys." When Mr. Livingstone told about "McSorley's Twins," the audience caught his exuberance, kept time with hands and feet. And the blackface comedians, the Messrs. Burden and Rhodes, sang and tapped to "Strolling Through the Park" just as it was done in the music halls of the early nineties. That much we can recall. W. E. G.

## MUSIC

#### ARLINGTON THEATRE

Cosmopolitan Opera Company in Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera." The cast:

Richard ..... Fortunato De Angeli Reinhardt ..... Mario Valle Amelia ..... Emilia Vergeri Ulrica ..... Lydia Van Gilder Oscar ..... Clara Shear Samuel ..... Benedetto Chablis Tom ..... Luis Trucchi Silvano ..... Eugenio Prosperoni

Conductor—Gabriele Simeoni.

A stirring performance brought forth some of the heartiest applause of the season. Mr. Simeoni, while avoiding needless uproar, allowed no flagging. He achieved, indeed, some admirable climaxes. On the stage he had the help of that singer of flaming temperament, Mme. Vergeri, a singer who knows a thing or two about the right way with Verdian opera, and of Mr. Valle, actor of imagination and power that he is, and accomplished singer as well.

Mr. De Angeli, less continuously full-voiced than sometimes, because of his restraint sang more effectively than usual. Miss Shear made a page conventional in action, brilliant in song. As the soothsayer of old Boston Miss Van Gilder had effective moments. The small parts, done with vigor and skill, all added to merits of this performance abounding in life. R. R. G.



## AGUILAR LUTE QUARTET

To hear the famous lute players from Spain, to see Martha Bigelow Eliot dance, also to benefit the Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, a very large company went last night to the Copley-Plaza ballroom. They passed a pleasant evening.

For it matters little whether people make music on lutes, or flutes or the pianoforte, or by means of the human voice, provided they are graced with the knack of making music. The Aguilar Quartet, therefore, being extremely fine musicians, can make agreeable music on instruments so unlikely as a quartet of lutes.

Lutes, whether they came out of a Spanish factory last week or out of a museum where they have been housed since nobody knows when, sound mighty like mandolins. Lucky it is, for them, that their very name suggests romance. From their modern instruments, however, the family Aguilar can, because of their remarkable musicianship and their expert technical skill, produce music that sounds not too unbrokenly like that of mandolins.

By their artfulness they secure, for several bars at a stretch, an effect of tone sufficiently sustained to suggest a smooth legato. They have at their command, occasionally, a sound like that of a cello, more frequently a tone like that of a violin reproduced on a victrola. When playing softly, they lend their pretty tinkling sounds a charmingly silvery timbre, a certain dry, prickly quality they have at hand that is useful for piquancy's sake. Only when they choose to play with force and strong accent do they seem to be at a loss for tone that is pleasant to hear, and varied.

In their performance of the familiar Mozart serenade they achieved a tour de force. To be honest, though, Mozartian graces, when played on lutes, after a little turned Rossinian, like the little serenade of the first act of "Il Barbiere." The quartet sounded more attractive, because less far-fetched, in Spanish dances by de Falla and Albeniz. They were also to play pieces

by Nin, Granados and Halffter. The audience like the players greatly.

Since the entertainment did not begin till 10 minutes of 9 and the program was long, some persons were unable to see Martha Bigelow Eliot dance. Her music by Fiske, Liourance and Albeniz Gladys Bigelow, at the piano, was announced to accompany her. R. R. G.

## GEORGE COPELAND

George Copeland, pianist, gave a recital, yesterday afternoon at the Hotel Statler under the auspices of the Girls' Friendly Society. His program was as follows: Bach, Bourree, Chopin, Nocturne (posthumous), Respighi, Menuet, Debussy, Prelude, Sarabande, Schumann, Etudes Symphoniques, Albeniz, Castillas, Mompou Cants Magic No. 5, Barlow, New Mexicana; Tijuana Baja, La Jinta, Infante, Tientos, Danse Gitane, Cassado, Aragonese.

Mr. Copeland has made the music of Debussy and the Spanish composers peculiarly his own, though he gives pleasure by his performance of pieces by the old clavecinists, and the more modern romanticists, as Schumann and Chopin. All the Spanish composers represented yesterday except Infante, are Catalan by birth though Albeniz, who died too soon, as a rule favored the themes of Andalusia. His "Castillas" has seldom, if ever, been heard in our concert halls. Cassado, who lives at Barcelona, has written an opera, orchestral works, and smaller pieces. His "Hispania" for piano and orchestra has been played by Mr. Iturbi, who will soon visit us. Mompou, also came from Barcelona has invented for himself a form of music without bar divisions, key signatures and cadences, a manner that he calls "primitivista." His aim is expression by the simplest means. Manuel Infante, born near Seville, was made known to Parisians—he lives in Paris—by Mr. Iturbi; to Bostonians by Mr. Copeland. S. L. M. Barlow is a New Yorker, a composer who has been influenced agreeably by French and Spanish composers of the later school.

It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the peculiar fascination of Mr. Copeland's playing. His great success—he gave four recitals here last season—was only his due; a tribute to tonal beauty, rhythmic sensitiveness, dazzling bravura. Nor, playing, does he forget that music must "sound," as Mozart said: the sensuous charm of his performance is virile; his bravura is artistically controlled. That he purposes to give another recital in Boston is good news for all who respect the piano and are aware, as he is, of its limitations; an instrument that should be caressed, not rudely attacked.

There was a large audience in spite of the unfavorable weather, and it was warmly appreciated.

## BRUCE SIMONDS

Bruce Simonds gave an enjoyable concert of piano music last night at Jordan hall before a rather small audience. Despite its size, however, the audience was most cordial, and it consisted, in part, of other well known Boston pianists.

The name Bruce Simonds connotes perfect limpidity and fluency in passage work. It connotes, also, a rare power to evoke tone colors, and to play poetic and imaginative music with skill and understanding. But now, to these powers must be added the ability to play majestic and noble music with passion and intensity. Last night in his playing of the great Bach Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, and in Prelude, Choral and Fugue of Cesar Franck, Mr. Simonds played with power and with sonorous tone. Only in the opening of the Fantasia did his swift fingers run away with him, to the blurring of phrasing.

Delightfully played was Mozart's Rondo in A minor; Mendelssohn's "Schnell und Beweglich" was swift and agile indeed. An etude in D flat of Scriabine was charmingly played. This etude is the composer's earlier style, Chopinesque, with only a hint of the long upward-ascending intervals and strident chords that make his later work individual. Mr. Simonds did his best playing in Chopin's F minor ballade; he made it poetic and at the same time tremendously exciting. He made the audience forget the technical difficulties of the last pages of the score by maintaining a rushing rhythm, and tolling out the closing chords.

The announced program closed with two Ravel pieces—"Une barque sur l'océan," and "Toccata." The first of these is full of the sound of water, an effect Mr. Simonds is specially equipped to achieve, and the second is humorous, grotesque, suggesting Debussy's Minstrels rather strongly.

Mr. Simonds was heartily applauded, and compelled to add to his program. E. B.

## LOEW'S STATE

## "Untamed"

An all-talking picture adapted by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler from the story by Charles E. Scowen; directed by Jack Conway and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Joan Crawford ..... Robert Montgomery  
Andy ..... Torrence  
Ben Murchison ..... Holmes Herbert  
Howard Presley ..... John Miljan  
Bennock ..... Gwen Lee  
Marjory ..... Edward Nugent  
Paul ..... Don Terry  
Gregg ..... Gertrude Astor  
Mrs. Mason

The name of Ernest Torrence in the cast of any motion picture has always been a guarantee that prospective patrons will get most of their money's worth, at least. Time and again he has saved mediocre stories from speedy dissolution by the naturalness of his acting and his refreshingly homely sincerity and humor. Not even his presence, however, can save "Untamed," Joan Crawford's latest starring vehicle, now to be seen at Loew's State Theatre, from the charge of utter ridiculousness and laughable melodrama. Mr. Torrence, cast in a role that wavers unconvincingly between the blackest villainy and blundering good intentions, appears acutely unhappy and indicates his bewildered state of mind by interchanging a mild Irish brogue with one of the heaviest Scotch accents on record. Joan Crawford, in an effort to live up to the title of the picture, goes through a series of wildly improbable actions, such as calling on a strange young man in his cabin at midnight and making violent and unprovoked love to him.

The story centres about the efforts of a youthful and uncivilized headdress, Bingo, from the wilds of South America, to convince an attractive and impetuous boy, Andy McAllister, that his lack of money is no bar to their getting married. Bingos guardian and uncle, Ben Murchison, disapproves of the match and tries to prevent it in every way he can think of, ending by bribing the noble Andy, who promptly takes the bribe and proposes to one of his old flames. This unlikely procedure causes Bingo to shoot him, one of the usual flesh wounds; Murchison takes the responsibility for it, and everything ends in sweetness and light.

The performances were about what might have been expected. Mr. Torrence growled in a puzzled fashion, but made Murchison the only remotely credible person in the story. Miss Crawford alternated between flagrant overacting and lachrymose sentimentality. As the misjudged and mishandled Andy, Robert Montgomery was pleasant to look at, but seemed quite naturally unable to take his part with much seriousness. E. L. H.

## THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COLONIAL—"Fifty Million Frenchmen," musical comedy; second and last week.

COPLEY—"Murder on the Second Floor," melodrama; second week.

HOLLIS STREET—"Sherlock Holmes," melodrama, with William Gillette.

MAJESTIC—"A Hundred Years Old," comedy, with Otto Skinner, second and last week.

PLYMOUTH—"Scarlet Pages," drama, with Elsie Ferguson.

REPERTORY—"Measure for Measure," Shakespearean comedy; second and last week.

SHUBERT—"Carry On," musical comedy, with Jack Donahue; third and last week.

SHUBERT APOLLO—"After Dark," Bondi adult melodrama, revival.

TREMONT—"Waterloo Bridge," comedy-drama by Robert E. Sherwood; world premiere Thursday night.

WILBUR—"Journey's End," R. C. Sheriff's war play; third week.

## ANNA HAMLIN

Anna Hamlin, soprano, effectively accompanied by Cellus Dougherty, sang this excellent program last night in Jordan hall:

"Piangero, piangero," from "Giulio Cesare," Handel; "Una donna a quindici anni," from "Cosi fan tutte," Mozart; Im Fruhling, Hanfing's Liebeswerbung, Am Grabe Anselmos, Schubert; Die Meerfee, Auftrage, Schumann; Green, Fantoche, Debussy; E se un giorno tornasse, Respighi; Stornellata Marinara, Cimara; Liebeslied, Wilhelm Grosz; The little shepherd's song, Watts; Negro Lullaby, arr. by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach; Enchantment claims its own, Snodgrass.

Miss Hamlin voices in a voice with beautiful tones, in every section of its long range, really beautiful notes, please mark, not merely pretty. She is blessed—her father's daughter might be counted on for so much—with a certain sensitiveness to the flow of melody, to rhythm. To some degree she comes endowed with insight into the dramatic significance of what she sings. Several elements of technique she has developed highly, above all enunciation in Italian and smoothness of delivery.

Miss Hamlin, as may be inferred, is possessed of no mean vocal and technical equipment. But she throws her resources away, for she is so unwise as to employ a system of tone production both ungenerous and injudicious, a method which leads her to emit too often tones sounding either childish or outworn. With a scale so uneven she cannot do justice to her melodic sense. She cannot find color to help her in establishing atmosphere or mood.

All this is too bad. Miss Hamlin has no need, with her fine vocal and musical equipment, to utter dry, thin sounds or to let her melodies lack color and line. Parts of "Fantoche" she sang with such technical adroitness that they sounded delightful. One or two strophes of Schubert's "Hanfing's Liebeswerbung," the whole ingeniously varied, she also made sound well. An entire scale of well-sounding tones she could have to work with, if only she would work to attain them. She would find them of value.

Her audience showed themselves unusually friendly. R. R. G.

## DAI BUELL

Dai Buell, pianist, played in Symphony hall last night in aid of the Consumers League of Massachusetts. Her program read as follows: Haydn, sonata in D major, Gluck-Sgambati; melody from "Orpheus," Schumann. Papillons, Chopin, Scherzo, B minor, Ellen Coleman, Rhapsody, The Three Kings, Prelude Tragique, Liapounov, Lesghin-lza, Liszt, sonata, B minor.

The varied program and the performance pleased the fair-sized audience. Miss Buell did well to put Liszt's sonata at the end, for, no matter how it is played, it taxes the patience and the endurance of the most friendly disposed audience; it is endurable only when it is performed by a pianist of commanding rank and in the grand Lisztian manner.

## ARLINGTON THEATRE

The Cosmopolitan Opera company in Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor,"

The cast: Lucia di Lammermoor ..... Luisa Tosi  
Alce ..... Alice Haesler  
Edgar ..... Leo Martinelli  
Henry Ashton ..... Francesco Curci  
Lord Arthur Bucklaw ..... Luis Trucchi  
Norman ..... Francesco Curci

Conductor—Gabriele Simoni  
So the program read, but in point of fact Ciro de Ritis of the sonorous voice and fine skill in song did Henry Ashton. He sang, as might have been expected, extremely well, and acted ably too.

The performance, Mr. de Ritis excepted, needs slight comment. Mr. Simoni, for his part, did all he could to make things move. Mme. Tosi contributed to the evening unusual skill at staccato, Mr. Martinelli his nice voice

and potentialities of song. The others good voices and real ability at acting. There was an excellent audience.

The opera tonight will be "Norma," practically unknown in Boston today. To rehearse it the more adequately, the performance this afternoon has been sacrificed.

## MARCEL GRANDJANY

Marcel Grandjany, harpist, proved himself to be an artist of high order last night at Seimert hall, where he played to an audience that left few empty seats upstairs or down. His command of the instrument, his sensitive musicianship and his modest bearing won the audience immediately. He was accorded hearty applause and was forced to grant extra numbers.

Opening his concert with a Rhapsodie of his own invention, he left few effects of which the harp is capable to be revealed later in the evening, but the piece is musical, and it has variety and charm. Three delightful pre-Bach pieces followed—allegretto (Sammartini), toccata (Loeillet), and Soeur Monique (Couperin). Mr. Grandjany, in his skilful arrangement of these, and in his delicate playing of them, left little to be desired. He is not merely able to produce subtle and interesting changes in tone color; he is also able to combine colors with remarkable effect. His phrasing is gracefully turned and his rhythms flexible and expressive. In these three pieces and in two Bach transcriptions—Preamble, Tempo di Minuetto, and Courant from the Partita in G, and Allemande and Rondo from the Partita in C minor—Mr. Grandjany's arrangements were free from the empty showiness that often makes harp transcriptions dull and irritating. Two more compositions of his own, "Dans la foret du charme et de l'enchantement," and "Children at Play," while he made full use of the peculiar possibilities and beauties of his instrument, he made every glittering glissando, every arpeggio, every muted chord, meaningful.

The remarkable technique of the harpist was revealed not so much in the showy "Impromptu Caprice" of Piarre, or the "Legend" of Rameau, though they were played with verve and precision, as in the pieces by Loeillet, Bach and Couperin. Here most delicately executed turns, trills and mordents called attention to technical skill of rare accomplishment.

"Autumn Song" of Gretchaninoff, "Carillon" of Chapius, and "Clair de Lune" (beautifully suited to the cool tones of the harp) of Debussy, were played poetically, without undue sentiment.

The harp is an instrument which has suffered at the hands of virtuosi who made it too showy. Mr. Grandjany may be the messiah to restore it to its rightful place as a musically expressive and delightful instrument, capable of infinitely more than orchestral runs and dazzling concert arpeggios. E. B.

The curious music of the ugab, a primitive type of organ, and the quaint strains of a Benni Hassan lyre of 1800 B. C., will be heard at a concert-lecture on music of antiquity, to be given by Charles N. Lanphere of Potsdam, N. Y., at the Church of New Jerusalem, in Boston, Nov. 20. The lecture is under the auspices of the fine arts department of the school of religious education of Boston University.

The toph, tabaret-drum, a timbrel tambourine, a khali pipe and the shophar ram's horn trumpet are among the instruments which Mr. Lanphere has collected during years of research with ancient forms of music.

The collection includes nine of the oldest musical instruments of Egypt,

on which Mr. Lanphere will play traditional Egyptian airs. Among these are the long-necked lute, which was reproduced from a tomb sepulchre 5600 years old; a shoulder harp which was often entombed; a horse-head lyre, in use in 1500 B. C., and the reed flute, which is identified with the worship of the goddess, Bastis. These instruments, according to Mr. Lanphere, were forerunners of the musical instruments of the Israelites.

Mr. Lanphere is a graduate of the New England Conservatory, and has studied and taught in this country and abroad.

## RUTH CULBERTSON

Ruth Culbertson, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. Her program read: Schubert, sonata, A major, op. 126, Schumann, Etudes Symphoniques, Debussy, Une Soiree dans Grenade and L'Isle Joyeuse, Chopin, Barcarolle, two Mazurkas, Fantaisie, op. 49.

Schubert's sonatas are neglected by the great majority of pianists. Carl



...eler, the wise and ... Swiss, who was honored by many European societies and governments in spite of the fact that he wrote occasionally about music, defended, or rather, extolled these sonatas, and, for him, in purple phrases, here is a sample: "When we see Schubert lying on the flower starred sward, and that is his usual posture, we are inclined to regard him as a harmless shepherd and dreamer. When he stands up, we are astounded by his gigantic stature, the majesty of his gestures, the herculean strength of his feet." (How Mr. Ernest Newman would sniff, reading Spitteler's eulogy!) And Spitteler analyzed the prejudices of those neglecting the sonatas; that Schubert was primarily a singer of songs; that he was not at home in the sonata form.

Now in this particular sonata, Schubert is the "harmless shepherd," but he plays pleasing music which gave Miss Culbertson the opportunity of playing delightfully, with beautiful tonal effects with poetic feeling, and with the phrasing of a musician who does not regard display of technique as the one important feature of a performance, although her technical proficiency would permit her to storm and dazzle.

She is known to the musical public as well as to her friends and those who go to recitals because they have nothing better to do, as a pianist of excellent qualities, possessing the fundamental requisites, and making use of them to "poetize." These qualities, and her aesthetic equipment, were again noted in her playing of the "Etudes symphoniques," which need a fine performance to hold the attention of an audience.

But when Miss Culbertson gives another recital it is to be hoped that she

will arrange a less conservative, cut-and-dried program than that of yesterday. All the interesting composers are not in their graves or reduced to ashes. There are contemporaneous writers for the piano to whom Miss Culbertson should and could do justice; nor should the old clavichordists be ignored by her.

The recital was worthy of a larger audience, but there could not have been one that was more appreciative.

#### ARLINGTON THEATRE

Cosmopolitan opera company in Bellini's "Norma." The cast:

Norma	..... Emilia Vergeri
Adalberto	..... Emilio Dav
Pollicino	..... Fortunato de Ancells
Clotilde	..... Alice Haesler
Flavio	..... Francesco Curci
Oroveso	..... Benedetto Chailie

Conductor—Gabielle Simeoni

Mr. Ernest Newman recently laid down some useful instructions for persons about to listen to "Norma." His main point appeared to be that the persons in question, forgetting for the moment Wagner, not to say Leoncavallo, should try with the full force of their imaginations to put themselves in the mental attitude of operagoers in the early days of Bellini's masterpiece.

This is sound counsel. To follow it, however, a listener would surely need to be met half way by the people producing "Norma." On them the duty of a right mental attitude must devolve as well as on the public.

Producers should recognize, for instance, that Bellini wrote his overture and his preludes with quite unusual attention to their musical beauty. By no means merely a string of tunes, he meant to strike therein the note of grandeur, tragedy. To a listener right-minded, he succeeded. But the orchestra must help.

Bellini's orchestra, on the other hand, in accompaniments to airs is of slight avail unless their rhythm will serve to stir excitement. Sometimes, too, their obvious rhythm must be suppressed; by nine-eight measure, for example, Bellini never meant to suggest a waltz. With accompaniments, therefore, most often no more than a rough foundation, producers will be wise to grasp the fact that on the sung melodies alone depend all beauty of line, all color, all expressiveness, all decoration.

The melodies, of course, must be well sung, or beauty of line and the rest all go by the board. To sing these shapely, lordly ornamented melodies beautifully, colorfully, expressively—who at present can do it?

An impresario should consider well as conductor, orchestra and singers before he tackles "Norma." If he has the proper material at hand and can depend on an intelligently sympathetic audience, by a great work of a not great period, well presented, he will accomplish something well worth while. Lacking a single requisite element, he will not likely waste his time.

Since the performance last night gave large audience pleasure, let us not let it go to waste. Only, let no young person run away with the notion that has heard "Norma."

Mme. Vergeri, though no great artist, saw her way about. At times, indeed, she sang admirably. Miss Day knew how to sing her music musically, for most part with excellent tone. Mr.

Challis knew his music and the routine of his role. Familiar with his own routine, though not the fine points, Mr. Simeoni showed himself a tower of strength. These comments apply to two acts of the opera.

"Tis Barbiere" will be sung tonight.

R. R. G.

#### MUSICAL ART QUARTET

Last night the Musical Art quartet, composed of Sascha Jacobsen, Paul Bernard, Marie Roemaet-Rosanoff, and Louis Kaufman, played Brahms' quartet in C minor, op. 51, and Ravel's quartet in the first concert of a three-concert course at Jordan hall. They were heard by a fair-sized audience; one which, by its enthusiasm, gave proof of enjoyment.

This quartet has many admirable qualities. The individual members have rich and expressive tone at their command; only the first violinist drew forth sounds too shrill and shallow from the upper registers of his instrument. The quartet has virtuosity of a high degree; it has also sensitiveness and exuberance. But the virtues of perfect ensemble it has not, as yet. Hence, some of the more serious parts of the Brahms they distorted, by letting the cross rhythms tear them apart. Some of the delicacy of the Ravel they sacrificed in order to give it elfin esprit.

As a whole, the Ravel seemed most enjoyable. In it they achieved an evenness of performance, a sympathetic ensemble that they did not approach in the Brahms. But the third movement of the Brahms was best played. For here, against richly blended color from the two violins and viola, the warm rich tone of the cello sang out, and Marie Roemaet-Rosanoff is a very good cellist indeed.

In these days of a dearth of good chamber music, the Musical Art quartet makes a welcome appearance. They will give the second and third concerts, Jan. 15, and March 12.

E. B.

By PHILIP HALE

TREMONT THEATRE: First performance on any stage of "Waterloo Bridge," a play in two acts and four scenes by Robert Emmet Sherwood, staged by Winchell Smith, produced by Charles Dillingham. The cast was as follows:

Kitty	..... Cora Witherspoon
A military policeman	..... Hamilton Clark
Gertrude	..... Eunice Hunt
An officer	..... George G. Wallen
A sergeant-major	..... Alexander Frank
A sergeant	..... Douglas Garden
Myra	..... June Walker
A sailor	..... William Evans
An Australian	..... Allen Eagan
A civilian	..... Herbert Saunders
Roy Cronin	..... Glenn Hunter
A constable	..... David Post
Air. Hobley	..... Florence Edney
A laborer	..... George Snelvin
His wife	..... Margaret Searla

Girls of London in war time pacing up and down Waterloo bridge accost soldiers and officers passing by and are rebuffed. Kitty and Gertrude complain of their dismal lot. Suddenly Myra enters, an old companion, who has been doing service as a "farmerette." Myra admits that she has only a few shillings and must go back to her old trade. She is left alone.

Roy Cronin comes in and offers to carry her bag. He is an American from Glens Falls, who joined the Canadian army from boyish enthusiasm and is now a lance-corporal. Having been wounded and for a long time in the hospital, he has obtained sick leave. He does not find it unnatural for Myra to be alone at night. The Germans begin to throw bombs on the city. Roy hurries Myra to her lodging. He obtains scanty food in a fish-shop and they sup together. And they talk interminably; he frank and voluble, telling all about himself, questioning her about her life. How does she support herself now that a musical comedy in which she was a chorus girl came to grief? She is friendly but discreet, evading questions for which there could not be a pleasing answer. Here if anywhere in the play, a rude man in the gallery might shout: "Cut out the cackle!" yet in this scene the audience, foreseeing that the two will fall in love, grows more and more sympathetic, and listens, enjoying the naturalness of the mutual disclosures—already hoping for a "happy ending."

But Myra is afraid that Roy will fall in love with her, and touched by his kindness and his simplicity, would not take advantage of his innocence. She urges him to go on the trip he had planned—to see Birmingham, and, at his parents' earnest request, the tomb of Shakespeare.

Roy leaves but returns to Myra's room the next morning. She is out—she went on the street the night after he left—for she owes Mrs. Hobley, the landlady, rent and knew she must obtain something at least to stop her threats and abuse. Kitty comes in and has a long scene with Roy, telling him of Myra's noble nature, how she is of a rich and aristocratic American family, but she is lonely and from loneliness may fall into temptation.

Later she urges Myra to marry him, exhausts every argument, but Myra angry at her insists that she is unworthy. The room is deserted when Roy comes back, having gone out for money, and with the thought of a marriage license. The landlady frees her mind about Myra, describing her character in no uncertain terms. Roy is broken-hearted. He has the privilege, however, of paying the rent due and for two weeks in advance, having the receipt made out as though Myra had paid the debt.

The last scene is the Bridge again. Roy finds Myra alone. He pleads with her; he is even willing to desert; he has seen to it that part of his pay is assigned to her. If he truly loves her, she says, he must not miss his train, for he has been recalled. There is a tender parting. They will write. She will knit him socks and hopes they will fit. The Germans are in the sky. She lights a cigarette, looks upward and begs that a bomb will strike her.

Now the story of the innocent who falls in love with a harlot of high or low degree would defy the world by wedding her; the woman purified by love but unwilling to wreck the man's career, knowing that unhappiness would follow, making the great sacrifice through love—this is an old one in romance and on the stage. Mr. Sherwood has told this story with a simplicity and a fidelity to nature that make it new, without a too deliberate appeal to pity, with a directness that is impressive and convincing. Kitty is as real a person as Myra. Roy is never ridiculous in his blindness; nor is his willingness to marry Myra notwithstanding her loose past, at all absurd. Mr. Sherwood in his treatment of a subject that handled by some would be hackneyed is greatly aided by the players of his pathetic drama, war episode, or idyll—for so it might be called. Kitty's arguments added to Myra's inclination would have swayed a less inherently noble character, and Kitty's bluntness of speech and her choice of words, amusing as they are at times, are for Myra's ears, not laughter-traps for a giggling, snickering audience. Mr. Hunter was refreshingly boyish and at the same time manly, while Miss Walker's Myra was a fine, consistent, and moving portrayal, with a subtle showing of the emotions that changed her nature and inspired the sacrifice. Nor should the vivid impersonation of the landlady, with her gusts of rage, her moral indignation, her fawning on the soldier when she learns that he has money, be overlooked.

A large audience paid the strictest attention and was indisputably moved by the story as it was told by dramatist and players.

"THE BARBER OF SEVILLE"  
Comic Opera in three acts by Gioacchino Rossini

CAST  
Count Almaviva..... Carlos Mejia  
Dr. Bartolo..... Luis Trucchi  
Don Basilio..... Benedetto Chailie  
Figaro..... Mario Valle  
Rosina..... Tina Paggi  
Bertha..... Bernice Schaller  
Fiorello..... Eucenio Prosperoni  
Sergeant..... Francesco Curci  
Conductor—Aldo Franchetti

Last night's performance of The Barber of Seville by the Cosmopolitan Opera Company delighted by the vivacity of the acting, the general excellence of the singing, and by the humor and enjoyment that all the singing-actors put into it. While the orchestra, even under the vigorous and competent baton of Aldo Franchetti, was not able to do full justice to Rossini's lively melodies, the singers, especially Valle, Paggi, and Mejia, sang splendidly, with verve and agility. Valle's excellent diction and resonant voice, and good comic acting made the Barber one of his best roles. Tina Paggi made an enchanting Rosina; she sang brilliantly, with secure and expressive coloratura, and she exhibited an admirable sense of the comic, both in her singing and in her acting. Carlos Mejia acted and sang in a way that showed him to be at ease in the role; he sang the difficult music of Almaviva with enviable grace, though he occasionally forced his light voice beyond its capacity.

Something must be said for the infectious comedy contributed by Trucchi and Challis. Trucchi, despite his occasional lapses into imperfect English in asides, was splendid as Don Bartolo.

It is a pity, that, having a backdrop which now serve to represent a square in Seville for "Carmen," the stage managers saw fit to present last night's

Sevillian square in the midst of a heavy forest, and with an sylvan stream dashing past.

In spite of the anachronisms of the stage settings, the unpretentious costuming, and the indifferent orchestra support, however, the performance had an infectious gaiety and lightness that made it most enjoyable, and the singing left few of the charming beauties of Rossini's score to be filled in by an active imagination.

Tonight's opera is Trovatore, with Vergeri, Van Gilder, Bertini, De Rita, Trucchi, Curci and Haesler.

E. B.

#### METROPOLITAN

##### "Evidence"

An all-talking screen drama, adapted by J. Grubb Alexander from the stage play, "Divorce Evidence," by Du Rocher Mau-Therson, directed by John G. Adolfi and presented by Warner Bros. with the following cast:  
Myra Stanhope..... Pauline Frederick  
Cyril Wimbourne..... William Courtney  
Barold Pollock..... Conway Tearle  
Norman Pollock..... Lowell Sherman  
Harbison..... Alec B. Francis  
Kenyon Wimbourne..... Freddie Burke  
Mrs. Debenham..... Madeline Symore  
Prabody..... Ivan Sampson  
Native Girl..... Myrna Loy  
Inkeeper..... Lionel Belmore

It is fortunate for the sake of "Evidence," now showing at the Metropolitan Theatre, that Pauline Frederick is so complete a mistress of the technique of portraying extreme mental anguish with a reasonable amount of restraint! There are so many stock situations and heavily sentimental episodes, dragged in quite obviously for the sake of squeezing out a few extra tears, that it is impossible to refrain from a desire for a little originality. The fundamental difficulty is, however, that "Evidence" has a lesson to preach: that of the folly of judging any one on circumstantial evidence alone, and never, through the entire length of the film, is the spectator allowed to forget it.

Maj. Pollock, violently in love with Myra Stanhope, Lady Wimbourne, and unable to detach her in any other way from her husband, deliberately compromises her to such an extent that not only does her husband divorce her, but she is also denied the custody of her son, Kenyon. Six years later she meets the child again and he, ignorant of her identity, calls her his princess and invites her to dinner with him when his father is not at home. Lord Wimbourne returns unexpectedly, and finding them together, unbravely Myra for her conduct. Kenyon overhears, however, and when his mother leaves the house he follows her. Arriving home, Myra finds Maj. Pollock, returned from India broken in health and with only a few months to live. He has with him a signed and witnessed confession of the wrong he did her; if she will let him stay with her for the remainder of his life the confession is hers. Finding her obdurate, he commits suicide, leaving the way clear for the reconciliation of Myra and her husband.

The simplicity and restraint of Miss Frederick's acting were notable; she almost succeeded in making Myra a believable person. The men in the cast were unsatisfactory: Lowell Sherman too melodramatic and William Courtney too stiff. Freddie Burke Frederick gave a natural performance as the child, Kenyon.

E. L. H.

#### SHAW AND DEMOCRACY

To the Editor of The Herald:

Mr. George Bernard Shaw is in his 74th year, yet is there no impediment in his speech. It matters not whether he sees the crowd he is addressing or broadcasts his comments on the condition of the world and incidentally the universe. He has the fatal gift of fluency; he has also the ability to entertain his hearers even when he is most preposterous in opinions. Thus he was as "amoozin" as Artemus Ward's kangaroo when he said that government by the people was "a big balloon filled with gas or hot air released so that you look up at the sky while others pick your pockets."

In the course of this speech he praised the soviet government for the attention it paid to the care and education of the youth. "We must rear our children to be better citizens than ourselves. Only Russia is doing that. That's my last word. Go home and think it over." By last word, he, of course, meant the last word that evening, for Mr. Shaw, good man, will be talking until he dies.

What does Mr. Shaw especially admire in the soviet system of education of the young? The Russian children are taught that any religion is an opiate; that the only God is the soviet government; that marriage should be practically free love; that all capitalists are enemies to universal brotherhood, grinders of the face of the poor. Is it not possible that this government urges the young to be intimately acquainted with the Socialistic tracts written by Mr. Shaw?

When H. G. Wells went to Russia for the purpose of finding good in everything, he was delighted to see in certain libraries sets of his books so displayed that they could not escape his eyes. This assured him that the soviet government was liberal, far-seeing, beneficent in its administration, working zealously for the good of the oppressed human race. Do the laurels thus bestowed by the Russian authorities on Mr. Wells cause Mr. Shaw restless, sleepless nights? He should sleep soundly; his tracts are valued and recommended in Russia.

A. B. HALLEWOOD.

Providence, Nov. 21.



# NEWMAN GIVES TALK ON BRAZIL

By PHILIP HALE

The subject of Mr. Newman's second illustrated traveltalk in Symphony hall last night was "Brazil."

It was to be expected that in the course of the evening he would speak at length about the coffee industry; how coffee is cultivated, prepared for the market and shipped. Over 200 years ago the learned Jeremy Collier in his great encyclopaedia stuffed with curious information described Brazil—he spelled the word "Bresil"—as a country of saffron, sugar, cotton, redwood, tobacco, balsam, mines of gold and silver, jasper, red and white crystals, but he said nothing about coffee or diamonds. In McCulloch's "Dictionary of Commerce" (1850) it is stated that about 80,000 tons of coffee were sent out of Brazil; that before 1842 coffee went to England by the Cape of Good Hope, for, coming from the Cape, the duty was sixpence less a pound. Capt. Richard F. Burton in the long account of his adventures in the sixties only mentioned coffee to say that the Southrons in the Doce district were studying it, and to prophesy that it would probably become a Savonia culture; but he wrote many pages about diamonds and the diamond mines. Sao Paulo interested him because it doubled its population in 30 years without the assistance of immigrants. Ten years before Burton visited Brazil, Lt. Herndon, U. S. A., in his "Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon"—Herndon was lost in 1857 in the wreck of the Central America—declared that when "Brazil's best customer and most natural ally" sends a few thousand of his energetic children," then might Brazil pointing to the blossoming wilderness, the well cultivated farm, the busy city, the glancing steamboat, and listening to the hum of the voices of thousands of active and prosperous men, say with pride and truth: "Thus much have we done for the advancement of civilization and the happiness of the human race."

Surely this prophecy has been fulfilled as far as the Brazilian cities are concerned, and the active and prosperous men. It might be added that Brazilian coffee has added to the happiness of thousands, though it has been said that in the end the tea-drinking races will surpass and overcome the drinkers of coffee.

But as the United States obtains a great proportion of coffee from Brazil, the many pictures, still and moving, of the tree's history from the nursery to the shipping of the berry were of great interest to Mr. Newman's many fellow travellers. He made bold to say that Rio Janeiro is the most beautiful city in the world, and like Ulysses he has seen many cities and many men. Rio is superbly situated, with its glorious harbor and the imposing mountains some of which are nightmarish in their grotesqueness. If nature has been generous to the inhabitants, they themselves have done much to prove the truth of Mr. Newman's assertion. Spacious avenues, fine buildings, a wonderful boulevard, a remarkable race course, beautiful parks well watered and with tropical plants, flowers, birds; everywhere the evidences of wealth and civic pride.

There were scenes that enlivened the streets as those of the carnival, the reception of President Hoover, the crowds at the races, the contest of beauties for representation at Galveston. (One must applaud the decision of the judges in choosing "Miss Brazil.")

Among the many striking pictures were those of the bay and city from the heights of Corcovado and Sugar-Loaf, also the views of Rio at night.

This engrossing traveltalk with its wealth of pictures will be given this afternoon. Next week "Around South America" from the Panama canal through Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chili, then through the Magellan straits up to Paraguay, Uruguay and the Amazon.

## MARGUERITE D'ALVAREZ

Marguerite d'Alvarez, contralto, well accompanied by Seneca Pierce, sang this program last night in Jordan hall.

Affanni del Pensier. Handel; Prepare Thyself Zion, Bach; Air from Iphigenie en Aulide, Gluck; Allerseelen, Strauss; Du bist so jung, Alf. Dinske haben Sprache, E. Wolf; Madchen mit dem roten Mundchen, Franz; Les Couronnes, Chausson; Serenade Melancolique, Rhene-Baton; L'enfant et les Sortilèges, Ravel; La Chevelure, Debussy; Celestial Weaver, Granville Bantock; Isobel, Frank Bridges; Brothers, Y. Johnson; The Frost, Sibelius; Senor Platero, arranged by Schindler; Los dos Miedos, Turina; Las Hijas del Zebedo, R. Chapi.

Thank God for a singer! To make her outstanding virtue the clearer, let us call attention to the penetrating insight with which Mme. d'Alvarez, to

use the French term, "says," the Italian, "recites," her songs. Therein lies the secret of her great power. She "says" the words with the inflections, she would employ if she were dreaming to herself, half aloud, like the girl of Debussy's "Chevelure," or, on the other hand, as though she were Clytemnestra herself spurring her daughter to courage. If only more singers would "say" or "recite," finer singers we might hope for.

Mme. d'Alvarez, though, has to her credit a noble confidence in the intelligent competence of Gluck, Debussy, Bach and the rest. This confidence is of aid to her. She knows that they, knowing the meaning of words, knew how to set them, as regards accent and place in the scale, in such wise as to give their meaning full force.

To do their efforts, therefore, musical justice, a singer needs only sing their music precisely as they wrote it, the words, be it understood, being distinctly enunciated. If, as well, the singer is blessed with a fine voice and technique, with the musicianship that reaches to fine shades of rhythm, not to forget emotional force and dramatic and poetic imagination—then, once in a month of Sundays, we are treated

to a superb performance like Mme. d'Alvarez's singing of "La Chevelure."

Though nothing else offered her so great an opportunity, she sang the first Wolf song quite as well, delightfully indeed, and Franz's song, too. Bach's air she phrased grandly. As for the "seguidilla" from Carmen, in the course of its few measures she suggested the bold charm of the gipsy baggage more potently than most Carmens can contrive with all the help of action, stage setting and costume.

If there were room, a defect or two might be mentioned, to content those eager to read a list of faults. Far more space, though, would be called for, sufficiently to praise Mme. d'Alvarez's voice, technical skill and power.

R. R. G.

## ARLINGTON THEATRE

Cosmopolitan Opera Company in Verdi's "Il Trovatore." The cast:

Leonora ..... Emilia Vergeri  
Azucena ..... Lydia Van Gilder  
Luz ..... Alice Haesler  
Manrico ..... Fernando Bertini  
Count of Luna ..... Cirio de Ritis  
Ferrando ..... Luis Trucchi  
Ruiz ..... Francesco Curci  
Conductor—Gabriele Simeoni

So it read. The conductor, in appearance more like Mr. Franchetti than Mr. Simeoni, made a vigorous job of it when once the opera, very late, got under way. Mme. Vergeri met him more than half way. In her best voice, she lent Leonora's music, bravura passages as well as cantilena, the dramatic force they demand, a force which eludes most sopranos today.

Mr. Bertini was there with his voice lovely as ever and rightly used, the moment he had the troublesome back-stage serenade off his hands. Mr. de Ritis contributed his noble voice and admirable skill in song. A very good performance Miss Van Gilder presented of Azucena.

A large audience showed unusual enthusiasm.

## UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

### "Glorifying the American Girl"

An all-talking, singing and dancing screen spectacle from the story by Millard Webb and J. P. McEvoy; directed by Millard Webb and presented by Paramount under the personal supervision of Florenz Ziegfeld with the following cast:

Gloria Hughes ..... Mary Eaton  
Miller ..... Dan Healy  
Mooney ..... Kate Renard  
Buddy ..... Edward Crandall  
Barbara ..... Olive Shea  
Mrs. Hughes ..... Sarah Edwards

Between the censors on one side and too many cooks on the other, Mr. Ziegfeld's much touted glorification of the American girl falls flat as far as screen exploitation is concerned. Millard Webb obviously wrote a routine story of a beautiful, talented young woman, born to dance and to charm, and coaxed to the professional stage by a cheap hoover who discards his dancing partners the moment they balk at his amorous advances. Gloria Hughes, thus lured from the secure monotony of a music shop and the pathetic devotion of a young piano player called Buddy, becomes henceforth a dancing automaton, ruled by a mercenary mother. She allows self and ambition to stifle all other emotions, including love. Thus she loses Buddy, who turns to a little brunette named Barbara for solace. When Miller discovers that Ziegfeld is after Gloria he craftily ties her up to a five-year's partnership on a 50-50 basis, thereby assuring himself of an easy living. The story makes it clear that business acumen does not always walk side by side with beauty.

Basically a back-stage picture, this one is interesting only when Miss Eaton dances, when Helen Morgan sings her solitary ballad, "What Wouldn't I Do for That Man?" when Technicolor enters to decorate ensemble and tableaux which are neither novel nor especially impressive; and when Eddie Cantor appears in a very funny skit as clerk in an East side clothing shop, trying to sell a suit to a little man with a squeaky voice. This skit is dragged in by the heels but it saves the whole pic-

ture from absolute dullness and worse. Somewhere a blonde saxophone player known as Rudy Vallee sings one verse of "I'm Just a Vagabond Lover" and seems glad to escape. None save a hopelessly enslaved audience would try to stop him.

That latitude in exhibition of the female form permitted Mr. Ziegfeld in his stage productions, limited generally to New York, Boston and a few other large and more or less tolerant cities, seems to have been denied him by the arbiters of the screen, who probably feared for the morale of our rural communities. Consequently, "Glorifying the American Girl" unfolds itself subject to wholesale excisions, with maddening loss of continuity. Several of the Ziegfeldian tableaux were mounted so expansively that the largest screen in the world could not hold them. The one camera trick worth noting showed Helen Morgan stop a white piano, distantly in small dimensions which gradually increased to a natural close-up.

W. E. G.

## "AFTER DARK" CLOSING TONIGHT

Miss Jessie Bonstelle, who in association with William A. Brady is presenting that exciting and humorous old time melodrama, "After Dark," at the Lyric Theatre, hitherto known as the Shubert Apollo, wishes to announce that owing to unreasonable demands of the Musicians' Union she feels obliged to cancel the Boston engagement of this attraction tonight. This is purely a dramatic show, requiring no musical accompaniment with the exception of a troupe of five girls who play on the stage for the music hall and other scenes. The claim of the union was that there should be, as well, five union musicians in the orchestra pit. This, Miss Bonstelle considered an unnecessary and additional expense which was not justified under business circumstances.

# La Argentina

By ELIZABETH BORTON

La Argentina, whose intense love for the beautiful dance movements of old Spain has made her without a peer on the stages of the world, lives to preserve for a little while the dying traditions of a nation to which dancing is music and laughter and life.

Another generation, she said yesterday, will not know the true glory of the old Spanish dances, which she calls the expression of a proud, dignified, mystic and ecstatic race.

"I have sacrificed much for my dancing," she said. "It is my passion and my pride. I am proud that I have the opportunity to bring to America the true Spanish dance, which is based on the traditions and aspirations of a noble people. I am proud that I can let the world see the solemn beauty of the dances of Spain, for they are dying. Soon they will be no more."

Her dancing, she explained, is not merely the expression of a gay or a vivacious moment, but it is steeped in ancient ritual. The care of this delicate and dying bloom—the Spanish tradition—is her mission, and she tends the flower with fiercely protective care that the world can see and understand.

## NOT MERELY VIVACIOUS

"If the world persists in thinking of the Spanish dance as merely vivacious, coquettish, alluring, my work has been all in vain," she said sadly.

As she explains her life, the core of her career, the reason for her slow-to-ripen but tremendous success, she exemplifies those virtues that held her to her set ideal. From her small vibrant figure, her intense face, her nervous, thin hands, she radiates indomitable energy.

"I have been 28 years in the theatre," she says, "and only the last 12 years of my career have been productive. It was a long, hard struggle to convince managers that Spanish dancing would even draw an audience! Then, after I had started, . . . even after audiences came, it was some time before people began to sense that there was a subtle art in the Spanish dance, never before suspected. And, all those years, time kept flying and my career stood still. So I struggled. Now at last, I begin to taste my success. I feel it was all worth while."

Recalling that La Argentina at the age of 12 was premiere danseuse for the Royal Opera at Madrid; knowing that she was trained in the ballet, and appreciating her beauty and charm, it seemed obvious to me that she must have sacrificed careers while she held stubbornly to her ideal. With her unique loveliness and ineffable grace, she could have been the toast of Europe many long years before she was "discovered."

"Why do you say that the Spanish dance is dying?" I asked. An expressive shrug; a sad rolling of enormous green eyes. "Because when a woman of 24 dances in Spain and she is hissed away, and when a woman of 70 years

dances after her—divinely—there is something that the old one knows that the young one cannot feel. I have seen flamenco dancers of 70 who were marvels still; no younger ones approach them. The art is dying. Well, Spain is decadent. Spanish dancing is already part of the glorious past."

## HER TASTES SIMPLE

Her tastes and recreations are simple. Above all things she loves the country. She loves to snatch a few hours from her arduous performance, and go to Galicia or to Asturias, where the melancholy landscape is dear to her Spanish soul. "I don't like pretty landscapes," she said. "I can't endure chromos. Not in the country-side, nor in women, nor in art!" In that she is very Spanish too, for there is ever something stern and self-contained, something harsh, almost forbidden, in the Spanish art and temperament. "Of America, I love most Peru and Mexico. There the country is strong and pungent; there is an atmosphere of ageless time and undying tradition. I feel very close to that."

Next to wandering in the country and to riding horseback, now a taste she does not indulge often, because once she had a bad fall that broke her ankle, she loves going to concerts. When she has time she goes to many, in Paris especially. She is very fond of sports of all kinds; she was doing everything in her power to secure a ticket to the Harvard-Yale game.

But her dearest recreation is, of course, her dancing. She has a company in Paris that performs a new ballet every season. She engages and trains her dancers, dances herself, designs costumes, invents new dances, rehearses, practices all summer.

## ONLY SPANIARDS IN COMPANY

"I engage only Spaniards for my company! It is impossible to train any other foreigner, no matter how gifted, to the peculiarly Spanish temperament and style." She leans forward, electrified by the sincerity of her feeling for the dance. Her gestures become more

numerous, more vivid; jewels sparkle incessantly on her restless hand. "In any room you can distinguish the Spanish woman by the way she carries her head! That proud lift of the head I could never teach a foreigner; you would always see that it had been acquired. And the Spanish woman does not set down her feet when she walks, or when she dances; she lifts them up! That gives her a vitality no studied art can imitate!"

La Argentina's art derives directly from her Moorish ancestors, with their rich Arabic culture. "I feel that in Spanish dancing there is more than an expression of individual joy or sorrow," she says. "Our Andalusian dances, coming down from Moorish days, are based on rites and ceremonies of deep significance. That gives the dances a solemnity and a passion that are more than human."

"In Seville we have a dance in the church that comes from Moorish days," she continues. "It is danced by 10 little boys, 'Los Seises,' who are each other, and make movements with the body that are part of the great rhythmic beat of the organ. They dance and play their castanets, before the high altar. To us, that is not curious; to us, dancing before God is a natural way to worship him. There is in much of my dancing an attempt to reach a cosmic spirit, to reach beyond what is in my human power to express."

## COMPOSES DANCES

When she composes a dance (for her dances, while based on the old forms, are her own), she first listens long to the music, and then attempts to draw forth from it the essence of its spirit. Then she merges herself into that spirit, becomes it, embodies it, gives herself to it completely. When she feels that she is one with the music, she improvises, with her castanets beating out the rhythmic patterns of the music.

"But then, after I have improvised, I must study! I never study before a mirror; I study with my mind watching from outside. It is all in myself . . . performer and critic, until I have achieved what I desire to express."

Questioned about her uncanny ability to repeat a dance without the slightest variations, movement for movement, even to the flicker of an eyelash, she seemed surprised that any one would marvel at that. Green eyes wide with surprise, she said, "But, change one note in your piece of music, and it is ruined . . . you spoil the harmony. Change one movement in the dance, and it is gone!"

## DESIGNS OWN COSTUMES

She designs all her own costumes, selecting the materials, even cutting them out. "I think of the music, and I see my dance. I feel that the dress must be of a color . . . such a color . . . the material must fall softly . . . light, or it must be soft, . . . Sometimes I have Callot Soucs on a



# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Fortunately there was no attempt to bring "Sherlock Holmes" in a changed, revised form that it might appear a contemporaneous drama. Women in the audience might question whether Madge Larrabee's dress was of the period when she and her husband tried to force the packet of letters and photographs from the gospel-eyed little Alice, but Madge as impersonated by Roberta Beatty was handsome, and the mere male thought the dress in the first act became her.

Is not the she-villain in melodrama usually represented as a brunette? In some novels, it is true, she is a blonde, deceptively girlish and innocent; but give us the brunette for dark deeds accompanied by passionate tempting. Who was it that said he preferred the stern acidity of the brunette to the saccharine flavor of the pulpy blonde? But this is a digression, affording a subject for Mr. Bertrand Russell who has recently analyzed marriage in all its blissful and disturbing forms.

The playbill at the Hollis said that Mr. William Gillette "is still regarded as the greatest living actor." Would it not be more judicious to say that he is the greatest static actor now living?

Nearly twenty-five years ago William Courtleigh asked David Belasco if it were possible for Blanche Bates to appear with Mr. Gillette at a benefit for the Actors' Society. Mr. Belasco wrote a letter with regard to the proposition, telling Miss Bates that he had promptly said "No," and he gave her the reason for his refusal:

"In the first place, you are not going to support Mr. Gillette. You would do all the hard work—yelling, shouting and running about like a maniac—while he sat calmly smoking his cigar, with a calcium light upon him."

This calmness and this ability to sit have endeared Mr. Gillette to the great public, which is not outraged because others in a company are cavorting about and raising their voices, while he is restful even in danger. The audience exclaims: "Isn't he natural? That's real acting!" Last Monday night the most inconsequential remark of Sherlock Holmes as a comment or an observation was greeted with laughter as if it were a flash of sparkling wit. The dryness, the vocal monotony added to the force of the line. It must be confessed, with all respect to Mr. Gillette, that the play is almost wholly free from amusing lines. Those most to the point are the ones given to Moriarty down in the cellar when he mentions casually the neat manner in which he and his band have disposed of their pursuers.

Let us hope that Mr. Gillette's physical condition will allow him to carry out in full the long tour of farewelling that he and his managers have planned. He has entertained thousands in the course of his long career; there are as many throughout the country now wishing to see him again, to greet him for the sake of old nights, to wish him well in the years to come when he will in honorable retirement still, no doubt, miss the applause.

There was no music for this revival of "Sherlock Holmes," except the tinkling of the piano when Madge was called on to appease her dreaded visitor. There should have been a "typical theme," a "leit-motiv" for the arch-criminal. An orchestra should have struck up whenever he appeared that good old song of Harrigan and Hart: "Are You There, Moriarty?"

One pleasure given by the revival of plays like "Sherlock Holmes" and "After Dark" is the opportunity given members of the older generation to indulge in reminiscences, which in turn would lead to comparisons and digressions. Which was the more thrilling play, "After Dark" or "Under the Gaslight"? There's the dark lady in "Sherlock Holmes"; did not a temptress, or an adventuress, or a woman with a past and so the more or less unwilling tool of a wicked nobleman, work deeds of evil in nearly all the melodramas that left Drury Lane to cross the Atlantic? Sometimes, foiled, she was led off to prison; sometimes she repented after a handsome provision for her declining years; sometimes she made way with herself, exciting pity, or approbation for her desperate courage.

Revivals of old plays for which there is music, soft or thrilling to suit the situation on the stage, would be more acceptable to the present generation of theatre-goers than plays of sentiment and what Artemus Ward described as pretty shop-keeping talk. When "Sweet Lavender" was seen some years ago, the play fell flat. Even "Caste" in spite of Eccles and his continual longing for "cool, refreshing" gin, was thought to be impossible. Would an audience today sit through "The Man o' Arlie"? When Lawrence Barrett took the pathetic role the theatre dripped tears. Would "The Lady of Lyons" go today? Better a revival of "The Corsican Brothers" or "No Thoroughfare," but Charles Fechter died many years ago. Great is melodrama, when it is piping hot and wholly preposterous, but would theatre-goers now be thrilled by the simple words: "I am here"; by "The world is mine"; or seeing "The Ticket of Leave Man," by "I will, Hawkshaw the detective"?

It is said that Mr. Jewett's players will bring on the stage of the Repertory Theatre "London Assurance," which, notwithstanding Thackeray's abuse, was for many years a most popular comedy. And so the Shakespearean series, after the revival of "The Merchant of Venice," will be broken for a time.

Mr. Vosper's "Murder on the Second Floor" goes on its way rejoicing at the Copley. Will Mr. Olive be tempted to produce Vosper's latest play, "People Like Us," which excited attention in London early this month? This dramatist must have murder in his mind, if not in his heart. The story of "People Like Us" is an unusual one. A married woman was condemned with her lover for the murder of her husband. She had corres-

ponding for me; most often I make the design myself." Her combs, fans, handkerchiefs, shawls, she buys in Spain. Her castanets, of which she must take a great number on tour because they break so easily,—being delicate, they are much affected by changes in temperature,—she has specially made in Spain. But the wood of which they are made comes from California.

## LA ARGENTINA

La Argentina, assisted by Miguel Berdion, pianist, danced in Symphony hall last night, for the second time this season, danced to De Falla's music in "La Vita Brava," in scene II of his "El Amor Brujo," also the Fire Dance in the same ballet; also danced to the "Goyescas," "Dance of the Green Eyes" and Lagarterena of Granados, "Cordoba" by Albeniz; ending with the folk tunes, "Cielo de Cuba" and "Carinosa," and "La Corrida" of Valverde's. Mr. Berdion played as solos "El Puerto"

ponded for several months with her lover, who was absent on a long voyage. This was before the murder. Though she had entertained the idea of poisoning her husband, it was her lover that killed him; but the letters written to this lover were brought as evidence against her into the court room. It seems that the wife was from childhood a victim of her imagination, dramatizing her life, fancying that she was tied to a cruel husband. He was cruel in the knowledge that he was necessary to her drama; that without him she could not torment herself. But is it likely that she would put a harmless powder, knowing that it is harmless, into her husband's drink? Mr. Vosper played the leading part in "Murder on the Second Floor" but not in the later play.

"Mussolini's Lunch" was banned in London some time ago by the censor. Now, with other sketches also prohibited, it is published in a volume entitled "Banned by the Censor." In "Mussolini's Lunch" the Ducc is shown playing Napoleon in the presence of his family, prescribing imprisonment for 20 years for a friend of his father's, debating whether he shall have spaghetti or macaroni for luncheon. A reviewer thinks that this "snacks too much of the license claimed by a recent novel-biographer of Dickens, who only succeeded in proving that fiction is stranger than truth."

Little, Brown & Co. have published "The Fabulous Forrest: the Record of an American Actor," by the indefatigable Montrose J. Moses. We shall speak of this valuable biography later.

## THE CECILIA SOCIETY

The announcement is made that Mr. Malcolm Lang, after five years of faithful and appreciated service as conductor of the Cecilia Society—his preparation of choral works for concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was noteworthy for thoroughness and musical intelligence—has resigned the position. He will be succeeded by Mr. Arthur Fiedler of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who was most successful in conducting the orchestral concerts on the Esplanade last summer.

When the Cecilia first gave concerts there was interest here in choral music; it was even "the thing" to attend the performances. Mr. B. J. Lang, to whom this society was the apple of his eye, was indefatigable in bringing out new works. In the performance of them the Cecilia gave proof of earnest rehearsals and pride in its work. There was in those days a store of capable singers, eager to be in this chorus, attending faithfully rehearsals, nor was it always necessary to go outside the city for those competent to take important solo roles. It should be added that Mr. B. J. Lang was a man of great tact, knowing how to handle singers and subscribers, with the ability to draw upon his many friends for the pecuniary support of the society, when this aid was needed.

After the death of Mr. Lang, the Cecilia met with various fortunes. For some reason or other the number of competent singers in Boston grew less and less; audiences gradually lost interest, and the Cecilia, as well as the Kneisel Quartet, suffered from the indifference of the public. It is not necessary to indulge in a jeremiad. It would be easy to say that the automobile, mechanical pianos, the gramophone and the radio have diverted the attention of many who in the past had looked forward to choral concerts. The programs of the Cecilia were no longer famous for the production of unfamiliar works. This society has shared in a large measure the fate of the rank and file of singers, pianists, violinists, who, no matter what their reputation is abroad, giving recitals in Jordan hall barely pay expenses if they do not actually lose money. Indeed, a man, well acquainted professionally with concert life (or death) in Boston did not hesitate to prophesy that in a few years there would be hardly any recitals in Boston; as this is more and more an age of mechanical music.

But there is a field for the Cecilia that is musically valuable and honorable: aiding the Boston Symphony Orchestra in giving one or two concerts a season. As far back as the season of 1892-93 an attempt was made by Arthur Nikisch to give concerts in which a chorus would assist. This chorus was known as "The Boston Symphony Chorus." Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was performed. The solo singers, Priscilla White, Louise Leimer, William J. Winch, Heinrich Meyn, were all of Boston. Arthur Foote's "Skeleton in Armor" was performed later, and the solo singers again Bostonians—Marie Barnard-Smith, Lillian Carlsmith, George J. Parker, Clarence E. Hay. Early in 1892 the Cecilia was the chorus for Schumann's "Manfred." The solo singers were Mrs. Wyman, Messrs. W. Heinrich, Meyn, Lamson, Sargent, Hay.

During Mr. Malcolm Lang's directorship, the Cecilia assisted in Dr. Koussevitzky's production of choral works. The assistance was not merely a perfunctory one: it was a real contribution to artistic performances. It is said that the Cecilia, rehearsed by Mr. Fiedler, will continue to aid the Symphony orchestra; that Debussy's "Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian" is now in preparation. (It is also said that the Cecilia may give a concert with a miscellaneous program late in the season. Some think that "The Martyrdom of San Sebastian" is Debussy's crowning composition, finer even than "Pelleas and Melisande." There was an unsatisfactory performance of the former at the Boston Opera House led by Andre Caplet, who had been of service to the composer in Paris, and a suite from this mystical work was performed, led by Mr. Monteux, at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Berthe Hebert, a contralto of a dramatic nature, having studied singing in Boston, later at Fontainebleau and Paris, having in this country sung folk-songs in various cities and for the radio, gave a recital at the Students' Atelier, Paris, on Oct. 27, when her program contained folk-songs of Canada and Louisiana, with marked success, according to newspapers received from Paris. Miss Hebert is now in France as the recipient of the Naggiar Bourse of the French government in 1929-30.

Pauline Danforth, pianist of Boston, gave a recital at the Town Hall, New York, on Nov. 13. Mr. Wm. J. Henderson of the Sun wrote that this musician, new to New York concert-goers, "was no neophyte."

"She began with the B flat partita of Bach, which she played with a clarity of polyphonic enunciation and a fluency of style most enjoyable. There was a touch of dryness in the performance, but the healthy roundness of the tone, the molding of the phrases and the firmness of outline commanded hearty approval. In the group of Ravel compositions which followed Miss Danforth seemed to be more in her element. She played a sonatine and other pieces with great flexibility and richness of tone and touch. A most conspicuous feature of her Ravel performance was the



absence of over-use of the 'loud' pedal which disfigures so many interpretations of this composer. Miss Danforth proved that it was wholly unnecessary to shroud the music in a mystery of overtones and that the fundamentals had something of importance to say. The themes came out with authority and the exquisite decorative arabesques surrounded them with a lovely musical halo. The Jeux d'Eau was a veritable cascade of delight under Miss Danforth's fingers, directed by her genuinely poetic fancy. She played Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques with understanding, and concluded with short pieces by Brahms, Medtner and Bartok."

Marie Schumann, the oldest daughter of Robert Schumann, died at Interlaken on Nov. 15. She was born on Sept. 1, 1841, and had for godparents Schumann's brother Carl; Clara's mother, Mme. Bargiel; Mendelssohn and Mme. Devrient, in whose house Schumann had once lodged. When Schumann composed a "Birthday march" for his Clara, it was played by him and Marie. Elise was the next child in order, born in 1843. Emil lived only some 14 months. What became of Julie, Ludwig, Ferdinand, Eugenie, Felix?

Some years ago it was announced in Germany that Marie and a surviving sister were in dire poverty. There was a call for money to make them comfortable.

Richard Crooks sang at a Lamoureux concert in Paris last month, and was praised by critics, but Rene Brancour was disturbed by the announcement of Mr. Crooks's forthcoming recital in which it was stated that by various preceding recitals he had won "Indescribable triumphs." This led M. Brancour to write: "Mr. Crooks, I beg of you not to be so modest. Remember this line of Andre Chenier's: 'The excess of modesty is an excess of pride.'"

Bloch's panoramic "America" has been played in Amsterdam where the Wagner Society announces for this season performances of Strauss's "Bat," one of the "Ring" series, and Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," from which one might infer that the "Ring" is a comic opera.

Messrs. Bauer, Bachhaus, Godowsky, Levitzki, are among the pianists engaged for the 1929-30 season at Monte Carlo; Messrs. Enesco, Spalding and Cecilia Hansen are among the violinists.

In Paris Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony was recently preferred to his "Pathetic."

Joaquin Nin, elected to Madrid's Academy of Fine Arts, has written for orchestra a "Message to Debussy." Would that Debussy could answer it; but perhaps he would not be pleased and would throw the message into his celestial waste basket.

Alfredo Casella in Musica d' Oggi pays tribute to the memory of Diaghilev, insisting on the great influence exercised on contemporaneous art by a man who was neither a poet nor a musician; only "a simple organizer."

Beethoven's "Creatures of Prometheus" will be given with a new scenario at the Paris Opera.

Will the pianist whose "name is as blessing to speak"—Stanislas Niedzielski—come to this country, and will he play Rozycki's concerto?

Verdi's "Requiem" was performed at the Rouen Cathedral on Nov. 11 in commemoration of the armistice and in honor of the dead of the world war.

Swan Hennessy has died. He wrote chamber music and piano pieces of a fine and delicate quality. We knew him as a fellow-student at Stuttgart. He was an agreeable young man and a bit of a humorist, as was shown by his handing a snuff box at dinner to a couple of elderly Russian women who gambled in roubles. They did not easily forgive him.

by Albeniz, scene II from De Falla's "El Amor Brujo" and the "Farruca" from the same composer's "Three Cornered Hat" and the "Triana" of Albeniz, which has been so brilliantly orchestrated by Arbos.

The fascinating dances drew again a very large audience, as enthusiastic as it was large. The Lagarterana with its peasant flavor, its naive coquetry, and the intoxicating Jota met with special favor, so La Argentina was obliged to repeat them, but to some the Cordoba with the melancholy, haunting music of Albeniz was the dance by which the soul of Spain was revealed and the dancer was incomparable.

Nov 25 1929

#### ROLAND HAYES

Roland Hayes, tenor, sang yesterday afternoon before an audience that filled every corner of Symphony hall. Jean Bedetti helped him, with beautifully played cello obbligato to the three airs, and Percival Parkarm, with accompaniments delicate and discreet. This was Mr. Hayes's program:

Handel, "Dolcemente in tuon leggiero," from "Alexander's Feast"; Cesti, "Sio non edo Aldoro"; Gabrieli, "Veni tu, ch'io spero Amore?"; Franck, "Nocturne"; Faure, "J'ai presque peur"; Duparc, "L'Invitation au Voyage"; Saint-Saens, "Torneolement," from "Melodies Persanes"; Sir George Hen-schell, "Sicht di das Meer"; "The Angels dear"; "Dein nudes Auges"; "She comes not"; Negro Spirituals; "Done made my row"; "Lord, I wish I had-a-come"; "Keep me from sinking down"; "Good News."

Mr. Hayes, they do say, seeing that further vocal study would not come amiss, has passed the summer hard at work. All credit to him, the greater because he, richly blessed, could have continued to lure throngs to the halls though he never studied another note, so strong is his force of attraction.

If one may draw an inference from what one heard yesterday, the distinguished master whose aid Mr. Hayes sought must have put his foot down that his equally distinguished pupil should sing passages that demand strength with reasonably ample tone,

whether that tone, for the moment, sound well or ill.

Not always, to tell the truth of it, could Mr. Hayes, apparently very nervous yesterday, make his ampler tones resonantly sonorous. How should he, after only a few months' work, when, in a certain range of his voice, he has been dodging them for years? Now, however, that he has come to recognize that body is a necessary element of every part of a singer's voice, no doubt Mr. Hayes will go on with the work of acquiring the same.

While his scale is of necessity still so uneven, Mr. Hayes cannot deal as musically with all songs as he himself, admirable musician that he is, must wish. What he can do when he comes into his own he showed yesterday by his golden, full-bodied tone and his symmetry of melody in the first Henschell song, by his exquisite light tone and delightful enunciation in Koechlin's lines about Miss Ellen and her Chinese tea cup. Until he feels more comfortably at home in what one must hope is a new way of doing things, Mr. Hayes will probably continue most successful in small works where his fragility and gentleness serve him very well. The three airs, yesterday, he sang charmingly, not so diminutively, either, as he would have wanted them a year ago.

The audience exacted additions to the program.—R. R. G.

#### HOOR OF ORGAN MUSIC

Musical lovers from Boston and its vicinity again filled First Church, Boston, yesterday afternoon at the second in the series of "Hours of Organ Music" being presented there by William E. Zeuch. The program, which had a blend of the severely classic in two Bach numbers, "Prelude in G Minor" and "Air on the G String," and of the colorful and melodious in Wolstenholme's, "Fantasie Rustique" and in Dickinson's "Berceuse," included the first performance in this city of

Stoughton's "Istar" and featured Lemmens's "The Storm." These Sunday afternoon recitals which begin at 4:30 P. M. are open to the public. There are four more in the series.

#### NEW B. F. KEITH'S "They Had to See Paris"

An all-talking picture adapted by Senya Levien from the story by Homer Croy; directed by Frank Borzage and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Pike Peters	Will Rogers
Mrs. Peters	Irene Rich
Opal Peters	Marjorie Churchill
Ross Peters	Owen Davis Jr.
Claudine	Flit Dorsay
Marquis de Brissac	Ivan Lebedeff
Marquise de Brissac	Marcelle Corday
Grand Duke Mikail	Theodore Lodi
Clark McCurdy	Rex Bell
Flourie	Christiane Yves
Ed Eggers	Edgar Kennedy
Tupper	Bob Kerr
Mis Mason	Marcia Manon
Valet	Andre Cheron
Prince Ordinsky	Gregory Gay

If Will Rogers, one-time cowboy and stage lariat-thrower, had not elected to become America's most beloved monologist, he might as easily have developed himself to be the typical Yankee character comedian of our day. He would have become a composite of Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead," William Hodge in "The Man From Home," and Frank Bacon in "Lightning." No matter what the medium, he would score at least a personal triumph by reason of his sly humor, his ever boyish grin, his homely philosophy ingrained so deeply with shrewd common sense. In many ways his Pike Peters of "They Had to See Paris" reminds one of the Daniel Voorhees Pike of Will Hodge before that actor sold himself the idea that he could write better plays for himself than could Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson.

The screen adaptation of Homer Croy's chronicle of the little family out in Oklahoma who struck oil and migrated to Paris to obtain what Mrs. Peters was pleased to call background, has been fairly well done, even though frequently subjected to abrupt scene breaks, to murky photography and to blurred recording of voices. Mr. Rogers fashioned much of the dialogue, and Owen Davis, the prolific playwright, whose son incidentally plays young Ross Peters, helped here and there. Mrs. Peters hires a chateau and some titled guests, schemes to marry the daughter, Opal, to a bankrupt marquis, and tries to coax simple Pike into tolerating a valet and to wearing evening clothes. The son sneaks off to the Latin quarter to live with a scrawny artists' model. Pike gets a little fun out of chance meetings with Claudine, another model, who archly teaches him French. When Pike disgraces himself by getting drunk with the Grand Duke Mikail, and later by refusing to pay even a plugged nickel to obtain the marquis as a son-in-law, there is a family quarrel, followed by a complete family reunion and a happy return to Claremore, Okla., where the children may resume their normal love affairs.

Mr. Rogers has countless funny lines. Defending his former calling as a veterinary surgeon, he explains that he must be wiser than an ordinary physician. "The horse can't tell what hurts him, the 'doc' must know." When Mrs. Peters gets in a decollette gown in Paris, Pike says in a sly aside as he caresses her that he feels almost guilty of infidelity. "When you go on a spree in this town (Paris)," he observes, "there's one good thing about the stuff you drink. You do wake up."

Miss Rich and Miss Churchill must have had the times of their lives playing opposite the gum-chewing, nose-pinching Will. That they were able to keep straight faces is sufficient tribute to their acting abilities. W. E. G.

#### PARK

##### "Her Private Affair"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Francis Edwards Faragoh from the play, "The Right to Kill," by Leo Urvinzov, which was produced at the Garrick Theatre, New York, on Feb. 25, 1926; directed by Paul Stein and presented by Pathe with the following cast:

Vera Kessler	Ann Harding
Judge Kessler	Henry Bagnister
Hamann	Lawford Davidson
Grim	Elmer Ballard
Carl Weild	John Loder
Julia Sturm	Kay Hammond
Michael Sturm	Frank Hoyt
Prosecuting attorney	Arthur Reicher
Dr. Zeigler	William Orlamond

It is difficult to speak in anything but superlatives concerning Ann Harding's new picture, somewhat unfortunately titled "Her Private Affair." The study of a guilty conscience is something to tempt any good emotional actress. To carry this study through the entire course of a picture, with a steadily rising crescendo of emotional power which holds an audience silent and tense with excitement, is an accomplishment worthy of high praise.

Vera Kessler, wife of a distinguished young judge, becomes for a brief time estranged from her husband through infatuation for an attractive bounder named Hartmann, who lives on the money sent him by admiring women. When she returns to her husband Hartman blackmails her through some letters she had written him. He even insists that she visit his apartment and

buy them back. There he attempts to force himself upon her. In a desperate struggle she shoots him. Then, terrified by her act, she allows the guilt to be fastened on Hartmann's servant, Grim, a shell-shocked soldier who hated his master and had threatened to kill him. Grim is brought to trial and acquitted, but Vera, unable to escape memory of the murder, leaves her husband so that he will not be involved in the retribution she feels is imminent. Finally she is brought face to face with him. He hears her confession and they find happiness in the realization that their love is great enough to surmount all the shame and misery of the past.

Of the supporting cast, Mr. Ballard, as the half-crazed Grim, gave a very fine performance. Mr. Loder was agreeable and natural as the young attorney who at Vera's insistence undertakes Grim's defence, and Mr. Bannister was an impressive and handsome Judge Kessler.

On the same bill is a sentimental romance, "Lucky in Love," in which Morton Downey plays the part of an Irish groom with aspirations above his station. He falls in love with the young lady whose grandfather owns a large and heavily mortgaged estate coveted by a prosperous factory concern. The noble groom comes to America, wins a fortune and marries his lady love. Mr. Downey sings pleasantly, but as an actor leaves much to be desired. The notable feature of the picture is the all too brief appearance of a young English actor, Colin Keith-Johnson, who possesses not only a fine voice but outstanding dramatic ability. E. L. H.

#### KEITH-ALBEE

##### "Married in Hollywood"

A screen musical comedy with music by Oscar Straus, supplemented by melodies by Dave Stamper and Arthur Kay adaptation, dialogue, and lyrics by Harlan Thompson; directed by Marcel Silver and presented by William Fox with the following cast:

Prince Nicholas	J. Harold Murray
Mary Lou Hopkins	Norma Terris
Mitzi Holman	Norma Terris
Joe Gliner	Water Catlett
Annushka	Lene Palasty
King Alexander	Lennox Pawle
Mahal	Tom Farnola
Queen Louise	Evelyn Hall
Stace Prince	John Gerrick
Adjutant	Douglas Gilmore
Charlotte	Gloria Grey
Capt. Jacob	Jack Stambaugh
Herr Director	Herman Bing

All too often two-hour screen musical comedies have a habit of dragging unbearably, especially in the last few reels, but no such charge can fairly be made against "Married in Hollywood," now to be seen at the Keith-Albee Theatre. From the first sight of the Viennese operetta with its charming girls and spirited dances to the romantic and pleasantly unlikely reunion of the hero and heroine in Hollywood, interest never flags and the ear is constantly delighted by the tuneful melodies especially composed for the occasion by the gifted Oscar Straus, who wrote "The Chocolate Soldier." Costumes and settings are beautiful and appropriate; the acting entirely satisfactory; while there is not over much comedy, its absence is not felt—though to be sure Walter Catlett does a highly amusing caricature of a motion picture magnate—and there is quite a bit of exciting drama.

The romantic story tells of how a prince in one of those unlikely Balkan kingdoms falls in love with a pretty American singer, wishes to marry her, but is forcibly prevented by his family; how his kingdom is lost during a revolution and he comes to America to find his sweetheart a famous moving picture star and is reunited with her for good. This is but a bare outline, detailed description is needless; it is not so much the plot but the way it is carried out that makes "Married in Hollywood" something that should on no account be missed.

For the part of Mary Lou, the pretty singer, Norma Terris proved an excellent choice; her voice, while marred by very poor reproduction, is sweet and strong, and her acting has the right amount of seriousness to make her something more than just another sweet little prima donna. Particularly pleasing was her singing of Mr. Straus's "A Man—A Maid." J. Harold Murray was a very convincing prince, agreeable in appearance and possessed of an unusually agreeable voice that should serve him as well on the screen as it has on the stage. Lennox Pawle had a few amusing moments as King Alexander and Evelyn Hall was a very regal and handsome Queen Louise. E. L. H.

#### Ovide Mussin

NEW YORK, Nov. 24 (AP)—Ovide Mussin, 75, concert violinist and composer, died of a heart attack today at his home in Brooklyn.

Born at Nandrin, a suburb of Liege, Belgium, Mussin was admitted to the Royal Conservatory at Liege at the age of eight years. In 1891 he married Annie Louise Hodges-Tanner, a coloratura soprano of New York city, and together they made two world tours in 1892 and 1897.

Mussin made his American debut with the New York symphony orchestra in 1883. He appeared with the New



A Puhharmonic orchestra and later joined with his own concert company in the leading cities of the United States, Canada and Mexico. In 1908 he founded the Belgian Conservatory of Music in Brooklyn, which he had since conducted. His wife died several years ago.

#### By PHILIP HALE

**SHUBERT THEATRE**—First performance in Boston of "The Duchess of Chicago," a musical comedy in two acts and six scenes. Book by Julius Hammer and Alfred Gruenwald; lyrics by Edward Eliscu; music by Emmerich Kalman. Staged by Stanley Logan; dances directed by Busby Berkeley; settings designed by Watson Blirrett. Produced by Messrs. Shubert at Springfield, Mass., on Nov. 7, 1929. The cast last night was as follows:

Shubert.....Jules Epally  
Duchess.....Dora De Moraes  
Countess.....Sally Ward  
Bonds.....Jack Good  
Harry Lloyd.....Lillian Taiz  
Countess.....Harold Clyde Wright  
Crown Prince Sandor.....Walter Woolf  
American Ambassador.....James Weston  
Gavin.....Eric Blore  
Duchess Rosemarie.....Margaret Breen  
Harry Lloyd.....Roy Byron  
Countess.....Arthur Treacher

The music is always agreeable; at times it is charming as "My Rosemarie" sung by Mr. Woolf and Miss Breen; and "Look in My Eyes" as sung by Miss Taiz and Mr. Woolf. As Kalman is a Hungarian it was to be expected that there would be rhythms and cadences of his native land, not lugged in; the Prince, who hated jazz, called for the songs of his childhood, and as Kalman is at home in Vienna it was also to be expected that the Viennese school of operetta would have again a worthy representative. In fact the first scene might have had for a title, "Saxophone vs. fiddle and dulcimer."

The stage settings are in good taste even if the Chicago girl after her purchase of the castle insisted on remodeling the throne room and added a bar—without a brass rail; nor did the portrait of her father, replacing an ancestor of the Prince, do the eminent Chicagoan justice. The costumes were pleasingly varied; quick changes for the indefatigable Tiller girls.

The story is of a rich Chicago girl with a foolishly indulgent papa. On first acquaintance she is full of pep, an aggressive creature of the jazz period, arrogant by reason of her wealth. In a cafe at Budapest she is bound that the crown prince of Graditz will dance with her; but he hates Americans and the American two-step, Charleston, and refuses through an officer. Not till later does she learn the identity of the prince, who is poor, as poor as his father and his people. Miss Lloyd pursues him, makes her way into the castle, purchases it for \$3,000,000, and then resolves to buy the former owner. She plans to be thrown from her horse and be saved by him. The rest is easy to anticipate.

Here is a variation of a theme dear to operetta librettists. (As a rule the prince in disguise is the wooer.) The story is prettily told as far as the lovers are concerned, but the dialogue given to the comedians, Bozatosvitch, Bondy and others is dreary, so pointless, so flat, that it is impossible to think the original text is so vacuous and futile. Nor did the comedians by their efforts, labor as they would, give the sorry jests, the atrocious puns, the interpolated "topical" wheezes an excuse for their presence in the text.

Fortunately Mr. Woolf, Miss Taiz and Miss Breen are in the company for Kalman's music and for the serious dialogue. There is also a well-trained chorus which with the orchestra is led by Mr. John McManus and there are the Tiller girls whose speech is in their pretty legs and their evolutions.

Mr. Woolf of course sang well. In spite of the compliments paid him for some seasons, he is still manly and not too conscious of his voice and vocal ability. Miss Taiz, rolulish, sentimental, acts with a personal charm and, strange to say, for a girl in a role of this sort, sings more than acceptably and with pure intonation; while Miss Breen not only sings but dances. If "The Duchess of Chicago" is to have a healthy life, there must be prompt surgery on the dialogue allotted the comedians. It is not chiefly their fault that they are not funny. It would be well to turn Mr. Bondy into a minor, an extremely minor part.

The large audience was interested, especially in the lovers, the dancers, and the music. The comedians elicited laughter, too. There are persons who could laugh seeing a railroad accident.

#### REPERTORY THEATRE

**"The Merchant of Venice"**  
By William Shakespeare. The cast was as follows:  
Antonio.....Kenneth Bracdon  
Shylock.....William Gilbert  
Portia.....Allen Nourse  
Balthazar.....David Wilton  
Solanio.....McLain Gates  
Lancelotti.....Lark Taylor  
Cassio.....Cynthia Latham  
Anselmo.....Margaret Smith  
Roderigo.....Ruth Guterman  
Jaguar.....John Warburton  
Morocco.....

Prince of Arragon.....Arthur Powers  
Lancelotti Gobbo.....Lola Buell  
Old Gobbo.....Charles Douglas  
Jessica.....Rena Marvans  
Leonardo.....Harry Keeler  
Tubal.....J. W. Basley  
Duke of Venice.....Curtis Rhea  
Clerk of Court.....Charles Douglas  
Stephano.....Arthur Powers  
With this week's production, Mr. Jewett turns from the more unfamiliar Shakespearean plays to the standby "Merchant of Venice," which has been played by a long list of distinguished

actors from Burbage to Arliss. The play was originally designed as a comedy with Shylock, a red-bearded false-nosed villain, but to modern audiences it is generally cut down to a semi-tragedy with Shylock the injured hero.

Last night's performance stressed the comic element, opening the play with a dance and presenting the fifth act in full. Shylock, as interpreted by Mr. Taylor, was neither the avenger of the Hebrew race, as Kean used to portray him, nor the pathetic father of the Mansfield-Southern tradition, but simply a man obsessed by revenge for personal wrongs. If he somewhat lacked fire and terror, he consistently maintained his dignity, even when he left the court after the trial a broken man.

Miss Latham, unlike many Portias, consistently maintained a solemnity fitting for a person who is to judge in a question of life and death. The part of Lancelotti Gobbo was given new life by Miss Buell, who, instead of the usual Elizabethan buffoon, was a puckish boy. Mr. Powers made an amusing Prince of Arragon, though it is unlikely Shakespeare meant it so burlesqued. A large audience seemed well entertained.

#### MAJESTIC THEATRE

**"Wolf, Wolf"**  
A musical comedy by Estelle Hunt, Sam Summers, and Cyrus Wood. Lyrics and music by Edward Pola and Eddie Lehman. Produced by Demarest and Lohmuller.

Following in the wake of popular musical melodramas which lead up to a last-act game, race or other contest upon the outcome of which depend the heroine's fortune, as well as the disposition of her heart and the proper branding of the villain, "Wolf, Wolf," a new piece which obviously is being gotten into shape for Broadway, has a whippet race for its climax. Through many elaborate scenes and with many changes of costume fresh from the bandbox the play progresses from a backstage in New York to the race track in Mobile, where the stranded theatrical troupe finds itself with the racing dogs as its only asset.

The sweet and girlish Susie from Oklahoma who finds herself indebted to the scheming villain and in love with the modest hero is played by Louise Brown, who is the possessor of a pleasant voice and stage manner as well as charm and finish in the ballet. In the night club scene and between the acts Don Julelle and his exceptional orchestra, the Hollywood Collegians, entertain with amusing jazz novelties. "Sunkist" Eddie Nelson, comedian of broad gulps and slapstick propensities, speaks most of the laugh lines.

As the play stands, it is still in the throes of the trial and error system, and perhaps judgment should be reserved until the finished design of the makers is approximated. The play must be thoroughly blue-pencilled. There are too many sentimental duets and too many gags which do not evoke a laugh. Also it should profit by another good song or two in place of half a dozen ordinary ones, and a curtailment of burlesque crudities in the first act. A certain amount of scenery maladjustment may be expected on a first showing, but before last night's performance was over each lowering of a curtain seemed a breathless experiment. One of these accidents ruined the effect of an otherwise acceptable ballet scene.

H. F. M.

#### FINE ARTS THEATRE

The Carolina Playmakers from the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, gave three one-act plays in the Fine Arts Theatre last evening, with Frederick H. Koch as director, and casts as follows:

##### "The No 'Count Boy"

A comedy of negro life by Paul Green:  
Phoebe.....Phoebe Harding  
Enos.....Howard Bailey  
The No 'Count Boy.....Helmes Bryson  
An old negro woman.....Muriel Wolff

##### "Job's Kinfolks"

A play of the mill people by Loretta Carroll Bailey.  
Kizzie.....Loretta Carroll Bailey  
Rita.....Nettina Strobach  
Katherine.....Phoebe Harding  
Estelle McGraw.....Muriel Wolff  
Carl Rogers.....Hubert Heffner

##### "Magnolia's Man"

A play of mountain characters by Gertrude Wilson Coffin.  
Miss Tish Davis.....Gertrude Wilson Coffin  
Newt Norris.....Hubert Heffner  
Magnolia Starnes.....Hubert Heffner  
Bartholomew M. Burgess.....Elmer Hall  
These young people from the University of North Carolina, all of whom

#### THIS WEEK'S STAGE

**COLONIAL**—"Whoopee," musical comedy, with Leslie Cantor.  
**COLEY**—"Murder on the Second Floor," melodrama, third week.  
**MAJESTIC**—"Wolf, Wolf," musical comedy, with Louise Brown.  
**PLYMOUTH**—"Scarlet Parca," drama, with Elsie Ferguson, last week.  
**REPERTORY**—"The Merchant of Venice," Shakespearean revival.  
**SHUBERT**—"The Duchess of Chicago," musical comedy, with Walter Woolf.  
**TREMONT**—"Waterloo Bridge," Robert E. Sherwood's new play, with Glenn Hunter and June Walker, second week.  
**WILBUR**—"Journey's End," R. C. Sheriff's war play, fourth week.  
(NOTE—The Hollis Street and the Shubert Lyric theatres are dark this week.)

are students with the exception of Hubert Heffner, are providing an unusual and delightful entertainment for those so wise as to attend their performances. To have seen the laughing-eyed Phoebe vacillate between her "beau," Enos, and the "No 'Count Boy" who could hypnotize his listeners to immobile silence with his remarkable playing of the harmonica—in Phoebe's dialect the "harp"—was to have glimpsed the aimless but pleasantly placid life of the rustic dorky of the South. Phoebe Harding, who appeared in both this and the second play, is a versatile little actress, winning the sympathy of her hearers by her complete sincerity.

Loretta Carroll Bailey was only 19 when she wrote "Job's Kinfolks" two years ago, in which she plays the part of Kizzie, the old grandmother. Kizzie is a rather querulous character, over-zealous about the fate of her errant granddaughter, Katherine, who is addicted to boys. Kizzie excites alarm in the heart of her weary and hard-working daughter, Kate, who coming home from the mill, discovers that Katherine will probably be summoned to court for some of her escapades. To save the situation, Kate gets the unsuspecting and trustful Katherine married off to an unwanted suitor.

In "Magnolia's Man," played for the first time only a month ago, the author, Gertrude Wilson Coffin, is Miss Tish Davis, a type of dressmaker that, with a trifling difference in accent, has lived in every village. Magnolia, to save herself from the stigma of old maidhood, attempts to get herself a "mail order husband," but ultimately consents to wed the loud-laughed Newt Norris, a local widower with seven children.

It was evident from the outbursts of applause and laughter that enlivened the play that the large and discriminating audience, completely filling the Fine Arts Theatre, was most thoroughly at home with Magnolia and her friends, and that these amusing persons on the stage, so vividly reminiscent of the Gaieties, went straight to their hearts. The program was given under the auspices of the Ford Hall Forum Dramatic Society, which is to be highly commended for providing this intimate interpretation of the pathos and humor of life in the North Carolina Mountains.

F. A. R.

#### COLONIAL THEATRE

##### "Whoopee"

First performance in Boston of "Whoopee," a musical comedy in two acts and ten scenes by William Anthony McGuire, based on "The Nervous Wreck," by Owen Davis; lyrics and music by Walter Donaldson and Gus Kahn; produced by Florenz Ziegfeld at the New Amsterdam Theatre New York, Dec. 4, 1928, at the Colonial Theatre last evening with the following cast:

Leslie Daw.....Dorothy Robbins  
Betty.....Gladys Giau  
Judson Morgan.....Louis Morrel  
The Padre.....Frank Colelet  
Jim Carson.....Jack Shay  
Sally Morgan.....Frances Upio  
Jack.....George Huntington  
Mary Custer.....Janet Read  
Sheriff Bob Wells.....John Rutherford  
Brand Iron.....Matthews James P. Houston  
Henry Williams.....Eddie Caud  
Wanania.....Paul Gerson  
Black Eagle.....Chief Caupolican  
Jerome Underwood.....Spencer Charter  
Chester Underwood.....Albert Hackel  
Timothy Sloane.....Jack Shay  
Harriet Underwood.....Virginia France  
Andy Nab.....Will H. Philbrick  
Yolanda.....Tamara Geva

Just because such songs as "Makin' Whoopee" and "Red, Red Rose" have been floating about via radio and club orchestras for the past 11 months does not mean there is no more than something melodious to "Whoopee." Until one sees this beautiful production, sponsored by Mr. Ziegfeld, painted in brilliant hue by Mr. Urban, and decked with endless designs and colorings of costume by Mr. Harkrider, it will be impossible to realize just how titanic an achievement "Whoopee" is. Without such a tireless comedian as Mr. Cantor, it still would be something worth while merely as pictorial diversion. With him, it expands into an evening overflowing with merriment.

"The Nervous Wreck" originally was in story form, written by E. J. Rath. Owen Davis made a play of it—a farce, actually. Mr. McGuire in turn kept in the hilarious episodes, such as the stalled filver and the amusing gasoline hold-up on the mountain road, the scene in the kitchen of the Bar-M ranch, with Henry Williams and Sally Morgan fleeing from the cheated bridegroom, Sheriff Bob Wells, and asqueringing

for the moment as cooks. For romantic touches Wanania, a supposedly half-breed Indian, is introduced as Sally's lover; Black Eagle, sung sonorously by Chief Caupolican, is employed as Black Eagle, chief of the Mojave tribe. There are gypsies, scores of them and all wondrously beautiful, led by Tamara Geva as Yolanda, a sinuous dancer. Of course there are cowboys, roistering fellows with good voices. And there are scores of really youthful and pretty girls, to dance and smile and dance some more. The score is tuneful, varied in rhythm, set aptly to the scene at hand. Mr. Bradley, conducting, saw that Mr. Donaldson's music was done full justice.

Mr. Urban's paintings of the far West—the Mission Rest, California, the lake and mountains ranging back of the Bar-M ranch, and the Reservation of the Mojaves—brought the grandeur of those vast reaches truthfully to our eyes. Seldom has Mr. Ziegfeld offered anything more appealing to one's sense of beauty than in his groupings of the gaily attired gypsies, or in his spectacular tableau in the second act when five pallid Godivas ride down the mountain pass to give the final touch of charm to a picture already made captivating by an assembly of alluring femininity.

Mr. Cantor as the boastful victim of many operations the cheerful slave to alleviative pills was in fine form. He seems to have grown in comic stature in that he evinces ability to play a role above the level of low buffoonery too often satisfying to him in the past. To be sure, he lapses now and then, but by and large his performance was one of sheer good humor, at least four-fifths clean. His comments on the recent stock market debacle had witty tang, his disguises as a cook trying to make waffles, or as an Indian making a blanket sale, were very funny. The large and able cast acted and sang well. Mr. Gregory was in superb voice, Chief Caupolican had his great vocal moment in the invocation number. Miss Robbins also pleased in the gypsy song, "Where Sunset Meets the Sea," and Miss Reade and the Whoopee quartet were delightful in "Come West, Little Girl, Come West." Miss Franck's tap dancing was refreshing. "Whoopee" is good fun, enhanced by marvellous settings and stage pictures.

W. E. G.

#### LOEW'S STATE

##### "The Kiss"

A sound picture adapted by Hans Krals from the original story by George M. Savelle; directed by Jacques Feyder and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Irene.....Greta Garbo  
Andre.....Conrad Nagel  
Guarry.....Anders Randolph  
Lassalle.....Holmes Herbert  
Pierre.....Lew Ayres  
Durant.....George Davis

With "The Kiss," now to be seen at Loew's State Theatre, Greta Garbo completes the last of her silent pictures: from now on she will have to come down to earth and talk like the rest of the herd. Whether it will be an improvement or not, it is, of course, too early to guess, but it does seem a little too much like asking the Sphinx to broadcast. Her attraction is of a subtle nature: shades of expression that tell more than a dozen subtitles, poise and movement studied, perhaps, but eloquent of emotion and of tragedy. Will this all disappear, now that the need for pantomime is so diminished by the use of the human voice, or will she be able to continue her special technique in the new medium?

Irene Guarry, in love with Andre Du-bail, a prominent young lawyer, is suspected by her jealous husband of having an affair with a handsome boy, Pierre Lassalle, for whom she feels nothing but sympathetic interest. One night, during the absence of Guarry, Pierre begs Irene to kiss him, just for friendship. As she complies with his request, Guarry returns unexpectedly and, misunderstanding the situation, attacks Pierre. A door shuts suddenly, cutting off the scene from view of the audience, and the next appearance of Irene is in court on trial for her husband's murder. A verdict of suicide is obtained by Andre, as counsel for the defence, and Irene is free. Later on, when Pierre accuses her of having killed Guarry for his sake, and Andre overhears him, Irene confesses the truth: she shot her husband lest he should murder Pierre in his insane jealousy, but it is Andre alone that she loves.

Aided by the fine direction of Jacques Feyder, who has an eye for unusual camera angles and the ability to develop dramatic situations for their full value, Greta Garbo gives a very fine and sympathetic performance. Her hopeless and restrained passion for Andre was intensely moving and her defiant, yet half-terrified demeanor in court admirable. In his sincere portrayal of Andre, Conrad Nagel gave fine support, while Lew Ayres was engaging enough as Pierre to give any jealous husband nightmares.

E. L. H.



## THELMA GIVEN

Thelma Given, violinist, with the help of Ralph Angell, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan Hall: Sonata, E minor, Mozart; Sonata, C minor, Grieg; Poeme, Chausson; Legendes, Alfred Rahlwes; In a Boat, Debussy; Perpetual Motion, Rles; Praeludium and Allegro, Pugnani-Kreisler.

Let it be said once more: persons not apt at the violin had best be still when violin technique comes up for discussion. Miss Given, they say, is a pupil of Auer. She is very unlikely, therefore, to stand in want of technical facility. She appears, at all events, to have quite sufficient to enable her to express her musical feeling without constraint.

She likes, it would seem, a small, sweet tone, for the most part subdued in quality, if very soft actually veiled. When she chooses to play loudly, or with marked emphasis, she gives something the effect of kicking tone out, instead of letting it flow. Or, perhaps, last night she was not in the mood.

Both she and Mr. Angell approached Mozart in a vein of perfunctory politeness that did his sonata no good; it turned it prodigiously dull. With Grieg they had a way which time, very likely will prove the right way; they saw him small, a man of pretty melody and cunning conceits, by no means to be taken seriously. But those who knew Grieg's music in its heyday will never be satisfied with any such way, at least not yet awhile. If that music of his lacks emotion of a certain kind, brilliancy of rhythm, and poetic imagination, no dallying with its prettiness will make it worth the hearing. If, by the same argument, one finds no poetry or romance in Chausson's poeme, what remains in the music to hold attention?

Miss Given can scarcely have been in the vein last night. She drew a large audience. R. R. G.

PEABODY PLAYHOUSE  
"Romeo and Juliet"

## The cast:

Romeo	..... Alexander Knox
Juliet	..... Ann Porterfield
Paris	..... William Martin
Capulet	..... Russell Delaney
Montague	..... Francis Watkins
Mercutio	..... E. Pope
Laurence	..... Edward Grennan
Capulet	..... Alexander Knox
Montague	..... Palmer Brink
Capulet	..... Isabel Randall
Montague	..... Philip Coolidge
Capulet	..... Beverly Reimer
Montague	..... Donald Pace
Capulet	..... Milton Parsons
Montague	..... Carlton Litchfield
Capulet	..... Colette Rosseel Humphrey
Montague	..... Lanning Humphrey
Capulet	..... Philip Coolidge
Montague	..... Elizabeth Pope
Capulet	..... Francis Watkins
Montague	..... Philip Coolidge

Very often amateur actors give better performances of Shakespeare than professionals. Enthusiastic amateurs bring a freshness to the familiar lines that give them renewed zest. Especially in performances of "Romeo and Juliet" is needed warmth and spontaneity, not studied but genuinely felt; young actors make the adolescent (even though adult) Romeo seem less absurdly moody than stylized Shakespeareans do; young girls make Juliet, with her sweet and generous idealism, believable. The young players at the Peabody Playhouse last night did much to make their performance of "Romeo and Juliet" reach the high standard possible to amateur companies. They erred only in making spasmodic attempts to declaim in the time honored Shakespearean way, and since they are not adept at it, they frequently sacrificed that naturalness that should be their best point.

Milton Parsons, especially, who played Romeo, should pay more attention to clear diction and less to a melodious murmuring of the lines. In spite of his excellent voice and evident sense of stage action, he allows the actor's most effective medium, his diction, to spoil his effects. Colette Rosseel Humphrey, as Juliet, looked and acted her part with charm. Specially promising was the work of Edward Grennan, as Benvolio. Lanning Humphrey's Mercutio was too labored; he too should try to speak with that slightly magnified naturalness that is the perfection of stage diction. The performance could be better co-ordinated, although it is well-timed, and speedy. Interesting sets and costumes make the stage pleasant to see.

Considering that Our Theatre Repertory Company may appeal to a small but faithful type of audience—persons who like to see Shakespeare, Moliere and other masters acted—the importance

of clear enunciation, even in a very small house, cannot be overestimated. Appropriate incidental music was contributed by a trio.

Tonight "Romeo and Juliet" will be repeated. Thursday evening there will be a performance of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." E. B.

NOVEMBER 27, 1929

## THEATERS

## E. H. Sothern

A large audience gathered at Symphony Hall last evening to hear E. H. Sothern in a dramatic recital. Mr. Sothern's appearance, under the auspices of the Junior League, held much interest, for this renowned Shakespearean actor comes before his audiences in large part a representative of a dramatic school. He lists a program which includes scenes from "Hamlet," "Othello," Taylor's "Our American Cousin," "Macbeth," "The Merchant of Venice," and poems from "If I Were King." These scenes, done in Mr. Sothern's brilliant and telling manner, serve in large measure as vehicles for a flood of reminiscences which illuminate the history of the stage during many years. The actor has no need to limit his tales to his own experiences, since his association with older players has left him a fertile field of memories. And since there surely is no need at this date to rediscover the remarkable abilities of Mr. Sothern, it may not be beside the point to report a few of his more important recollections.

When Mr. Sothern came to his reading of the part of Dundreary, he told of the growth of the character under the persuasions of his father. He gave a picture of Laura Keane and Joseph Jefferson standing by as all the little business of the part was developed. And he told of the constant popularity of the play for 20 years. (It ran for five years more, but enthusiasm was on the wane.) To a younger generation, who have not known the period when the actor, rather than the play, and the individual actor, rather than the company, were the mainspring of the stage, some of his talk must have been amazing. As for Dundreary himself, with all his absurdities, one rather wonders how audiences for 20 years found him so frightfully funny. Yet Dundreary is typical of that old school of acting which had so many remarkable exponents, and

which has been superseded by today's crisper, more biting and more realistic manner. Mr. Sothern deplores its disappearance. True, Dundreary is acceptable when a man of Sothern's abilities portrays him. But what can he have been in the hands of a lesser player?

## FLORA WOODMAN

Flora Woodman, soprano, sang this program last night in Jordan hall, very well accompanied by Cidian Dougherty.

Una Voce Poco Fa, Rossini; Minnelied, Old German; Die Sonne scheint nicht mehr, Brahms; Stille Sicherheit, Franz; Volksliedchen, Schumann; Nelli, Faure; Mignonnette, Wekerlin; Aupres de ma Blonde, arranged by H. J. Foss; D'Ou viens-tu, Bergere? Ma Fille, veux-tu un Bouquet? arranged by Somervell; French-Canadian folk songs; Cradle Song, Byrd; Twilight Fancies, Dellus; An Eriskay Lullaby, arranged by Kennedy-Fraser; The Vesper Hymn, arranged by Flora Woodman; The Lass with the Delicate Air, Arne.

If Miss Woodman had heeded the counsel proffered young singers by her distinguished fellow-townsmen, Sir Henry Wood to develop, namely, her voice till it became a fine instrument, she would have at her disposal today an organ fit to serve the musical purposes of the most ambitious of dramatic sopranos.

Even under conditions as they are, Miss Woodman can emit tones, whole phrases too, of thrilling beauty, tones rich, warm, at times of an exquisite clarity.

Since, unluckily she never read Sir Henry's wise words, or at least never felt them worth taking to heart, Miss Woodman, neglecting to develop her birthright, has not learnt to deliver her glorious tones with any degree of consistency. At full strength she cannot maintain their equality; when very

soft she needs let them suffer in body; when they lie high she can manage them only with difficulty.

In no sense, therefore, the dramatic soprano she ought to be, Miss Woodman deals most successfully with small songs where a neatness of rhythm and a pleasant native archness stand her best in stead. The old French round, "Aupres de ma Blonde," she sang delightfully last night. She was happy, too, in the French-Canadian songs. In the earlier part of the program she made her voice sound best in the song by Franz.

But it is all a pity. To throw away, for want of technique, on pretty trifles a voice that would reach to Donna Anna's air of the letter—this should never be. Let Miss Woodman read Sir Henry Wood. R. R. G.

## CONCERT NOTES

Richard Burgin will conduct the Symphony concerts this week. The program will comprise a suite from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Coq d'Or"; Borodin's Symphony, B minor, No. 2; Saint-Saens's violin concerto No. 3 and Wetzler's Symphonic Dances from his opera, "The Basque Venus." The Dances will be performed here for the first time. The opera is based on a grisly story by Prosper Merimee of a young bridegroom who put his betrothal ring on the finger of a statue of Venus. To his consternation the finger crooked and he could not remove the ring. On his wedding night the statue came to the bridal chamber and crushed him in her embrace. The opera was produced last year. The Dances have been performed in New York and other cities of this country. They were first played in concert form at Hamburg with Dr. Muck conducting. The excellent Jacques Thibaud will be the solo violinist.

Mr. W. J. Henderson of the New York Sun, writing about musical life in America to the London Times of Nov. 9, says: "The Boston Symphony which has not suffered from guest conductors, but has constantly been under the baton of Serge Koussevitzky, may now be regarded as the foremost instrumental organization in the East."

The program of next week's concerts, as now announced, is as follows: Bach, Brandenburg Concerto, No. 3, G major. Blair Fairchild, Chant Negres, Ravel. Boiero, Schumann, Symphony No. 2, C major.

The program for next Monday night will include Handel's Concerto Grosso for strings, op. 6, No. 10; Schumann's Piano Concerto (Martha Baird, pianist); Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony.

Marguerite La Liberte, soprano, and Camille Girouard, baritone, will give a concert in Jordan hall tomorrow night.

Rosa Low, a soprano of New York, will sing songs by Attey, Carey, Bishop, Schubert, Schumann, Veretti, Sibella, and a group of Roumanian folk songs in Jordan hall next Saturday afternoon. John Attey's songs with lute accompaniment were published in 1662. Little is known about his life.

Next Sunday the afternoon concert in Symphony hall will be given by the Reveliers.

Jose Iturbi, the celebrated Spanish pianist, will play at Hotel Statler next Monday at 3:30 P. M. for the benefit of Denison House. In the evening Maxim Karolik, tenor, will sing in Jordan hall. Russian composers will be well represented. P. H.

## TONY SARG'S MARIONETTES

Should the time ever come when the human mind loses its fondness for illusions, then Tony Sarg's Marionettes will have an excuse for ceasing to be. Until then, these eye-arresting little figures, clad in their bright habiliments and jauntily tripping across their miniature stage as they "speak" their lines, will continue to fascinate children and their elders as well. When old Dame Rip Van Winkle marches out in front of her trimly-kept domicile and begins to berate her spouse for his neglect of family responsibilities and his shiftless ways, her old dun-colored cow mooring at her heels, she very nearly becomes a creature of real flesh and blood.

One of the prettiest and most realistic touches in Mr. Sarg's representation of Washington Irving's famous story is the scene when Rip Van Winkle sits down by his little daughter, Judy, in front of the fireplace and tells her a story about the old lady way up in the mountains who hangs out all the stars and the moon and weaves the fleecy white clouds out of cobwebs. The funny little men in black and red velvet, with their big hats and long whiskers, who are playing nine-pins in the mountains (or was it ten-pins?) and who greet Rip with their comical laughter when he arrives loaded down with a cask of rum, are an especially merry feature.

Rip Van Winkle's final awakening on a grassy mountain slope and his long

white hair and beard and his rusty gun by his side are all there exactly as Mr. Irving said they were. But something he neglected to tell about was the effective Dutch folk dance that Judy and her small boy playmate do so perfectly when they are Mr. Sarg's Marionettes. There are others in the play that do dances, too. These queer little folk from old New York Knickerbocker days will perform twice daily for the rest of the week at Tremont Temple, just as they did so pleasantly last evening. Mr. Sarg says they are only about 2½ feet high. Anyway, they make him look like a giant. F. A. B.

## SYMPHONY CONCERT

## By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the sixth concert of its 49th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Richard Burgin, the concert master, conducted. Jacques Thibaud was the solo violinist. The program was as follows: Rimsky-Korsakov, suite from "Le Coq d'Or"; Borodin, Symphony, E minor, No. 2; Saint-Saens, Violin Concerto No. 3, B minor; Wetzler, Symphonic Dance in Basque style from "The Basque Venus," an opera based on a story by Merimee. (First time in Boston.)

Some dismiss Borodin as an amateur in music; accomplished in his own profession; no doubt "fond of music," but far inferior to the other members of the "Big Five." Thus they do him gross injustice, as Handel unjustly slighted Gluck, saying that his own cook knew more about counterpoint. Borodin had not the academic training of Balakirev and Rimsky-Korsakov, but he wrote songs of exquisite beauty; there is the symphony played yesterday; there are pages of "Prince Igor"; doubt in all these works, except the songs, a learned professor could point out some technical flaws, shortcomings, and so on, but Borodin had musical ideas, imaginative, poetic; he was not slavishly bound to the theory that extreme nationalism is all-important; he knew and was proud of his country's history; he realized the value of Russian and Asiatic folk-songs; but he knew that music to endure for a time must pass national boundaries; that oriental flavoring must be for orthodox forms to please western ears; for nothing in music so quickly falls on the so-called civilized world as extreme and obstinate exclusivism. Take the symphony in B minor, for example, of which "The Finale" is the least important section.

Only a composer of a poetic nature, a lover of the beautiful which includes fancy, could have written the Scherzo, the Andante, and much of the opening Allegro. In these pages there are fine harmonic and instrumental expressions that are Borodin's, not another's. The Suite from "Le Coq d'Or" preceded delightful music in large part, but chiefly so by reason of piquant instrumentation. The difference does not lie in the fact that Rimsky-Korsakov's music is for the opera house, Borodin's for the concert hall, it lies in the musical nature of the two men. Borodin while he was writing his symphony was also at work on his opera. It is not surprising that there are measures in the symphony that recall the Polovtsian dances with chorus in "Prince Igor"; but there is nothing in the symphony

that can be called strictly operatic; nor is Rimsky-Korsakov in his happiest mood when he attempts in any one of his works to be strictly symphonic, although he put himself under a rigorous course of counterpoint, when he found out that he needed this instruction.

Mr. Wetzler, knowing that the scene of Merimee's "La Venus d'ile" is not far from the Basque country, helped himself reasonably to Biscayan rhythms. He chose the Fandango, though it is especially a Spanish dance; the Zortziko, a complicated dance in which many join toward the end; Espatadantz, a Basque sword dance that admits pantomime; and for a Finale the Arin-Arin, the last figure of the Zortziko.

The suite derived from the opera was first performed at Hamburg under Dr. Muck's leadership. The Chicago orchestra gave the first performance in this country last February. The opera itself was produced at Leipzig last November.

As is the case with most suites when the dances are not in strong contrast, the earlier pages of Mr. Wetzler's symphonic dance are the most striking, the most musically interesting. When he comes to the furious pages of the Finale, there is chiefly a monstrous din in which distinctive rhythms are lost. The Fandango and the Zortziko are those portions of the work which are the most pleasing to the hearer; those which are most creditable to the composer. How closely this music expresses the Bas-



Man spirit and emotion is not for a new Englander who knows that land only through tales of travellers and novelists, and through illustrated print, say. Ten years ago last April Mr. Laparra's "Basque Sunday" was performed here at a symphony concert. The composer was the pianist. The Scherzo was suggested by the game of Póloté. In the last movement there were allusion to the "Arin-Arin" and the "Espatadanza," but Mr. Laparra said that his aim was not so much to reconstitute the rhythms as to express the musical sentiment evoked in him by certain Basque aspects and customs. In Pierre's suites from his music for Cotti's "Ramuntcho," selections played at a symphony concert early in 1913 "Rhapsody" was first performed here by the Boston Orchestra Club as early as 1910—there are Basque dance rhythms. Laparra's music is picturesque worthy of the man that wrote the opera "La Habanera." But the simple measure in which Azucena, when she is dragged by Ferrando before the Count di Luna, sings of her homeland brings Basque nearer to us.

Saint-Saëns is held in slight repute by the young lions who today roar their opinions about music, but he wrote an effective violin concerto, three piano concertos out of his five that are worth hearing, chamber music of excellent quality, a witty opera "Phryne" and other music that is not negligible. His third violin concerto still gives pleasure especially when it is played by Mr. Thibaud, the most aristocratic of violinists now before our public. Yesterday he was recalled many times.

Mr. Burgin had firm control of the orchestra. He conducted tastefully, with spirit, with authority. The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 for strings, Fairchild, "Chants Negres" (first time in Boston), Ravel, Bolero (first time in Boston), Schumann, Symphony, C major, No. 2.

## TAKE 'TOURISTS' ROUD SO. AMERICA

Newn's Traveltalk Draws Large Audience

Subject of Mr. Newman's Traveltalk, illustrated with still and motion pictures, which drew a large audience to the phony hall last night, was "South America."

Ag through the Panama canal, his fellow tourists down the coast. Though Balboa was shown, carefully did not recite Keats's "In which the poet made the break, nor did he pad his talk Panama by telling about Morgan and his merry men. One would gladly have seen more of Lima, which, according to recent reports, is now a delightful city to live in and let the world see. Cuzco, interesting through his racial associations, did not tempt a sojourn.

The wonderful Incas did not bequeath knowledge of the sciences and skill in architecture to their descendants. Those of today looked worn and poverty stricken; yet some seasons ago a film play showed a magnificent Inca temple in California with full retinue of priests, bigoted followers, and a tiger, caged ready to disarrange the woman newspaper reporter from New York. Lake Titicaca, the ghost body of fresh water, gives fish to the descendants of the Incas. La Paz, the highest capital in the world, is no place for those who shiver easily and are catarrhal. The people in the northern portion of Chili are like the birds in one of Calverley's poems: They need no overcoats or umbrellas, for rain is unknown. This region is as dry and barren of vegetation as it is rich in nitrate, borax and copper.

From Antofagasta the audience was taken to see the sea lions, mothers driving their young into the water and teaching them to swim. There was only a glimpse of the fine city Santiago, with its background of towering, snow-peaked mountains.

Then followed a series of remarkable pictures. The magnificent scenery of the Magellan Straits; the surprisingly modern Punta Arenas, the most southernmost city of the world; the islands inhabited by birds; many views of the stupendous Iguazu falls. The audience showed unmistakable appreciation of these pictures.

The Magellan Straits were left behind. The contrast between shiftless, poverty stricken Paraguay and thriving Uruguay was striking. From Montevideo, with its fine buildings and frequented beaches, the audience went on a 1000-mile trip up the mighty Amazon. They saw strange birds, fish, plants, and

knew the jungle life, because they had been previously acquainted with the giant ant eater and the three-toed sloth. On the way to Europe, Lisbon, Belém, Vigo were seen, finally there was a safe arrival in Germany.

A most interesting travel talk; rich in pictures and information. It will be repeated this afternoon.

Next week, "The Rhine." P. H.

Dec 1 '929

### ROSA LOW

Rosa Low, soprano, well accompanied by Walter Golde, sang this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall: On a Time, Attley; Pastoral, Carey; Come, Who'll Buy Primroses, Old English; Love Has Eyes, Bishop; Lachen und Weinen, Schubert; Der Himmel hat eine Träne geweint, Roselein Roselein, Auftrage, Schumann; 6 Stornelli, Veretti; Bimba Bimbetta, Sibella; Roumanian folk songs, Flore, fue Flore Tre Cui, Brediceanu; Foale Verde Lamaita, Ciobanas Dela Miori, Kiriac; Dragum-Mi, Mandra de Tine, Brediceanu.

Miss Low gave her hearers an unusually agreeable hour. She has much in her favor. Of a singularly attractive personality, she is further blessed with the imagination which enables her to make any song she fancies interesting. The bright atmosphere of spring itself she evoked when she trilled through the Carey pastoral. Delightfully she called her primroses for sale. With just the right shade of archness she warned her lover, in the Italian "stornello," to have done with his whistling, for fear of the neighbors. Mightily neatly, too, by the way, Miss Low made the moment clear when first she heard that imprudent whistle.

To enable her to do justice to the promptings of her dramatic intelligence, Miss Low has the command of real musicianliness. She knows the meaning of a phrase. She feels melody. She understands where to place accents, with what force to ply them. At variations of tempo she is apt.

A sound musician, in brief, and sensitive, Miss Low is fortunate in possessing a voice fit to carry her musicianship. She has, indeed, an extremely good voice, fine in quality, long enough in range. Although she has trained this excellent voice to a line of exquisite purity, by no means has she turned it incapable of assuming many variations of color.

To her voice training and technique, surely, she must have paid close heed. In English she has developed remarkably distinct enunciation, not to forget the finer point of significant diction. Also she has made her own a velvety smooth legato. In her own way she has become, furthermore, mistress of breath management.

The pity is, however, that a singer so able as Miss Low should employ a system of breathing which often leaves her so sorely in the lurch that sometimes

she cannot sing a phrase through at her ease, or even strictly in tune. For want, too, of breath freely obtained and conserved, she cannot always give the warm tones her nature must crave, or high, strong tones at all. Since yelling and forcing lie outside her taste, she refrains from singing songs which demand tone she cannot give. Herein she shows wisdom and fine taste, but it is regrettable that she should allow a technical defect to limit her to a range of songs that easily grows tiresome.

R. R. G.

# ine Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Sherwood was fortunate in securing the excellent company now playing in "Waterloo Bridge." Women of lesser capabilities might have coarsened the lines spoken in the first scene. These lines are frank enough, but they are indispensable to the characterization of Kitty and Myra. The dialogue was not framed to excite the guffaws of those afflicted with a hair-trigger laugh, but spoken with that deliberate attempt it would have apparently had that purpose. All those who enjoy good acting, the acting that seems natural because it is the fruit of art, should see this play. Mr. Sherwood at the end avoided two pitfalls: an impossible happy ending; or rank sentimentalism when the soldier meets Myra for the last time.

Some dramatists might have added another act, with Myra married to Roy and setting out for Glens Falls with consequent exposure and suicide. Mr. Sherwood ends the play as it should end for dramatic purposes. Myra, alone, hoping for a destroying bomb, is a much more pathetic figure than if she came to grief after a few months of uneasy happiness in a strange land.

Kalman's music for "The Duchess of Chicago" is worth hearing, for certain pages have a delicacy and charm that are not often remarked in musical comedies. There is also pleasing curiosity as to the manner in which the Tiller girls make their many and rapid changes of costume. Among the comedians—the adaptation of the German libretto is not kind to them—Mr. Flore stood out by absence of mugging and the quiet incisiveness with which he spoke what was given him to speak. Miss Taiz and Miss Breen, with Mr. Woolf, did justice to the music, nor did they attempt to "hog the show," though they had many opportunities. Too often the voice of the leading woman in a musical comedy, when she lifts it up in song, is like that of a shrill-edged mother dividing the shuddering night (to take liberties with a poem of Tennyson that Carlyle did not find worthy of his comrade in pipes and tobacco).

It would be interesting to know in how many titles the word "Duchess" has entered: from Webster's great tragedy, "The Duchess of Malfi," to "The Duchess of Chicago." In the light opera field "The Duchess of Dantzic," with Ivan Caryll's music, brought out in 1903, is probably the most familiar.

This must be said concerning the performance at the Shubert Theatre: Mr. Woolf, Miss Taiz and Miss Breen spoke their lines distinctly and intelligently. The comedians were also audible—at times unfortunately so for the adapter of the German libretto.

The Herald recently published an editorial concerning the faulty enunciation of too many actors and actresses, especially actresses. The Philadelphia Inquirer also published an editorial, "Speak the Speech Trippingly," written by that experienced and able dramatic critic, Mr. Edward Fuller, who once filled that position on the Boston Post when E. M. Bacon was the editor:

"It is a good many years since William-Archer, speaking of the English stage, said: 'We have lost the art of diction.' He referred particularly to the poetic drama, where clarity of utterance is above all essential. Has the art been in any degree regained since then? Most recent productions of Shakespeare do not suggest that it has. But the evil is almost as plainly visible in the productions of modern plays, in the cloudy enunciation of plain prose."

"The limit of realism in art is, of course, an old question. It can hardly be answered dogmatically. But this at least may be said—the minute reproduction of superficial traits is not art. Cromwell wished to be painted as he was, warts and all; but it would have been a bad portrait, despite its fidelity to detail, had it been merely a face without the soul behind it. 'Bald realism' usually fails to see the wood for the trees. These actors who think that, because ordinary speech is often inaccurate and slovenly, they have only to employ similar methods on the stage to carry conviction to an audience, make the fundamental mistake of confusing nature and art. Without an idealizing touch nature becomes unnatural."

"It was once maliciously said of Charles Coghlan that he turned his back to the footlights when he wished to convey intense emotion. Indistinct utterance is a sort of turning one's back, a substitution of a vague penumbra of the dramatist's thought for the sharply defined picture he endeavored to evoke. After all, he has a right to be heard, and mumbling his lines deprives him of this right. The stage was formerly regarded as a model for accurate pronunciation and distinct enunciation. Perhaps the old-time actors sometimes mouthed their words unduly, and were unnatural by being stilted. But the opposite fault is quite as serious. There need not be 'elocution,' but there should be some sense of verbal values, some approach to clarity of speech."

When "Journey's End" was produced in Norway, the Oslo critics came to the astonishing conclusion that the play failed to present the reality of war. This led the Manchester Guardian to remark: "As a matter of strict fact, there always must be; you cannot have people butchered on the stage as a concession to the real thing. But it seems rather odd that the play, drama as it is, should have passed without much challenge on the ground of 'realism' in the lately belligerent countries only to be dismissed as lacking in the correct atmosphere by the critics of neutral Norway. This seems to be a clear case of the old assertion that the looker-on sees most of the game."

The Manchester Guardian, by the way, has this to say about a recent sad occurrence in London: "These are gay and eventful times for dramatic critics. At Golder's Green they have been forbidden to enter the local Hippodrome, and even pushed aside from its booking office, because they were not supposed to see a new Galsworthy play before it was 'released' for West End consumption; and at the Savoy Hotel one of them has just had his face slapped over a luncheon table by a young woman who resented his criticism on her acting. What is more, he had his face slapped as a serious international gesture. 'I slapped him for all Americans,' says the slapper, in a subsequent interview; 'it is his whole attitude towards Americans that I object to.'"

"It remains to be seen whether the slappee will now amend his attitude towards Americans—after all, it is a rather distinguished thing to be slapped



on behalf of an entire nation. In this competitive world it must count for something. A slap that represents the whole of the American commonwealth, all the way from Hollywood to Manhattan island, is rather a resounding assault. Still, the old world might yet go one better. Somebody might now arrange to strangle a leader-writer on behalf of the entire League of Nations."

An interesting article might be written on the dangers incurred by critics in the pursuit of their profession. We remember when a Chicago editor was horsewhipped because an unpleasant notice of the charming Lydia Thompson was published in his paper; also the uncomfortable experience of the music critic of the London Times who had found fault with Clara Butt's vocal gymnastics. Her husband, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, a virile baritone, standing over six feet from the ground, assaulted him and not merely with injurious epithets.

## THE SPANISH INVASION

La Argentina, dancing a week ago Saturday to music by Granados, De Falla, Guerrero, Albeniz, Valverde and folk tunes; tomorrow Jose Iturbi, a renowned Spanish pianist, born at Valencia 34 years ago, with a program that will include pieces by Albeniz, De Falla, Granados, as well as pieces by Mozart, Chopin, Brahms, Debussy, Ravel. (This recital, at the Hotel Statler, will be for the benefit of Denison House.)

Iturbi was a pupil of Victor Henri Staub at the Paris Conservatory, where he was awarded a first prize in 1913. What has become of M. Toporovski and M. Fournier? M. Casadesu—the three also were awarded a first prize that year—is highly esteemed in Paris as a pianist, but where is Toporovski, whose name alone should draw a large audience? Staub, born at Lima, Peru, was a pupil of Diemer. Before Iturbi went to Paris he studied at the Valencia Conservatory; later at Barcelona, where his teacher, according to the press agent, was Joaquin Malats—but according to the biographical dictionaries Malats died at the end of the 19th century. If this is true, Iturbi must have received absent treatment, or taken lessons of Malats at the age of four or five.

In 1919 the Geneva Conservatory called Iturbi to be the head of the piano faculty. There he remained for four years. He had already made himself known as a pianist of the very first rank, not only as one having an impeccable technique but one having an uncommon regard for tonal beauty and poetic expression. He has excited admiration in European countries, in South America, and since his appearance in Philadelphia on Oct. 11 with the Philadelphia orchestra, when he played Beethoven's concerto in G major, in cities of this country. Is it possible that he will not be engaged here, for concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra?

Mr. George Copeland was the first pianist to familiarize audiences of Boston with music of Spanish composers. Mr. Monteux and Dr. Koussevitzky brought out orchestral works. Before them, there was Rimsky-Korsakov's "Rhapsody on Spanish Themes," and Chabrier's "Espana"—would that Dr. Koussevitzky might find it worth while to conduct the latter dazzling work.

La Argentina, however, was the first to show us the true characteristics of the Spanish dance. In her talk here, admirably reported by Miss Elizabeth Borton in *The Herald* of last Sunday—the conversation was in Spanish—La Argentina stated that it was her purpose to preserve the old traditions of Spain's dances. Some years ago Havelock Ellis in "The Soul of Spain" wrote regretfully that "Dancing, at all events in its more ancient and characteristic modes," was one of the customs falling into disrepute. "It is no longer fashionable; it is chiefly enjoyed by the poorest classes; the best cafes cantantes are hidden away in back streets. The most exquisite dancing may sometimes be found only after many months, because no one thinks of mentioning it. . . . Nowadays the Spaniard prefers places of amusement which vacillate between the French cafe chantant and the English music hall." And Havelock Ellis in the chapter on "Spanish Dancing," which should be read by all wishing to understand fully and appreciate the more the art of La Argentina, says, "The instinctive dignity and self-respect, the profound love of decorum and beautiful ritual, which the Spaniard displays in his religious functions, and even in the bullfight, become visible in dancing also." This was seen in La Argentina's "Cordoba," perhaps the most beautiful representation of her art, though the audience liked better the more obvious peasant dance. Her program included a dance from De Falla's "La Vita Breve" and the Ritual Fire-Dance

from his "El Amor Brujo." In Paris she has produced the latter with her own company. To the audience in Symphony hall the Fire-Dance to drive away evil spirits was without special meaning. In the ballet, Candelas believes that a dead man whom she loved passionately may come back. She has a new lover, but she feels herself in the power of the man's ghost; a story not unlike the one in Anatole France's ironical novel of theatre life, "L'Histoire Comique."

There were Spanish dancers in Boston before La Argentina. Not those who in musical comedies knew the East side in New York or South Boston as their birthplace. Spanish dancers were chosen by James H. Hackett in Paris and appeared in Boston at the new National Theatre in 1853. Soto was the leading woman "and in several of her dances evinced the natural vigor characteristic of Spain." Pougead ranked first in favor on account of her beauty. "There was real artistic talent in this troupe, but not enough to give them powers of attraction in cities where better dances had often been seen; and aware probably of this fact, and unwilling to 'carry weight,' their drapery was exceedingly scant and light, not sufficient to merit the charge of immodesty," wrote Col. William W. Clapp, Jr., "but enough to pique the curiosity of the susceptible." Some 15 of the company were discharged without warning. "Though a lack of means to pay so heavy a company seemed to compel recourse to some such step, a more conciliatory method of reducing the expenses might have been resorted to."

Fanny Ellsler danced for the first time in Boston at the Tremont Theatre on Sept. 7, 1840. That night the receipts were \$1242. She received \$500 a night. On Oct. 2 the receipts were \$1391.75, but on Sept. 28 only \$620.75. These receipts included premiums obtained at auction. Auguste Ehrhard in his well documented life of the dancer gives an amusing account of her

triumphal tour in this country. She conquered Boston, "that city known for its austerity, by dancing for the Bunker Hill monument." One reads with wonder that Quakers were converted by her dash and grace. "For these puritans, the theatre was a place of perdition. Fanny drew them, even in Boston where the sect had a special reputation for austerity. At New York one of these devout persons, throwing his Bible over the windmill went straight to the Park Theatre and begged James Sylvain, the partner of Fanny, to procure for him at any cost, one of the intoxicating dancers' shoes. Sylvain sent the amorous Quaker to his charming comrade's maid."

The story of Emerson's and Margaret Fuller's enjoyment at seeing Fanny is a thrice-told tale, but Emerson in his journal wrote at length about the dancer. First an analysis of her art; then, "As to the morals, as it is called, of this exhibition that lies wholly with the spectator. The basis of this exhibition, like that of every human talent, is moral, is the sport and triumph of health or the virtue of organization. Her charm for the house is that she dances for them or they dance in her, not being (fault of some defect in their forms and educations) able to dance themselves. We must be expressed. . . . The immorality the immoral will see; the very immoral

will see that only; the pure will not heed it—for it is not obtrusive—perhaps will not see it at all." Emerson found no danger to young women leaving with a father or brother "happy and well guarded parlors"—to see Fanny dance, "but I can easily suppose that it is not the safest resort for college boys who have left metaphysics, conic sections, or Tacitus, to see these tripping satin slippers, and they may not forget this graceful silvery swimmer when they have retreated again to their baccalaureate cells. It is a great satisfaction to see the best in each kind, and as a good student of this world, I desire to let pass nothing that is excellent in its own kind unseen, unheard."

Fanny was especially applauded in this country and at Havana for her dancing the cachucha, so much so that at Havana when she was given a gorgeous Spanish costume for the dance a woman added a marvelous fan on which the cachucha was embroidered in gold.

No one wrote so eloquently about this dance as Theophile Gautier when Fanny danced it in Paris in "Le Diable Boiteux" in 1836. She surpassed Rosita Diez, Lola, the best dancers of Madrid, Seville, Cadiz, Grenada, the gypsies—he had seen them all, and nothing was comparable to this cachucha. Nevertheless the public had to be habituated. There were letters even editorial articles, protesting against the immorality of the dance. Even her castanets were thought to be immoral, like the spotted circus horse that Blanca rode in Artemus Ward's pathetic tale.

Did La Argentina ever admit this dance to her repertoire? It was said in 1895 that the name of this dance was not given in any Spanish dictionary, though the dance was national. It was danced by a man or a woman alone, at first in a moderate movement. The dancer little by little increased the rapidity of her steps and the noise of her castanets. "The steps, like the tune, are gay, graceful, passionate, the bust and head play a great role in the expressive movements that characterize the dance." It was a comparatively modern dance. Is Mrs. Lily Grove right in saying that the cachucha was a "specialty, and so to speak, an invention of Carlotta Grisi," and not a national Spanish dance? The authorities are against her.

There were famous Spanish dancers in Paris before Fanny made the cachucha famous. Dolores Serra, the Fabiani sisters, Mile. Plunkett, not a Spaniard, excited the admiration of Gautier by her performance of the bolero.

A Spanish dancer, famous in her day, who visited Boston, was Isabel Cubas, who came out at the Winter Garden Theatre, New York, in 1861. She was a pantomimist as well as a dancer, appearing in "The Wizard Skiff," "Masaniello," and "The French Spy." "She danced with a fire and a passion that seemed irresistible." She attempted a speaking part in "Wept of Wish-Ton-Wish." She had one word to exclaim as the curtain fell, "Father," and succeeded in saying "Fader." She died at New York in 1864 and rests in Greenwood cemetery. She danced at the Boston Theatre on Nov. 19, 1861, 1862 and in September, 1863, was seen in "The French Spy," "The Wizard Skiff," "Narramatta" and as Vanderdecken in "The Flying Dutchman."

### NEW B. F. KEITH'S "Sunny Side Up"

An original screen musical comedy with songs, story and dialogue by De Sylva, Brown and Henderson; directed by David Butler and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Molly Carr	Janet Gaynor
Jack Cromwell	Charles Farrell
Jane Worth	Sharon Lynn
Eddie Rafferty	Frank Richardson
Eric Swenson	El Brendel
Bee Nichols	Marjorie White
Joe Vito	Joe Brown
Mrs. Cromwell	Mary Forbes
Raoul	Alan Paul
Lake	Peter Gawthorne

One of the pathetic figures of the present-day screen is little Janet Gaynor of the wistful eyes, the sensitive, mobile features. When the screen was silent she was one of its most appealing adornments by reason of her fragile person, her very expressive facial play. Thrust willingly into the "talkies" she doubtless has discovered, as have her thousands of admirers, that the fates which have proved kind to some can be cruel to others. Already it has been demonstrated that her voice is not strong enough for the audible pictures. When she is compelled to try to sing, even to dance, one realizes that only her fine courage is sustaining her under most trying circumstances. The case of Mr. Farrell, long identified with Miss Gaynor in companion roles, is similar. Appearing in pantomime, he becomes the awkward novice in dialogue. For singing he has not the slightest talent. Yet here they both are, principals in an ambitious music-coated mounting of an exceptionally stale theme, the realization of a poor little girl's dream of a tall, handsome and rich lover.

The Messrs. De Sylva, Henderson and Brown, a trio of musical comedy

melodists and lyricists, have contributed several catchy numbers to "Sunny Side Up." The most captivating one is "If I Had a Talking Picture of You"; others are "I'm a Dreamer, Aren't We All?" strummed by Janet on a zither which strangely reproduces salon orchestral effects; "Sunny Side Up" and "Turn on the Heat," an ensemble dance novelty in which snow-covered igloos dissolve under the warmth of many sinuous dancing girls and give place to uprisings palm-trees. Mr. Butler, for his part, shows several highly illuminative scenes in his early sequences, the progress of a fourth of July block party on a populous street of New York's upper East side, with its parade of youngsters' brass band, its songs, dances and speeches from a bedecked platform, its glimpses into various interiors disclosing domestic secrets both comic and tragic. Later he makes lavish use of playing fountains, of rich estates and their enchanting gardens.

For light and familiar humor there is El Brendel, he of the ingratiating smile, the fumbling good intention, the meticulous high collar and the vanishing cuff. Mr. Brendel plays the role of benign protector to the lovelorn Janet. Marjorie White, a screen debutante, shows promise, when given better scope, of becoming a capable comedienne. Some of the children introduced in the block party scenes and in the Cromwell's charity show are more amusing than their elders in the cast.

W. E. G.

### FENWAY

#### "Darkened Rooms"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Patrick Kearney and Melville Baker from the novel of the same name by Sir Philip Gibbs; directed by Le Gasnier and presented by Param with the following cast:



By certain definite signs it would appear that they are going to make a pretty good actor out of Neil Hamilton after all. There have been moments in the past when the task seemed difficult, but now he is coming on, and coming on fast. As the boardwalk racketeer who seemed bound to spoil a perfectly good photographer to become a fake spiritualist, Hamilton does a very neat bit of character work in "The Darkened Room," a picture out of the ordinary run, made rather deftly from Sir Philip Gibbs's story. It is one of those pictures which keeps one guessing as to the outcome, whether Emory Jago will and in jail or succeed in his wild dream of exacting thousands of dollars from a gullible heiress who, in her eagerness to hear a spirit and message from her dead lover, an aviator killed in the war, disregards the warnings of her present lover, Bill. That he does not run afoul of the law is due to the neat little trick which Ellen, the ex-chorus girl whom he has befriended, plays on him as a desperate last resort. Ellen at first had consented to pose of the dear sister who received and transmitted the spirit messages, but she knew when to quit. Since Emory was a stubborn lad, Ellen had to adopt drastic measures, with huge success. How she did it makes the climax of the picture, and it would be unfair to disclose the trick here.

The pictorial features are interesting: a big amusement park, with its roller coasters, its bright lights, its crowds; Mme. Sylvaras's seance parlor; Jago's studio where comes at divers times a sailor, each time with a new sweetheart, to pose in affectionate juxtaposition. One girl insisted on a classy picture, if it was to travel around the world on a battleship. The characters are intelligently developed, especially those of the frowzy soothsayer, of Jago, the turbid student of the occult, and of Ellen, the girl who loved him despite his sinful quest of riches. Mr. Hamilton's voice was restfully modulated, his manner natural, his whole performance consistently shaped. Miss Brent, at her best in certain hard types, indicated her gradual softening of Ellen's nature from a disillusioned chorus girl to a solicitous helpmate to the youth who had given her a haven. Miss Henry was amusing as the loquacious fortune teller.

#### KEITH-ALBEE

**"Big News"**  
An all-talking melodrama adapted by Jack Jungmeyer from the story by George S. Brooks, screen play by Walter Leon; directed by Gregory La Cava and presented by Pathe with the following cast:

Robert Armstrong	Carol Lombard
Tom Kennedy	Warner Richmond
Wade Boteler	Sam Hardy
James Donnan	Charles Sellon
Cupid Ainsworth	

must be interesting to work in a paper office when the editor-in-charge spends the morning dashing in and out of the city room in his shirt-sleeves, hiring and firing one of his reporters and ends by getting him knocked on the head and axphyxiated. As if that weren't enough, the editor and the district attorney hold

court in the office and try to arrest at least half a dozen innocent persons, while the real murderer sits by and enjoys the entertainment, nevertheless, and the only noticeable flaws that can be picked in "Big News," now current at Keith-Albee Theatre, are the inability of Robert Armstrong to use a typewriter and the remarkable manner in which he loses a beautiful black eye the space of an hour.

Steve Banks, crack newspaper reporter, is fired on the eve of getting a scoop. He has an idea that Reno, prosperous Italian restaurant owner and advertiser with his paper, is the owner of a dope ring. With much difficulty he gets a confession out of a who had bought dope from Reno brings it to Addison, his editor-in-chief, who re-engages him on the spot at an increase in salary. Reno, however, learns of the confession and goes to Addison's office to get it. While talking with some one in the office the discovery is made that the man has been murdered.

Concession falls on Banks, who is arrested. Things look bad for him as he was heard quarrelling with a man and had a reputation for being dangerously drunk—but the discovery of a dictaphone recording to clear him and convict the criminal. Robert Armstrong was it as the hard-boiled, persistent re-devil Banks. Sam Hardy con-

characterizations. Carol Lombard was sympathetic and attractive as Margery and Cupid Ainsworth was amusing as Vera, whose job it was to give advice to the lovelorn.

E. L. H.

#### PARK

##### "The Awful Truth"

An all-talking picture adapted by Arthur Richman and Horace Jackson from the play of the same name by Mr. Richman; directed by Marshall Neilan and presented by Pathe with the following cast:

Lucy Warriner	Ina Claire
Norman Warriner	Henry Daniel
Edgar Trent	Theodore Von Eltz
Dan Leeson	Paul Harvey
Mrs. Leeson	Blanche Frederick
Josephine Trent	Judith Voselli
Jimmy Kempster	John Roche

A few seasons ago there was a delightful comedy, "The Awful Truth," in which Ina Claire gave a performance which, in its sparring comedy and sophisticated emotion, left nothing to be desired. The same play, now a talking picture, is to be seen at the Park Theatre during the current week. Little diminished in its sleek smartness and clever dialogue, it affords a very pleasant hour's entertainment. To be sure the plot is nothing to boast about, but to complain about that would be foolish; it is quite sufficient to be able to see and to hear Miss Claire breeze her way through a series of matrimonial hazards and come out, as she should, on top.

Lucy Warriner, a young and slightly flirtatious wife, is suspected by her stiff and virtuous husband, Norman, of having indulged in a serious affair with Jimmy Kempster, her escort to various social affairs. So sure is he of the correctness of his suspicions that he insists on a divorce, which Lucy lets him have. Separated they are distinctly unhappy. Norman especially, since he hears that Lucy is contemplating a second marriage with Dan Leeson. Lucy is not in the slightest degree in love with Dan; all she wishes to do is to make Norman jealous and finally apologetic. The plan works out finally after all sorts of amusing complications and Norman finds that he suspected Lucy on no grounds at all. The story ends with a reconciliation in the dark.

Ina Claire gave a charming performance as Lucy. She was by turns coquettish and distant, affectionate and angry; in sort, inconsistent in a manner possible only to an unusually attractive and temperamental woman. Henry Daniel was calm and haughty as Norman, save for a bit at the end when he puts down his foot with serene determination. His part is subordinate to Miss Claire's, of course, but together they made an excellent team.

On the same program is "Sailor's Holiday," a nautical comedy in which the robust Alan Hale has the part of a sailor with a profane parrot. He comes ashore and is waylaid by a damsel in distress seeking her brother who had run away to sea. There is a great deal of slapstick fooling and considerable roughhouse through which Mr. Hale moves with riotous enjoyment assisted by the pretty Sally Eilers as the heroine and Paul Hurst as a ubiquitous boatswain.

E. L. H.

#### SLONIMSKY

Nicolas Slonimsky will give a piano recital at the Women's City Club next Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 8:15 P. M.

Scherzo in B flat, Berceuse, Chopin
The Magic Fire, from "The Valkyrie," Wagner
Liebestraum, Mendelssohn
Anfuehrung, Schumann
March, from the opera "Love for Three Oranges," Prokofiev
Pictures at an Exhibition, Mussorgsky
Studies in Black and White, Slonimsky
Jazzette
A penny for your thoughts
Onasi Inezito
The Sax dreaming of a Flute
Typographical errors

#### By PHILIP HALE

**HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—The Theatre Guild, Inc., produces for the first time on any stage "Meteor," a play in three acts by S. N. Behrman. The cast was as follows:**

Ann Carr	Lynn Fontanne
Douglas Carr	Douglas Montgomery
Phyllis Penning	Shirley O'Hara
Sherman Maxwell	Martin Berkeley
Curtis Maxwell	Lawrence Leslie
Dr. Avery	Edward Emery
Raphael Lord	Alfred Lunt
Mullin	Leonard Loan
A Butler	Charles McClelland

Raphael Lord, a tramp student at a small university, hates his fellows, his professors, the whole method of instruction and the atmosphere of the place. He especially loathes Sherman Maxwell, a crack football player, on account of his prominence, the adulation paid him, and because he thinks Ann Carr may love him. Raphael is more than your ordinary egoist; he believes him self to be a superman. He knows what is to happen in the village and what will happen to him in New York. Wealth and power will be his. When he is asked what he will do to secure what he wishes—confidently expects—he can give no answer that satisfies the gentle humorist, Dr. Avery, who, fond of the boy, is amused by him as

## OPERA IN BOSTON

By PHILIP HALE

Some public-spirited men and women of Boston are now making the experiment of providing operatic performances at a reasonable price. It is their hope that the experiment will lead to the establishment of "permanent opera"—that is, a season of more than two or even a half-dozen weeks.

Grand opera presented in every way that justifies the prefix of the adjective: celebrated singers; a large and well-trained chorus; an orchestra that can do justice to the more modern scores; sumptuous and artistic stage settings; and costumes; a ballet worthy the name; experienced conductors—opera that answers these requirements is necessarily a luxury and an expensive one, so expensive that hundreds of true lovers of the art, those who do not attend performances simply because they are fashionable and costly, are unable to enter the opera house.

There should surely be room, and there should be encouragement for performances that are not so great a drain on a modest purse, nor should these performances be necessarily of negligible value. It depends on the public whether the present experiment will succeed or fail in its praiseworthy purpose; it also depends on the character of the performances. A good "all round" ensemble of singers who take their task seriously is to be preferred to a brilliant star whose splendor necessitates economy in the selection of the support, the orchestra, and the furnishing of the stage.

A company without great pretensions recently gave pleasure to audiences at the Arlington Theatre. A lesson might be learned also from the history of the old Boston Opera Company. The first season the prices were moderate; the performances were enjoyed, although many of the leading singers had little reputation either at home or abroad. But the manager was too ambitious; blazing stars were imported; the expenses behind the curtain grew more and more; there were unpleasant rumors of waste; finally the company was disbanded, and not solely by reason of the breaking out of the World War. Mr. Jordan, the generous provider of means, to whom the erection of the Opera House was due, finally wearied of the extravagance. His purpose was defeated. Bitter was his disappointment.

It is more than doubtful whether opera on the scale set by Henry Russell in his last years as manager could be for many months maintained in Boston. A civic subsidy would involve political interference and possible graft. There is no reason why opera on the lines laid out by the present supporters should not appeal to the public at large.

An interesting case. Raphael insists that Ann should accompany him at once and tempts her with visions of future worldly and mental happiness. She does not know whether she loves him. This she does know—she is in a way afraid of him.

After she refuses to make a hurried flight with him, he rushes out of the house, screaming "I hate you." Now Maxwell's brother Curtis has been urging him to play 10 or a dozen football matches, and talks of the great sum that will come to them. Sherman hints that his heart is weak. As they are discussing the matter, Lord returns and says that Sherman can never marry Ann. He knows what ails the lad. Ann must be told. There are angry words, Sherman is held from attacking Lord. Highly excited, Sherman's heart fails him. Lord knew this was to be.

Five years pass. Lord is rich and powerful. Not content with what he has he finds oil in Mexico. He disposes of stock; he will turn the land into a paradise; there will be a happy and industrious colony. More dictatorial, more egotistical, more sure of himself than ever, he brooks no contradiction, sneers at Dr. Avery, who assures him that his scheme is Utopian. Ann finds herself neglected; she sees only her husband's business friends; she is not a sharer in his life; she is disgusted with his insatiable ambition, his contempt for mankind. Meanwhile Curtis

Maxwell plots the undoing of the one whom he regards as the murderer of his brother. Lord knows that Curtis is his enemy; he knows there is trickery, corruption in Mexico, but he does nothing, believing his silence and inaction are ominous to his foes.

Two years later he feels that something fatal is going to happen; he begs Ann to leave him that she may not share his fate. Again he knows—this time to his cost. He summons Maxwell. There is a dramatic meeting. Lord is exultant even after Maxwell tells him he is ruined. But newsboys are proclaiming his ruin in the streets. Then Lord rages and swears to expose the villainy of his enemies, to bring them to their knees. Ann, who thinking him

ruined, is all tenderness and womanly fidelity, stunned by his mad outbursts, leaves the house. Lord agrees to see his chief foe in the morning, still sure of himself, still the egoist. The curtain falls—on a question mark.

The play is dramatic, intensely so at times, without becoming cheaply theatrical. Lord is the one character strongly drawn. The others are more or less familiar. Dr. Avery is descended from the guide, philosopher, friend who talks shrewdly and humorously in plays that by Pinero who had read the comedies of Dumas the younger. Ann is our old friend the disappointed woman who yet retains affection for her husband when she believes he is sorely in need of concern; there is unusual grimness in the portrait of Curtis Maxwell. The dialogue is crisp, speeding the action, save for the necessary tirades of Lord in ex-praise of his superhuman abilities.

The performance was engrossing, and though the prompter's voice was a few times heard, it was uncommonly smooth for a veritable first performance. Lord's sublime confidence in himself was so forcibly portrayed by Mr. Lunt that the spectators shared that confidence. Miss Fontanne was as fortunate in her representation of the disillusioned wife, as in the scene when she would fain bring balm to wounded pride. Mr. Emery was genial and sane, not forcing his role, delighted as a child with his first edition of Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici" received from the master egoist who, another Rastignac, vowed to conquer New York, yes, the world, and sought a woman's aid. But Lord spurned this aid and Ann was not the frail, selfish, heartless beauty of Balzac's imagination.

An audience that filled the theatre was deeply interested and at the end enthusiastic.

#### BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

##### "La Gioconda"

Opera in four acts by Ponchielli. Boston Grand Opera Company. The cast:

La Gioconda	Anne Lissetskaya
Laura	May Barron
La Cieca	Zava Jay
Enzo Grimaldo	Giuseppe Radiaeli
Barraba	Pasquale Amato
Alvise	Alfredo Valenti
Zuane	Eugenio Colletti
Isopo	Giuseppe Reschigliani
A Friar	Giuseppe La Puma

Conductor, Carlo Perrot  
"You're no genius," complained Barrie's young Sentimental Tommy to his sister, "only talent." Let us admit as much of Ponchielli, doffing our hats, however, before his "talent," and by no means "complaining" because the talent was scarcely genius.

Let us also point to the fact—which ought to need no pointing—that, once their day has passed, only works of genius hold their own by their own force. "Il Trovatore," even today, holds up its head with the best, keeping company with "Lucia," and "Il Barbiere." For each in its way is a masterpiece, and masterpieces can survive a deal of rough treatment. So "La Boheme," and "La Tosca," operas still at the top of their vogue, do very well, however ill they may be done.

But operas like "La Gioconda," operas excellent enough to raise a stir when they were new and completely in taste, have a hard time of it when they set out to please people who fancy something different. To reproduce, in short, an old opera of "talent," requires the ministrations of people of genius, conductor, stage manager, actors, singers. People of genius, in any walk of life, are rare.

That they should abound in the new

Boston Opera Company is scarcely to be expected. The only wonder in that Mr. Amato, who must know very well the brilliant forcefulness of "La Gioconda" when conditions of performance are right, should elect to be a party to a performance which by no possibility could approach sufficient rightness to make it even reasonably effective. The new organization showed no wise judgment when they made their entry with an opera quite beyond their powers.

They have among them artists very capable indeed. Mr. Peroni, in command of an excellent orchestra of perhaps 60 players, got excellent results from those same players. He held the chorus together, stirring them, when he could, to animation. To the principals he proved support indeed.

Mr. Amato, like Mr. Peroni, also knew all the ropes. Knowing as well how to sing, he sang extremely well, always expressively, sometimes with real honor. Miss Barron sang with beautiful tone and admirable taste. Equal beautiful tone Mr. Radiaeli had at his disposal, but, for want of Miss Barron's taste, during the first two acts let it be heard far less often. "La Traviata" will be sung tonight and "Carmen" presently. In these operas of genius still in fashion, the new company will surely do themselves no iller justice. There was a large audience last night.

R. R. G.

#### MAXIM KAROLIK

Maxim Karolik, tenor, sang the following music last night at Jordan Hall: "We Sat Together, Alone Again, Emmentent, (Tschalkowsky), and arioso from the opera "Cherevichky" ("Little



Suppers, Romance (Debussy), Le Manoir de Rosemond, (Duparc); Les Papillons, (Chausson); I Pastori ("The Shepherds"), (Pizzetti); the Brook's Lament, (Cecconi); Coy Maiden, I Madly Love You, (Casella); Christ Is Risen, (Rachmaninoff); the Call of Freedom, (Balakireff); the Sea (ballad), (Borodin); Waves Dashing and Breaking, (Rimsky-Karsakoff).

Mr. Karolik, formerly of the Musical Drama Theatre of Petrograd, infused all his songs last night with the tense, highly dramatic style made familiar by many other Russian singing actors. That style, very mannered, occasionally explosive, often very expressive, seems to be as characteristically Russian as the pungent sounds of the Russian language. Last night those sounds were grafted on to French and Italian, too. Mr. Karolik's fine tenor voice, well used on the whole except for some forcing in the upper register, and his gift for sustaining an intensely emotional atmosphere made his singing of the Russian songs especially interesting. "We Sat Together" throbbed with Russian remorse and regret; "Alone Again" was a cry of despair and supplication. Mr. Karolik entered equally well into the naughty mood of "Enticement," and his singing of an arioso from "Cherevichky" was that of the well trained singing actor, sure of his effects.

The fragile beauty of Debussy's "Romance," however, it is not in his power to evoke, or at least not until he is able to phrase more delicately, and to use a soft tone without letting it become breathy. Casella's "Coy Maiden, I Madly Love You" was also sung with breathy tonelessness, except in spots, though Mr. Karolik evidently had worked out a careful and interesting interpretation. He sang Duparc's "Le Manoir de Rosemond," as might be expected, with telling emphasis and excitement, and Chausson's "Les Papillons" with grace and charm.

Mr. Karolik's feeling for drama is apparent. It is shown in his way of singing, his numerous and highly individual gestures, and his choice of music. The theatre would seem the best medium for his talents. However, his singing last night had many merits and he pleased an audience that seemed large considering the stormy night.

Nicolas Slonimsky provided distinguished accompaniments. E. B.

#### JOSE ITURBI

Jose Iturbi, Spanish pianist, played for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon at the Hotel Statler for the benefit of Denison House. His program was as follows: Mozart, Sonata, A major; Schumann, Arabesque; Chopin, Valse, G flat major and Polonaise, A flat major; Brahms, Variations on a Theme of Paganini; Ravel, Pavane; Debussy, Danse de la fayeure; Albeniz, La Vieille; Granados, El Pelele.

It was to be expected that Mr. Iturbi would play music by his countrymen with a peculiar gusto. "El Pelele" is one of the "Goyescas" which were at last converted into an opera. The rhythm of this particular number is that with which the opera begins. "I should like," said Granados, who fell victim to German brutality in the world war, "to give in the 'Goyescas' a personal note, a mixture of grace and bitterness, but neither one of them should dominate in a poetic atmosphere. There should be great melodic value and a rhythm that often absorbs the music. Rhythm, color and decidedly Spanish life; the note of sentiment now suddenly amorous and passionate, now dramatic and tragic, as appears in all the work of Goya."

Although Mr. Iturbi is a master of brilliant bravura, as was shown by his performances of the music by Albeniz, De Falla and Granados, he is more than a nationalist in music; more than a specialist. He is not a pianist in a Spanish belfry, for the chief feature of the concert was his exquisite performance of Mozart's sonata, a performance in which tonal beauty and the purest taste; freedom from any exaggeration in order to modernize the music; a willingness to accept this music as of its period, were all conspicuous, a proof that Mr. Iturbi is a thoughtful, intelligent musician as well as a remarkable virtuoso. Perhaps his interpretation of Chopin's Valse was a little mannered, but for once the hackneyed Polonaise was not merely a parade piece. He made Brahms's Variations endurable by his selection and interpretation of them. In Ravel's "Pavane for a Dead Child" he expressed the strange melancholy, the austerity alternating with tenderness. The large audience was justly enthusiastic and compelled him to add to the program. It is a pleasure to state that Mr. Iturbi will be the pianist at the Symphony concerts next week, when he will play with the orchestra Liszt's Concerto No. 1. P. H.

#### SYMPHONY CONCERT

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the first of the Monday evening concerts this season last night in Symphony hall. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted. The program was as follows:

Handel's Concerto Grosso op. 8, No. 10; Schumann's Piano Concerto (Martha Baird, pianist); Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony.

As the music by Handel and Tchaikovsky has been performed here recently and as the music itself is familiar to Boston's audiences, there remains little to be said except that the performance again excited enthusiastic admiration. Again the charming air and the joyous allegros of Handel; again the pathos and the splendor of Tchaikovsky's symphony made their irresistible way. The fiery, exciting March was played superbly.

Some have expressed the opinion in recent years that Schumann's concerto is not for large halls; that it is too intimate. Yet pianists of the first rank do not agree to this and those of lesser fame find the music grateful especially if they have developed a fine rhythmic sense. Miss Baird who gave a recital here last October displayed an agreeable touch and well-trained fingers.

The next concert of the series will be on Jan. 27.

#### LOEW'S STATE

##### "The Locked Door"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by C. Gardner Sullivan from the play, "The Sign on the Door," by Channing Pollock; directed by George Fitzmaurice and presented by United Artists with the following cast:

Frank Deveraux..... Rod La Rocque  
Ann Carter..... Barbara Stanwyck  
Lawrence Reagan..... William Boyd  
Helen Reagan..... Betty Bronson  
The Waiter..... Harry Stubbs  
District Attorney..... Harry Mestayer  
Hotel Proprietor..... Mack Swain  
Telephone Girl..... Zasu Pitts  
The Valet..... George Bunny

Those who read the newspaper accounts of murder trials may well have been under the impression that if one man killed another, even accidentally, he usually paid for it with something more than a mild rebuke from the district attorney. There are such things as sentences for manslaughter—in other places than the moving pictures. The kind-hearted public prosecutor at the scene of the killing in "The Locked Door," the current film at Loew's State Theatre, evidently thought that the criminal was sufficiently punished by having suspected his wife of all sorts of unpleasant things—no other explanation seems possible for his leniency—so he told him that he had had a narrow escape, and every one went home to bed.

Frank Deveraux was a devil with the women: indeed he spent his time hastening from one to another. At the beginning of the picture he took a pretty girl, Ann Carter, to a disreputable house-boat on the night when the place was raided and flashlight photographs were taken of those who were present. She did not care for Deveraux and when she was married some months later to Lawrence Reagan, it was most displeasing to have Deveraux turn up as the lover of her husband's sister, Helen. Knowing that Helen was planning to elope with Deveraux, Ann went to his apartment to bring her back, but Helen was late and Ann just missed being seen by her husband, who had come with the intention of beating up Deveraux for what he had done to the wife of one of his friends.

There was a row, of course, and during its progress Deveraux produced a gun which was accidentally discharged, apparently killing him; Reagan departed, locking the door after him, so that Ann was imprisoned. When she was discovered by the police there was a rather muddled series of heroics, ending with the vindication of the pure. E. L. H.

#### THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COLONIAL—"Whoopie," musical comedy, with Eddie Cantor; second week.  
COLEY—"Murder on the Second Floor," melodrama; fourth week.  
HOLLIS STREET—"Meteor," S. N. Behrman's new play, with Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, and other Theatre Guild players.  
MAJESTIC—"Wolf Wolf," musical comedy, with Louise Brown; second week.  
REPERTORY—"The Merchant of Venice," Shakespearean revival; last week.  
SHUBERT—"The Duchess of Chicago," musical comedy, with Walter Woolf; last week.  
TREMONT—"Waterloo Bridge," drama, with Glenn Hunter, June Walker; third week.  
WILBUR—"Journey's End," R. C. Sheriff's war play; fifth week.  
NOTE—The Plymouth and Shubert Lyric theatres are dark.

#### KREUTZBERG-GEORGI

By PHILIP HALE

Harald Kreutzberg and Yvonne Georgi, dancers of "the modern German school," gave an entertainment last night in Symphony hall in aid of The Little House and South Boston Neighborhood House. Frederick Wilkens, pianist and composer, accom-

panied them. The program was as follows: Chopin, Polonaise; Scott, Dance of the Master of Ceremonies from Reinhardt's festival play (Salzburg); Milhaud, In the Twilight; Mozart, Variations; Wilkens, pianist and composer, accompanied Debussy, Romantic Dance Scenes; De Falla, Spanish Impressions; Prokofiev, Three Mad Figures; Wilkens, Waltz; Wilkens, The Angel of Last Judgment; Satie, Persian Song; Spirit of Evil, Witlowski, Russian Dance. There was a very large audience.

No doubt Isadora Duncan influenced the form and the expression of the dance that may be called interpretive in Germany as she did in Russia. She went back to the Greeks. Mme. Georgi and Mr. Kreutzberg are of the ultra-modern school, the latter relying greatly on pantomime, the force of which is not strengthened by breaking into any form of dance as known, but finds additional expression in wild running about the stage and frantic poses and gestures, as in the second and third of "Three Mad Figures," in which in sane fancyings, sinister sounds, the tramping of approaching feet inspire terror. But here the controlling element of the macabre was the miming of fright. In "The Angel of Last Judgment" the gesticulation was not so impressive, partly because the meaning to be expressed was not clear. "The question naturally came up: 'What was this angel doing?' Separating the sheep from the goats?" Nor were these the questions of a puzzled Philistine. Some thought he was summoning the dead and the living to the judgment seat. On the other hand the significance of "Revolte" was understood immediately, and the dance of the master of ceremonies was delightful by the quaintness of its formality. In the Russian dance Mr. Kreutzberg's leaps, his dwelling high in air provoked enthusiasm.

Mme. Georgi dances charmingly in the waltz to Mr. Wilkens's equally charming music. (It may here be said that as a pianist he was an invaluable aid to the dancers.) Her dance as Salome took one back to the pictures by old German painters and illustrators, except for the outstretched, greedy arms—to snare the Tetrarch. "In the Twilight" caused one to wonder. Here against terpsichorean symbolism needed an explanation.

The duets are long to be remembered for their grace and beauty, especially the Variations of Mozart's theme played last Monday by Mr. Iturbi; the "Scenes" to Debussy's music; the Persian Scene. The Spanish Impressions were of a more conventional nature.

The audience recalled the visitors again and again. It evidently wished Mr. Kreutzberg to play-act the madman a second time; but he and his partner had the good, artistic sense throughout the evening to content themselves with courtly acknowledgment of the clamorous appreciation.

#### BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

##### "La Traviata"

Opera in four acts by Verdi. Boston Grand Opera Company. The cast: Violetta Valery..... Dorothy Speare  
Florentino Bervoix..... Norma Patrick  
Alfredo Germont..... Suzanne D'Amico  
Giorgio Germont..... Davide Borini  
Gaston..... Giuseppe Martino-Rossi  
Baron Douphol..... Eugenio Colletti  
Marquis d'Obigny..... Arturo Perez  
Dr. Grenvil..... Giuseppe La Puma  
Conductor, Carlo Peroni.

Successfully the new opera company weathered the ordeal of the frequently fatal second performance. So much for discretion! "La Traviata" they could manage.

In some respects, indeed, they managed admirably. Mr. Peroni, for instance, let the genuine beauties of Verdi's score stand forward as does not happen in every performance of "La Traviata," however loud its acclaim. Firmly, too, he held everything together, the while he made the opera march. All praise to him!

The company, too, have a powerful asset in Mr. Martino-Rossi. Endowed with a noble voice, he sang nobly last night. Except for one over-strenuous passage toward the end of his great air, his singing might, throughout the second and third acts, have served very well for a model of what "bel canto" should be. In his air, by the way, he achieved the effect of fatherly sympathy which Verdi surely had in mind, which, however, eludes too many baritones. In the ensemble, furthermore, of the third act, he expressed a severity of displeasure fit to make any ill-behaved son shiver. Here was notable work.

In Miss Speare the company has a singer quite at her ease on the stage. Her melodies she sang with extreme niceties of phrasing, and, when she did not drive her fragile voice too hard, with lovely tone. Until she has developed her voice to its normal power, probably she might cope more successfully with a soubrette role than a tragic. Why not Musetta or Cherubino?

By very good acting and musical singing Mr. Dorini atoned for an unpleasant voice. An agreeable feature was the neatly devised, and executed, choral ballet of the gipsies, with Miss Camanana at their head.

An excellent aria, "Carmen" will be sung tonight. R. R. G.

#### CLARA RABINOVITCH

Clara Rabinovitch, pianist, played the following program last night at Jordan hall.

Sonata G major, Mozart; Sonata B minor Op. 58, Chopin; Intermezzo Op. 118 No. 2, Brahms; Capriccio Op. 76 No. 2, Brahms; Oiseaux tristes, Ravel; Jeux d'Eau, Ravel; prelude B minor, Rachmaninoff; prelude G sharp minor, Rachmaninoff; Lesghinka, Liapounow.

Miss Rabinovitch plays quietly, with a conservation of energy and effects that is refreshing, though the payment she must make is occasional monotony. Her technique is good—almost too good, for like her refreshing quietness, it trails a fault behind, the remarkable fluidity of her passage work becomes a blur sometimes.

She played the Mozart sonata delightfully on the whole; in it her grace of phrasing and skill in achieving delicate nuance was revealed. But the Chopin sonata suffered at her hands, it became soft in the andante, turgid in the presto and finale.

Miss Rabinovitch has one quality too often lacking in women pianists—real rhythm, flexible and expressive. It made the Intermezzo and the Capriccio of Brahms interesting, and revealed hidden beauties in the two pieces by Ravel.

A large and fashionable audience applauded enthusiastically and demanded extra numbers. E. B.

#### BOSTON OPERA COMPANY

##### Carmen

Carmen..... Frances Peralta  
Micaela..... Dorothy Speare  
Frasquita..... Cecile Benson  
Mercedes..... May Barron  
Don Jose..... Edward Molitor  
Escamillo..... Joseph Royer  
Dancalio..... Giuseppe La Puma  
Remendado..... Giuseppe Reschizian  
Zuniga..... Alfredo Valenti  
Morales..... Eugenio Colletti  
Conductor, Giuseppe Bamboschek.

A lively, vivaciously acted, and on the whole well-sung performance of Carmen was given last night at the Boston Opera House. Frances Peralta of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, sang Carmen (Sophie Braslau, who originally was scheduled to sing the role, was unable to fill the part because of a cold). Miss Peralta's Carmen disappointed few, for better acting and more expressive singing of the role is seldom heard. Her Carmen was not spasmodically wicked, ineffectually alluring—she was a voluptuous, exciting, tempestuous gypsy. Her voice, full and rich, of opulent timbre, suited the role well, though she found some of the low notes difficult. Edward Molitor used his bright high tenor voice skillfully, and sang with an expressiveness as delightful as it was unexpected—for the ordinary Don Jose is inclined to be wooden, in song and in love-making. Dorothy Speare, as Micaela, acted with originality in a role likely to seem colorless, but her singing—though she has a charming voice—was ragged and insecure, especially in the third act. Joseph Royer as Escamillo, was startlingly Spanish in appearance; he sang the stirring Toreador song with good style and tone, excitingly but not explosively. The orchestra none too sure of itself, occasionally played along at ease, leaving the singers to catch up as best they might, but on the whole the guiding hand of Mr. Bamboschek proved efficacious in welding an ensemble.

Tonight's opera is "La Boheme." E. B.

#### THE COMPINSKY TRIO

The Compinsky trio—Sara, piano; Manuel, violin, and Alex, cello—came from New York to give their second concert in Boston last night in Jordan hall. They attracted a far larger audience than went their way last year, and richly they deserved it. To hear them is a pleasure.

They began the evening with Brahms's E-flat major trio, op. 40. Not to say a word against Mr. Alex Compinsky, admirable 'cellist that he is, surely it would prove of high interest to hear this trio with the horn for which Brahms wrote. Ten to one, though, it would not sound so well as it did last night with the cello.

For Mr. Alex Compinsky does play beautifully, and so does his brother of the violin, with delightful tone that is vibrant yet firm. Both men of warm temperament as well as of fine musicianship, they bring all the emotion to the music that it will bear—and in the case of Brahms that is much—without once slopping over. Because of their previous restraint, therefore, they made the impressive solemnity of Brahms's adagio doubly telling.

In this great movement Miss Compinsky rose to meet her brothers on equal terms. Brilliance, though, she has yet to achieve. Either to fit her present powers or else because the trio, in accord with the wise Mrs. Fanny Davies, hold that most proper Brahms's quick music to deaden and drag his slow movements till the



et to move at all, for one reason or other they proceeded so moderately through the scherzo that its character was lost. Surely it should dash and even as Southey's water came down at Lodore.

After Brahms came Gaspar Cassada, a young cellist of Spain, with a brand new trio, in C. Though he deals not so much with fandangos and malagueñas and the like, this young musician left an impression of Spain behind him; let us guess, who know nothing about him, that he is not one of those Spaniards who made for Paris moment they saw their way and lived there ever since. A sharp sense of rhythm actually making for a dryness instead of high spirits and sensuousness, a few pages of ha-ha-like dance might gloomily lead a few bars—the introduction of the rondo—in the vein of the Italian opera beloved in the Peninsula—here the Spain suggested that is, wise people tell us, not the Spain of operetta. If we add to Mr. Cassada's quality of imagination, a real gift of individual body, and a definite skill at writing, it may be inferred that he has a trio thoroughly agreeable to

After the concert gives played back's trio in F-sharp minor. Here contrast indeed. Let us hope they see their way to a series of Bos-concerts. Music so judiciously and so excellently played we not likely to hear too much of.

R. R. G.

#### JOHN CHARLES THOMAS

The first of the morning musicals under the auspices of the Boston School Occupational Therapy took place yesterday in the Hotel Statler ballroom. John Charles Thomas, baritone, offered a program:

Amour de moi, XV Century French  
Bisulder, Ich liebe dich, Neus Liehe  
Jehon, Beethoven; Du bist wie eine  
Schumann; Ständchen, Brahms; Der  
Marsch.  
L'equipe, du coeur, Pressard; Contem-  
pion, Widor; Danse macabre, Saint-Saens;  
from "Un ballo in maschera," Verdi;  
Song Reagun, Griffes; Alone Upon  
Houseing, Galloway; Slumber Song, Car-  
ter; The Windmill, Colin Taylor; The  
Sailor, Katherine Manning; Camerado,  
H. Rinzers.

So the program read. Mr. Thomas, however, probably forced by a severe cold to favor himself, docked it of several interesting songs.

Gold or no cold, Mr. Thomas, being an intelligent master of technique, was able to sing admirably. His sonorous voice he managed with skill. In English, and very likely, in French, he displayed a command of remarkably distinct enunciation. Not, apparently, quite so at home with the German language, nevertheless he achieved perhaps his best work of the morning in Beethoven's "Ich liebe dich," so rhythmically he sang it, with so fine a sensibility to the flow of melody. Only a little less successfully did he deal with the longer Beethoven songs—songs singing enough, let people say what they will, for singers who know how to sing. Mr. Thomas proved the point. So amply endowed is Mr. Thomas with voice, technique and musician-ship, not to forget a vivid sense of character, that it is to be hoped he will not be led, in seeking effects, to copy the ways of Russian singers. Once or twice yesterday he seemed headed that way, notably in the song by Pessard. He has no need to do anything of the kind. He knows how to sing, so let him trust his composers.

Lester Hodges, an excellent accompanist, played a Brahms rhapsody and pieces by Lecuona in a way to give real pleasure.

There was a large audience. Mr. Thomas had to add to his program.

#### CONCERTS—OPERAS

Dr. Koussevitzky will bring out at the Symphony concerts this week Ravel's Bolero which made a sensation when it was performed recently by the Philharmonic Society of New York. The work is practically a repetition of a dance theme, given to various instruments in turn, then in groups, without change of key—a long crescendo with a final modulation and a stentorian climax. This Bolero was first performed in Paris when Ida Rubenstein danced it with more and more excited spectators on the stage. Blair Fairchild—he was born at Belmont and has lived and composed many years in Paris—has scored his piano piece "Chants Negres" for orchestra. The performance this week will be the first. Mr. Fairchild wrote that the tunes have been familiar to him for many years, but he has forgotten the titles. The program will also comprise Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 in two movements, and Schumann's Symphony, G major, No. 2, which Dr. Koussevitzky will conduct for the first time in this country.

The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Weber, Overture to "Euryanthe"; Bax, Symphony No. 2 (first performance); Liszt, Piano Concerto No. 1 (Jose Iturbi, pianist); Respighi, "The Pines of Rome."

#### WILBUR THEATRE

Cornelia Otis Skinner

Cornelia Otis Skinner gave her initial performance of original character sketches for the season yesterday afternoon at the Wilbur Theatre. Her program was as follows: "The Eve of Departure," "In a Gondola," "A Picnic in Kentucky," "Monte Carlo," "A Lady Explorer," "Aftermath," "Motoring in the 90's" and "Sailing Time on the Olympic." Miss Skinner shows a wide range of personal experience and observation in her choice of incidents to portray. She shows likewise an interesting aptitude for intimate observation of the idiosyncrasies of humanity. Coupled with this is much personal charm and grace, supplemented by dramatic talent.

The humorous and sombre both find a place in her repertoire, with apparent equal appeal. Opening her program with a representation of the young person in Paris amid the hubbub of directing the receiving and packing of choice possessions for a trip, and embroidering it with snatches of misapplied French, she gives a sense of completeness by concluding with a sketch of a young matron bubbling over with the inanities of farewell to her friends as she embarks on an ocean liner.

The garrulous elderly American in a gondola, the solicitous young mother with her broad accent of the Blue Grass state trying to cement friendship between antagonistic children at a picnic and the tremulous patroness of Monte Carlo, terrified at her losses, serve to display the great versatility of the impersonator. The English "lady explorer" telling her American audience in her vague way of her travels is a gem. There was real drama in the New York apartment where the divorced parents argued over their sick child—the number entitled "Aftermath." Many in the rather limited audience found particular pleasure in being carried back to "gasoline buggy" days with the girl who had her first ride in an automobile. Miss Skinner may be heard again Sunday evening and Monday afternoon.

F. A. B.

#### HOUGHTON'S CONCERT

James R. Houghton, baritone, assisted by the Amphion Club of Melrose—Stephen S. Townsend, guest conductor; Reginald Boardman, pianist; Robert G. Ewing, organist—gave a concert last night in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Handel, Revenge, Timotheus Cries and Behold a Ghostly Band, Stanford, Cavalier Songs (Mr. Houghton and the club); Strauss, Liebesymnus, Wolf, Gesang, Weylas, Strauss, Heilmiche Aufforderung, Berger, Des Pfeifners Morgenlied, Vaughan Williams, Five Mystical Songs (Mr. Houghton and the club); Foote, On the Way to Kew, Converse, Bright Star, Chadwick, Thou art to me, Protheroe, The Pilot, Six Sea Chanties, arranged by Greaves, Converse, Harris.

Mr. Houghton is to be thanked for allowing a Boston audience to hear Vaughan Williams's songs; music set with understanding and in a spirit of devotion to poems by George Herbert. It was a pity that the orchestral accompaniment was missing; the effect of the final number, "Antiphon," would have been greatly increased; but as it was, the song was repeated. Williams wrote this noble and truly spiritual music in 1910, the year after his "Wenlock Edge."

The pious words that Schiller put into the mouth of the Porter in "Macbeth" are amazingly different from Shakespeare's—who gave a soliloquy to the Porter that incited De Quincey to write his famous page.

Mr. Houghton's voice and manner of singing are especially suited to the virile tunes of Stanford and the rollicking Sea Chanties, four of which were arranged by Mr. Townsend; but he sang the Mystical Songs with genuine appreciation of the contents and the spirit, and differentiated effectively the sections of the air by Handel.

An audience of good size was more than friendly.

P. H.

#### DURRELL STRING QUARTET

The Durrell string quartet, assisted by Raymond Putnam, pianist, played after a silence of some years, last night at George W. Brown hall. Their program consisted of Praeludium from Suite in alten Style of Jan Brandts Buys; quartet in A minor, No. 3 of Dohnanyi; and quintet in F minor of Cesar Franck.

The four young ladies who compose the quartet—Josephine Durrell, first violin, Edith Roubound, second violin, Anna Golden, viola, Mildred Ridley,

violinello—have an unusually good ensemble. It seems to spring from temperaments that react equally to music—that is, their ensemble does not show signs of arduous striving, but seems innate. It has not the polish that years of practice bestow, but it has a vitality of impulse that no amount of rehearsal can ingrain. The quartet is compos-

ed of players of equal strength and accomplishment; it is marred by no "soloist." Tones of violins, viola, and cello have the same quality, and blend perfectly. But there are defects. Their combined and individual possibilities of powerful tone are not great; they have not yet achieved breadth of style; they must yet master those resources of the stringed instrument ensemble which depend on tones not drawn out with the bow—pizzicato, spiccato.

The quartet by Dohnanyi, which was given its first Boston performance last night, is a beautiful work, in the half-melancholy, half-ecstatic style characteristic of this Hungarian composer. Its tenuous beauties were well perceived and reproduced. The poetic fervor of the second movement, and the fanciful humor of the vivace giocoso were skillfully evoked.

Smoothness and clarity of tone, and well-tempered phrasing made Buys's Praeludium interesting.

It was in the Cesar Franck quintet that the quartet found itself unequal to the tremendous task set by the score. The grandeur of style and intensity demanded by the music they could not quite approach, but they did well to give it vitality of rhythm and to keep their level of tone down, so that, by careful playing on the part of the pianist, the tremendous climaxes could be suggested by small tonal volume.

Because of the music played and the evident taste and skill in the playing of the young musicians, the concert was enjoyable. Much applause was given to the players by the fair-sized, but fashionable and appreciative audience.

E. B.

#### BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

##### "La Boheme"

Opera in four acts by Puccini. Boston Grand Opera Company. The cast:

Mimi	Martha Atwood
Musetta	Marie di Pesa
Rudolph	Giuseppe Radaelli
Marcel	Joseph Royer
Colline	Henri Scott
Schvanevich	Eugenio Colletti
Benvenuto	Giuseppe La Puma
Alejandro	Giuseppe La Puma
Parmenoul	Michael McCormack

Conductor, Carlo Peroni

As like as two peas go American-Italian performances of "La Boheme." The peas, to be sure, may be great coarse marrowfat peas, or those of the little succulent Nott's Excelsior variety. But always they are peas.

So with performances, at present in America, of "La Boheme." The singing may be more or less good. To a greater or less extent the comedy may be reduced to the level of farce. More or less violently the melodies, in themselves stirringly emotional, may be overdone to the bursting point, till the original high comedy, amusing by turns and tensely moving, sinks to low comedy and melodrama.

Mr. Peroni last night, not so apt as might have been expected at italicizing with his orchestra the lively comedy features—on the stage they were lively indeed—refrained from over-swelling the long Puccini melodies that thrill. Thereby he maintained their beauty and force. Though he allowed every climax its due need of accent and tone, he encouraged no undue noise from his orchestra. Thereby he aided the singers.

Miss Atwood, so aided, did some beautiful singing indeed. She also sang intelligently; she did not ask for the loan of a match as though she were Bruennhilde of the Immolation, for she understands values. In the quartet of the third act she reached real pathos. And all she did she did by means of soundly musical singing, beautiful in tone, in technique admirable. She showed herself also an excellent actress.

When he had singing to do that stirred his mettle, as in the narrative and the quartet, Mr. Radaelli sang with tone equally fine as Miss Atwood's and far more brilliant. To a full knowledge of the right Puccini style he added a thrilling fervor. Though far less often than on an earlier occasion, still too often, even last night, he forced his noble voice beyond what either good taste or sonority will allow.

Her high notes Mrs. di Pesa forced as well, but otherwise she sang excellently. She acted Musetta smartly in character, in the comedy key pitched last night. Mr. Royer sang very well. So did the chorus.

A large audience showed every sign of pleasure. "Le Barbiere di Siviglia" will be sung tonight.

R. R. G.

#### METROPOLITAN

##### "A Most Immoral Lady"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted from the play of the same name by Townsend Martin, directed by John Griffith Wray and presented by First National with the following cast:

Laura Sargent	Leatrice Joy
Tracy Williams	Walter Pidgeon
Humphrey Sargent	Sidney Blackmer
John Williams	Montagu Love
Joan Porter	Josephine Dunn
Bradford Fish	Robert Edison
Pedro	Donald Reed
Natalie Davis	Flurence Oakley

When a stage play, "A Most Immoral Lady," now to be seen in the form of a talking picture at the Metropolitan Theatre, enlisted the services of Alice Brady for whole season. Nothing very exciting in itself, it gave her opportunity to show what a good actress she could be

with the slenderest material. As a film it serves to present Leatrice Joy with her first chance in the audible pictures. It is a pleasant, meandering and profoundly unimportant affair, which pauses for too frequently to give Miss Joy time to sing an uninteresting song in monotonous manner.

More striking than this venture in a new medium, which reveals Miss Joy in very much the same fashion that might have been expected—attractive to look at, agreeable to hear and rather less subtle than when she was limited to pantomime alone—is Sidney Blackmer's first appearance in the moving pictures. He has police and authority, a good voice, lack of camera consciousness and bears a curious and pleasing resemblance to Owen Moore. He should do well in the talking pictures, since he starts his career by stealing the inebriated away from the star and from the supposedly romantic lead, Walter Pidgeon, who turns in a colorless and conventional portrayal.

The plot details the means by which Humphrey and Laura Sargent, young, good looking and impecunious, make their living. Laura inveigles wealthy, middle-aged men into a compromising situation, and Humphrey finds them at the psychological moment and demands a large check to prevent his starting a divorce suit and a lot of unpleasant publicity. They do very well by themselves with an elderly philanderer, John Williams, but when he is well plucked Laura meets and falls in love with his nephew, Tony. Through the machinations of Joan Porter, a wealthy young grass-widow who is in love with him, Tony receives a fake message to go to Laura's apartment. His uncle hears of it and follows him, arriving in time to find Humphrey up to his old tricks while Laura protests in vain. There is a violent scene, Tony goes off to marry Joan and Laura leaves Humphrey. In the end Tony and Laura meet again in Paris and make up.

E. L. H.

#### BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

Rossini's "D Barbiere di Siviglia." Boston grand opera company. The cast:

Rosina	Beatrice Bellini
Bartolo	May Barron
Colin Almaviva	David Dorini
Figaro	Pasquale Amato
Don Basilio	Alfredo Valenti
Don Bartolo	Giuseppe La Puma
Fiorella, an officer	Michael McCormack

Conductor, Giuseppe Bamboschek

Here was a singularly agreeable, also highly individual, performance. Mr. Bamboschek, with his very opening bars, set the tone. All for calm and gentle quiet, he cared, apparently, little for the spring and tingle most conductors find in this bewitching Rossini music. Rather he seemed out in search of sentimental romance, and charm. Oddly enough, he found them, barring a few unfortunate moments. But why did he fancy a scale so curiously subdued?

When the curtain rose he disclosed his reason. There was Mr. Dorini presently singing, when he had florid passages to cope with, in as small a voice as one often hears in opera. Mr. Amato could add little to the volume of sound. Miss Belkin little more. So what could Mr. Bamboschek do but temper the wind?

Thus considerate, he could not always, it must be admitted, keep rhythm as bright as might be wished; not always could he do full justice to Rossini's piquant orchestration. But he let the text be heard as it seldom can be heard, and the melodies were heard as fully as the voices would allow. And so the comedy "went."

Mr. Amato, it is to be guessed at the head of it all, encouraged for two acts, at all events, little clowning. Playing himself in the vein of polite comedy, by the mere flick of a hand—equal in expressiveness and rhythmic grace to Mary Garden herself or Sofia Scalchi of old—he made most of his effects, mighty neatly, too, and pointedly. His voice, mellow in recitative, small in bravura passages, he managed with extraordinary skill.

So far as they could, and that was far, the others took their cue from Mr. Amato. Like him, Mr. Dorini sang his recitatives with fine voice, with unusually distinct enunciation. He also acted very well. Pretty Miss Belkin with charming animation. Mr. Valenti, a good singer of voice, and Mr. La Puma, a buffo by no means voiceless like buffos in general, played less extravagantly than is usually the case, and consequently much more amusingly. Miss Barron entered into the picture heartily. And they all played together in a fine spirit of ensemble. So here was delightful comedy, evidently heartily enjoyed.

"Mme. Butterfly" will be sung this afternoon, "Aida" tonight.

R. R. G.



## 238 SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the seventh concert of the present season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Bach, Brandenburg Concerto, No. 3, Fairchild, "Chants Negres" (first performance), Ravel, Bolero (first time in Boston), Schumann, Symphony, C major, No. 2. Mr. Theodorowicz was the concert master in Mr. Burgin's absence.

Mr. Fairchild's "Chants Negres" was originally a piano piece. Orchestrated, it is not a favorable example of a class of musical compositions thought by purists to be ignoble, or at least unworthy of a place on the program of a symphony concert. It all depends on whether these compositions are musically interesting even when they are rhythmically exciting. Mr. Fairchild took some old airs—he cannot remember the titles of the songs nor were they all familiar to the audience yesterday—took them exposed them in a row and dressed them more or less fantastically but without conspicuous skill in harmonic or orchestral invention, though he once in a sentimental section obtained a pleasing effect by the use of the lower notes of flutes. The composer apparently wished to be aggressively modern. His work is episodic—perhaps he intended it to be. The songs might have been bound together by more interesting measures, and have had a more rhapsodic setting. The technical crudeness, the lack of coherency in the planning and the ineffectual straining after effect were all too evident. Yet Mr. Fairchild wrote a bravura cadenza for clarinet which gave Mr. Hamelin an opportunity to show his skill, and for that one was grateful.

Ravel's "Bolero" is an amazing tour de force with a stroke of genius, viz., the unexpected fortissimo modulation near the end. The side drum at the beginning gives the rhythm and maintains it through the long crescendo. Is the theme, repeated endlessly in the same key (until the modulation) Ravel's, or was he indebted to some Spanish or Biscayan tune? It is not one of special significance; it cannot be

called strikingly piquant or sensuous at the first hearing; but after solo instruments follow the flute in playing it, after it is heard from groups of instruments and finally from the whole orchestra, one finds Ravel's use of it as extraordinarily effective as it is ingenious. Monotony when it serves a master is exciting. Even the endless repetition of a folk tune, especially an oriental one, or the constant rhythm given out by a percussion instrument, as drums in Africa which have so strongly affected travellers; or the steady beating of the drum in the trio of the "Fathetic" symphony's second movement, or dripping of water at regular intervals—all these play on the nerves and more or less excite. A long crescendo of music in one and the same key was employed by composers long before Ravel was born. Rossini, before him Jomelli (they say), knew the power of a long crescendo; Rossini used the same form of it indifferently for Don Basilio expatiating on the growth and spread of a slanderous report, and for the entrance of Othello bent on murdering the fair Desdemona. But no one has so cunningly directed the march of a crescendo, so varied and ornamented a simple figure as Ravel in this "Bolero." It would be idle to ask whether this dance has great musical value. It certainly excites and in a genuinely and uncommonly musical manner. This was proved yesterday when a roar of applause followed the final chord and was long continued; when the audience, not content with furious clapping of hands, stamped on the floor. One would not have been surprised to hear shrill whistling in approval or noisy squeals of joy from floor and balconies.

Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra thus triumphed gloriously in the production of the "Bolero." A loftier, a more purely musical triumph was the incomparable performance of Schumann's second symphony, which as often interpreted without poetic feeling and played perfunctorily in the past, seemed the least interesting, the least inspired of Schumann's four. Yesterday there was a revelation. The strings in years past would not have had the crispness, the clearness, the swiftness in expression that yesterday characterized the Scherzo, nor had the Adagio been sung with such tenderness, beauty, eloquence as it was under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction. And so there was fresh life and strength given to the other movements that are not to be ranked with those already mentioned. The familiar concerto of Bach was played with tonal sturdiness alternating with a sparkling lightness; played in a

spirit of enthusiasm that still cared for clarity and contrast in details.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Weber, Overture to "Eury-antha." Arnold Bax, Symphony No. 2 (first performance). Liszt, Piano concerto, No. 1 (Jose Iturbi, pianist). Respighi, "The Pines of Rome."

### UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

#### "Show of Shows"

An all-talking, singing and dancing spectacle, photographed in natural color under the supervision of J. L. Warner by Edward McGill, ensembles directed by Larry Cahalos and Jack Haskell, settings by Max Parker, costumes by Earl Luck, music supervised by Louis Silvers; directed by John Adolfi and presented by Warner Bros. with the following cast: John Barrymore, Frank Fay, Richard Barthelmess, Beatrice Lillie, Ted Lewis, Dolores Costello, Lupino Lane, Chester Morris, Monte Blue, Marian Nixon, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Loretta Loung, Louis Fazenda, Myrna Loy, Alice Day, Nick Lucas, Alice White, Georges Carpentier, H. B. Warner, Irene Bordoni, Winnie Lightner, Betty Compson, Lila Lee, William Bakewell, Patsy Ruth Miller, Albert Gran, Lois Wilson, Lee Moran, Rin-Tin-Tin, Chester Conklin, Marceline Day, and many others.

The Warner Brothers' famous numerical revue came to town yesterday with a great fanfare of trumpets. It disclosed 70 odd principals, most in the steady employ of the Messrs. Warner; 200 dancers and evolutionists; three dogs, headed by Rin-Tin-Tin; thousands of dollars worth of settings and costumes, all enhanced by colors which frequently gave forth a gorgeous effect; and reams of orchestral score which never quite becomes worthy of classification as music. This revue probably will hold the record for some time as the longest and most lavishly produced picture of its kind. And in all probability it will return via the box office the greater portion of the vast sums which the plunging Warners spent in its making. It will do this not because of its merits as varied, artistic or always amusing entertainment, but because of its generous substance, its long roster of principals and the undeniable fact that it gives more for the money than any other screen revue yet released.

Consider some of these principals: Frank Fay as master of ceremonies, sometimes witty, sometimes sarcastic, undoubtedly too much in evidence; John Barrymore, in a clanking coat of mail, reciting Gloucester's soliloquy from "Henry VI," a welcome interlude in a blinding, deafening round of gaily colored spectacles and noisy songs; Beatrice Lillie, repeating crisply with three lesser lights a merry little trifle of matched versification which she, Jack Buchanan and others had done much more deftly seasons ago in the first "Charlot Revue"; Irene Bordoni, in grievously applied make-up but in lovely voice, singing a sentimental ballad in English; Winnie Lightner, roughest of singing soubrettes, in two pointless ditties; Nick Lucas and Ted Lewis, a brace of crooning troubadours of whom a little is always enough; Georges Carpentier, the French boxer, again making a lot of money in America and each time gaining little in reputation in his sacrificial roles, this time as a vocalist. Among the concerted numbers are a Floradora sextet travesty, modeled after the "Strolling in the Park" number from "Hollywood Revue," and far less amusing; a series of sister dances, introduced briefly by Richard Barthelmess; a "Bicycle Built for Two" specialty by Chester Conklin and a dozen popular young Hollywoodians. There are at least two ambitious, precision dances, the military parade and the Eiffel Tower, in which scores of girls perform on deep stairs and slanting ladders. A "Chinese Fantasy," with Myrna Loy and Nick Lucas as principals, is done with a certain degree of delicacy and charm. The "Lady Luck" number is really the pictorial climax, with its many dancing teams, its stageful of scantily arrayed girls, its daring tableaux.

"Show of Shows," frankly, cannot be fully comprehended at one sitting, cannot be justly appraised. It has its beauty spots, its dull moments. Doubtless a second view will disclose added merits, added individual features worthy of more specific praise. To a certain minority group, however, the Barrymore recitation will stand out as the one rare artistic achievement in a mammoth pot-pourri of dances, skits and pageantry.

W. E. G.

## RHINE SUBJECT OF NEWMAN LECTURE

The subject of Mr. Newman's Travel-talk in Symphony hall last night was "The Rhine." In his description of this river he did not pretend to be the complete guide book with appropriate quotations from Victor Hugo, Musset, the choir of German lyricists; nor did he borrow quips from Thomas Hood's "Up the Rhine" or join Thackeray sketching a hideous peasant girl in order to contradict Byron's poetic flight; nor did he

take the attitude of the American who looking at castles and vineyards and hearing Germans roaring songs of the river and its wines, says, glowing with 100 per cent. Americanism: "I don't see why this river is better than any other river. As for me, give me the Hudson."

As a matter of fact Mr. Newman did not arrive at Cologne and Bonn, did not go by boat from Mayence to Cologne, escape the snare of the Lorelei and tell the legend of the Mouse-tower till the latter part of his evening. But no one in the large audience regretted this for the views of Hamburg, Bremen, Lubeck, Brunswick, Hildesheim and Hameln and Mr. Newman's descriptions were of great interest; they were instructive in a pleasant manner. There was no attempt to stuff the spectator's mind with dry statistics even to show the recovery of German shipping, commerce and various industries since the re-establishment of the mark. The dwellers in Hamburg enjoy life as well as business. One cannot admire present German architecture, and would prefer the old houses of other Hanseatic cities, even if sanitary plumbing was unknown to the builders and the dwellers. The open air is for pleasure in Hamburg for the animals in Hagenback's unique zoo, as well as for men and children and maidens. The times have changed since a German Fraucln was not expected to meet and go with the male without a chaperon. Mr. Newman showed girls in city streets and at health resorts as free and untrammelled as those on a street or in a theatre of Boston.

Boston, by the way, might consider a solution of the traffic problem by visiting Elberfeld and studying the suspension railway, also noting the cheapness of the fare for many miles.

Health resorts were shown. The Sprudel geyser was turned on for the special benefit of Mr. Newman's audiences. It was pleasant to see the new woman in Germany, no longer bulbous, given to athletics, even football. The ancient Romans knew the regions visited last night, as they ran over the old world, ate oysters in England and attended their theatrical shows in northern Africa.

The Travel-talk will be given this afternoon. Next week "Vienna and Buda-Pesth," unfortunately the last travel-talk of the series. P. H.

## MEDIAEVAL COMIC OPERA PRESENTED

### Conservatory of Music Pupils Give 13th Century Work In Jordan Hall

JORDAN HALL—"The Play of Robin and Marion," a 13th century comic opera in one act by Adam De La Halle. Reconstructed and harmonized in the manner of the period by Jean Beck, with English translation by J. Murray Gibson, and produced for the first time in English on any stage by Clayton D. Gilbert. The cast was as follows:

Robin, a peasant . . . . . Howard Harrington  
The Chevalier . . . . . Robert Currier  
Baudon, Robin's cousin . . . . . Robert Currier  
Gautier, a neighbor . . . . . William Evans  
Huart, a neighbor . . . . . James Pappoutsakis  
Marion, a shepherdess . . . . . Virginia Barnard  
Peronelle, Marion's friend . . . . . Phyllis Blake  
A Piper . . . . . Herbert Sloan

Before a crowded house that filled every one of the 1019 seats, used up all available standing room, and with some 200 being turned away, this mediaeval comic opera, along with three other one-act plays, was given last night by pupils of Clayton D. Gilbert, head of the dramatic department of the New England Conservatory of Music.

But it is with "The Play of Robin and Marion" that we are chiefly concerned. Its production is an event of historic significance in that it is perhaps one of the first examples of the comedy opera, and forerunner of the present comic opera. The music has a distinct archaic flavor in the setting used at this performance.

Messrs. Beck and Gibson used considerable skill in the reconstruction and translation of a difficult assignment. Mr. Gilbert was courageous in even attempting to produce it, and that his players gave such a smooth performance is further tribute to the ability of a dramatic instructor long and favorably known in this city.

The melodies of this opera have considerable charm of a naive sort. It is usually supposed by scholars that Adam De La Halle drew heavily upon the folk music of France at that period, and indeed, most of the melodies have a distinct folk-like quality. It is said some of the melodies used have persisted to the present in France. In any event the orchestral class, Francis Findlay conductor, did excellently with the parts provided by Mr. Beck. Especially effective was the bit in which a flute off-stage was employed in a scene by Marion and the Knight. Also quite effective were the dances, especially arranged by Gilbert Byron.

The lion's share of the singing went to Robin and Marion, sung by Howard

Harrington and Virginia Barnard, respectively. Both acquitted themselves well; Miss Barnard being especially charming in her solo songs. Robert Currier, riding a "hobby" horse as "The Chevalier," provided most of the comedy relief. William Evans brought a fine voice to the character of Gautier. The final quartet sung by Robin, Marion, Gautier and Peronelle-Phyllis Blake, was very pleasing.

The other three plays presented were "The Poetasters of Ispahan," a comedy of Persian life, act two from "Seventeen," and "The Fan," a pantomime, first performance on any stage. It was written by Mr. Gilbert and well done. Others in the casts included Dorothy Bearce, Evelyn Boring, Ruth Tucker, Kay Smith, Marie Burke, Alvina Lameroux, James and Ippocrates Pappoutsakis, Harry Daniels, Norman Strauss, Raymond Bell, Walter Angus, Herbert Sloan, John Sheldon, Carlo Angelo, Francis Feeney and Frank Scimone.

The entire performance is to be repeated tonight in Jordan hall. E. J.

## CARLYLE IN LATER YEARS

CARLYLE TO THREESCOTT-AND-TEN (1853-1866), by D. V. A. P. Wilson, E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, Price 60¢, including an excellent index. Price \$6.

By PHILIP HALE

This is the fifth volume of Mr. Wilson's monumental biography which is more than a life of the man who preached the gospel of silence in many books. The concluding volume is yet to come. Mr. Wilson has written more than a biography of the man—now groaning over his task of portraying Frederick the Great; he has given an interesting picture of an important period in Victorian England. It is apparently also his purpose to extol Thomas at the expense of Jane to refute charges brought by Froide and others,—one of the charges that Jane suffered as Ruskin's wife until she left him and wedded the painter Millais.

It is the same Carlyle as the hero of the preceding volume, voluble in abuse of men and existing social and political conditions; now thrifty, now generous; indignant at cruelty toward animals, but not impatient with slavery; disliking the United States in spite of Emerson and other admirers of Carlyle; zealous in making known his writings to people, in this world's estimation, hardly civilized; loathing democracy as a government.

How he could scold! "The universe is made of nothing but painted pasteboards, new paper partitions, theatrical draperies well adapted and the infinite of human Gullibility applied to with a brood of brass." He liked the British Public with its cautious enthusiasms to the God-damn-swear.

Plato did not wholly escape "nearly insupportable, with dominating and hair-splitting." "I have a letter from a contempt and abhorrence for a literary cannibal of the day (1851) with her reviews and magazines and his newspaper." He was vexed with his friend Lady Assheton for adding "D. V." to a letter: "D. V. (meaning God) never is willing; entire decision in cooperation on any term whatever." One can hardly blame Thomas for not or Jane for her tears, when he found a movie camera in the "Copper porridge. Napoleon was 'Copper Captain' the best of men, and most mendacious glow-worm, a blazing Corsican pirate. Katie was a little ape; Billie Wilbur was a shifty, cunning, thorough-going ways." "Cardinal Newman is not the intellect of a moderate-sized man."

Although Carlyle was most friendly towards the devoted Emerson, a more affectionate in his letters to him, as complained of his talk. "For as said Yankee rule seemed to me that I should go on once and stop when sleep interrupted me."

... face of a clock, and he was the Times every day. He called Emerson in our American soul, and exclaim 'God' and that I should ever be governed by him. We should have had a Carlyle. He could not understand Emerson. 'The clearest mind no longer willing to him in defiance of the world.' 'I have seen a people of the negro into a position of inferiority. Experience shows him up.' And Wilson, who never learned the art of sneering at the United States, has no apology for Carlyle's 'The Negro' in New York. Mr. Millais's 'The North American' admitted that the artist



# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Some years ago there lived in Boston a genial gentleman who, whenever the name of a prominent man was mentioned in company would say: "I know him very well. I remember when I dined with him last year he told me—" Raphael Lord, in the first act of "Meteor," is not unlike our friend in his wide acquaintance. It is not surprising that Dr. Avery interrupts Raphael by asking him how he got along with Mussolini. Raphael and the gentleman who once lived in Boston are brothers of Mr. Blowhard who was known to Artemus Ward in Cleveland; Mr. Blowhard, who knew all the actors intimately, could have married a certain actress, but didn't like her style; knew Dan Rice well; was "on terms of affectionate intimacy with Dan's rhinoceros" and was "tolerably well acquainted with the performing elephant."

But Raphael, in this first act a blowhard, proved later that his blowing brought great results. However preposterous his confidence in his ability seemed to Dr. Avery, Ann and Douglas, in New York he rose to the top.

"Meteor" is an engrossing play, a strongly dramatic play; it holds the attention from the rising of the curtain to the final falling thereof; yet there is hardly a sympathetic character in any one of the three acts. Raphael if he were not portrayed so admirably, with so great dramatic force, by Mr. Lunt, would be only a blatant, selfish, heartless egoist, an unendurable person. Even as he is played, no one has patience with him or pity for him. Curtis Maxwell is determined to bring Raphael to ruin because, as he believes, Raphael was the cause of his brother Sherman's death; yet this same Curtis urges Sherman to shine as a football star so that profits may accrue, though he knows Sherman has a weak heart, and the strain and excitement might kill him on the field. There is no sympathy for Curtis and little for Sherman. Douglas Carr is weak; Mullin plays a minor part; Ann is not so definitely portrayed by the dramatist that the spectator mourns with her when she is disillusioned and neglected, nor is moved when she comforts Raphael in his wounded pride and apparent ruin. Miss Fontanne did what could be done to make Ann a living woman; but Ann is a shadow with occasional comings into the light of day. The one person in the whole play that is sympathetic is Dr. Avery, with his dry humor, his shrewdness blended with delightful simplicity, his sound common sense.

Yet the role of Raphael gives Mr. Lunt a great opportunity, and as played by him Raphael is a man who follows his star, despises his fellow creatures as he despises his comrades at the university, would walk over the body of his mother or his wife to gain his ends. Was he ruined by his enemies, aided by himself? Did they all come to satisfactory agreement the next morning after the engagement was made for a meeting? The audience is left in doubt; but it is sure that Ann will not return to Raphael's bed and board.

The Theatre Guild is to be thanked for the production of this unusual play, unusual in the local history of the drama, but with a hero—for the want of a better word—not unknown to the European stage, the Parisian stage especially. In Jules Laforgue's legendary morality "Hamlet" among the players who are to act the drama before the guilty king, William and Kate hesitate about taking the role of Cladius and the Queen. William says to the prince: "It is our habit, my comrade's and mine, to incarnate only sympathetic roles by preference." Hamlet replies: "Sympathetic? Herd of brutes! And for what reason can you swear that any human being here below is sympathetic?" Like good players and courtiers the two reply: "We are at the orders of our gracious lord."

The next play in the series to be given by the Theatre Guild at the Hollis Street Theatre is "Wings Over Europe" by Robert Nichols and Maurice Browne, which the Guild produced in New York on Dec. 10, 1928.

The publication by Brentano's of "The Theatre Guild: The First Ten Years" by Walter Prichard Eaton, with articles by the directors, is timely and should appeal to the Guild's subscribers and all others interested in drama worthy the name. Theresa Helburn writes "Behind the Scenes With the Executive Director." Philip Moeller is the author of "The Guild and Production"; Maurice Wertheim of "An Art Theatre Without Endowment"; Helen Westley of "The Actor's Relation to the Art Theatre and Vice Versa"; Lee Simonson discusses "Setting the Stage"; Lawrence Langner tells how "The Little Theatre Grows Up." The casts of the Theatre Guild subscription productions are given. There are 32 illustrations of scenes in various dramas.

Mr. Eaton asks why a group of young people in 1919, nearly all of them amateurs of the theatre, could start a playhouse, "which has grown to dominate our stage? What has kept this group so uniformly successful, and so healthily expanding year by year, growing as a tree grows, deepening its roots and spreading its branches?"

It should be stated at once that Mr. Eaton in telling this story does not indulge himself in honey-daubing and "pretty shop-keeping talk." When "Peer Gynt" was brought out Joseph Schildkraut, who had been excellent as Liliom, was not equal to the task. In "Caesar and Cleopatra" Lionel Atwill was cast as Caesar, "an utterly actorial actor, who left nothing up his sleeve. His greatness was a palpable sham," while Helen Hayes as Cleopatra was a "kitten without claws, who would have become a still kittenish bride to Antony and squealed in pretty terror at sight of the worm." Mr. Eaton admits that O'Neill's "Dynamo" was a "distinct disappointment." He has this to say about "Strange Interlude":

"When in September, 1929, the Guild fell foul of the ridiculous Boston censorship, and the mayor refused to permit a showing of 'Strange Interlude,' the Guild subscribers rallied almost to a man in support of the play. It was shown in Quincy on Sept. 30, and the subscribers with some thousands of other Bostonians, journeyed cheerfully out to see it, and gave its cast seventeen curtain calls on the opening night. Incidentally, investigation showed that neither John Adams nor John Quincy, his son, had turned in his grave."

In the history of the Guild, Mr. Eaton first speaks of the Washington Square Players, Inc. They believed that plays to be produced must have artistic merit. This theatre was not endowed. "Money alone has never produced an artistic theatre." These players had no other set policy except

cult to understand how this opera can be sniffed at by people of admittedly more fastidious than catholic tastes. The musical effects achieved are always those of a skilled orchestrator, there are only occasional clichés, one real melody follows another, and the melodies are not only expressive, but well-suited to vocal production. True, there is a feeling of too much perfume . . . but then Japan is a land of much fragrance; true there is a bit too much drawing at the heartstrings, but then Butterfly's heartstrings were drawn almost to breaking.

Perhaps the utterly charming actress, Hizi Koyke, made yesterday's Butterfly unusually convincing. Exquisitely fragile, with shy oriental coquetry, she entered the scene, passing from the happy delight of her marriage ceremony, to the abject despair at her father's curse; then, with a surety of effect seldom seen on the stage, to the scene in the garden, all fearful ecstasy. In the second act she had tragic intensity, eloquent hands; tremulous, stubborn loyalty. In the last, she showed her battered but stern pride. But this remarkable actress has also a good voice, and she sings expressively, with a volume amazing in one so slender and small. Hers is, histrionically and vocally, an unforgettable impersonation.

Edward Molitore made an impetuous and engaging Pinkerton, singing with beautiful tone and phrasing. Joseph Royer, not yet at home in the role of Sharpless, used his good baritone voice skilfully. Giuseppe La Puma lent his comic skill to a small part. But most praise should go to Conductor Peroni, for he held the orchestra—in some other performances this week all too admittedly haphazard and unprepared—up to a remarkable level of playing—inclusive, expressive, accurate, and with good ensemble. E. B.

## FELIX FOX

Felix Fox, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall, before a large and very fine audience.

As always, Mr. Fox had a way of his own with a program. Though it is now the fashion, for instance, to maintain that early classic composers and the romantics cannot at any price agree, Mr. Fox, flouting fashion, set the old German Graun, along with Rameau and one Duphy, to lead the way for Schumann of the F-sharp minor sonata. Nobody in the audience appeared to object. Schumann, surely, stood the company very well.

Possibly it was to ease the situation a little that Mr. Fox played the more rapidly-moving passages of the sonata unusually soberly, with tone colorless to the point of dryness. That not being his natural approach to Schumann, of course he adopted it with a purpose. Through force of contrast, at all events, he lent singular beauty of melody to the sonata's lyrical episodes. And he did not overlook the humor of the intermezzo.

Feeling friendly toward American composers, once more Mr. Fox assembled a gathering not everybody would have believed happily chosen. They were: His own graceful "Fantasie Lyrique," brought into sharp relief Arthur Foote's more vigorous poem, No. 2, after Omar Khayyam, music mighty stout and stamping, but by no means disdainful of symmetrical design.

It was Marion Bauer who seemed to bother little about plan. If her prelude, however, in B minor, landed nowhere, it dallied on the way thither in such pleasant places that at least it afforded pleasant moments. Equally agreeable spots of melody and harmony Heinrich Gebhard traversed in the course of his "Surf Riders," but, unlike Miss Bauer, he was rhythmically on the way every minute, and so he reached the haven where he would be. This group Mr. Fox closed with the allegro movement from MacDowell's Celtic sonata. Seldom has it seemed so stout of constructive texture, so romantically compelling, as yesterday.

Mr. Fox, to be sure, played it admirably, with full belief in its worth, with splendor of tone. Quite as admirably he played the earlier numbers of this group. Mr. Foote and Mr. Gebhard, from the floor, bowed their acknowledgment of the hearty applause for their pieces.

This unusual program Mr. Fox closed with a Rachmaninoff prelude, G-sharp minor, and a waltz caprice, by Philipp, on themes by Johann Strauss. The guess is no risk that Strauss, guided by Philipp, marched contentedly arm in arm with the Russian. R. R. G.

Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a pretty perfect sample of Yankee-governess romance. He was courted by Delia Barron with her belief that the man who takes care of a man, but justly said he was mad. There is an amusing use of Edward Everett to boom circulation. Carlyle had seen Webster in England and regarded him as a great man, and said to Molitore D. Conway in 1863: "You know well that in America, for years, you have had your meanest men in the White House."

As is known to all Carlyle was an inveterate smoker, who suggested the use of tobacco in constitutional parlaments, for it is easier to be silent than to speak when smoking. "I left off smoking and was very miserable; so I took it again, and was very miserable still; but I thought it better to smoke and be miserable than go without." There is an astonishing story about the speaker of our House of Representatives who boldly desisted from spitting in a large, "which etiquette had till then required him to do, in order to make members feel at home." Carlyle grew a beard to save time, but Jane said the time he thus saved he spent wandering about the house bemoaning what's amiss in the universe; she told him that the beard made him look like an escaped maniac when he went out for

his evening walk; he thought, when ladies in 1856 commended his beard, that flat linen collars should be worn with beards, not upright ones. He sneered at homeopathic medicines and said to David Masson: "On your own showing, if all the generations of men since Adam's time had taken your physic, the whole lot swallowed would not have been equal to one good dose of Glauber's Salts." (Abraham Lincoln's comment on homeopathy was still more to the point.)

Carlyle enjoyed smoking with Tennyson, but called "Maud" a cobweb. Ruskin "flies out like a soda-water bottle"; he was too hopeful of men. Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend" struck Jane as a very stupid book: "The author sympathizes with criminals and such like." She enjoyed Thackeray's "Esmond" for the fine delineations of women; Carlyle read the novel with aversion and contempt mainly for his (Thackeray's) felicitous phantasms of women, with many reflections on his singular fineness of sense and singular taste of do . . . Poor Thackeray, God help him, and us, after all! But more than once he praised Thackeray's style enthusiastically. He sent Lady Ashburton a Suetonius, "so that you may read the blackguard history of those ancient blackguards . . . but the general rule is 'Poke not into carrion, for you will get mischief of it.'"

The letters written by Jane Carlyle, her remarks as quoted are those of a sane, observing, witty woman, who would have been a delightful companion for any one but Thomas. When Mrs. Oliphant was taking part in talk about the loves of philosophers and said that Carlyle seemed to have trodden the straight way, Jane answered: "If Mr. Carlyle's digestion had been better, there is no telling what he might have done." When there was gossip about George Eliot and Lewes, Carlyle said, "I got one of her books and tried to read it, but it would not do. Poor Lewes! Poor fellow!" And Carlyle's wife, when her Thomas had spoken lightly of the "crotics" of George Sand, spoke up: "We have small right to throw the first stone at George Sand, though she has been caught in the same predicament as the woman of old, if we consider what sort of literary ladies may be found in London at present." Mr. Wilson, who is seldom fortunate in his original remarks, exclaims at the beginning of this volume: "Let us pity the poor, happy, henpecked husband! Maybe no man ever sacrificed more than Carlyle his own inclinations to the whims of his wife." But he loved his Jane, and he slaved for his comfort. Perhaps no woman could have lived in an atmosphere of blessed peace with Thomas. Neither he nor Jane was a restless person, but Jane was attractive, capable of a grand passion.

## BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

"Madame Butterfly"  
Opera in three acts by Puccini. The Boston Opera Company. The cast:  
Madame Butterfly, "Cio-Cio-San" Hizi Koyke  
Suzuki . . . . . May Barron  
Kate Pinkerton . . . . . Cecile Benson  
B. F. Pinkerton . . . . . Edward Molitore  
Sharpless . . . . . Joseph Royer  
Goro . . . . . Giuseppe Reschiglian  
Amadori . . . . . Giuseppe La Puma  
The Bonze . . . . . Alfredo Valentini  
The Marriage Official . . . . . Eugenio Colletti  
Conductor Carlo Peroni

The Boston Opera Company gave a delightful performance of the tuneful and perennially popular "Madame Butterfly" yesterday afternoon before a regrettable small audience. It is diffi-



a preference for American work; the theatre was to be "democratic" with a 50-cent scale and the inauguration of season subscriptions. Mr. Eaton points out that the Guild has continued to have plays of artistic value in mind; plays to some extent unsuitable to the needs of commercial managers, "and it has based its stability on the system of season subscriptions." The Washington Square Players—a theatre "happy, carefree, youthful and essentially amateur" gave performances in 1915-18; it produced sixty-two one-act plays and pantomimes and six long dramas and gave training and opportunity to Katherine Cornell, Roland Young, Rollo Peters, Jose Ruben, Glenn Hunter and others. It afforded Zoe Atkins, Philip Moeller, a chance for literary expression, and to some extent O'Neill and Susan Glaspell. This theatre was the forerunner of the Guild.

The Guild's first play was Benavente's "Bonds of Interest" (April 19, 1919). It is interesting to note that Edna St. Vincent Millay took a small part, though she "probably had no intention of becoming a professional actress." The play languished: "perhaps it is not so good a play as the Guild had thought; possibly their company was not equal to the task of bringing it to a warm enough life to attract the public"; yet Messrs. Peters, Duncan, Digges and Helen Westley were among the players. Mr. Eaton thinks that the success or failure of St. John Ervine's "John Ferguson" (May 12, 1919) was all important. Failure meant "the setting back of the theatrical clock in America." The success was immediate; business profited, but the Garrick Theatre, with the second balcony closed, seated less than 600 people.

When "The Rise of Silas Lapham" was produced (Nov. 25, 1919), the leading part was mistakenly given to James K. Hackett, a mistake, for he was "a strutting, romantic actor of the gay 'nineties, and latterly, after inheriting a fortune, an experimenter in Shakespeare, no longer a 'draw' at the box office." He was not a good choice for Howell's realistic story. It was the last time a star actor ever appeared in one of the Guild's productions.

At the beginning of the second season there were 1300 subscribers. Today there are over 7500 in Boston alone. Not all the plays pleased; a few were failures. Even "The Tidings Brought to Mary" had a limited public; one subscriber was "disgusted" and wrote that the play was nasty, disgusting, a monstrosity! Bonds for the building of the Guild's theatre were sold in 1913 to the amount of \$600,000 worth. The new house, not a real estate speculation, not a business concern, cost over \$1,000,000. The theatre was opened on April, 1925, with Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra."

Among the long runs were those of "The Guardsman," "Mr. Pim Passes By," "Porgy"—the Guild had 25,000 subscribers in 1927—"Strange Interlude." In 1929 \$80,000 worth of bonds were retired. The Guild is now obligated in New York to make six new productions a season for nearly 34,000 subscribers.

Mr. Eaton's story is by no means dryly statistical. It is told in a lively manner, with a discussion of the merits and the faults of plays and performances. Quotations from letters written to the Guild by Bernard Shaw are joyous reading; his remarks about "Heartbreak House," "Back to Methuselah" and especially about the Guild's production of "Saint Joan" judged by the pictures Shaw received: "On the whole there is nothing to complain of, which is a pity, as I complain so well. However, lots of things are wrong; so here goes." Note also Shaw's comments on the use of the French pronunciation of "Rheims" and "Dauphin."

The other articles in this volume of 299 large octavo pages are instructive and otherwise interesting.

## OPERA AND TEACHER

There should certainly be an opportunity for young singers to gain experience in operatic performances. It is also certain that these singers should first be vocally so well trained that they are capable of profiting by this experience; that they should have voice, health and a reasonable amount of intelligence; also an instinct for the stage.

How many young singers are blessed by nature with a voice that is suited to the operatic life? Yet many teachers are eager to push their pupils on the stage, operatic as well as concert, when they are not sufficiently prepared even if nature was kind to them. The pupils are ambitious; they read and hear of young women who win success in opera; often an ephemeral reputation gained by favor in high places, by newspaper puffery, sometimes by a loss of self-respect. They say to themselves: "Why should I not also know the excitement of applause, calls before the curtain, and see my picture in public prints, tell the story of my life to susceptible reporters, especially to the sob-sisters?"

They are impatient; they are unwilling to go through the drudgery of long preparation; they are incapable of self-criticism; fond parents—now that the opera house is not regarded in all quarters as a sink of iniquity—as well as too many teachers urge them on. Sometimes the teacher is unwilling to disappoint a pupil by discouraging her, thinking, "Let her find out for herself that she has not the requisites for an operatic career." Sometimes the teacher is actuated first of all by self-interest: is not disposed to lose a pupil who is a lucrative source; thinks that if the pupil does contrive to make an appearance in opera if only for one night, the fact that the teacher has launched a pupil, will attract others. And so one finds young women who might please audiences and make a living by singing in operettas or musical comedies disdaining this employment, although they would thus gain experience, acquire the lightness and grace of movement which would benefit them greatly if they finally were called to grand opera, and in the meanwhile they would be self-supporting, not dependent on parents, wealthy patrons of chambers of commerce.

No, little Miss Jones must appear at once as Alda; Miss Ferguson feels herself competent to take the role of Violetta. They forget that Materna, famous in Wagner's music-dramas, began as an operetta singer; that Mme. Schumann-Heink, even after she was a welcome apparition on any grand opera stage, was not ashamed of the fact that she had sung in light opera, and was willing to repeat the experience in years of her maturity and fame.

But ambitious youth will not listen to reason; there are teachers who feed this unwarranted ambition. It's a pity. It is also a pity that an indiscriminating public applauds the incompetent, and often neglects the genuine artist.

Ruth Posselt, a violinist born in Medford, educated musically in Boston where her proficiency has been recognized for some years, was one of two violinists out of 152 competitors who took the Schubert Memorial Prize. She played with the Philharmonic Orchestra in New York on Dec. 4 at the Schubert Memorial Concert Goldmark's concerto in A minor.

Beatrice Harrison, violoncellist, who will give a concert with the Chamber Orchestra of Boston in John Hancock hall tomorrow night is no stranger here, but her program contains some unfamiliar pieces, as Percy Grainger's "Youthful Rapture" for cello, piano, harmonium and chamber orchestra and a Melody by the distinguished composer Charles G. Dawes, ambassador to England. Miss Harrison was born in India. She studied in London and Berlin, and in 1910 took the Mendelssohn prize. She was the first to play the Concerto by Delius, whose recent festival in London was an occasion of pomp and ceremony. Her sister May, also born in India, is a distinguished violinist, while sister Margaret is a pianist; sister Monica, a mezzo-soprano. A sinfonia by Starnitz for chamber orchestra will be performed. There were three composers of this name. Karl Johann, the one to be represented tomorrow, was born at Mannheim in 1746; he died at Jena in 1801. A player of the viola and viol d'amour he led a wandering life as a virtuoso, but found time to write a great quantity of music, including two operas.

The 17th Century Ensemble on Wednesday night will give the first per-

formance in Boston of Wolfgang Graeser's orchestrated version of Bach's "Art of Fugue" which was first heard in this country at Washington, D. C., the 9th of last October. The work is a series of fugues and canons on a single theme. Bach wrote it as a result of a visit to Berlin where he met Frederick the Great, for the theme is a shortened one of that given to him by the King. The work was posthumously published by Bach's son, Carl Philipp, in 1750. Graeser shot himself at the age of twenty-three. It is supposed that his labor unstrung him. There is also an orchestral version by Hans Theodore David.

There will be two piano recitals on Thursday night: A. Josef Alexander's at Jordan hall—he has been heard here before—and Harold Triggs's, who will play here for the first time. Born at Denver, he was graduated at the University of Chicago and the Bush Conservatory of Music. In 1923 he received a five-year fellowship to study with Rosina and Josef Lhevinne in New York, where he gave recitals in 1928 and 1929. He will play here, under the auspices of the Musical Guild, at the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, 28 Newbury street.

And on the same Thursday night the Harvard Glee Club, assisted by the Radcliffe Choral Society and "70 players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra" (one is tempted to add "count them"), will bring out choruses by Handel, from "Admeto," "Solomon" and "Deidamia" and music by Bach, Brahms, Holst and Vaughan Williams: a concert of unusual interest. It is a pity that the three concerts come on the same evening.

Pauline Danforth of Boston will give a recital Saturday afternoon in Jordan hall, presenting the program of her recital in New York last month which won her the warm praise of the audience and leading critics. After her studies in Boston, she was a pupil in Paris of Alfred Cortot for three seasons. She also studied for a time with Tobias Matthay in London.

To G. E. W. Yes, Mr. Amato, who took the role of the spy in "La Gioconda" last Monday night, once sang here at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It was on Oct. 30, 1914. He chose an air from Saint-Saens's "Henry VIII" and Handel's "Ombra mai fu," the air from "Serse," known too familiarly as "Handel's Largo." You ask how old is Mr. Amato. He was born at Naples in 1879. He was heard in Boston for the first time early in 1910, when he took the part of Kurwenal at the Boston Opera House. Then as a member of the visiting Metropolitan Opera House company, he was also heard as Tonio and Amonasro. As a "guest" of the Boston Opera Company, 1910-1914, he took the roles of Iago, Giorgio Germont, Amonasro, Count di Luna, Kurwenal, Worms (in "Germania"), Jack Rance, Figaro ("Barber of Seville"), Manfredo, Rigoletto.

Giuseppe Martino-Rossi, now with the Boston Opera company, was born at Providence, R. I., but he has passed the greater part of his life in Italy. The press agent informs us as a recommendation of Mr. Martino-Rossi's art that the baritone is the father of five boys.

There is talk of a Russian grand opera company coming to Boston in January, where it will begin a tour of this country. The repertoire includes operas by Mussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Tchaikovsky, Rubinstein, Borodin, Serov, Glinka, Dargomizhsky and Stravinsky.

Well, we shall see and hear what we shall hear and see. There is also talk of a visiting German opera company arriving late in the season.

### FRITZ KREISLER

All that Symphony hall will hold were for hearing Mr. Kreisler yesterday afternoon, and no doubt there were many more who could not obtain even standing room. If everybody present, above all exponents of music, learned the lesson put before us, conditions of musical performance in Boston have been given a brace that will make for good.

For Mr. Kreisler, accompanied by Carl Lamson, played two concertos, that "reconstructed" one in D minor, by Bach, and the Tchaikovsky concerto. Bach and the Tchaikovsky—could composers more unlike be placed together? Probably not. But Mr. Kreisler felt no call to rub their differences in, for contrast's sake, or yet, in behalf of harmony, to iron them out. He let two great composers speak for themselves.

Bach, therefore, yesterday, was not compelled to run on and on in the vein of dry, monotonous garrulity too many performers hold inherently Bachian, nor yet, in avoiding that error, was he forced to whine and sob through an

adagio in a welter of emotion his stout Thuringian soul would have abhorred.

He was allowed, on the contrary, to say his say in his own superbly musical way, a way continuously absorbing and delightful, whether he was emphatically but plainly stating a fact—who will forget the delivery of the concerto's first theme—or allowing his fancy free play in passage work, or kicking up his heels in a cadenza. For a melody requires fashioning whoever wrote it, through accent, shading, rhythm. Mr. Kreisler, naturally with the soundest understanding, furnished the fashioning. Hence Bach came into his own—even as he had enjoyed his own the night before in Symphony hall.

Tchaikovsky, too, as well as might be when deprived of an orchestra, was permitted to go his own way without kicks and prods from behind to rouse him to the fret and fury we have come to think our due from him whether he would or no. Since, in his concerto for violin, he distinctly would not, Mr. Kreisler saw no reason for trying to pull it up into a pathetic symphony. So he played the inclosures with the nicest attention to their musical beauty, with splendor of tone and infinite variety—precisely as in Bach, sharply rhythmically, of course, its accents falling with soul-filling rightness. And so the concerto, sanely treated, made twice the effect, emotionally as



as musically, as when violinist and it too hard—this, too, when to a violinist, Mr. Kreisler seemed, in passages for parade, not at his most cant.

For his closing group Mr. Kreisler needed to play an old German Shepherd's Madrigal arranged by himself, Gypsy Caprice, Ravel's Habanera, and transcriptions of a "Jota" and "Dance Espagnole" by De Falla.

R. R. G.

**RUSSIAN SYMPHONIC CHOIR**

Yesterday evening at Symphony hall the Russian Symphonic choir, under the leadership of Basile Kibalchich, gave a program of sacred, classical, and folk music in Russian under the patronage of the Home and School Visitation Association. The appearance of the chorus, dressed in characteristically gaudy but dignified Russian costumes, made one wish that the leader had seen fit to wear the Russian dress too. His sombre evening clothes before the group of singers in red, blue and gold, the women asparkle with jewels, was too reminiscent of the frock-coated ring leader in the circus, snapping the whip over his tight-rope dancers.

The sacred music, including liturgical music and music by Lvov, Rachmaninoff, Tchaikovsky, and Archangel'sky, revealed the many excellencies of this group of singers. There are many splendid voices in the organization. High sopranos, of characteristically Russian brilliance, almost shrill; deep, rich basses, good tenors and baritones. Indeed, if it were not for the good quality of the voices, the choir would make a less favorable impression, for Mr. Kibalchich asks them to do many an unmusical thing. He sometimes breaks up phrases into successions of notes, loosely strung together; he is fond of hummed passages, in which he suggests violins by imitating typically violinistic faults . . . scooping and slurring, and fading away from a decisive initial attack. But be it said, that these peculiarly unmusical effects of Mr. Kibalchich's are manifested almost solely in the music he labels, with a fine catholicity, "classic."

In the sacred music and folk music, the virile singing of the choir was most enjoyable. In "Wedding Bells," a folk tune, Mr. Kibalchich, the arranger, made use of bell-imitation by the basses . . . an exotic and beautiful effect being attained when the clear high voices of the women sang against the booming background of bells. "The Bridal Song" and "In the Garden" sung by women only, were charming; "The Volga Boat Song," in Kibalchich's arrangement, sung by the men, brought forth so much applause that it had to be repeated.

Specially well-sung were the peasant scene from "Eugene Onegin" and "Evening Song" from "Prince Igor." In these two choruses as in all the other numbers they sang best, the choir revealed that native gift of dramatic intensity, the almost naive fervor of the make believe which most Russians possess.

The large and distinguished audience was most cordial, rewarding the singers and the energetic conductor with much applause.

E. B.

## BEN GREET PLAYERS STAGE 'EVERYMAN'

Ben Greet and his group of English players presented the morality play, *Everyman*, yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. The characters were acted by Mr. Greet, Kynaston Reeves, Russell Thorndike, Bruno Barnabe, Stanford Holme, Arnold Walsh, Ruth Vivian, Thea Holme, Alison Pickard, Cecil Musk, Edith Mayor, Arthur Sircom, Walter Geer, Peter Dearing and George Hare.

It was evident from the Sabbath stillness that prevailed as the small audience assembled to witness this old play of the 15th or 16th century, that everyone was familiar with its solemn character. The stage was simply set, taupe velvet hangings forming the background for two cloth-covered tables, one at either side, and in the centre a dull gray platform at the back of the stage, mounted by three steps, where the final bit of action took place. On one table were set a golden chalice and golden candlestick. On the other was a large open book, and before each was a rustic seat.

As the faint music of an organ was heard in the distance, two black-hooded monks approached from the wings, each taking a seat at one side of the front of the stage. There they remained throughout the greater portion of the play. At the conclusion of the prologue by the Messenger, the voice of Adonai, the Almighty, was heard, solemnly calling upon Death to bring Everyman to

judgment. The dul, slow beat of a drum signalled the arrival of Death, a grim being somewhat resembling a skeleton, topped with feathered red cap and carrying a long, golden trumpet.

From one side of the auditorium itself, gaily singing to his guitar, came Everyman, his long red hose and big red bonnet making a splash of color that added to his joyous demeanor. His merriment ceased, however, as Death stated his unwelcome message and finally shuffled out to the muffled thud of his drum. Everyman's summoning of his various friends—Fellowship, Riches, Kindred, Good Deeds, Knowledge and so on—to accompany him on his journey to the grave, brought in a large element of drama. Three of these characters that were outstanding for skillful portrayal were the crafty Riches, with his cackling, high-pitched voice; the stately, golden-clad Knowledge, and the gentle Good Deeds.

With the final commitment of Everyman to the grave, the call of the Red Angel to the soul to ascend above and the pointing of the "moral" by the Doctor, the play closed as organ music again sounded dimly.

F. A. B.

## PARK THEATRE "Shanghai Lady"

An all-talking comedy drama adapted by Houston Branch from the story by John Colton, directed by John Robertson and presented by Universal with the following cast:

Cassie Cook	Mary Nolan
Repen	McKinney
Polly Voo	Lydia Yeaman
Maudie	Wheeler
Lizzie	Oakman
Madeline	Anders
Joe	Randolf
Joe	Yola
Joe	D'Avril
Joe	Rica
Joe	Monica
Joe	Leone
Joe	Irma
Joe	Almond

It is not often that any one so extremely pleasant to look at as Mary Nolan is so good an actress. Her first starring film, "Shanghai Lady," at the Park Theatre, gives ample scope for all her gifts and provides some unusually good entertainment. If it does seem too bad that a really dramatic situation at the end of the picture is turned into a sweet and sentimental conclusion for no particular reason, yet there has been enough drama preceding it to make up for a good deal. Not only does Mary Nolan do the best work of her career so far, as the girl from a Chinese house of ill-fame pretending to be a lady, but James Murray has a chance at last to get his teeth into a real part and show that he is good for something besides following Clara Bow around as a floor-walker, a gilded youth, or what have you.

Mary Nolan, or Cassie Cook, as she is known in the story, gets thrown out of Mme. Polly Voo Frances notorious Shanghai resort about the same time that "Badlands" McKinney escapes from the clutches of the justly indignant law. By chance they take the same train for Hankow, are put in the same compartment, and both pretend to be very genteel. McKinney believes that Cassie is a lady and treats her as if she were spun glass. The train is attacked by bandits and the only way of escape is to return to Shanghai, something neither desires. On the way back the two masquerading outcasts find themselves very much in love, but feel that they must part. Back in Shanghai, they are discovered by a sinister half-caste, Repen, who desires Cassie for himself and McKinney for the law. He agrees to let McKinney go if Cassie will depart with him. To make the break final there is a mutual revelation of identities on the part of the lovers, but they are saved from separation by the appearance of a benevolent mandarin who has an old score to settle with Repen.

On the same bill is "Skinner Steps Out," with Glenn Tryon and Merna Kennedy, a story of a meek little man who is of immense importance in business who bluffs his wife into thinking that he is forced him to ask for a raise. He is fired at once but makes a most successful comeback in the end. Mr. Tryon offers an amusing performance and Miss Kennedy makes a pretty and clever little wife.

E. L. H.

## FENWAY THEATRE "The Forward Pass"

An all-talking comedy adapted for the screen from the story by Harvey Gates, directed by Eddie Cline and presented by First National with the following cast:

First National	Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Marty Reid	Loretta Young
Patricia Carlyle	Guinn 'Big Boy' Williams
Honey Smith	Phyllis Crane
Mazie	Bert Rome
Coach Wilson	Lane Chandler
Assistant Coach Kane	Allen Lane
Ed Kirby	Flora Skackelford
Trainer	

The seventh and, it is to be hoped, the last of this year's crop of football pictures, with its co-ed environment, its freshman quartets and its entire freedom from books and classrooms, is being shown exclusively at the Fenway Theatre. Not that "The Forward Pass" is by any means the worst of the series; it just comes too late in the season. The sports world now is in the midst of hockey hysteria or looking forward to the spring training tours of the baseball teams. If First National had held this product until next October it would have made a louder splash in the cinema pond.

Marty Reid, Sanford's best quarterback, expert in the forward pass, has

been picked on by opposing ruffians of the gridiron. Pretty well bungled up, he announces to Coach Wilson that he is disinclined to go through life, after leaving college, selling lead pencils. Wilson, a strategist, thinks up a scheme to restore Reid's interest in the game and sets "Pat" Carlyle, the college vamp, on his trail. Marty falls quickly, and "Pat" ultimately finds herself in the same predicament. On the day of the Sanford-Colfax game, Marty, about to go on the field, overhears something of the plot, becomes resentful, yet goes on. Ed Kirby, always a rival, falls him on the receiving end of the passes, and both are taken out, with Colfax in the lead. A fist fight in the locker room clears up the feud and, finally, with a few minutes of play left, both get back into the game. This time there are no treacheries. Forward and lateral passes fill the air, Sanford wins, and Marty and "Pat" indulge in their second kiss.

The story is sugary, most of the acting is of juvenile order. Judging by the glimpses accorded, the Harvard-Yale game could not draw a greater crowd. This particular game, too, must have been played on a nice summer day outside of Hollywood. At that, more than the usual space was allotted to the game itself, which proved not wholly uninteresting, though the outcome was obvious to all. Young Fairbanks, who becomes more ingratiating with each new picture, and Miss Young, whose screen voice is one of the delights to which one looks forward eagerly, gave excellent performances in unexacting roles. In something really worth while, they would be an exceptionally engaging pair.

W. E. G.

## KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE "Song of Love"

An all-talking and singing screen comedy drama from the original story by Howard Green and Henry McCarthy, directed by Erle C. Kenton and presented by Columbia with the following cast:

Anna Gibson	Belle Baker
Tom Gibson	Ralph Graves
Buddy Gibson	David Durand
Mazie	Eunice Quenden
Joe	Arthur Housman

It is about time that the down-trod-

den husbands of lady vaudeville singers, who start nowhere and end up at the Palace in a couple of weeks, should go on strike and demand their share of success. Why is it always considered necessary when these husband and wife teams break up, the husband to follow an alluring blonde and the wife to continue her career—that the gentlemen of the party should go to the dogs at once and never see his wife until she is billed in letter two feet high? It is possible to enumerate at least half a dozen back-stage films of recent release where this formula is followed without a single variation. As a refreshing novelty some clever director might send the lady on the down trail and let her husband forgive her in the end and nobly restore her to his bosom and the centre of the stage.

This plaintive wail is elicited by the showing of "The Song of Love," now at the Keith-Albee Theatre, to mark Belle Baker's talking picture debut. The wornout bag of tricks is all there—every last one, even to the reconciliation of the estranged husband and wife by their small son. It is scarcely worth while to detail the plot, which was exactly like all the others of its kind. Belle Baker sang and sang and looked very noble and suffering and self-sacrificing, but there was too much of the sob behind the smile. When she had a chance to be funny and sing some distinctly broad ditties, it was all right, but for the most part her fate was similar to that of Sophie Tucker when she ventured into the talkies.

From such a surfeit of pathos it was a relief to turn to Ralph Graves, as the badly behaved husband, to Arthur Housman as the friendly acrobat who was forever borrowing and never returning, and to Frankie Darro, one of the most convincing and likable small boys that the screen has to offer. Particularly good was Mr. Graves: called on to go through a series of incredibly selfish acts, he maintained his ingratiating smile and pleasant manner so well that it was impossible to believe that he was anything like as bad as the story would indicate. If the picture belonged to anyone, it was to him.—E. L. H.

## WILBUR

Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner presented the following character sketches at the Wilbur Theatre last evening: "The Eve of Departure," "In a Gondola," "Lady Explorer," "Monte Carlo," "Home-work," "Aftermath," "Motoring in the 90's," and "Sailing Time on the Olympic."

Miss Skinner is a skilful entertainer. In her performance last evening she was a tragedienne or humorist as the occasion demanded and her sketches were infused with ironical wit. It is unnecessary to give a detailed account of her many accomplish-

ments because they have recently been related. One might add, however, that such entertainment never becomes monotonous when it is presented by an artist as versatile as Miss Skinner. A large audience was present, and her amusing satire were appreciated to the fullest extent.

O. A.

## BEATRICE HARRISON AND CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

Beatrice Harrison, English 'cellist, and the Chamber orchestra of Boston, Nicolas Slonimsky, conductor, gave a concert last night in Hancock hall. It seemed fitting that this new hall, which is pleasing in appearance and good acoustically, should hear such varied and interesting music the first time it was used for a public concert. There were a Sinfonia in D major for Chamber orchestra (Karl Johann Stamitz); concerto in D major for 'cello and orchestra (Haydn); four small pieces for 'cello and orchestra; four episodes for Chamber orchestra (Ernest Bloch); "Youthful Rapture" (Percy Grainger); and Suite Ancienne (Sammartini-Salmon), the last two for 'cello and orchestra.

Stamitz's delightful Sinfonia made a pleasant opening number. Mr. Slonimsky set good tempi and secured nuances, but his cuing was not precise enough; attacks were not clean.

Miss Harrison's playing, though frequently beautiful, for she has tones both delicate and rich when she needs them, did not approach what is her best until near the end of the concert. 'Cellist and 'cello swayed and trembled with excess of emotion, but unfortunately that emotion, when it got into the music at all, was as excessively sentimental as it looked. There was too much heavy portamento in the Haydn; too much yearning in the "Bard of Armagh" (arranged from an Irish tune by Herbert Hughes), and in "Youthful Rapture" by Grainger, though the latter work seemed to call for some. Only in the jolly Blackbird Reel (Hughes), and in the charming suite of Sammartini, did this player reveal the qualities of taste

and musicianship that have made her previous concerts here enjoyable.

Perhaps most interesting of the evening's music were the "Four Episodes" of Ernest Bloch—witty, skilfully constructed, colorful. The "Humoresque Macabre," was very well-played indeed; "Calm," a lovely piece, was smoothly played, with delicate phrasing. "Chinese," undoubtedly inspired by the bustling Chinatown of Bloch's adopted city, San Francisco, had the chatter, the stridency, and the humor that westerners expect in "Chinese" moments musicales.

A large audience applauded enthusiastically.

E. B.

## MACDOWELL CLUB

The MacDowell Club will give its first concert of this season tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock in George W. Brown hall. Mabel Bremer will sing an air by Zandonai (from "San Giuliano"—first time here) and songs by Paisiello, Tirindelli, Hadley, Griffes, Deems Taylor, James Ferguson will sing songs by Scarlatti, Donaudy, Respighi, Schumann, Brahms, Lenormand, Campbell-Tipton, Henschel. Heinrich Gebhard, pianist-composer, will play pieces by Schumann, Liszt, MacDowell and his own "Voices of the Valley," "Moon Children" and "Cascades."

## THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COLONIAL—"Whoopee," musical comedy, with Eddie Cantor; third and last week.  
COPLEY—"Murder on the Second Floor," melodrama; fifth week.  
HOLLIS STREET—"Meteor," new Theatre Guild play, with Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne; second week.  
MAJESTIC—"Woof, Woof," musical comedy; third and last week.  
REPERTORY—"Twelfth Night," Shakespearean comedy.  
WILBUR—"Journey's End," R. C. Sheriff's war play; sixth week.  
NOTE—The Plymouth, Shubert, Tremont and Shubert Lyric theatres are dark.

## REPERTORY THEATRE "Twelfth Night"

A comedy by William Shakespeare. The cast was as follows:

Antonio	McLain Gates
Sebastian	John Warburton
Viola	Cynthia Latham
Sea Captain	Curtis Rhea
Duke Orsino	William Gilbert
Curio	Charles Douglas
Valentine	Kenneth Reardon
Sir Andrew Aguecheek	Allen Nourse
Maria	Cynthia Brooke
Sir Andrew Aguecheek	David Wilton
Feste	Margaret Smith
Olivia	Howard Kyle
Malvolio	Charles Douglas
Officer	J. W. Hayley
Priest	

"Twelfth Night," has suffered recently at the hands of gentlemen, who (like 18th century poets that put Shakespeare into rhymed couplets) improve it to conform with contemporary taste. Though it has not been played in modern dress, it has been produced modernistically with futuristic costumes and impressionistic scenery, and constructively, every speech being literally construed. At the other extreme is Ben Greet's production in the Elizabethan style, with women, however, not boys, playing the female parts. The Repertory wisely have followed the tra-



ditional method of presentation, except original mixture of Greek and Italian costuming, Olivia being clad in yellow "a color she abhors."

In other respects the performance last evening was one of the best the Repertory has given this season. The play is well suited to the company since the burden of the acting does not fall on one actor alone. Mr. Kyle as Malvolio, was a paragon of self-complacency in the letter scene. Mr. Powers was consistently a jovial and tipsy Sir Toby, ably supported in his antics by Mr. Nourse as the asinine Aguecheek. Miss Latham, a sprightly Viola, and Mr. Gilbert as the romantic Orsino supplied the poetic element. A large audience seemed highly entertained.

E. C. D.

## JORDAN HALL

**"Hamlet"**

First quarto edition of Shakespeare's tragedy; presented by Sir Philip Ben Greet and the Ben Greet Players with the following cast:

Francisco.....	Lawrence Johns
Bernardo.....	Arthur Sircorn
Horatio.....	Arnold Walsh
Marcellus.....	Walter Geer
Ghost.....	Stanford Holme
King.....	Kynaston Reeves
Queen.....	Alison Pickard
Hamlet.....	Russell Thorndike
Leicester.....	Bruno Barnab
Polonius.....	Ben Greet
Ambassador.....	Edith Mavor
Ofelia.....	Thea Holme
Montano.....	George Hare
Rossencourt.....	Arthur Sircorn
Gilsterstone.....	Peter Dearing
Players, Stanford Holme, Ruth Vivian, Cecil Musk, George Hare, Edith Mavor, Fortenbrasse.....	Cecil Musk
Clownes (First and Second Grave Diggers).....	Ben Greet, George Hare
A huggart gentleman.....	Peter Dearing
Priest.....	Henry Willis

To play "Hamlet" in two hours and a half and leave out nothing of importance might well be considered a miracle, but thanks to the existence of the first quarto edition of the play—only two copies of which are extant—Sir Philip Ben Greet and his more than capable company gave last night a most interesting and satisfactory performance. This first quarto "Hamlet" sounds very much like a shorthand version of the completed tragedy; the essentials of the plot are all there, but the author has not yet arranged them in the final order. Celebrated speeches, such as the "to-be-or-not-to-be" soliloquy, are as yet only a rough draft, scarcely recognizable yet containing the essence of the thought that is later to be more carefully shaped.

Though it was impossible to lose the familiar quotations without a pang, yet there was a certain freshness, almost modernity, about both play and acting that was most pleasing. The Hamlet of Mr. Russell Thorndike set the pace and the others were not far behind. He made no pretence of lofty grandeur and overwhelming dignity, nor did he strive for attention by forced eccentricities and elaborate innovations. His Prince was youthful in manner and in action, distraught but never in the slightest degree suggestive of madness. Grief for his father's death he feels most deeply, but it has not so far overcome his youthful spirits that he cannot enjoy teasing Corambis-Polonius with a mocking pleasure quite devoid of sardonic bitterness. Excellent, too, was his bravura recitation of the high-flown speech of the tragedy of Troy, with its deliberate exaggeration of gesture and bombastic speech. Mr. Thorndike's lighter scenes came off better than the more serious ones, partly perhaps, because these are more completely shaped by the playwright. Very admirable, nevertheless, was the interview with the Ghost and the poignant scene with

Ofelia. The end of the play fell rather flat, owing in large part to the extreme prosaicness of the dialogue.

The supporting cast was unusually good, particularly the delightful human and strangely up-to-date Corambis of Sir Philip Ben Greet, who made the frequently boring and tiresome old gentleman really amusing without ever descending to buffoonery. The Ofelia of Thea Holme was youthful, appealing and tragic, and the Queen of Alison Pickard looked strikingly beautiful and played with sympathy and skill. The handsome costumes, Elizabethan in cut, and the very simple scenery arranged prettily to the effect of the play, which ran smoothly, quickly and easily. The audience was most appreciative.—E. L. H.

## CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner's final performance at the Wilbur Theatre yesterday afternoon included the favorite "Eve of Departure," "Monte Carlo," "Homework," "Motoring in the 90's," "Sailing Time on the Olympic" and three new sketches, "A Southern Girl in the Sistine Chapel," "On the Beach at Barbadoes" and "Night Club." Charming and frivolous as the southern tourist, almost tragic as the girl of the Barbadoes, whose native blood barred her from society, heart-breakingly real as the jazz-crazed child in "Night Club,"

she delighted a large audience by her versatility, originality and dramatic power. As an encore, she recited "Les Vents Sauvage de Novembre," by Emile Veredrich, which hauntingly echoed the winds.

## LOEW'S STATE

**"The Thirteenth Chair"**

An all-talking screen melodrama adapted by Elliott Clawson from the play of the same name by Bayard Veiller; directed by Tod Browning and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Richard Crosby.....	Conrad Nagel
Helen O'Neill.....	Lella Hyams
Mme. Rosalie La Grange.....	Margaret Wycherly
Mary Eastwood.....	Helene Millard
Sir Roscoe Crosby.....	Holmes Herbert
Lady Crosby.....	Mary Forbes
Inspector Delzante.....	Bela Lugosi
Edward Wales.....	John Davidson
Dr. Philip Mason.....	Charles Quatermaine
Helen Trent.....	Moon Carroll
Brandon Trent.....	Cyril Chadwick
Professor Feringhea.....	Frank Leigh
Commissioner Grimshaw.....	Clarence Geldert

Bayard Veiller's mystery plays are about as fool-proof as it is possible for anything to be when confronted with the dangers of transformation into the moving pictures. "The Trial of Mary Dugan" was an outstanding effort, fully as effective on the screen as on the stage, and it is not surprising to find another of his great successes, "The Thirteenth Chair," among the talkies. It is now to be seen at Loew's State Theatre and may be recommended as exciting entertainment to all save those who have over-accurate memories and prefer the logic of the playwright's conclusion to that of some scenario writer.

Richard Crosby, son of the aristocratic Sir Richard Crosby, has become engaged to an attractive girl, Helen O'Neill, of whom little is known. On the night the engagement is to be announced, a friend of the family, Edward Wales, suggests that it be postponed for 24 hours, or at least until the end of a spiritualistic seance that is about to be held. His friend, Spencer Tracy, a cad who was too free with married women, was stabbed mysteriously, and Wales believes that the medium, Madame La Grange, will be able to tell who did it. When Madame La Grange arrives she shows a sudden unwillingness to go on with the affair especially when she sees Helen O'Neill. She is finally persuaded to go through it, but in the midst of the

seance, when the assembled guests, 13 in all, are holding hands in a circle in the dark, Wales is stabbed to death. What makes it most alarming is that he was apparently on the point of learning the name of the murderer.

When the inspector arrives, he manages to fasten suspicion on Helen O'Neill, but it is Madame La Grange who finds the real criminal, not, however, the one whom Mr. Veiller intended. The cast is so large that individual opportunities for outstanding acting are few. Margaret Wycherly, as Madame La Grange, contributes an excellent characterization of the resourceful, humorous and affectionate woman, willing to do anything to save the daughter she loved. Bela Lugosi makes a sinister and forceful Inspector Delzante, and Lella Hyams and Conrad Nagel are sincere and appealing as the young lovers.

E. L. H.

## OPERA SEASON ENDS SUDDENLY

The Boston Grand Opera Company, producers of a series of operas at the Boston Opera House during the last week, unexpectedly last night closed the performances that were to continue this week and for two additional weeks after the new year.

Insufficient attendance of Boston music lovers was given as the reason for the abrupt discontinuance, by the management, the conductor and members of the chorus.

The discontinuance came as a distinct surprise following an enthusiastic reception given after Saturday's performance. The announcement came when many members of the chorus arrived for a presentation of "Tosca," and found the box office refunding 1000 paid admissions.

No hint of disruption between the artists and the management was given. The decision was reached when it became apparent that, with similar audiences that attended last week, a deficit would be added to substantial amounts already spent in producing the operas.

Members of the chorus and Conductor Carlo Peroni, questioned last night, seemed optimistic for future operas in Boston and declared that plans will be started at once to produce operas here in the fall. A highly paid orchestra at \$7000 a week, and high salaried New

York members of the chorus were blamed for the deficit.

"Tosca," the opera scheduled for last night, did not open. The decision was reached a short time before the doors were to open and as the audience arrived they were refunded the purchase price of the tickets.

Carlo Peroni, conductor, said he would begin training an all-Boston chorus following surprising results shown by many of the lower paid artists. The productions planned for the fall are expected to be staged at less than half the cost of those concluded. The cast will be secured early in the spring when, with plenty of time, a less costly but every bit as good a chorus is to be assembled.

**"NEW YORK PIRATES"**

"New York Pirates" was the term the conductor applied to a majority of the cast. It was said all members had been paid off as soon as the decision was reached and that most of them left for New York on a 10 o'clock train.

According to plans for another season, European stars will be added to the chorus to be recruited in Greater Boston. At no time was there a disagreement between the management and the local artists. Both lamented last night that Bostonians could not afford to support "the finest opera presentation in Boston for many years."

It was stated last night that any deficit will be made up. Advance sale on tickets for the remainder of the week will be refunded beginning Thursday.

The statement issued by the management follows in part:

The performances themselves aroused considerable enthusiasm, but box office receipts, unfortunately, fell far below the most conservative advance estimates.

The management states that there is every reason to believe that there exists a real enthusiasm for the type of operatic performance presented during the past week. Assurances have been given by many public spirited citizens that strong financial support will be given to the company in a subsequent season. Plans for the raising of a substantial guarantee fund will be entered upon at once.

The shut-down of the opera last night marked the third such suspension of grand opera in Boston since last spring. The Cosmopolitan Opera Company "blew up" at the Arlington Theatre two weeks ago, on the night of its two-week series of performances. The National Grand Opera Company suddenly shut down at the Boston Opera House last April on the Monday night of its second week.

The opera performances which suddenly ceased last night was considered highly meritorious. It was grand opera which at times reached a high peak of artistic triumph, notably in "Madame Butterfly," last Saturday afternoon, in which the Japanese soprano, Hizi Koyke, gave a noteworthy performance.

## TUESDAY SYMPHONY

The first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Tuesday series took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program included Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 3, G major for strings; Mozart's Symphony, E flat major (K. 543); Beethoven's Symphony, C minor, No. 5. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted.

These compositions were all played by the orchestra this season, and the perfection of the performances has already been praised. The playing of a symphony by Mozart tests the proficiency of an orchestra severely, more so than any excerpt from Wagner's music dramas or any wild work of an ultra-modern. It also tests the taste and musical sensitiveness of a conductor. How successfully leader and players meet this test was again made known; as was the brilliancy of the string section in Bach's concerto. The audience that filled all parts of the hall was enthusiastic over the program and the performance.

The object of these Tuesday afternoon concerts is to show symphonic development from the time of Bach to the present day. May one venture to remark that it might be interesting to present with a reduced orchestra works by the lesser known contemporaries of Bach and Mozart? Haydn, of course, is represented in the series of 24 concertos, but only a few, two or three, of his many symphonies are performed in the course of years and they are repeated again and again. One of the earlier symphonies by Mozart would be a refreshing novelty; there are works by him, not dignified by the name of symphonic, that, wholly unknown to these audiences, would be refreshingly novel. And is it not possible that frequent performances of Beethoven's symphonies are injurious to the symphonies themselves, making them too familiar so that their great value is taken as a matter of course?

The next concert of the Tuesday series will be on Jan. 7. H. L. M.

## JORDAN HALL

**"Twelfth Night"**

By William Shakespeare. The Ben Greet Players. The cast:

Orsino.....	Cecil Musk
Curio.....	Walter Geer
Valentine.....	Lawrence Johns
Sea Captain.....	Arthur Sircorn
Viola.....	Alison Pickard
Sir Toby Belch.....	Russell Thorndike
Sir Andrew Aguecheek.....	Stanford Holme
Feste.....	Bruno Barnab
Malvolio.....	Ben Greet
Olivia.....	Thea Holme
Attendant.....	Edith Mavor
Fabian.....	Arnold Walsh
Sebastian.....	Peter Dearing
Antonio.....	Kynaston Reeves

By this time of day everybody knows the Greet way with Shakespeare. In

many respects, surely, it is an excellent way. No scenery at all, for instance, answers far better than ugly scenery or misleading.

It is a pity, though, that the Greet way should refuse so firmly the aid of fine lighting. Once, in the first half of the evening, the greenery-gallery curtains, as Gilbert's poet would have called them, turned a beautiful amethyst. There was an earnest of what lighting can do.

But if the Greet manner does away with stage settings and will have little to do with lighting effects, it will never serve to throw away Shakespeare's text into the bargain. The music of it, the poetry, got lost last night for want of clear diction. The wit was left, but even that got by some persons very tolerably familiar with "Twelfth Night." The plot remained; not too clear, however, to some who had not read the play. The foolery alone was never lacking, without which no manager seems daring enough to venture a Shakespeare comedy.

It marred, this foolery, by its extravagance, the well conceived characterizations of Malvolio, Sir Toby and Sir Andrew. The Feste and the Fabian escaped it best. So did the ladies, Elizabethan pictures all, well worth the looking on. They also approached the poetical more nearly than did the men.

R. R. G.

**"Much Ado About Nothing"**

The Ben Greet Players. The cast was as follows:

Leonato.....	Kynaston Reeves
Antonio.....	Arthur Sircorn
Beatrice.....	Thea Holme
Hero.....	Alison Pickard
Don Pedro.....	Bruno Barnab
Don John.....	Stanford Holme
Claudio.....	Arnold Walsh
Benedick.....	Russell Thorndike
Dozberry.....	Ben Greet

Shakespeare's comedy was performed yesterday afternoon with a polish and smoothness that reflected the experience and skill of every member of the company. Worthy of particular commendation is Mr. Russell Thorndike, who created an extremely effective Benedick. The high point of dramatic skill was reached in the scene where Benedick is involuntarily forced into the role of eavesdropper to hear the falsely manufactured news of Beatrice's love for him.

W. B. K.

Jordan Hall—First Boston performance of Bach's "Die Kunst der Fuge" by the Seventeenth Century Ensemble and assisting artists, Paul Stassevitch, conductor.

Program: Contrapuncti: I-IV String quartet; V-VII Small string orchestra (tutti e soli); VIII String orchestra, trumpets, trombones and organ; IX, Oboe, English horn and bassoons; X String orchestra, flutes, oboe and bassoons; XI String orchestra, woodwinds, trumpets, trombones and organ; XII-XIII Piano solo; XIV-XV Organ solo (four canons); XVI Flute, English horn and bassoon; XVII Two pianos; XVIII String orchestra and organ; XIXa String orchestra, trumpets, trombones and organ; XIXb String orchestra and woodwinds; XIXc String orchestra, trumpets, trombones and organ (incomplete).

A small but obviously deeply interested audience gathered last night at Jordan Hall to hear the first Boston performance of "Die Kunst der Fuge," the last work of Johann Sebastian Bach. It was an audience which brought much of scholarship and serious musicianship to the hearing of Bach's great work; audience and orchestra and conductor bent their minds to attempt a full understanding of the intricacies, the master-craftsmanship, the richly full and expressive musical thought of "The Art of Fugue." It is a work that must be heard many times—that goes without saying, but last night it was apparent that even persons not musically learned could enjoy this last music of Bach very whole-heartedly. The orchestrations of Wolfgang Graesser, the gifted young German who died at the age of 22, just one year after the premiere of his orchestration of Bach's Art of Fugue, adds tremendously to the import and effectiveness of the fugues, lending color and shading to the voices. There were some in the audience who came for their soul's (their musical soul's) good, but who were afraid of being swamped in a sort of audible textbook presentation of fugal structure.



contrapuntal resources. They were more than agreeably surprised. There were many who were excited at the discovery of a new and consummate artist taking to themselves, as audiences will, something of his reflected glory. There were many who, knowing fully the complexities of Bach, and having studied the score, felt that the performance was not adequate. There were certainly fugues that were not well-played—occasionally themes were introduced with vagueness, notably by the strings, and occasionally the tempi set by the conductor were not the best. Very occasionally it seemed apparent that the player, or players themselves were not too certain of the significance of the voices they carried. But it means much to a small and very musical group in Boston, that there are individuals with the initiative and courage to bring such a great work before the public, even if not splendidly performed. These applauded the Seventeenth Century Ensemble, the able assisting artists, and the helpful and efficient conductor, joining with the players in strengthened appreciation of the greatness of Bach. E. B.

Dr. Koussevitzky will conduct the first performance of the second symphony of Arnold Bax—E minor—C major—at the Symphony concerts this week. The composer, having refused the first performance to London's conductors, Beecham, Wood and others, thus pays Dr. Koussevitzky to whom the symphony is dedicated—and the orchestra a high compliment. He has written that he is confident the symphony will have a finer first performance than has been the case with his other important orchestral works. He had expected to be in Boston this week, but he has been prevented by a concert in London in which he is to take part.

Mr. Iturbi will play Liszt's piano concerto No. 1—known to some as the "triangle" concerto, for Liszt shocked the poker-backed critics of his day by introducing a triangle in the orchestra. They forgot that Schumann had done this in his "Spring" symphony and Beethoven had used a triangle in the finale of his 9th. This concerto has not been played here at the Friday and Saturday symphony concerts since April, 1913, when Germaine Schnitzer was the pianist. Among her predecessors at these concerts were Mmes. Adele aus der Ohe and Samarooff; Messrs. Paderewski, Ganz, Rosenthal, Hambourg, Miss aus der Ohe's performance of the concerto was memorable for its dash and brilliance. The other numbers of the program will be Weber's Overture to "Euryanthe" and Respighi's "Pines of Rome," with gramophone nightingale hopefully in good working order.

The program announced for next week's Symphony concert comprises: Roussel's "Little" Suite; Tournier's "Feerie—Prelude and dance for harp with orchestra; Dvorak's "New World" symphony; the second suite of Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloé."

The Harvard Glee Club, assisted by the Radcliffe Choral Society and 70 players from the Boston Symphony orchestra will give a concert in Sym-

phony hall tonight. The program will include a chorus from Handel's opera, "Admeto," one from his oratorio "Solomon," one from his opera "Deidamia" (with orchestra), Brahms's "Liebeslieder" and Neue Liebeslieder, Vaughan Williams's "Antiphon" which was recently sung with piano and organ at Mr. Houghton's concert, Holst's "Hymn of Jesus" and Bach's "Now Shall the Grace."

A. Joseph Alexander, pianist, will play in Jordan hall, tonight, music by Bach, Schumann, Liszt, Rachmaninoff, Chaboyer, Behrend, Rosenthal, Balakirev. Harold Triggs, pianist, will play tonight at the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, 28 Newbury street, music by Purcell, Bach, Brahms, Beethoven, Chopin, Triggs, De Falla, Palmgren, Rachmaninoff.

Next Saturday afternoon in Jordan hall, Pauline Danforth will play music by Bach, Debussy, Ravel, Schumann, Brahms, Medtner and Bartok. The "Prelude" by Ravel composed about the time he wrote "The Tomb of Couperin" will be played in Boston for the first time.

Next Sunday's concerts: Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Cyrena Van Gordon, contralto, Metropolitan Theatre, 2 P. M. People's Symphony Orchestra, Henry Hadley, conductor. Boston Art Club, 3:30 P. M. Boston flute players' concert. Jordan hall, 3:15 P. M., Donald Thayer, baritone.

The Aguilar Lute Quartet will play tomorrow night in Palne Concert hall, Cambridge, at 8:15 o'clock, under the auspices of the departments of Music and Fine Arts, Harvard University.

With "Masquerade," by Carl McKinley of the faculty, successor to the late Stuart Mason as instructor in the his-

tory of music and other subjects, and with music by Rossini, Mozart, Maurer Rimsky-Korsakoff, Richard Strauss and Johann Strauss, the New England Conservatory orchestra, Wallace Goodrich, conductor, will give its second concert of the present season in Jordan hall tomorrow evening.

"Masquerade" was written by Mr. McKinley in an idiom suggested by jazz for Roxy's Capitol Theatre, New York. At the first performance by the Philharmonic Society of New York at the Stadium, the composer conducted. There have been performances by the Chicago and Detroit Symphony orchestras. P. H.

## THE THEATRES

BRATTLE HALL

### "Success"

A comedy in three acts by A. A. Milne first produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, on June 21, 1923, with Charles Cherry, Halliwell Hobbes, Reginald Owen, Joyce Kennedy and Myna MacGill; presented for the first time in America by the Harvard Dramatic Club with the following cast:

Arthur Mannock	Brinkerhoff Jackson	'32
Lady Jane Mannock	Bettye Jean Crocker	R '30
Freda Mannock	Elizabeth Johnson	The Rt. Hon. R. Selby Mannock
Edward Eversley	Robert R. Wallstein	'32
Bertie Capp	Harold G. Meyer	'30
John Reader	Robert H. Jones	'30
Lord Carchester	Gordon Leach	'29
Diehy	W. A. Richardson	'32
Nite	Frederick Donald	'30
Sauter	Ethelund Elbert	R '30
Buttus Maiden	Jessica Hill	R '30

A. A. Milne's quiet little comedy, offered by the Harvard Dramatic Club at Brattle hall in Cambridge last night as their first production of the season, suggests the pleasing thought that even cabinet ministers have hearts and if given the opportunity might throw everything aside for love. It is not intended as adverse criticism of Mr. Milne's work to suggest that he may have had Sir J. M. Barrie in mind when writing this play, especially the second act, of all three, the most moving and delicately devised. Not quite escaping a touch of earthiness, there is yet a distinct touch of fantasy and tenderness to these moments of a man dreaming of his lost love and aspirations, that set them apart from the slightly labored earlier scenes of the play.

Selby Mannock, M. P., is a successful politician in his middle 40's, ambitious, self-sufficient and practical. His career has been made through a marriage for advancement and a shrewd ability to take advantage of opportunities. By chance he meets an old friend, a rather gentle and ineffectual dreamer, Edward Eversley, who reminds him of their past days together and of the girl they had both loved and forgotten. A certain disquietude awakens in Mannock which is further increased by his spending the night at the house of this same girl, now married to a boor. That night he dreams of his childhood, fantastically mingled with the present, and,

the next day he sees Sally once more and finds that he loves her still. Overcome with a sense of what they have both missed, he begs her to go away with him in a week to find happiness. Returning home, his everyday life closes in on him again and Sally is once more deserted. His success is too strong for him—no crime but a habit too strong to overcome.

The performance given by the members of the Harvard Dramatic Club last night would have done credit to older and more experienced players. The poise and maturity of Robert Wallstein, as Selby Mannock, gave an unlooked for conviction—both in lighter and graver moments—to an exacting part. Jessica Hill made a lovely and pathetic Sally, and George Curtin and Frederick Donald were delightful as the small boys in the dream scene. E. L. H.

### FINE ARTS THEATRE

The Allied Arts Players gave "The Lost Disciple," a negro folk play of the Florida roads by Jack Bates, last evening with the following cast:

Rufus	Jack Bates
Sandy	James Byars
Nattie	Theresa Barco Johnson
Bartender	Theodore Carter
Loafer	Herbert Wilkins
Toole	Avon Lang
Seymour	William Howard
Jim	Granville Stewart
Joe	Chester P. Yancey
Bess	Gena Mae Brown

Could every play put on the stage be carried through with such lack of apparent forced expression of emotion—such natural abandon as this, done by a group of Boston negroes, most of whom are students, there would be little to criticize in the drama. Mr. Bates, the author and producer of the play, divides his time between Boston and Florida. From his experiences and observations in the South he has built his scenes around the life of a walf who

was found at the fragile age of 10 days lying upon an ash heap. As he grows to manhood, this child has a strong religious obsession that makes him the butt of much buffoonery.

He imagines himself to be a saint. The other negroes of the community, gathered at the village bar, amid much laughter and drinking and card playing, plot to soil his character. Mr. Bates, taking the title role, played the part of this half-wit with such realism that one was amazed after the final curtain to find him a normal person.

Before the rise of the curtain a chorus of negro voices was heard singing spirituals. The play began with an effective prologue in a "sacred hollow" in which Rufus was appealing to a Higher Power, while a prostrate group chanted "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen" and "My Lawd's a Good Ole

Lawd." There was no instrumental accompaniment for any of the music. Between scenes throughout the play the chorus sang, with that full, vibrating tone peculiar to negro voices, a number of the familiar spirituals. The performance merited a much larger audience than was present. August Strindberg's play, "The Stronger," was also

presented, by Eleanor Smith, Irma Rapier and Susette Perkins.

F. A. B.

### HARVARD GLEE CLUB

By way of new departure the Harvard Glee Club, this year, is giving, in place of three Boston concerts, a single concert, and that one in conjunction with the Radcliffe Choral Society, with 70 players from the Symphony orchestra, headed by Julius Theodorowicz, to help. Surely the innovation is wise. Not everybody, and that is a fact, fancies too much music for men's voices alone, or women's either. Great composers themselves, if we may judge of their taste by their practice, preferred voices of men and women joined. The size of last night's audience would seem to indicate that the Boston public are of a mind with the great composers.

Dr. Davison himself, leading off, led the united forces through three Handel choruses, one from the opera "Admeto," another from the oratorio "Solomon," the third from "Deidamia." The excerpt from the oratorio had the best of it, for there Handel's adroit way with flutes against strings told charmingly. His taste for oboes, as demonstrated in one operatic fragment, his skill with horns as displayed in the other, Sir Henry Wood, the scorer ignored, thereby doing Handel's orchestra out of its individuality, he left it just an orchestra; like anybody else's.

Handel's "chorus," too, in "Admeto," consisted of some six or eight solo singers, perhaps the most skilled singers of their day. From them he could demand a brilliancy of tone and a lightness of touch beyond the power of a large body of singers.

For the six Liebes Lieder of Brahms, with four-hand piano accompaniment, Dr. Davison reduced his forces to small chorus, though not to the more usual quartet. He fancied the more sentimental songs, those approaching the "part song" variety, to the exclusion of the lustier waltzes and laendlers. "The last song, rhythmically the brightest, pleased best.

To conduct Vaughan Williams's "Antiphon," of the "Mystical Songs," Mr. Woodworth, of the Radcliffe Society, took the stage. In his praise be it said, he sought bright tone and strong, and got it as well as he could. The sheer bulk of tone, however, that is needed for a climax, he could not manage.

Not altogether successfully, either did Mr. Woodworth cope with the formidable difficulties of Holst's "Hymn of Jesus," for two choruses, semi-chorus and orchestra. How should he, for they are many and great. Never before, however, at a public concert, has he shown ability so marked. For the rhythmical flow of plain-song, be it vocal or instrumental, he showed a sensitive feeling. From the semi-chorus, with their repeated "amens," he secured a beautiful quality of tone, fittingly ethereal. Only when he had to guide his singers to difficult intervals and through teasing rhythms did he fall to find them assurance—not, mind, security; they knew their notes and their time. The troublesome balance between chorus and orchestra, furthermore, probably because of want of rehearsals enough, he could not always maintain.

The stately march of the music seemed impressively beautiful, just so long as it marched and held stately. Equally beautiful it is, no doubt, and moving, throughout. When Mr. Woodworth produces it again, as it is to be hoped he will presently, beauties clouded last night will come to clearer view. The audience applauded the work heartily.

The concert ended with Bach's Cantata, No. 50, "Now Shall the Grace." R. R. G.

### A. JOSEPH ALEXANDER

A. Joseph Alexander, young Boston pianist, gave his first Boston recital

of this year last night at Jordan hall. He played the following music:

Prelude and fugue, D major (Bach); Symphonic etudes (Schumann); Sonata in B minor (Liszt); Prelude in G sharp minor (Rachmaninoff); Little Red Riding Hood etude tableau (Rachmaninoff); Souvenirs Lointains (memories) (Chaboyer); The Old Scissors Grinder (Behrend); Papillons (Rosenthal); Is-lamey (Oriental fantasy), (Balakirev).

Mr. Alexander, though his playing shows evidences of immaturity, has a command of piano technique and a capacity for expressiveness in story and emotional music that speak well for his future. He has a strong rhythmic sense, and admirable fluency in passage work. But he has much to master still, before he can do himself full justice. He must learn to control the excitement he feels when he is playing, so that he can round out small phrases, stop to be delicate where he must, provide more contrast in dynamics in order to keep attuned the ear of the listener. In other words, he needs polish. There should be more cold intelligence at work while he plays to curb the rushing impetuosity of his emotional feeling for the music.

But this infinite zest for romantic music is a quality that made Mr. Alexander's playing of the Liszt sonata in B minor unusually enjoyable. He sustained the fierce introspection of the music very well, linking its moods into a firm structure. This was a moving and interesting, if a roughly wrought performance.

The same qualities he revealed in the Schumann symphonic etudes; but in those he was less at ease. His extraordinary agility tempted to set tempo too fast, and his attempts at dynamic and rhythmic nuance were almost clumsy.

He played beautifully, with clarity imagination, and security, Rachmaninoff's charming prelude in G sharp minor, and the amusing Little Red Riding Hood etude tableau, full of ominous growls.

When experience and maturity have added polish and subtlety to Mr. Alexander's art, he should be a valuable addition to Boston's annual concert-givers. E. B.

### METROPOLITAN

#### "The Marriage Playground"

An all-talking picture adapted by Doris Anderson and J. Walter Ruben from the novel by Edith Wharton entitled "The Children," directed by Lothar Mendes and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Judith Wheeler	Mary Brian
Martin Boyne	Frederic March
Joyce Wheeler	Lilian Tashman
Cliff Wheeler	Huntley Gordon
Zinnia LaCrosse	Kay Francis
Lord Wrench	William Austin
Rose Sellers	Seena Owen
Terry	Philippe De Laer
Blanca	Anna Louise
Sybil Lullimer	Jocelyn Lee
Aunt Julia Lansley	Maud Turner
Gerald Omerod	David Newell
Prince Matiano	Armand Kaliz

More often than otherwise the moving pictures are apt to look upon divorce as rather a joke, certainly a fertile field for the exercise of epigrams or of very heavy melodrama, as the case may be. In "The Marriage Playground" another aspect is chosen—that of what happens to the children when the parents cannot make up their minds whether to live together or not. The story is a sensitive and moving adaptation of Edith Wharton's novel, "The Children," and describes the half comic, half serious adventures of six children belonging more or less to the same parents but left almost entirely in the charge of an older sister, aged all of 17. Their desperate loyalty, based on their fear of being separated and dragged away by the ill-assorted grown-ups, is the moving force behind the picture. It has been beautifully accomplished, thanks to a group of the most amusing and completely natural youngsters, aided very greatly by the delicate and wonderfully sincere performance of Mary Brian as the older girl, Judith.

The vagaries of the wandering parents, never able to stop quarrelling or flirting, utterly selfish though protesting the utmost devotion, are entertaining on the surface. Indeed, the film is unusually clever and amusing, but the underlying seriousness of it all is never forgotten. When Judith Wheeler falls in love with Martin Boyne, a friend of her father's, who has been trying to help her straighten out the family mess and then discovers that he is engaged to some one else, it seems unutterably tragic.

All her life she had been giving and giving and giving without the slightest hope of any return and when she barely glimpses happiness, it is snatched away. Fortunately there is a happy ending, when Martin discovers who it is that really matters to him. The acting of the cast was in all ways excellent: Frederic March continues to fulfill the promise he has shown in recent pictures, while Huntley Gordon and Lilian Tashman portrayed the scatter-brained parents to the life. Space forbids mentioning all the child actors by name, but each one deserves special mention. E. L. H.



## THEODOR SEYDEL MUSICIAN, DIES

Was Member of Symphony Orchestra for 33 Years

Theodor Seydel, a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra for 33 years and distinguished master of the double bass, died yesterday morning at Forest Hills Hospital from the results of a shock which he suffered last May.

Mr. Seydel made his home at 15 Warwick road, Brookline, where his widow, Mrs. Emetie Buettel Seydel, now lives. He is also survived by two daughters, Irma and Olga.

Mme. Irma Seydel, taught for many years by her own father, is now known internationally as a violinist of genius. She is at present on tour as concertmaster of Miss Ethel Leginska's Women's Symphony. Mrs. Olga Seydel Stiles is society editor of The Boston Herald.

Born in 1867 in Saxony, Germany, Mr. Seydel journeyed to this country after completing his musical studies at the Leipzig Royal Conservatory of Music. For one year, he played with the Chicago Symphony orchestra, and then, for 33 years, filled an important post in the symphony orchestra here until last year, when he joined the ranks of the St. Louis Symphony orchestra.

Beside his orchestral work, Mr. Seydel was also widely known as a teacher of both double bass and violin, and as a conductor. He was a member of the Euclid lodge, A. F. and A. M., and the Steuben Society.

Funeral services will be held on Monday afternoon at Forest Hills chapel.

### Harold Triggs

Harold Triggs, Chicago pianist made his Boston debut last night at the Academy of Arts and Sciences, under the auspices of The Musical Guild. His program comprised: "Alman," by Robert Johnson (seventeenth century); a Sarabande and Minuet by Purcell; two Bach chorales; the Brahms Intermezzo in E flat minor; Sonata Op. 57, by Beethoven; Chopin's Fourth Ballade in F minor; a Cradle Song by Palmgren; two little preludes of his own composition, and to close, the Rachmaninoff Prelude in B flat major.

Mr. Triggs is a young man of keen musical perception. He has searched for and found much of the hidden beauty of the compositions he essays. His technical equipment is such that his fancy may have freedom of expression, although he never descends to the purely spectacular for his effects. He knows how a climax should be built, and builds it in an extremely satisfactory manner. If, at present, the purely poetic is more or less absent from his interpretations, this is not an irremediable weakness. Mr. Triggs, once realizing that he must, perhaps, allow himself more liberty, must in other words, "let go" to a greater degree than now seems possible to him, will no doubt set about conquering a reticence which threatens to frustrate the successful accomplishment of his interpretations. Mr. Triggs plays brilliantly; his phrases are swept to clean cut conclusions, as, for instance, he played the Allegro ma non troppo of the Beethoven sonata, or the Rachmaninoff Prelude. If he will but balance this brilliance with a bit of rubato, he will be far in the vanguard of our younger pianists, although his talents deserve a far larger hall than was provided for him last night.

G. M. S.

## AMERICAN-ENGLISH

By PHILIP HALE

Sane persons smiled and purists raged when they saw the sign "tonsorial artist." What is to be said of the barber in California who describes himself as a "chirotonsor"? Does the fact that he is a "chirotonsor" justify him in charging 60 cents for a haircut, whether the head be well-thatched or a shining dome scantily fringed? And if some client—"patient" is the more appropriate word—asks in a breezy way for "the whole works"—haircut, shampoo, shave, he is expected to pay \$1.40, with a tip of a quarter.

An Englishman in New York wrote some time ago to a London newspaper complaining that "cafe" in this country becomes "cafeteria"—but these places for refreshment are not the same in methods of providing for the stomach. He was right in objecting to "mortician"; captious in preferring "Fish Shop" to "Sea Food Market," justly derisive, finding that a swimming bath is known to some as a "natatorium"; and, of course, he objected to "elevator" for "lift" and "realtor" for "real estate agent," but there are Americans—especially those who have been in "dear old Lunnion"—who say "lift" and say it with an aggressively superior air; a few may have the courage to speak of a "chemist's shop," meaning a drug store, with or without sandwiches and sections of pie.

English journalists have been much interested of late in the use of words, their origin, also slang words, "those loafers and footpads of speech." They are debating the question whether "stunt" is an Americanism. Mr. Baldwin recently said it was not. In old Bailey's Dictionary it is defined a fool; or sullen, angry, but that is not today's definition. One correspondent traces the word to a rural variant of "stout." "To be stunning or stunt is to be of overpowering strength." Then there is discussion about the word "colonel," which was once spelled "coronel"—Spanish for commander of a column. Why the "l"? Why pronounce "colonel" as if there were an "r"? These are, indeed, important questions. As it is popularly believed that the male inhabitants of Kentucky are all colonels—perhaps a Kentuckian can answer these questions to London's satisfaction, so that the perturbed spirits may rest in peace.

Why should any Englishman, knowing that "woyser" means "blue-nose reformer" ask for the meaning of the latter term? There is no doubt about the translation of "to get the magoo"—"specifically to receive a custard pie in the face"; but "magoo" is applied to any soft and squashy substances served on the table; or as used in "muck and magoo." When one reads that "chunk of lead" means "a lass, usually with a nutcracker face who disapproves of garbo-gilberting," one thanks the film heroine and hero for this addition to the English language, which as Walt Whitman said, "befriends the grand American expression; is it brawny enough and limber and full enough. . . . It is the dialect of common sense. It is the speech of the proud and melancholy races and of all who aspire." "Woyser," "To get the magoo"—words and phrase worthy of Chaucer; of Elizabethan and King James translators.

## SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was conducted by Dr. Koussevitzky. Jose Iturbi, pianist, played for the first time at these concerts. The program was as follows: Weber, Overture to "Euryanthe." Bax, symphony No. 2 in E minor and C. Liszt, piano concerto, No. 1. Respighi, "The Pines of Rome." The new symphony by Arnold Bax was performed for the first time anywhere. Although it was written in 1924-1925, he reserved the production for Dr. Koussevitzky, to whom the score is dedicated, feeling confident, as he said in a letter, that conducted by him and played by this orchestra the symphony "will receive a finer first performance than any previous work of mine." His confidence was not misplaced. He honored conductor and players by it; the superb performance justified it. In another letter, dated London, Dec. 3, Mr. Bax says: "There is absolutely no communicable 'program' associated with the music which is entirely, severely 'absolute' as a classical work." He calls attention to the cyclic character of the form and to the persistence in all the three movements of a three-note figure.

"Severely," "absolute" music—but the symphony is charged with emotion and with contending emotions. By reason of contents, its musical ideas, its treatment of them, the technical workmanship, the strain of mysticism alternating with human warmth, the melodic beauty. The boldness, never experimental, of the harmonic schemes, the ingenuity and the taste displayed in the orchestral dress, this symphony is by far the most important work that has come from England for many years; one of the most important that has come from Europe.

When the symphonic poems by Bax were played by this orchestra the charge of occasional diffuseness, if not vagueness, was urged against him, while full justice was done to the fine, poetic qualities. It might have been said that he was then lulled at too great length

by the enchanting airs he heard in the Faery Hills and in the Garden of Fand. In this symphony even more than in his first symphony played two years ago, there is still, especially in the second movement, the Celtic feeling that is characteristic of many of his works, there are themes, there are harmonies of tender, wistful beauty, not free from a pleasing melancholy, but these pages only relieve and enhance the heroic character of the work as a whole, the defiant pages or those of doubt and questioning until there is at the end submission to the inevitable, if not a lasting peace. These final pages, artfully simple, leading to silence, are among the most eloquent and impressive in the symphony.

That the audience realizes the strength and the beauty, the originality of invention and expression was shown by the manner in which the symphony was received. Seldom, if ever, has the first performance of a new symphony been so heartily and honestly applauded.

Mr. Iturbi, whose playing of concertos by the Mozart and Beethoven aroused enthusiasm in Philadelphia and New York, chose for Boston the "Triangle" concerto by Liszt that had not been placed on a program of these concerts since 1913. His performance was one of dazzling brilliance; nor is this all that is to be said. The concerto itself is much more than a parade piece; it is shrewdly, musically planned, and not only for the glory of a virtuoso; there are pages of genuine and haunting charm that test the soul as well as the fingers of a pianist. The delicacy and poetry of Mr. Iturbi's interpretation of these passages were as conspicuous as his triumphant bravura. Yes, when played as Mr. Iturbi played it, this concerto is exciting; but it is more than

an appeal to the nerves. It was a pleasure to find that Mr. Iturbi is not a "specialist," for a specialist in music is a fearsome wild fowl. To excel in the playing of Mozart's music stamps one as a thorough musician of knowledge, taste and charm. This one is indeed, an artist. To excel also in this music of Liszt's awakens further admiration and respect. As remarkable as the piano playing was the orchestral accompaniment. Mr. Iturbi was recalled many times; Dr. Koussevitzky was greeted most warmly when he came on the platform to conduct "The Pines of Rome." Of Respighi's four movements, the second, "The Pines Near a Catacomb," has the most enduring musical and emotional value. The first movement is conspicuous for its orchestration; the third movement does not gain by the introduction of a gramophone-nightingale; the march of victorious Romans in the Apollon way owes its effect only to steadily increasing dynamic force and the anticipation of a thundering climax.

As an introduction to one of the most interesting concerts of several seasons, Weber's overture was performed in an appropriately dramatic manner with due regard to the singing of the suave second theme and the unearthliness of the mysterious episode for strings.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week's program will comprise Roussel's "Petite Suite," Tournier's "Feerie" prelude and dance for harp (Mr. Zighera) and orchestra; the second suite from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe," and Dvorak's "From the New World" symphony.

## VIENNA SUBJECT OF TRAVEL TALK

Newman Winds up This Season's Series

Mr. Newman chose for the subject of the last Traveltalk of this season's series "Vienna and Buda-Pesth," but Salzburg and Innsbruck was visited as were places of interest near Vienna, also Hungarian villages. In spite of the world war, the reduction of Vienna to a capital without a nourishing and commercial country and the poverty of many once rich, the people in spirit and in manner of cafe, restaurant and garden life still answer the amusing description given by Beatty-Kington when as a newspaper correspondent he noted how the Emperor kept his children from meddling in politics by seeing that they were amused—the old Roman game of the Emperors—panem et circenses.

Vienna, as shown by Mr. Newman's pictures of its streets, its magnificent buildings, its parks, is a city that its people may still prize and sing the old song "There's only one Kaiserstadt." And they still enjoy life as was seen by the views of cafe life, the sights on the Prater, and especially the frolicking of the scantily clad women and girls at Ganzeheufel. They did not shrink from the camera. Mr. Newman said that some even begged to be taken

—by the camera. We hasten to add Rooms of the Emperor of the last reign were photographed by Mr. Newman, who had for the first time succeeded in obtaining permission. The priceless paintings in the palace the grave of famous composers, were among the attractions—but perhaps the most impressive series of pictures was that of the great procession of mounted and foot police, an army of volunteers, to make war on another nation, but to protect the city from anarchists, and all disturbers of the peace.

The audience took the boat at Vienna for Buda-Pesth—the beautiful city, divided by the Danube. The pictures of the Hungarian capital were new to many. They inspired the wish to see the buildings for themselves, to join in the life, to hear the gypsy music even to dance the Czardas in some village, if a swarthy maiden would be instructor. Costume and customs—many they not soon become only traditional.

Thus ended a series of traveltalks that have given great pleasure to large audiences, who have enjoyed what their eyes saw, what their ears heard. Last night's traveltalk, one of peculiar interest, will be repeated this afternoon. The year will seem long before Mr. Newman returns.

P. H.

## LETTERS IN TWO VOLUMES

A Quaker Fighter Who  
Was a Great Artist  
and Critic

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOSEPH PENNELL, by Elizabeth Robert Pennell. Little, Brown & Co. Vol. I, 349 pp., Vol. II, 368 pp. Many illustrations and a full index. \$10.

By PHILIP HALE

Pennell told the story of his adventures as an illustrator in a decidedly breezy manner in the handsome volume on which he spent much time and characteristic care, the volume published by Little, Brown & Co. Mrs. Pennell's two volumes are in a way a complement to her husband's record of his life. Many of the earlier letters written by him might have been omitted, for they are of a purely domestic nature and of comparatively little interest, but as soon as he visited Tuscan cities and Venice in 1882-3 the letters grew lively. They show his devotion to art, his love of beauty, the independence that made him enemies throughout his life, his prejudices and his vocabulary of abuse. The letters, even the earlier ones from New Orleans, are often amusing, but even then there was apparent delight in making disagreeable remarks. Cabell was the most cordially hated "little man" in that city on account of his "Grandissimes"—the other day a gentleman slightly under the influence of something he shouldn't have been under said to me: "Yo-o-ou ain't ain't an American and Hi ham a Creole and a-fora feefy cents-a-Hi will cut you hint small pies-ces."

To many who admired his art, his fidelity to it, his courage in defending it in London law courts, he was a singularly disagreeable person, given to reckless, bitter attacks on all who could not fall in with his views, a man who by reason of Quaker blood and unable to bear the thought of human suffering inveighed against war, and was thought disloyal, yet he found art in English munition factories and in posters for American Liberty bonds. He was treated as outrageously as foolishly by the Philadelphia Art Club and the University of Pennsylvania, but he received honors in his later years in Philadelphia and was elected to the Academy of Arts and Letters. A violent man in speech; restless from his boyhood, as his wife writes of his death: "He who had never time to rest, was at rest forever." On his deathbed he spoke of Whistler, "whose battles he helped to fight, and Beardsley, whom he helped to launch into fame," and he said, "It has been a full life, yes a beautiful life."

It is easy to see how he was bound to be a common scold, a man with a chronic grouch. He was unrelenting in severe criticism. Mrs. Pennell's entertaining accounts of the gossamer at



in lodgings in London, of the men that met at the House of Edmund Gosse, I Henley and his group. If Pennell was feared in some quarters for his virulence, he was respected, admired for his art, and was by no means without warm friends.

He did not get along with Andrew Lang at first; found that his "squeaking scream beat any middle West school-marm's cackle." Mrs. Pennell could not understand why one of Lang's leaders in the eighties was considered a guarantee of fame and fortune to the author ignored, and Pennell was glad that his wife didn't like Lang's "Mark of Cain"—"I didn't believe he could do anything original, and I didn't want this belief smashed"; but Lang befriended Pennell in print. Pennell in Italy took some time in getting along with Howells, the "most finished American novelist" (in quotation marks) but Howells called the work of Dickens "trash"—"I feel like stopping the production of American novels." Vedder's belief in his own powers was magnificent. He would exclaim: "No, I am not Vedder—I AM Omar Khayyam," to which an exasperated artist replied: "No, Vedder, you're not, you're the great I AM." And Mrs. Pennell tells the story that Mrs. Vedder kept the purse and seldom allowed him enough for the cafe twice a day.

Pennell met Henry James in Rome, who "sneered at Vedder—in fact V's road because he didn't get the Boston Library and he has done one decoration which isn't bad." James was going about in "gorgeous turnouts." Mrs. W. M. Rossetti in London: "Tall and gaunt, dowdily dressed, prominent teeth, talking much of Wagner"—is Mrs. Pennell's description; Ford Madox Brown, "A weary, ancient man with prophetic-like beard and the sadness of a Jeremiah in the throes of delivering the Lamentations." Anne Gilchrist, "An exaggerated British matron." There are allusions to the London Socialists of 1885-6. "George Bernard Shaw, young, virtually unknown—though that he ever was unknown seems today impossible. . . . I struck us that he was talking for the practice it gave rather than from interest in socialism," but Mrs. Pennell admits that he was "amazingly clever, logical, paradoxical, fluent, forcing you to listen to him, though seldom to agree with him." Walter Pater, "looks like a prize-fighter out of training," said Pennell. They saw Irving and Ellen Terry in "Faust." "As a play it seemed to us melodrama, adapted to Irving's mannerisms and mouthings." P. G. Hamerton, "cither hides himself under a vile exterior or else he is one of the greatest frauds I ever saw," wrote Pennell; "I never could tell which and I never shall care to see him again. His friends are bores and his relations utterly commonplace."

Back in New York after the Armistice he saw "Dear Brutus," and in the lobby met Galsworthy: "I say, Galsworthy, when you get back to London, tell Barrie, with my love, that of all the damnest rot I ever saw, that's the damnest." It is not fanciful to attribute Pennell's splenetic outburst in the letters of his later years to prohibition. He drank wine, his wife writes, as "a stimulant without which, in his opinion, art and literature must perish."—Here is an extract from a characteristic letter written in 1910 to Unwin in London. He complained of a negroes playing a list of plates and blocks: After 50 years of freedom the nigger instead of advancing and developing with freedom has degenerated into a mildish, weak, but brutal animal, they are fit for nothing but slavery, or to be returned with the Jews to their native lands but nary a one will go, and Wilson would only preside over them with Pussy-foot Johnson and Carry at for his cabinet all would be better at this worst of all worlds—

Yet had 2 cocktails, 3 whiskies, 1 white burgundy and 1 gin yesterday—so you see how dry I am." Many other letters railing against the country and its inhabitants, manners and customs might be quoted. Tropes of the unfitness of the Macmillan statue for a place in front of the New York City Hall he wrote: Women are said—I believe by fabomestans—to have no souls. I know most of them have no brains, and they rove it, most of them, every time they pen their mouths, which they do all the time."

Universities were to him "primary schools run by old hons, some in pairs, some in short skirts, but all illiterately ignorant and all concealed beyond belief." Mrs. Pennell adds to this: "And I thought no more than Sinclair Lewis's heroine of the half-human tabby-cats in eyeglasses who study dielectics one year and Lithuanian art the next." Critics were the same as black-guards. Mrs. Pennell tells of her husband at work on the Panama canal being disturbed by the arrival of Richard Harding Davis, "who paraded the paraphernalia of his profession, and the Isthmus went resplendent in white duck helmet, sandals, his green-lined white umbrella conspicuously in hand." Pennell wrote that the canal

was worth seeing even if one was forced "to buck in with 500 eminent citizens and citizenesses of St. Louis. Richard Harding Davis and two American secretaries of state and millions of Germans personally conducted by the ambassador—it was fierce—but worth it." He wrote of Houston, Texas: "This town is more Saturday Evening Post

than anything I have seen—awful—mostly." In 1923 life had lost its savor. Old friends had died; he was in a land of ignoramuses and hypocrites. "Remember there can be no art in a Dry Desert filled with drunken hypocrites— which we are become." This country was not fit to live in, he wrote. "It's all chewing gum, cold storage, radio and hypocrisy." This was in 1926, the year of his death. On the subject of death he was a fatalist.

What a good time he had going about like Shimei, throwing stones at almost everybody, and especially at those that considered themselves the Lord's anointed. If he had not been a chronic and accomplished "knocker," Mrs. Pennell could not have written this book, which, to borrow Horace Greeley's phrase, is mighty interesting reading. As a possible corrective there are Pennell's beautiful pictures in his "Adventures of an Illustrator."

## MISS DANFORTH

By PHILIP HALE

Pauline Danforth, a pianist of Boston, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Her program was as follows: Bach, Partita, B flat major. Debussy, Three Preludes. Ravel, Prelude and Sonatine. Schumann, Etudes Symphoniques, Brahms, Intermezzo, op. 116, No. 6, Intermezzo, op. 119, No. 3, Medtner, Ein Idyll. Bartok, Allegro Barbaro.

Miss Danforth regards the piano as an intimate friend, not as a sullen enemy to be subdued. Saint-Saens, writing of Augusta Holmes, the composer, said that women are curious beings when they concern themselves seriously with art: "They seem pre-occupied first of all to make one forget that they are women and so they exhibit an excessive virility, without dreaming that it is precisely this pre-occupation that discloses the woman." So there are women pianists who, wishing to play "like a man," would fain out-thunder even the thundering Mark Hambourg, or Arthur Schnitzler, when he is in the Erles vein. These women forget that because a man is a great pianist he has not necessarily pounded his way to fame. Miss Danforth has sufficient strength to produce the broadest and most imposing effects, but this strength remains musical and is applied only when the composer asks for it. She has the finer qualities: a charming touch, a polished mechanism that is not too obviously displayed to win applause, a sense of proportion and of rhythm, poetic feeling, and musical brains that plan and control her phrasing and her gradation of dynamics.

Her program yesterday contained no wholly unfamiliar piece except Ravel's Prelude, a pretty trifle that he might have written in the album of some noble dame as a tribute to her beauty or in gratitude for favors received. The Preludes by Debussy were "Reflets dans l'eau," "Danseuses de Delphes," with its reminder of Sate's Greek Festival dances, and the well known Prelude in A minor. The second Intermezzo on the program was played so delightfully that the audience insisted on a repetition. Medtner's "Idyll" agreeably disappointed those who expected to be bored when they saw the name of the "Russian Brahms."

Miss Danforth's playing throughout the recital was first of all eminently musical, characterized by intelligence, poetic feeling that was romantic in the interpretation of Schumann's "Etudes," brilliance where the music had a panache. She gave life and color to Bach's Partita, agreeing with Messrs. Gieseking and Bauer that Bach's music for the forerunners of the piano is not uniformly drab and expressionless as an English visitor, rapturously applauded by a few in Boston, would have it. The sober beauty of the Sarabande, the stateliness of this Spanish dance as expressed by Miss Danforth, was not the only feature of her performance; while her interpretation of Debussy's "Reflets dans l'Eau" was as stamped with beauty as that of the prelude in A was marked by discriminating brilliance—for once this Prelude was much more than a mad and noisy rushing up and down the keyboard. The pianist's sense of the value of logical continuity, noteworthy in all her playing, was displayed in the Sonatine, while she gave freshness, new spirit and romance to the hackneyed "Etudes Symphoniques." In short here was a recital that gave pleasure to the mind and to the soul. The saying of Mozart: "Music must sound," was constantly in the hearer's thoughts as it undoubtedly was in the pianist's planning of the interpretations.

There was a notably fine audience lavish with applause. After the wif Allegro of Bartok, Miss Danforth was obliged to add to the announced program.

## COPELAND AND OTHERS

George Copeland, pianist, will give his second recital in Boston next Thursday night. His return will be welcomed by many. As is his custom, he will include in his program pieces by Spanish composers. It should be remembered that he was the first pianist to familiarize Boston audiences with music by these Spaniards and Catalonians, as Mr. Gogorza was the first singer to bring out Spanish songs, especially some by Alvarez, whose name is not to be found in any English dictionary of music.

A fine musician and a lover of music—musician and lover of music are not necessarily the same—who is well acquainted with Spaniards at Madrid and Spanish pianists living at Paris, informs us that the Spanish music for the piano should not be played with sensuous warmth: there should be a certain austerity, even a touch of acidity in the interpretation; the effects should be gained almost wholly by rhythm, by accent, and by brilliance when it is called for. If there are measures of tenderness, there should be a sudden return to what one might call the reserve of pride. And so while a sensuous interpretation may be applauded as pianistically excellent, it is wholly at variance with the spirit of the music.

The same person, having seen La Argentina dance at Madrid, with a Spanish stage setting, Spaniards accompanying her, as musicians and as an audience sharing her emotions; having seen her at Paris in Spanish ballets with an orchestra, was greatly disappointed when La Argentina danced in Symphony Hall. "She was not the same person. Everything was against her: the hall with its statues, the platform, even the audience though it was enthusiastic."

Mr. Iturbi at his recital at the Hotel Statler, in other pieces than the Spanish, showed himself a remarkable colorist. When he came to the Spanish he made much more of rhythm than of color, and there was that mixture of nobility, austerity, and hard brilliance to which our informant referred. Some regretted last Friday and yesterday that he had not chosen Mozart's D minor concerto for his first appearance here with the orchestra, for at his recital his playing of a sonata by Mozart was of incomparable beauty, and his performance of the concerto with the Philharmonic Society in New York provoked the enthusiasm of the truly discriminative in the audience. No doubt Liszt's "Triangle" concerto, played as Mr. Iturbi can play it, makes a more popular appeal. Some orchestras, the Chicago and the Philharmonic Society of New York, for example, permit a solo pianist to play twice in a concert; thus with the Philharmonic, Mr. Iturbi played the concerto by Mozart and also Liszt's Hungarian Fantasy for piano and orchestra.

The arrival of Mme. Van Gordon at Symphony hall this afternoon brings a foretaste of the Chicago opera company, which will visit the city for a fortnight. It is a pity that Massenet's "Don Quixote" is not in the repertory as announced, for the portrayal of the Don by Mr. Marcoux is said to be one of his most noteworthy impersonations. Perhaps it was thought that the cost of bringing windmills from Chicago would be too great, but there are still windmills in Cape Cod that might be borrowed and transported for the occasion. Cheerie-oh! "La Traviata," "Il Trovatore" and "Rigoletto," sparkling novelties, will no doubt be box office attractions, and Miss Garden will again be seen in four of her familiar roles.

The Boston management is no doubt wise in a financial way. Audiences in Boston have little curiosity about unfamiliar works, operatic or symphonic. Not that there is absolute fear; but there is suspicion. When "La Boheme" was first performed here with Mme. Melba as Mimi, it was only the singer that drew the audience. The opera was said by a great many present that night to be "without tunes." Some thought that the sight of Bohemians—low, shocking persons, cutting up pranks in the first and second acts—was not compatible with what was expected of grand opera.

No doubt many will be interested next month in the revival of "Fidelio," which will be new to the younger generation; the Wagnerites will welcome three of "the Master's" operas.

It is a pleasure to state that Mme. Muzio will return and have a more prominent position in this season, appearing as Tosca, Violetta and Leonora.

By the way, the late Boston opera company persisted in billing Puccini's opera "La Tosca." Sardou's play is "La Tosca"; Puccini's opera is "Tosca"; as Leoncavallo's one surviving opera is "Pagliacci," not "I Pagliacci."

And we regret to say that some of our singers, who should know better, spell "Handel" on their programs "Haendel"; but though Handel was born in Germany, in London he spelled his name "Handel" and as he is thus known to the English speaking world, even American singers, local or visiting, might fall in with the great majority.

Bernard Zighera, the first harp of the Boston Symphony orchestra, who will be the soloist at its concerts this week, when he will play with orchestra "Feerie" by Marcel Tournier, his teacher at the Paris Conservatory, was born at Paris in April, 1904, of a Rumanian father and a Polish mother. The conservatory awarded him a first prize for harp playing; also a first prize for piano playing. He became a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra in 1926, being then associated with Alfred Holy, and succeeding him as first harpist when Mr. Holy resigned. A brother, Alfred Zighera, has been a valued violoncellist of this orchestra since 1925. There is another brother, Leon, who is esteemed in Europe as a violinist. Bernard, since he joined the orchestra, has played important piano parts at the concerts, but he now concentrates his energies on the harp, which has an increasing importance in modern orchestral scores.

Theodore Strack, tenor, will sing for the first time in Boston at the performance of "Die Walkure," which will open on Feb. 3 the fortnight of opera to be given at the Boston Opera House by the Chicago civic opera company. Mr. Strack was born at Vienna of a Hungarian father and a Viennese mother. The father died when he was not 30 years old. The boy was placed in a monastery to be educated for holy orders. It was there that he first received vocal instruction. He sang in the monastery choir and showed such talent that it was thought advisable for him to study for the stage. He took part for the first time in an operatic performance when he was 18 years old, taking at Moscow the role of Richard in "Un Ballo in Maschera." He was next heard at Leningrad, Odessa, Constantinople and Athens. At the breaking out of the world war he went to Berlin, sang there at the Royal Opera House; also at Dresden, Prague and Hanover. At Berlin he received the



title of "Kammersänger." During the last three years he was leading tenor of the Karlsruhe opera. In order to join the Chicago company he refused an engagement at Barcelona. This is the story as told by the press agent.

Mr. Strack will be heard here as Siegmund, Tannhauser and Tristan.

An old poem informed the world that English soldiers at Sebastopol sang "Annie Laurie" in the night watches.

The Macaulay Company of New York has published "The Songs My Mother Never Taught Me," compiled by John J. "Jack" Niles, First Lieutenant Air Service, O. R. C.; Douglas S. "Doug" Moore, Lieutenant (j-g) U. S. Navy (ret.), and A. A. "Wally" Wallgren, official cartoonist of the "Stars and Stripes." A. E. F. The quarto volume of 227 pages is filled with

grotesque illustrations; the music for each song is given, air and piano accompaniment, and there are many entertaining verbal notes of comment and explanation.

In the preface the authors say that one should not be surprised to find that "on those dark uncertain nights in and around Chateau Thierry or later down in the Argonne, musical settings of the Ashtabula disaster, or Macaulay's epic about Horatius and Herminius at the Roman gate were sung in a trench-weary voice to any one who cared to listen. In fact, we have been promised (to date unfilled) a cowboy-army version of 'The Man on the Flying Trapeze,' once sung in a traveling army show in France and a quartet arrangement with army lyrics of 'Oh, Why Did They Did Maw's Grave So Deep.'"

In the training camps the singers had not come into contact with the vocabulary of the service. "We hadn't found out how humorous it was to hold up our officers, our pack mules, our mess, our allies, and our enemies to ridicule." Yet one relishes the words hung on to the tune of "I'm a Little Prairie Flower"—

"I'm a little midway rose,  
I wear dirty underclothes,  
Nobody sees, and nobody knows,  
I'm wild—I'm wild."

Arriving in France the soldiers improvised ribald versions, Rabelaisian parodies, also parodies that were not so coarse. Some of the songs suggested for this volume were "so hot they melted down the type every time the hootypes set 'em up." There were singing sailors, and there was more about the love of woman in their songs than those of the soldiers. "After all, going away to war is a very masculine occupation, and it is natural that the sights, the sounds, the odors, the tasks, the endless days of mud, the pock-marked fields, the smashed airplanes, the phosgene, the mustard gas, the hospital, the subchaser, the mine sweeper, channel patrol and the troop ship should make up the 'fiendishly illogical hodgepodge' from which the soldier and the sailor concocted their songs."

The first song in the volume is "Mad moiselle from Armentieres":

"She got the palm, and the croix de guerre.  
For washin' soldiers' underwear,  
Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous."

There are only 43 verses to this song. One reads of

"Our general he got the croix de guerre,  
But the poor old bozo never was there."

And of the Froggie girl who was true to the singer:

"She was true to me, she was true to you,  
She was true to the whole damned army too."

There's an arrangement of "A Son of a Gambolier," a parody of that grand old epic "Frankie and Johnny"—the gruesome "Hearse Song"—there are variants of the song "Beside the Brewery at St. Mihiel" in which the brave young pilot said when he knew he was going west:

"Oh, I'm going to a wetter land,  
They souse there every night,  
Where cocktails grow on crabapple trees,  
And every one stays tight.  
Where bugles never blow at all, ..  
Where no one winds the clocks,  
And drops of Johnnie Walker  
Come trickling down the rocks."

There are between 50 and 60 of these songs. The majority of them are not for the poetically super-sensitive; but with the comments, and the amazing illustrations, the book furnishes good reading and is worthy of preservation.

Mr. Ernest Newman has this to say in the Sunday Times of London about Hindemith, whose music disquiets the poker-backed "lovers of music" in Boston, who "know what they like":

"Then came Paul Hindemith with his viola concerto. Hindemith is becoming quite a popular personality here: our audiences may feel no very passionate enthusiasm for much of his music, but they cannot help being prepossessed in favour of this modest and sensible artist, who, without any fuss or any pose, always settles down to the plain business of playing chamber music solely for the music's sake. The viola concerto is quite an engaging little work. Its weakest section is the slow movement,—the movement that generally finds the modern composer out. The remainder of the work is an expression of that bustling cheerfulness that seems to come so easily to Hindemith. There is nothing very much underneath it all, but the more pace of the music and the lively interplay of the parts are in themselves an exhilaration. This sort of music is not at all difficult to write. Hans Richter summed it up by anticipation many years ago, when he said, a propos, I think, of the 'Works of Peace' section in 'Ein Heldenleben,' 'It's easy enough to write that sort of counterpoint', so long as you don't mind what it sounds like.' Take, in these free-and-easy days, a more or less persistent accompaniment figure, maintain it by hook or by crook against a swiftly moving, incessantly chattering solo voice, and you can hardly help creating a sense of movement that is physically exhilarating; and if in addition there is a gay audacity in your flourishes, and a humour that plays effectively above the surface of things, you can make quite a good show with the minimum of really musical thought. This, broadly speaking, is what Hindemith does. He is endlessly facile; the interesting thing will be to see what becomes, in another 10 or 15 years, of a composer who is evidently a good sound academic at bottom."

# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

It is said that the author of "Meteor" wrote a sort of epilogue in which he disposed of his characters, but the Theatre Guild thought the play would be more "modern," more "artistic" if the epilogue were omitted and the audience left questioning whether the man of destiny triumphed over his enemies when he met them the morning after the telephone message. It was the habit of early 19th century novelists to tell in the last chapter what became of Jones, Smith, Mrs. Robinson and Miss Ferguson. Even Charles Rade did this in "The Cloister and the Hearth," though he frankly said that he was following a custom he despised.

In "Meteor" it is reasonably certain that the wife does not return to her husband. She was not necessary to him. He married her because she was only one of many things he wished to gain; and he did not wish the football player to cut him out. She did not sympathize with the ruthless proceedings of her husband mad for wealth because it would give him power. He frightened her; he disgusted her. Much better a quiet life with the amiable, humorous, learned old friend, who, no doubt, of an evening would read her whimsical passages from his treasured first edition of "Religio Medici," especially the section beginning: "I was never yet once married and commend their resolutions who never marry twice. Not that I disallow of second marriages; as neither in all cases of polygamy, which considering some times, and the unequal number of both sexes, may be also necessary." Nor would what follows in this strange page of Sir Thomas Browne's cause the fugitive wife to blush, even if the old doctor enlarged on the subject in a jesting manner, and informed her that Sir Thomas did not pay heed to his own preaching.

The Theatre Guild tomorrow night will bring out at the Hollis Street Theatre, "Wings Over Europe," by Robert Nichols and Maurice Browne, which was produced at the Martin Beck Theatre on Dec. 10, 1928. The play is for men only—not that it is too "sexy," to use the word of a zealous clerk in a bookshop recommending a novel of the day—but there is no woman in the cast or in the plot. Nor have the dramatists felt called upon for a revised edition to bring women on the stage; unlike the too amiable Massenet whose opera, "The Jongleur of Our Lady," was for men only, until he yielded to the caprice of Miss Mary Garden who wished to don male costume and sing music written for a tenor.

Robert Nichols is an English poet; Maurice Browne has been described as "a crusading actor." The story is of a young man who has discovered how to control an atom. Knowing what might be done with this knowledge he confides it to the British cabinet before he gives his machine to the world, for he sees what evil could be worked by the wicked in possession, as the automobile now aids criminals, as chemical knowledge can destroy in war. The man who appears before the cautious and suspicious British cabinet had intended to benefit mankind by his knowledge, but—it would be unfair to tell the rest of the story. The production and the acting were warmly praised in New York. Mr. St. John Ervine, who was at the time the "guest" dramatic critic of the World, wrote that he left the theatre "enlivened, eager to argue with somebody, anybody, and be prepared, if necessary, to sit up half the night to discuss my point of view about it (the play). . . . Even tweet-tweets and Broadway smarties may expect to find the stuff that they call their minds stirring after they have seen this play."

No provision is made for sex-appealers, nor is anything done for lip-stickers. The play starts with the assumption that the playgoer has a brain; it continues in that belief; and it ends in it. The disintegration of the atom and the control of matter and the release of mankind from servitude to material things are dramatized not as subjects for a comic strip, but as part of the general knowledge of civilized persons. The solar system is respectfully mentioned!

Artemus Ward in December, 1860, saw Edwin Forrest playing Othello and described his impressions in Vanity Fair of Dec. 15:

"The awjnce was all-fired large & the boxes was full of the elitty of New York. Several opery glasses was leveled at me by Gothums fairest darters, but I didn't let on as tho I noticed it, tho mobby I did take out my new sixteen-dollar silver watch & brandish it round more than was necessary. But the best of us have our weaknesses & if a man has jewely let him show it. As I was perosin the bill a grave young man who sot near me, axed me if I'd ever seen Forrest dance the Essence of Old Virginny? 'He's immense in that,' sed the young man. 'He also does a fair champion jig,' the young man continued, 'but his Big Thing is the Essence of Old Virginny.' Sez I—Fair youth, do you know what I'd do with you if you was my sun?"

"No!" sez he.

"Wall," sez I, 'I'd apoint your funeral tomorrow afternoon & the korps should be ready. You're too smart to live on this yearth.' He didn't try any more of his capers on me. But another pussylanermuss individool, in a red vest & patent leather boots, told me his name was Bill Astor & axed me to lend him 50 cents till early in the morning. I told him I'd probly send it round to him before he retired to his virtuous couche, but if I didn't he might look for it next fall, as soon as I cut my corn. The orchestra was now fiddlin with all their might & as the people didn't understand anything about it they applauded versifrusly. Presently Old Ed cum out."

Artemus then gave a description of the play as he saw it at Niblo's Garden, which to him looked more like a pasture than a garden. He stated at the beginning that there were various opinions about Forrest's acting. "Englishmen gincrally bleevin that he is far superior to Mister Macready"—a sly crack at the treatment Forrest received in England and his behavior there; but Artemus concluded that Forrest was a great actor. He "makes money actin out on the stage. He gits five hundred dollars a nite & his board & washin. I wish I had such a Forrest in my Garding!"

This young man who was chaffing Artemus may or may not have known that Forrest in his younger days on the stage may have danced The Essence of Virginia. Mr. Montrose J. Morris in his readable "The Fabulous Forrest," published recently by Little, Brown & Company, tells how in 1823 Forrest played a negro in "The Tailor in Distress" at Cincinnati. For playing in three pieces on the bill he received two dollars; tells how Forrest joined a circus for \$12 a week and proved his ability to Sol Smith by turning a couple of flip-flaps. Actors in those days were required to be versatile. Edwin Booth once blackened his face and sang negro songs to the accompaniment of banjo and bones. David Belasco, beginning his career at San Francisco, played black-face parts.



Mr. Moses has much to say about the "muscularity" of Forrest's acting. It's a pity that Mr. Moses to illustrate this vividly did not reproduce the caricature of Forrest as Hamlet published in Vanity Fair of Sept. 20, 1862, with the caption: "Edwin Forrest, the Great Medium Between the Spirit of Shakespeare and the Stage." Holding a skull in his hand, dressed in conventional street dress, crowned with a plug hat, he examines through a one-eyeglass the skull, as he stands between tombstones, the one inscribed "Yorick," the other "W. Shakespeare, Rq. in Pace."

This latest biography of Forrest is valuable as showing the conditions, social and political, that influenced this actor, who represented "in his outlook much of that which Charles Dickens abhorred in the American people. He was not alone, however, in that inordinate pride of country which tripped him into thoughtless boasting and sensitive irritation." External irritants determined many of Forrest's gross attitudes, Mr. Moses believes. "In reality he was a product of his age, not typical of its refinements but of its untutored strength and excessiveness." His mind entertained all the small ideas of the time. "In him concentrated the bitterness of one nation against another." There was a bit of the Bowery Boy in the Forrest of every-day life and on the stage.

Whether he or Macready was more to be blamed for the Astor Place riot, the former actuated by resentment for his treatment in England, the latter by the fact that Forrest had hissed his performance at Edinburgh, is a question that does not now incite hot discussion. There was some years ago in Boston an elderly dramatic critic who, whenever a youthful colleague praised a tragedian, would slap him on the shoulder and say compassionately: "Ah, me boy, you should have seen Macready." Whether the older critic had ever seen Macready was a question the younger did not dare to ask. Macready was intolerably vain, jealous, pompous, thoroughly disagreeable at times, but he was a man of culture and ideas, with warm friends who persecuted Forrest in the London press. Had Forrest the right therefore to hiss publicly a colleague? He thought he had. In his letter to the London Times, published in March, 1846, he wrote: "As well-timed and hearty applause is the just mead of the actor who deserves well, so also is hissing a salutary and wholesome corrective of the abuses of the stage." The "abuse" to which he objected was the introduction of Macready in "Hamlet" of a fancy dance. This was in the play scene. When Hamlet said to Horatio: "They are coming to the play," Macready gave a pirouette and flicked his handkerchief in coquettish flourishes. Mr. Moses makes this comment on Forrest's hissing and his defence of himself: "In spite of all that may be said in justification of some means of showing disapproval in the theatre, Forrest resorted to the lowest form of criticism."

As the years go by will not Forrest, while he may have a traditional fame as an actor, be remembered chiefly by the Astor Place riot and by his outrageous treatment of his wife and, better, still have an enduring reputation by his establishment of the Forrest Home? There is no doubt that he was passionately in love with Catherine Sinclair from the time of the first meeting. Mr. Moses speaks of her father, John Sinclair, a tenor highly esteemed in Europe—Rossini wrote a role for him in "Semiramide,"—as captivating drawing rooms by his Scotch songs, "which were rendered with a certain effeminate grace." The Mirror of New York described him, when somewhat mature, he sang there in 1831, as using the falsetto considerably. "He has a barbarous way of mispronouncing the King's English. Take, for example, 'My love is like the red, red rose.' Mr. Sinclair gives it: 'Oh, my love is loike the red, red rose. . . . Mr. Sinclair will sing you ten songs, and seven or eight of them will be quite ordinary, and the rest unusually well done."

#### FLUTE PLAYERS' CLUB

The Richard Burgin String Quartet gave a concert yesterday afternoon for the members of the Flute Players Club at the Boston Art Club. The program was as follows: Quartet in D major, (Mozart); trio in C (William Clifford Heilman); quartet opus (Kodaly).

The Burgin string quartet, Richard Burgin, Robert Gundersen, violin, Jean Le Franc, viola and Jean Bedetti, cello, appears all too seldom in these quartet-poor days. Yesterday they again demonstrated their excellence as an artistic and virile organization, commanding beautiful tone and fine ensemble.

In the Mozart quartet they played lightly, daintily, with the grace and surface polish Mozart demands, but with all his inner exuberance and wit. In the allegro the style used by the quartet seemed a trifle diffuse; phrases had not the neatly chiseled quality they assumed later in the menuetto and allegro molto.

The Heilman trio, with the composer at the piano, revealed immediately that the composer is not of the band who choke a melody almost as soon as it is born, and change tempi and rhythm with kaleidoscopic frequency. Deliberately melodic, this trio has many moments of beauty, and of skilful writing. But in the first two movements, the melodies relied on so heavily, did not seem worthy of such extended treatment. Many of them, were it not for the Debussyish dress they wore, could have seemed more apropos in operetta, or in light songs. However, in the last movement, the pervading haze of sweet graciousness was lifted, and Mr. Heilman gave music of delightful pungency, variety and charm.

The Kodaly quartet, played with fire and with lovely tone, was in the familiar style of the composer—rapacious and ecstatic at its best; diffuse spasmodic and laborious in moments of lesser inspiration. There were evidences here that Kodaly had had his moments of electrified inspiration—and a good many of heavy hard going. The last movement, containing variations on a slow theme and an exhilarating movement in Hungarian dance style was most beautiful.

The splendid playing of the Burgin quartet was applauded with appreciation by the fair sized audience. E. B.

#### CYRENA VAN GORDON

Cyrena Van Gordon, contralto of the Chicago Opera Company, sang this program yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, to the accompaniments of Alma Putnam:

Gerechter Gott, from "Rienzi," Wagner; Auf die Nacht in der Spinnstube, Madchenfluch, Der Gang zum Liebschen, Von ewiger Liebe, Brahms; Homeland Mine, Snowflakes, Gretchaninoff; Sorrow in Springtime, Rachmaninoff; L'heure exquise, Poldowski; Les quatre treffe feuilles, Lenormand; L'Abbatte Riva, from "Aida," Verdi; Shelley; Tomorrow, Henschel; Spring, Indian Summer, What Can the Matter Be, arranged by Bax; Rantum Tantum, Warlock; The Cry of the Valkyrie, from "The Valkyrie," Wagner.

In Symphony hall, quite as in the Opera House, Miss Van Gordon gave of her splendid voice with the reckless lavishness that is her characteristic. Generosity is, indeed, a virtue, one, too, not over-frequently encountered. If only, however, Miss Van Gordon could recognize that prudence has also been long accounted a virtue, she would strike a happier balance of vocal virtues than she was always able to maintain yesterday.

It was in her French songs, of the earlier part of her program, that she held her voice to its most unbroken flow of beautiful tone. The audience, recognizing good singing in Poldowski's "L'heure Exquise," wanted the song again.

In English, Miss Van Gordon reached a point nearly as high in Gretchaninoff's "Snowflakes." Though she made it clear enough that she fully understood the musical and dramatic force of the Brahms songs, despite her excellence of rhythm she could not do them complete justice for want of tone consistently under control. In the curious jumble from "Aida," which presumably "Shelley" made, too often Miss Van Gordon, frequent splendid notes notwithstanding, failed of expressiveness, because of her carelessness of voice production. Prudence, Miss Van Gordon, prudence!

An audience of fine size asked for additional songs. R. R. G.

#### DONALD THAYER

Donald Thayer, baritone, accompanied by Rudolph Gruen, sang this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall: "Where E'er You Walk," Handel; Aria: "It Is Enough," Mendelssohn; "Sommernacht," "Alle dinge haben Sprache," "Es ist alles wie ein wunderbarer Garten," Erich Wolff; Aria, "O, du mein holder Abendstern," Wagner; "A Wanderer's Song," "Overtones," "Gifts," Oscar Rasbach; "Waterboy," Robinson; "Nocturne," Curran; "Invocation to Life," Spross.

Mr. Thayer drew, and pleased to an unusual degree, an audience of good size. He has an excellent voice to please with, a fine style for the delivery of music such as Handel's and also a smooth legato and the distinct enunciation which are desirable in any kind of song. To a marked degree, furthermore, Mr. Thayer has the ability to express the sentiment apparently demanded in some types of songs. He added to the program liberally.

#### FENWAY-SCOLLAY SQUARE "The Great Divide"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Fred Myton from the stage play of the same name by William Vaughn Moody; directed by Reginald Barker and presented by First National with the following cast:

Ruth Jordan.....Dorothy Mackaill  
George G. Stone.....Jan Keith  
Lucien Littlefield.....Philip Strange  
Ber. Hendricks.....Sam de Grasse  
Myrna Loy.....Ernest Hillard  
Frank Tang.....Freddie Burke  
Clayton Hale.....Jimmie Finlayson  
George Fawcett.....Ralph Ince  
John Laverly.....Aileen Pringle  
Claude Gillinwater.....Walter Tabor

Nothing short of deprecation! That is the cry which will arise from all who, back in 1893, were privileged to see Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller in "The Great Divide," on the stage—who now may choose to see what the motion pictures have done to this strangely poetic, oddly dramatic work by a poet-playwright. Years ago a silent version was put on the screen, a version which at least was a fairly literal translation of the stage piece; but this current all-dialogue travesty ruthlessly changes characters, scenes and situations, substitutes a theme song for a dramatic climax, ends as weakly as it begins. Only in a half-hearted way does it indicate what Mr. Moody tried to reveal, the metamorphosis of a shallow, selfish eastern girl, reared along conventional lines, into a new womanhood capable of genuine emotions, endowed with fresher and broader vision than she ever had known before. The all-night struggle of two warring souls in Stephen Ghent's cabin in the Corderilla mountains, with its subsequent reconstruction of viewpoints, its ultimate happiness for Ghent and Ruth Jordan, has been discarded. All that is left is a cheap little scene wherein Ruth, very abruptly, announces to a stupid posse, about to string Ghent up for stealing a woman, that she is voluntarily his companion and that everything is quite all right.

Miss Mackaill is grossly miscast in such a role. She makes Ruth Jordan a flippant, coarse-spoken, hard-boiled young woman. She makes no slightest effort, save by a cursory, casual facial sign or by an indefinite gesture, to indicate Ruth's gradually reshaped character. Mr. Keith is better. His is the intelligence of a good actor schooled in the art of characterization, skilled in elocution, able to reveal the rhythm and beauty of the playwright's most cherished phrases. He made Ghent human, of disarming charm or of stubborn strength of purpose. Miss Loy as Manuela, the Mexican girl infatuated with Ghent, was Nubi of "The Squall" all over again, with less importance. The others were as routine in performance as the parts for them were routine in type. The photography was disappointing. Instead of the sweeping grandeur of the great open spaces of Arizona, one finds mere studio scenes, with only here and there an intimation that nature's settings had been utilized. "The Great Divide" is too suggestive of "The Water Hole," even of "His Captive Woman," to be interesting. If good plays are to be revived in motion pictures, why not retain at least the shell of the original form? W. E. G.

#### "Love, Live and Laugh"

##### KEITH-ALBEE

An all-talking and singing picture adapted by Dana Burnett from the story by Le Roy Clemens and John B. Hymer; directed by William K. Howard and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Luigi.....George Jessel  
Margharita.....Lila Lee  
Pasquale Gallupi.....David Rollins  
Enrico.....Henry Kolker  
Dr. Price.....Kenneth MacKenzie  
Mario.....John Reinhart  
Mike.....Dick Winslow Johnson  
Tony.....Henry Armetta  
Sylvia.....Marcia Mauon

It may not seem possible to accept without question the sudden metamorphosis of Mr. George Jessel into an Italian soldier, organ-grinder and a few other aspects of the same nationality. He makes the change with a fair amount of credibility, and the fact that he is given innumerable opportunities to lift his voice in song, makes the jolt less severe than might otherwise have been the case. His new film, "Love, Live,

and Laugh," now showing at the Keith-Albee Theatre, is a pleasant little romantic and sentimental chronicle, with an agreeable cast and a story that holds the interest and arouses considerable sympathy. Mr. Jessel acts and sings with all the fervor and lack of restraint of his assumed nationality, but still succeeds in being likable, amusing and even pathetic.

Luigi Bonelli, generous, enthusiastic and impractical, lives in the Italian quarter of New York, and there he meets Margharita, the pretty niece of the proprietor of a little music store. Eventually he gets a job at the same store, but, miraculous to relate, does not cause business to take on a sudden lease of life. Margharita returns his affection, but their plans to get married are rudely interrupted when Luigi is called back to Italy by his father's death. Before he can return home Italy declares war and he enters the army. During the bitter winter months he is blinded and taken prisoner and his letters stop coming. Margharita hears that his regiment is wiped out and after months of fruitless waiting marries a young doctor.

The war over, Luigi and his friend Pasquale return to America but can find no trace of Margharita. Luigi's sight is restored after a difficult operation and he goes to thank the surgeon who had done it. He discovers Margharita, now the surgeon's wife, mother of a child and very happy. He refuses to let her tell her husband and goes away for good. Aside from Mr. Jessel, the best performance was given by Lila Lee, who contributed one of the most charming pictures that the movies have seen in a long time. She is lovely to look at, has a delightful voice and is beside a born actress. E. L. H.

#### PARK

##### "Wall Street"

An all-talking screen drama from the story by Paul Ganselen and Jack Kirkland; directed by Roy William Neil and presented by Columbia with the following cast:

Roller McCray.....Ralph Ince  
Anne Tabor.....Aileen Pringle  
Walter Tabor.....Philip Strange  
Willard.....Sam de Grasse  
Savage.....Ernest Hillard  
Richard Tabor.....Freddie Burke  
Andy Cairn.....Jimmie Finlayson

If it were possible to believe such expositions of high finance as are to be seen in "Wall Street," now on view at the Park Theatre, all that the bulls and bears on "The Street" ever do is to ruin each other—share and share alike—solely because they covet each other's wives. They also sit around in their shirts, not even their shirt sleeves, smoking large fat cigars before breakfast, and hear the news that they have made five million with a yawn. One of these giants, somewhat unconvincingly portrayed by the robust Mr. Ralph Ince, adds still more to the general unlikelihood of the picture by remarking, just a bit wistfully, that he had all the money he could spend and what good was it to him. Almost any moderately bright child could guess the answer to that, also that what this miserable man really wanted was the refining influence, not of a good woman, but of a "lady."

Being one of those fortunate creatures who always get what they want,

this aforesaid great strong man, Roller McCray, proceeds to get it in an unusual manner. The lady he covets is Anne Tabor, wife of one of the deadly rivals whom he had ruined before breakfast, and because she had snubbed him from some extremely rude behavior, he went to call on her, presumably to see her cry. Her husband had just committed suicide by jumping out the window of McCray's office, so she had naturally determined that a little revenge was in order. With two such delightful people brought together the only thing that the producers can think of is to get them married, with the unusual conclusion that love is better than hate. Through all this unlikely affair Aileen Pringle, strangely but attractively decked out in a blonde wig, gave a cool and satisfactory performance, suggesting more than once that she knew how silly it all was. Ralph Ince growled and grunted and looked as much like George Bancroft as possible.

On the same bill is another of those back-stage life stories, "The Broadway Hooper." This time a famous musical comedy actress on her holidays meets one of the cocksure brand of burlesque comedians and for a joke agrees to join his company. He takes it all quite seriously, so that when he discovers her identity he thinks she has been laughing at him. He calls her a great many names, but they come together in the end. Jack Egan was fairly good as the hooper and Marie Saxon made a pretty little dancer. E. L. H.

#### BY PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Wings Over Europe," a play in three acts, by Robert Nichols and Maurice Browne. The Theatre Guild's company. Produced by the Guild at the Martin Beck Theatre, New York, on Dec. 10, 1928, when it was staged by Rouben Mamoulian. Setting by Raymond Soyev. The cast last night was as follows: Walter Grantly, Prime Minister Ernest Lawford Lord Sunningdale, Lord Privy Seal John Dunn



his benevolent purposes. His uncle is the Prime Minister of England. To him he discloses enough of his secret to convince him of the enormous importance of the discovery. The secretary of state is also impressed. A cabinet meeting is called and Lightfoot preaches his idealistic beliefs to the hard headed members. Each one questions him with an eye to his own selfish interests. His answers not only disconcert the majority; they in some instances render them furious; but the minister of war sees another arm to ensure British' supremacy. The Lord High Chancellor, who is particularly disagreeable, cannot stomach the idea that mankind will in future not need laws, courts, prisons, the lion will lie down with the lamb. Another member shudders at the thought that gold can be made to disappear. Some show stupidity; some pure selfishness. Experiments are made that convince the doubting Thomases and the open scoffers. A dangerous man this inventor. Should he be shot? No, but he should be cast into prison and kept there.

Lightfoot does not fear his enemies, and he cannot be persuaded to destroy his discovery. He goes so far as to say that if the Cabinet does not yield to him, at a certain hour he will blow up the members and the world with them. There will be one less star in the sky. They have 15 minutes to wait. Then there is a remarkable scene of stoicism, fear, horrid exposures of characters, useless recriminations. As Lightfoot enters at the appointed time the Secretary of State for War shoots him dead. Here the play should end. The rest is anticlimax.

The play was acted with so great force and truthfulness that one felt here is not a mere play; here is an engrossing representation of the old conflict between right—unpractical in the eyes of this world's children—and wrong, which to them is righteousness.

Mr. Kirkland played the idealist with a fervor that was not hysterical; with a force that was not theatrical; with a confidence in the dream of a future, that won sympathy and inspired belief. All were excellent, each in the revelation of his own character, each one typical of a large class, actuated by the same motives.

While a new group of Theatre Guild players took possession of the Hollis Street Theatre stage last evening, Alfred, Lunt, Lynn Fontanne and other members of the group which has been performing in S. N. Behrman's new play, "Meteor," moved thence into the Tremont Theatre, for a stay of one week only. The audience was more typical of an average cross-section of Greater Boston's playgoers, eager to take advantage of the opportunity to see these gifted players in a piece which undoubtedly will have substantial vogue when it is presented in New York.

DAVID BLAIR McCLOSKEY

Those who respect intelligent industry must take off their hats before M. McClosky. The possessor of a naturally admirable voice, he has been at the pains to train that voice unceasingly. When he discovered certain defects in his technical methods, sternly he set himself to root them out, at the cost, no doubt, of very considerable trouble. Some years ago, already he had made of himself a sound musician. In planning his programs he has always held fast to a high standard. Last night he showed an evident disposition to widen his range, by the inclusion of songs lighter in vein than those he formerly fancied. Be it said again, and with emphasis, all praise to him. Few young singers work so steadfastly or so intelligently.

Since, unfortunately, every fine quality is cursed with its corresponding defect, it must be admitted that Mr. McClosky, just at present, is not sufficiently at home in his new system of technique to be able to maintain the pure melodic line which he used to command. His new-found resonance he has not yet under perfect control; it emerges spasmodically, to the damage of fine phrasing and shading. To remedy this defect, however, is, of course, only a matter of time.

So, again, it is only a matter of time when Mr. McClosky will manage comfortably the efforts he made last night with pain to be more outspoken than his nature urges. Those diverting trifles of Poulenc's about the beasts he managed neatly; so much he could not have done three years ago. And Schuett's

pretty salon songs, the fashion in Vlen-na before the war, he sang expressively, with all the warmth they demand.

COLONIA—"Whoopee," musical comedy, with Eddie Cantor; fourth and last week.

COPLEY—"Murder on the Second Floor," melodrama; eighth and last week.

HOLLIS STREET—"Wines Over Europe," with Theatre Guild players.

REPERTORY—"Twelfth Night," Shakespearean comedy; second and last week.

TREMONT—"Meteor," S. N. Behrman's novel, with Alfred S. Lunt and Lynn Fontanne; this week only.

WILBUR—"Journey's End," R. C. Sheriff's war play; eighth and last week.

NOTE—The Majestic, Plymouth, Shubert and Shubert Lyric theatres are dark this week.

**"The Mysterious Island"**

A part-talking and sound picture adapted by Lucien Hubbard from the novel of the same title by Jules Verne. Directed by Lucien Hubbard and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Daklar	Lionel Baymore
Nikolai	Jane Daly
Falcon	Jloyd Hughes
Mikhail	Montagu Love
Anton	Harry Gribbon
Terese	Gibson Gowland
	Dolores Brinkman

It is just as well, on the whole, that Jules Verne is thoroughly dead, at peace, though more than one of his apparently impossible ideas have come true. If, however, his ghost ever walks, it should beware of venturing near the

"The Mysterious Island" has been a long time in the making, as may be gathered from the fact that it is not a talkie, but refreshingly silent. Much time and money were spent in photographing the scenes deep in the ocean, and these are most effective. The submarines, looking like curious inverted fish, are distinctly childish in appearance, but the scenes inside them are well-taken and vivid. When both craft, helpless for various reasons, meet together on the ocean bottom, one containing the heroes and the other the villains, they are attacked by a race of curious midgets, aided by a realistic and horrible creature that closely resembles an octopus. The dim underwater light is skillfully conveyed, and the repulsive deep-sea beings attain a nightmarish life.

Not since Douglas Fairbanks made the courageous experiment of a picture

all in color has such an impression of naturalness been conveyed. The coloring of "The Mysterious Island" is clear and varied; there is no blurring of edges and no insistence on any one shade. In short the picture, though ancient and melodramatic in plot and action, is technically an unusually interesting experiment. Lionel Barrymore contributes a restrained and dramatic performance, lending an air of conviction to the moments when he appears that is elsewhere lacking. Jane Daly and Lloyd Hughes are passable; the rest of the cast are the most villainous looking lot that ever stepped out of an old-time thriller.

E. L. H.

George Copeland, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan hall, with the help of William Heyl, in the pieces by Infante, at the second piano:

Valse Brillante. Nocturne. Chopin; Minu-  
etto. Respighi; Adagio. Griaziosi; Etudes  
Symphoniques. Schumann; Grossienne. Satie;  
Prelude. Clair de lune. Poissons d'or. La  
soiree dans Grenade. Danse de Puck. De-  
bussy; Ritmo. Sentimiento. Gracia. Infante;  
Danse (El Amor Brujo). de Falla; Ara-  
gonesa. Cassado; Tango. Albeniz; Espana.  
Chabrier-Copeland.

Among Mr. Copeland's large audience last night there were some people—and, most likely, there are still more among those staying at home—who say that this remarkable pianist slips some times in his technique. They wish that he, when disposed toward Schumann, could fancy some other piece than the "Etudes Symphoniques." They say, these people, and reasonably enough, too, that not even Mr. Copeland himself can convince them of the rightness of his swollen view of Debussy's graceful "Poissons d'Or." A listener here and there might also say it is a pity that Mr. Copeland should allow his enthusiasm to lead him to the error of occasional hard tone.

To these persons Mr. Copeland perhaps would make answer, in the already quoted words of the late President Wilson: "They say? What do they say? Let them say!"

Whatever "they" may say. Mr. Copeland himself, whenever he touches the piano, docs say something and that in itself is something in these days when pallid standardization, piteously thin, is the fashion.

Whatever he plays, he sees to the musical soul of it. And the soul of it he exposes to the world. He may sometimes express himself rudely, now and again, if you will, extravagantly, once in a way carelessly. But his listeners may safely go bail he is expressing the music as he feels it, with downright honesty. And that again is something—the more so since, in the opinion of most people who know, nine times out of ten he feels his music aright; what he does not feel and understand he lets alone.

His honesty serves him well. Mr. Copeland's audiences grow steadily in numbers. In enthusiasm there is no room for growth.

To comment on last night's playing would be a pleasure, but time won't allow it. It must suffice to say that Mr. Copeland was at his best. R. R. G.

Last night at Jordan hall, Harry Melnikoff, a young violinist from Worcester, who has studied with Leopold Auer, gave his first Boston recital. A fair-sized audience was present, in spite of bad weather. The program was as follows: Sonata in E Major (Handel); Concerto in B Minor (Saint-Saens); Romanza Andaluza (Sarasate); Crinoline (Stoessel); Tango (Albeniz); Caprice Brilliant (Kuzdo).

Mr. Melnikoff is very young; It might be expected that his playing would lack polish, and that his interpretations would be less artful and restrained than experience will suggest. Mr. Melnikoff is, however, at that place in his career where polish and artfulness are just beginning to show in his playing; the result is a mixture of mannered elegance and naive roughness that make some phrases exquisite and others shapeless. In the Handel Sonata Mr. Melnikoff seemed not to have sensed the calm certainty of style demanded; his playing was marred by excessive portamento, by exaggerated tempo. The true and essential beauty of his instrument . . the ability to sustain and modulate living tone . . he temporarily forgot. In the Saint-Saens Concerto he revealed a mastery of many branches of the varied and demanding techniques of left-hand and bow, and he produced some very beautiful tones . . tones nearer the transparency of another school than the heavy richness of the tone so characteristic of Auer-trained pupils.

Four short pieces were played expressively, but not always musically. A suggestion might be made that Mr. Meinikoff has studied his scores without accompaniment too long, for he seems to be unaware of the rhythmic and harmonic importance of the piano.

When he has acquired a sense of style, a feeling for the oneness of the music (not for violin music with piano accompaniment) when he has learned to play expressively without the tempting assistance of heavy portamento, Mr. Melnikoff will be well worth hearing, for he has been richly endowed physically, he has a good foundation technique, a good ear (though there were slips in intonation last night), and a strong expressive sense. E. B.

Ben Redden, tenor, and John Percival, baritone, sang this program last night in Jordan hall: Recitative—Comfort Ye, Aria—Every Valley, from "The Messiah," Handel, Mr. Redden; O ruddier than the Cherry, from "Acis and Galatea," Handel, Mr. Percival; Bid me to live, Hatton, When I am laid in Earth, Purcell, Eros, A Dream, Grieg, Mr. Redden; Wahn! Wahn! Ueberall! Wahn! from "Die Meistersinger," Traume, Les Deux Grenadiers, Wagner, Mr. Percival; Songs of my Spanish Soil, Osma, Schickel, Frühlingssonne, Trunk, Mr. Redden; Zwei Könige saßen auf Orkadal, Auf geheimem Waldespfade, An old Song re-sung, Griffes, Mr. Percival.

Both these singers showed excellent judgment in uniting their forces, for the good of contrast. They brought wisdom to bear on their choice of an accompanist, Edwin Blitcheffe, an accomplished pianist, of taste and spirit, who understands what accompanying means. In their avoidance of rubbish on their program they gave evidence of fine musical taste.

They share a rare musical—and moral—virtue in common as well as taste and judgment: the ability to see things through. If Mr. Redden, for instance, has a note to hold at length, he holds it fast, letting its resonance wax with every beat; presently, no doubt, he will acquire the art of letting a sustained tone diminish as well as swell. His coloratura passages, in Handel's air cruelly taxing, he held steadily brilliant, more and more so square to the final note. So he achieved a climax worth the hearing.

At its best, in the upper medium register freely delivered, Mr. Redder rejoices in a voice of real sonority. Frequently he can maintain that sonority and beautiful quality when singing softly and in a range not his most comfortable. He sings smoothly too, and with a feeling for line, especially music with a noble line, like Handel's and Purcell's. And he sings with conviction, a quality rarer than all the others.

Of Mr. Percival, on his level not yet so high, much the same may be said. He has an unusually fine voice at command, which sounded more like a high bass last night than a baritone. Still a pupil, no doubt, consequently not quite ready to present his exacting program of last night as he will sing it



after a year or two more of study, he showed that he has musical talent to work with and that he is working wisely.

A large audience applauded both singers with enthusiasm. R. R. G.

## METROPOLITAN "The Laughing Lady"

An all-talking picture adapted to the screen by Bartlett Cormack and Arthur Richman from the play of the same name by Alfred Suto starring Ethel Barrymore; directed by Victor Schertzinger and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Marjorie Lee.....	Ruth Chatterton
Daniel Farr.....	Clive Brook
Al Brown.....	Dan Healy
James Duran.....	Nat Pendleton
Hector Lee.....	Raymond Walburn
Flo.....	Dorothy Hall
Contha Dell.....	Hedda Harrigan
Parker.....	Lillian B. Tonge
Mrs. Playgate.....	Marguerite St. John
Hamilton Playgate.....	Hubert Druce
Mrs. Collop.....	Alice Hegeman

Hollywood wisecracks can talk all they like about the failure of actors from the legitimate stage to make good in the moving pictures, but one shining example they seem to have overlooked. Ruth Chatterton has made more of a name for herself in a few months in the talkies than many of the Hollywood regulars have in as many years in either phase of screen history. She has poise, charm, subtlety, unusual dramatic power and a voice that records unbelievably well. All who may think that this is hyperbole, should see her in the Metropolitan and see and hear her in "The Laughing Lady," and they will doubt no more.

This adaptation of the Suto play in which Ethel Barrymore played several years ago, is admirably suited to Miss Chatterton; more agreeable than the overdone agonies of "Madame X," yet offering plenty of dramatic moments. A young wife, Marjorie Lee, is accused of infidelity by her pompous and not too virtuous husband; the only witness to prove her absolute innocence being absent, she is convicted of the charge and deprived of her child. Too clever to show her real feelings, she resolves to get even with the lawyer, Daniel Farr, who had acted as her husband's attorney, and give him a dose of the misery she had undergone at his hands. Her plans succeed admirably: Farr finds her most attractive and becomes convinced that not only had he utterly misjudged her, but also that he loves her. With her sense of bitter injustice rankling still, Marjorie arranges for the scandal news sheets to link their names and finally for a flash of Farr to be taken coming out of her apartment late at night. This, too, comes to pass, but Marjorie having just discovered that Farr has arranged for her child to come back to her, is in despair. There is a pleasant, though not unexpected ending which straightens out everything to the general satisfaction.

It would be captious to resent the changes made in the original story where Farr had a wife and Marjorie returned to her husband—since the present version is so agreeably done. Miss Chatterton gave an admirable performance: wily, resourceful, tender, humorous and passionate by turns, she indicated perfectly Marjorie's proud and affectionate nature, never letting the desire for revenge become unnatural. Excellent, too, was Clive Brook as Daniel Farr; crisp and incisive in manner, clear and distinguished in speech, fine contrast to Miss Chatterton rather than merely a foil. Hubert Druce was highly amusing as Hamilton Playgate, Marjorie's rotund and loyal friend.

E. L. H.

## FILMS AT THE FINE ARTS

Tomorrow afternoon and evening the two final performances of the University Film Foundation's program will be given at the Fine Arts Theatre, in the rear of Loew's State Theatre, on Norway street, this city. One of the films to be shown deals with the nesting of the sea turtle. It was photographed under unusual conditions by two young scientists, Floyd Crosby and Robert W. Ferguson. The turtle comes out of the ocean only once a year to lay her eggs, and then at night. Taking fright at the slightest sound or light it retreats to the ocean to await a more opportune time, always under cover of darkness.

Many investigators had failed in efforts to photograph this episode. Crosby and Ferguson, after tests and experiments, by nice timing and infinite patience, were able to operate their cameras successfully, thanks to use of magnesium flares. The second part of the film, eight weeks later, was more easily made. This shows the hatching of the turtle's eggs and the exodus of the young turtles, scuttling with amazing speed to the sea. The entire film possesses incalculable educational value, as do others on tomorrow's program.

## SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr.

Koussevitzky, conductor, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, was as follows: Moussorgsky, prelude to the opera, "Khovanschina," Rimsky-Korsakov, "Sadko" Tournier, "Ferie"—prelude and dance for harp and orchestra (first performance with orchestra). Ravel, second suite from "Daphnis and Chloe." Dvorak, symphony No. 5, "From the New World."

Without doubt Rimsky-Korsakov, editing Moussorgsky's score left unfinished at his death, rewriting, adding, cutting, turned this prelude into a thing of beauty chiefly by the charm of his instrumentation. It would be interesting to see Moussorgsky's sketch for this prelude as it would be to hear Rimsky-Korsakov's original version of "Sadko"—which was composed as early as 1867. The revision was in 1891 and the reviser had learned much in the years between. Yesterday the prelude stirred the imagination of the hearer and not only because it is associated with a scene in the Kremlin's Red Square. One not knowing the opera might be curious concerning the significance of solemn strains that stand out from a purely pictorial background. Kremlin or no Kremlin, the music was a pleasure to ear and mind, and Philistines would not be alone in saying: "That's what music is for." Down went Sadko like McGinty to the bottom of the sea. He played for the dancers there. The music is picturesque, though it does not show Rimsky at his best.

Ravel's Suite is if it had been planned with the express purpose of displaying the euphony, sonority, brilliance and elasticity of the remarkable orchestra conducted by Dr. Koussevitzky. One can easily think that led by a respectable but prosaic man of routine experience the music itself might occasionally seem purposeless, if not trite, especially as it does not in the concert hall accompany action in an appropriate stage setting. As played under the conditions stated—a virtuoso orchestra with an understanding, poetic, magnetic conductor in full sympathy with the composer—the music has kaleidoscopic beauty, the performance is incomparable. One might ask whether in this instance a conductor and his men do not with the material produce such glowing effects that Ravel, if he were listening, might say to himself: "Did I

really write this music? Did I expect it to be so beautiful in the actual performance?"

David played the harp until Saul threw a javelin at him, but David probably improvised. Some of us remember the dreary compositions that skilled harpists were obliged to play, for composers of high standing wrote little for them, and the harpists themselves when they were forced to compose thought first of their own technical ability and shaped their music accordingly. The instrument was favored in drawing rooms at a time when a woman with sculptural arms, a neck of dazzling whiteness—blonde harpists were preferred—strummed the wires and sang, not always tunelessly, "Love not, ye hapless sons of clay"—and attentive swains would in sugared compliments beg another song—"Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise." But composers today take the harp seriously and write seriously for it, especially as an orchestral instrument. A harpist is now expected to be a musician as well as a master of his instrument. Tournier's "Ferie" is written by a musician, who is also a harpist and a teacher of the harp. He may well be proud of his pupil, Mr. Zighera, whose musical proficiency and technical skill were warmly and justly applauded yesterday.

Dvorak's symphony, which once excited controversy, had not been played here by the Symphony Orchestra since March, 1920. Today there is little or no talk about its origin, which at the time the symphony was first performed was misunderstood especially by those who shouted its praise, screaming: "It's 100 per cent. American." The symphony is popular. The tunes are obvious. Some of them can be hummed and whistled as one is leaving the hall. There are otherwise interesting pages in the work. But when Dvorak was on his native soil, he rose to a greater height as a composer, than when he composed an oratorio for England and a symphony for the United States. The performance yesterday was all that could be asked, and the audience was greatly pleased.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is thus announced: Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute"; Beethoven, symphony No. 4, B flat major; Bloch, "Schelomo" (Solomon) Hebrew rhapsody for violoncello (Felix Salmond), and orchestra; Gliere, "The Saporotchy Cossacks"; symphonic tone picture-ballet (first time here).

# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

The most dramatic scene in "Wings over Europe" is that in which the members of the Cabinet await the return of Lightfoot with his avowed purpose of destroying the world by his ability to release the force of an atom. Dramatic from the revelation of how approaching death affects various characters. Renan in a famous little philosophical play that fascinated Mme. Duse advanced the theory that if the people on earth really believed the world was coming to an end on a certain day there would be a universal escape from despair in amorous affairs which would be without unpleasant or tragic consequences. The Cabinet members do not think of such matters: and not because there are only fifteen minutes before Lightfoot returns. The sporting member plays a game of solitaire; the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs reads a book; the Prime Minister has nothing to live for except his little granddaughter. One member grows hysterical and sings religious hymns; one wishes that all should join in the Lord's Prayer. One taunts another member by saying that he had been the lover of that member's wife. And here on the first night many women in the audience—not tweet-tweets, not flappers—but grown women found this incident amusing; they did not merely titter; they laughed right out. No doubt they had been waiting impatiently for some allusion to "sex."

How forcibly each character was disclosed in this scene! How dramatic the silences, the restless movements, the sullen waiting of others as in their chairs they waited Lightfoot's return! It is not necessary to ask whether Lightfoot by the little wire or pin in a watch case could cause this earth to disappear. If a play of 50 years ago had introduced for serious dramatic effect wireless telegraphy there would have been the cry "preposterous!"

Mr. Kirkland gave an effective portrayal of Lightfoot, both from what he did and what he left undone. Unfortunately on the opening night more than once his speech was heard with difficulty, was almost unintelligible through faulty enunciation and rapidity of utterance. Greater was the pleasure then in hearing the replies and questions of Mr. Lawford, Mr. Carnovsky, Mr. Sams—in fact of all the others in the company. Mr. Cardon, amusing as the socialist Taggart, especially in his recognition of the sporting Lord, was refreshingly distinct.

The play was advertised to begin at 8:15. The curtain did not rise till 8:30 or a little after. This was true of "Meteor." Perhaps the management thinks that thus there will be no late comers; but, if the play were announced for 8:30, there would still be some, regardless of the comfort of others, making their way importantly down the aisles five, ten, or even fifteen minutes late. It is "unfashionable," they would say, to be punctual at a play, a dinner, or an evening musicale.

To the Editor of The Herald:

In connection with the play "Wings over Europe," does no one remember that that was almost the identical theme of a short play called "Service," by Lavedan, produced at the Tremont by Mrs. Fiske in 1918?

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

We did not see "Service" and do not know whether Henri Lavedan's play "Servir" was much changed in the adaptation made "to suit American taste"—as American managers have often said when they change endings, cut the dialogue or add to it, and otherwise manhandle the helpless foreign dramatist.

"Servir" was produced at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt, Paris, on Feb. 8, 1913. The play has been received at the Comedie Francaise, but for some reason or other it was withdrawn by the author.

Col. Eulin lives only for France though he has been retired from active service, on account of a scandalous report utterly without foundation. His patriotism is his religion. To sacrifice everything to country is the highest duty of man or woman. Of his three sons, all soldiers, one was killed in Africa; another is campaigning in Morocco. The third is a lieutenant of artillery at Orleans. To the disgust of the father this lieutenant is a pacifist. He airs his views too freely. His father commands him to eat his words. This lieutenant, Pierre Eulin, is proficient in chemistry. He has invented an explosive of tremendous power which he calls the "green powder." He has left in a cottage at Vincennes documents relating to his discovery. It is his intention as a pacifist to destroy his invention and not let France profit by the explosive. This cottage is visited by the colonel and the Minister of War. The father knows all about his son's invention; he gives the explanatory papers to the minister, who informs him that his second son has been killed in Morocco. There is evidence of foreign plotting; war is to be declared. The colonel is entrusted with a mission that is sure death to him. Sealed orders are put in his hand. The audience suspects that use will be made of the new explosive. As Col. Eulin is about to depart, his wife and Pierre aid him in preparations. The son tells his father he has not the right to dispose of the powder; he shall not go. The colonel explains that for his country's sake he has even made himself a spy on his son. Pierre stands at the door; the colonel is bound to pass. "Shoot me, then!" he says. Mme. Eulin seizes the revolver, wishing to kill herself, overcome with grief and horror at the scene. The two men then calm themselves to soothe the woman. "I must leave," says the father. "Why?" ask wife and son. They beg him to remain. He then tells them of the fate of the second son; that war is about to be declared. The wife and Pierre, thirsting for vengeance, welcome the news. Pierre asks only to go against the enemy. Father and son, now friends, leave to serve France. The mother would join them if she could.

Lucien Guity was applauded as the Colonel; M. Capellani, as Pierre; Gilda Darchy, as Mme. Eulin. The play had 95 performances that year.

We doubt if the dramatists of "Wings Over Europe" had "Servir" in mind when they planned their play. If they knew of "Servir" they radically changed the leading motive, Pierre's green powder was not invented for humanitarian use. Though a pacifist, he did not dream of man as master of matter and consequently a heaven to come on earth.



Some have wished to know how the effects of the German raid on the dug-out in "Journey's End" were contrived. When the play was given in London, the sound of heavy guns in the distance came from a bass drum: The tank going into action is an old water cistern that is dragged along the stage, and the whizz-bang is a hand rattle and a plank beaten on a leather cushion on a chair. The raid itself is contrived by means of a switchboard that is wired to a series of magnesium flares and a number of small bombs in a metal casket. A switch is pressed. There is a flash. Again the switch is pressed, and a couple of bombs burst. A kettledrum gives the machine-gun effect, and the firing of a small yacht's cannon completes the pandemonium.

The names of these effect-workers offstage should be printed on the playbill, just as the installer of a busy and important telephone in a melodrama or triangle-comedy should be listed with the suppliers of women's costumes and shoes.

"Rope's End," to be brought out at the Wilbur Theatre tomorrow night, is an English play by Patrick Hamilton, who entitled it "Rope." What was the good of changing the title? "To suit American taste?" The play was produced at the Repertory Theatre, London, on Sunday, March 3, 1929, when the chief players were Sebastian Shaw, Anthony Ireland, Robert Holmes, and Ruth Taylor, who "in a tiny part," said Mr. James Agate, "was so irresistibly comic and won so much applause that I despair of ever seeing her on the commercial stage." Miss Taylor played Mrs. Debenham.

"Rope" was played at the Ambassador Theatre, London, on April 25, 1929; Brian Aherne, as Brandon; Anthony Ireland, Granillo; Ernest Milton, the poet, Rupert Cadell.

The play as "Rope's End" was produced in this country at Great Neck on Sept. 14, 1929. It arrived at the Theatre Masque, New York, on Sept. 19; Sebastian Shaw, Brandon; Ivan Brandt, Granillo; Ernest Milton, Cadell.

When "Rope" was brought out in London it was said at the time and without contradiction that the two young students were suggested to the dramatist by the Leopold and Loeb case. Mr. Hamilton later declared that he did not have the Chicago students in mind. The producers announced that at the time of the famous trial Mr. Hamilton was "immersed in his studies at Oxford and it escaped him entirely." "Immersed" is good. In the preface to the printed play the dramatist declares that he went out to write a horror play and "make your flesh creep." He believes that the stimulant of horror (if taken in the right manner) is a perfectly healthy and legitimate stimulant. "When 'Rope' is accused of delving into morbid psychologies and so forth, of being anything but a sheer thriller, of being anything but a De Quinceyish essay in the macabre, I am at a wretched loss."

And then critics said that the dramatist's inspiration came from De Quincey's essay, "On Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts." Extracts from that essay were published with comments. Mr. Sydney W. Carroll, for example, asked if murder can ever be motiveless? "Was there ever in the world a clueless, passionless murder—a murder simply and solely for murder's sake? I doubt it. Mr. Patrick Hamilton, the clever young author of 'Rope,' a merry little tragedy now attracting the public in crowds to the Ambassadors Theatre, attempts to prove that there is." Mr. Carroll speaks of *it* as a motive for the murder in the play; "the motive, too, of what I may call for want of a better term—the chest motive." The principal murderer had allowed his mind from early childhood to drift into morbid channels, all of them circulating around mysterious chests and their still more mysterious contents. What a clue for a new Holmes?

## BACH — HERBERT — SCHELLING

The Handel and Haydn Society, departing from its custom, will not repeat the whole of "Messiah" next Monday night but will add excerpts from Bach's "Christmas" oratorio.

The "Weinachts oratorium" with text from Luke II, 1 and 3—21, Matthew II, 1—12, is divided into six sections for the three days of Christmas, New Year's Day, New Year's Sunday, and the festival of the Epiphany. Each division is a complete composition for one of six days and thus the work was usually performed. It was composed at Leipzig in 1733—34. "As the oratorio was composed for a year when there was no Sunday after Christmas till after New Year's Day, in after times, so long as Bach lived, it could only be completely given in years when this occurred again—three times, namely 1739—40, 1744—45, 1745—46." It is said that the first performance of the complete work after Bach's death was at Breslau in 1844.

Parts I and II were performed for the first time in Boston at the fourth Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society May 17, 1877. The solo singers were Emma Thursby, Annie Louise Cary, W. J. Winch and J. F. Winch. Carl Zerrahn conducted. The society performed the two parts again on Dec. 23, 1877, when the solo singers were Miss Thursby, Mrs. H. E. Sawyer, Miss Cary, W. J. Winch and A. E. Stoddard. There was a performance of the two parts on April 8, 1890 (Mme. Nordica, Miss Winant, Edward Lloyd, M. W. Whitney). The 6th part was sung at a Cecilia concert April 2, 1883 (Mrs. E. M. Abbott, Ida Welsh, Dr. Langmaid, A. F. Arnold). Selections were sung later by the Cecilia, B. J. Lang, conductor, and the Choral Aid Society performed excerpts in Trinity Church on Dec. 16, 1904, Wallace Goodrich, conductor.

The Pastorale, or Shepherds' music was played at Theodore Thomas' concert on Dec. 2, 1871; at concerts of the Harvard Musical Association, and of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Robert Franz (his real name was Knauth) substituted for performance two clarinets and two English horns for Bach's oboe d'amore and oboe da caccia, and added parts for two oboes, two bassoons, and two horns. The additional accompaniments arrived in time only for the second performance by the Handel and Haydn.

In the Protestant churches of Leipzig in Bach's time there were survivals of the old Christmas dramas. The manger was in the church; boys represented the angels and proclaimed the Saviour's birth; priests entered as shepherds and approached the manger; others asked the shepherds what they had seen there—"Pastores, dicite," the shepherds answered, and sang a lullaby at the manger. Mary and Joseph were impersonated. Mary asked Joseph to help her rock the cradle. (This was one of the customs which the Leipzig council wished to abolish in 1702.) In Bach's day there was probably a symbolic ceremony representing the angels' message: boys dressed as angels and divided into four choirs, were placed in four parts of the church;

they sang the Christmas hymn, "Quem Pastores Laudavere," line by line alternately. Furthermore, there were Christmas plays outside the church. These plays were performed with the utmost simplicity and freedom. It was the custom in Christmas plays for the shepherds watching by night to sing a "Cantilena de laude pastorum." One of these songs began—

"Let us sing the shepherds' glory  
Who have been renowned in story,"

as in England there were songs in praise of certain handicrafts. In the just referred to all the shepherds named in the Old Testament were mentioned.

The Bach and Handel fetishists often insist that the two composers were scrupulous in their setting the fitting, the only appropriate music to the text. The assertion shows the ignorance of these believers in the plenary inspiration of the music by the two masters. Handel was not only a gloriously reckless borrower, plunderer, thief; with Olympian indifference he would take love music from one of his operas and put it to religious texts. More modern composers have followed his example. Rossini has been censured for transferring a famous passage from Don Basilio's "Calumny" aria in "The Barber of Seville" to his "Othello" in which it serves for the entrance of the Moor in the last act; but here at least is the suggestion to the audience of the dire effects of slander. Schumann's "Soldiers Chorus" was written for another opera—not performed—than "Faust." Bizet transferred an air intended for another opera than "Carmen" and gave it to Micaela. Other composers, as Lalo, have not hesitated to transfer music in this manner.

It was long believed that Bach for his Christmas Oratorio did not hesitate to transfer most of the madrigal pieces from secular occasional music—as from a "Drama for Music," composed for a Queen's birthday in 1733, from a piece composed for a birthday of an heir apparent, from a complimentary cantata for a King, etc. In one of these occasional cantatas Hercules sings: "Wreathing serpents, long since crushed and sore defeated, seek not my spirit to lull and entwine." The accompaniment depicts the twining of the snakes; but in the 'Christmas Oratorio' it goes with the words: "Strengthen me, that I may endeavor to praise worthily thy mercy."

But Charles Sanford Terry in his biography of Bach published last year—and there is no greater authority on Bach than this biographer—gives valid reasons for his belief that music from this oratorio was used for cantatas performed before the oratorio. It was in September, 1733, that Bach's singers and players celebrated the birthday of the Elector Augustus's "lame and weakly" heir Prince Friedrich Christian by "Hercules auf dem Scheide-wege," an old subject which served Saint-Saens for a symphonic poem. "Of Bach's music all but the recitatives and concluding chorus are familiar in the 'Christmas Oratorio,' whose production took place a year later. . . . It is inherently unlikely that the Hercules music was specially composed for Picander's libretto. But a collation of the two musical texts puts the matter beyond doubt. . . . If these glosses are sound, the 'Christmas Oratorio' was already composed, in whole or part, in the early autumn of 1733 when Bach drew upon it for his 'Hercules' and, as in the case of the 'Matthaeres passion' anticipated its production in its original form by putting some of it to another use. . . . It is established conclusively that the six parts of the 'Christmas Oratorio' were performed consecutively in 1734 as the several parts of an 'Oratorium.' It is, however, not impossible that the parts had had earlier and independent performance."

Many will rejoice in the prospect of hearing a series of Victor Herbert's operettas. There are those who can indulge in reminiscences and comparisons; there are others, younger, who will thus form a delightful acquaintance with a gifted composer. We first knew Herbert when he was first 'cellist of the Stuttgart Royal Opera and the Court orchestra. This was before he came to the United States in 1886 as the first 'cellist of the Metropolitan Opera House. Born at Dublin on Feb. 1, 1859, he prided himself on being a grandson of Samuel Lover. He was seven years old when he was sent to Germany to study music. His teacher for the violin-cello was Cossmann. Herbert toured as a virtuoso in Germany, France, Italy; he was first 'cellist of Strauss's orchestra in Vienna before he went to Stuttgart, where he composed his 'cello suite and first 'cello concert. In New York he was associated with Theodore Thomas's orchestra and with Anton Seidl's. He was bandmaster of the 22nd New York Regiment; conductor of the Pittsburgh Symphony orchestra (1898-1904). In 1894 he began to devote himself to the composition of light operas. The list numbers over thirty, beginning with "Prince Ananias" (1894). His serious operas "Natoma" and "Madelaine" though honorably produced, did not hold the stage. His more important orchestra works are occasionally performed. He was a musician of sound attainments, with an uncommon gift for melody, fertile in rhythmic effects, skilled in orchestration, in short a musician of taste with an instinct for stage effects in operas of the lighter nature—a genial companion with a kindly disposition and a sense of humor. He died, universally lamented in.

The first of Ernest Schelling's concerts for children will take place Saturday morning, Jan. 4, at 11 o'clock.

Mr. Schelling has written entertainingly and wisely about the nature of these concerts. He says:

"Make a child feel that he participates, that he can tell one theme from another, that he understands the musical puzzle as presented to him in a symphonic work,—the clarinets, bassoons, etc., are not just names to him, he knows something about them, about their history, evolution, and where they fit in the orchestra puzzle picture. A nine-year-old said, after I had spoken of the difficulties of the 5-4 rhythm in the Tchaikovsky

Pathétique,—'5-4 is not so hard after all, it is just 2-2 followed by 3-4 and I don't see why conductors make such a fuss over it . . . but I truly believe that we will only become a really musical nation when we make music in the home, no matter how fearful its beginning may be. It seems to me to be the sacred obligation of the cultured classes to support whatever movement tends to help maintain the traditions of Art and to combat the mechanical tendency of this age."

"When I started these concerts, what guided me was my own experience as a boy, my being crazy to know something about the symphony orchestra, the instruments, their history, the composers, and being unable to get any satisfaction, especially about the instruments, for you see, a little boy cannot see very far, and of course opportunities for going up on the stage and handling the instruments, getting to know them personally, so to speak, were few and far between. That is why I thought of bringing all



these to our faithful friends through the use of the slides. Some great Chinese philosopher said that one picture is worth ten thousand words, and as we derive 70 to 80 per cent. of our knowledge from our eyes, I decided to use slides, and doubly interest the audience, orally and visually. In the last six years I have formed this collection of slides on musical subjects, the composers, what they look like, where they lived and how, or some other oriental work to stimulate the imagination.

"There are pictures to stir the imagination when speaking of countries. The possibilities are endless. For instance, I have found in 16th, 17th and 18th century prints, instruments of great interest, also many of the great masters painted instruments in portraits.

"Humor must also enter into it. My reason for having some jokes is very simple; it is merely a question of shifting from one foot to another, or as in the old-fashioned waltz, one must reverse occasionally or become hopelessly dizzy!

"The programs, with the notes and questions have brought most gratifying results. Many hundreds of books are turned in each year—the competition for the medals is keen, some of the books are equally remarkable for the accuracy of their answers, as for the thoughts expressed. The plan of the children's concerts is briefly a carefully chosen program of symphonic music, varied and illustrating whatever the subject may be. Some series illustrate the different instruments of the orchestra—for instance, giving the violin, its history and evolution from the archaic rebec to the Stradivarius. Naturally, at that concert we will play works in which the strings are predominant singly or in groups.

"A short talk illustrated by slides shows its origin, evolution, even its construction. This is especially for the boys who always like to know what makes the wheels go round!"

Claudio Muzlo will take the roles of Tosca, Violetta and Leonora in the course of the fortnight of operas to be performed by the Chicago Civic Opera Company next month. This excellent singer is the daughter of Carlo Muzlo, who was for many years stage manager at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. "As a child she was often at the opera house. When she entered her teens, she kept her father's books. It was from his direction of the stage that she got her first insight into operatic acting. A young girl, she played the piano and the harp. When she was 15 she began to study singing. At the age of 18 she made her debut as Manon in Massenet's opera at the Royal Theatre, Turin, under Toscanini's direction. He took her to Bologna. Many opera singers, male and female, have their pet superstitions. As a child frequenting the Metropolitan Opera House, her dolls were costumed after the manner of operatic heroines. Even today, when she is to sing, she often has in her dressing room a doll costumed exactly as the woman she is about to impersonate."

#### THE MESSIAH

The Handel and Haydn Society Thompson Stone, conductor, sang Handel's "Messiah" yesterday afternoon. Players from the Symphony orchestra lent their assistance. William Burbank played the organ, Arthur Fiedler the harpsichord. The soloists were Clara Maentz, Marie Murray, George Boynton and Walter Kidder.

In a few months' time Mr. Stone has brought about a marked improvement in the balance of his chorus and in the quality of tone they deliver. No longer do the sopranos dominate unduly. The basses, strong and sonorous, can hold their own. So can the tenors, although not yet quite so sonorously or stoutly. The altos, too, if not quite so forthcoming as might be wished, have departed to a great degree from their earlier modest attitude of self-effacement. Mr. Stone, in short, has developed a well-sounding, reasonably well-balanced chorus, a body of singers fully capable of doing his will.

Since, beyond question, they are eager to fulfil his wishes, we listeners must needs collect that Mr. Stone holds, where most of the "Messiah" is concerned, with a reticence of delivery that borders on the tongue-tied. No doubt he is protesting against the full-throated massiveness that, in years gone by, alone has been the attribute accounted worth working for in a Handel oratorio.

There is a golden mean, though, in all things. Handel had much to say, all kinds of things, and he said them mightily roundly, by means of melody, accent, brilliancy and significance of coloratura for solo singers and chorus alike. Not much was said yesterday in, at all events, an hour and a half, with convincing emphasis, not even the famous "Wonderful." This tenuous view of Handel turned Handel's music dull. Refreshingly the chorus "Surely He hath borne" fell on the ear. Here Mr. Stone spoke out.

Handel, furthermore, made much of his orchestra in achieving effects. How much of Franz's supplementary orchestration Mr. Stone did away with yesterday, how much of Mozart's he has not told. The guess might be he had swept them all aside, and Handel's, too, leaving violins alone to bear the heat and burden of the day. Till the trumpets took a strong hand in "Why Do the Nations," scarcely a tinge of color, except the color of strings monotonously combined, could be easily heard. This treatment did Handel sad wrong.

Let us congratulate the Handel and Haydn Society on their action in engaging Boston soloists, unless there are superior singers available from abroad. That policy will surely tend to raise our standard of singers at home, and, if one may judge from yesterday's large audience, it harms the necessary box office not at all. The public, of course, has a right to expect that they shall be the best Boston can provide. Each of the singers yesterday had something agreeable to offer.

R. R. G.

#### KEITH-ALBEE

##### "The River"

An all-talking picture adapted by John Hunter Booth from the novel by Tristram Tupper; directed by Frank Borzage and presented by William Fox with the following cast:

Allen John Pender ..... Charles Farrell  
Rosalee ..... Mary Duncan  
Sam Thompson ..... Ivan Linow  
Marsdon ..... Alfredo Sabato  
Widow Thompson ..... Margaret Mann  
The Miller ..... Bert Woodruff

It is too bad that Charles Farrell has become so popular in the screen musical comedies, since it probably means that he will be obliged to smile his way whimsically through a whole series of sickly sentimental Cinderella stories without a spark of originality or interest. Before he got into that mix-up, however, he did make "Seventh Heaven" with Janet Gaynor and "The River," with Mary Duncan. Both stories were filmed under the expert and sensitive guidance of Frank Borzage and both gave Mr. Farrell the chance to be something beside a well-tailored Prince Charming. "The River" was released in New York as a silent picture, but dialogue sequences have been added since, and they add nothing. The story is so simple and so dramatic that conversation is not needed, and one of the most effective characters in it is a deaf-mute, played by a great giant of a man, Ivan Linow.

As might be gathered from the title, the story centres around a great river, and never once are its potentialities as an important factor overlooked. It is the river that brings the unsophisticated boy, Allen John Pender, to the construction camp above the dam, where lives Rosalee, a girl of too much experience with men. It is while swimming in the river that he first meets her. It is the river which is, about to bear them away to happiness when Rosalee's former lover, Marsdon, an escaped convict, returns, and it is into the river that she casts herself, rather than return to her old life. Allen John rescues her from the angry waters, and at the end it is in the river that Sam Thompson, the deaf-mute who kills Marsdon, washes his bloody hands; so it is that the river carries away all traces of the evil past and completes the story. None of the opportunities for fine photography are neglected, and the river scenes are really beautiful.

It is not easy for such complete innocence and unsophistication as Allen John's to be made believable, but Mr. Farrell is so boyish in appearance and so ingenuous in manner that it becomes the most natural and acceptable thing in the world. His performance here ranks with his delightful Chico in "Seventh Heaven," and that is meant for high praise. Mary Duncan was equally good as Rosalee, a far more difficult part. Very well indeed she conveyed the girl's cynical amusement gradually turning to love and admiration, while her wordless terror and dismay—when she believes Allen John dead—was most moving. Her acting at times is inclined to be high-pitched and even hysterical, but here she was entirely admirable.—E. L. H.

#### FENWAY

##### "Twin Beds"

An all-talking and singing farce comedy adapted for the screen from the stage play of the same name by Margaret Mayo and Salisbury Field; directed by Alfred Santell and presented by First National with the following cast:

Danny Brown ..... Jack Mulhall  
Elsie Dolan ..... Patsy Ruth Miller  
Monty Solari ..... Arnold Kaliz  
Mrs. Solari ..... Gertrude Astor  
Pa Dolan ..... Knute Erickson  
Ma Dolan ..... Edythe Dolan  
Mazie Dolan ..... Jocelyn Lee  
Nobbie Dolan ..... Nita Martin  
Tillie ..... Zazu Pitts  
Redd Trapp ..... Eddie Gribbon  
Pete Trapp ..... Ben Hendricks, Jr.  
Jason Trejohn ..... Carl Levinsnes  
Mrs. Trejohn ..... Alice Lake  
Edward J. Small ..... Bert Roach

The sprightly farce of the stage becomes crawling comedy on the screen, when it is given voice. This is true of "Twin Beds"; it seems bound to be true in any instance; for not yet have directors, camera men and players mastered

the trick of speed in action coupled with briskness of dialogue. For that reason much of the spontaneous laughter evoked by a stage performance is missing in the screen translation. Perhaps realizing his technical handicaps, Mr. Santell chose to revert to a practice prevalent in the studios, that of padding the first half of the picture with incidents which had no place in the original text, yet often times are plausible and amusing enough in their own rights. So we have Elsie Dolan, comely telephone operator, informing her sisters that she is tired of sleeping three in a bed; that when she marries, twin beds and a trip to Europe will be main parts of the compact. We have the family kitchen, with Pa Dolan, a brick-layer who because of fear of dizziness always quits his job at the third floor of a new building; Ma Dolan, a kindly scold, and the burly Trapp boys, apparently sweethearts of the other Dolan girls. There is the battered piano and its weak-legged stool, the domestic male trio, augmented by the obliging Danny Brown, song-writer and show-fixer, to sing "Sweet A-do-line," in what Elsie terms "bar-room chords." This is after Elsie and Danny have become engaged, following a chance meeting in a physician's office. Meantime are introduced Monty Solari, the philandering tenor in Danny's new show; Mrs. Solari, who is kept busy keeping him away from other women, and Tillie, the dumb maid hired by Elsie for her honeymoon apartment. In fact, it is not until Tillie appears that the piece becomes really comic. Thereafter are shown the familiar situations of the inebriated Monty waking up in one of Elsie's precious twin beds, hiding in chests, closets and under the beds, while Danny, Mrs. Solari and Tillie, to say nothing of another married couple in the same building dart in and out repeatedly until the exhausted Elsie and the disgusted Monty confess to what actually happened, namely that Monty merely reeled into the wrong apartment and fell asleep.

Mr. Kaliz really was the star of the picture, with his singing of a pretty ballad, "If You Were Mine," his perturbation as the drunken intruder. Miss Miller lacks the quick, deft touch essential in a farcical role, and Mr. Mulhall, though an ingratiating lover, seemed to have something more serious than the job at hand on his mind. Miss Pitts made the most of her few ludicrous lines. In fact, all of the minor characters are of great help, for they distract one's attention from any shortcomings of the so-called principal players.

W. E. G.

#### PARK

##### "The Shannons of Broadway"

An all-talking picture adapted by Agnes Christine Johnston from the stage play of the same name by James Gleason; directed by Emmett Flynn and presented by Universal with the following cast:

Mickey Shannon ..... James Gleason  
Emma Shannon ..... Lucile Webster  
Swanzy ..... Charles Grainger  
Tessie ..... Mary Philbin  
Chuck ..... John Brendon  
Bradford ..... Tom Santschi  
Eddie Allen ..... Harry Tyler  
Alice Allen ..... Gladys Crout  
Minerva ..... Helen Mehrmann  
Albee ..... Robert T. Haines  
Newt ..... Slim Summerville

To be long, lanky, partly bald and very solemn in appearance may not sound like the ideal equipment for a comedian, but James Gleason, now acting with his wife in "The Shannons of Broadway" at the Park Theatre, is despite all this one of the most amusing persons now to be seen and heard in the talking films. If he was inaudible, the chances are that he would not be nearly so funny, but he has an indescribable drawing manner which makes the oldest jokes sound startlingly original. Not that the humor of "The Shannons of Broadway" is particularly hoary, but there have been so many imitators of Mr. Gleason's "Oh, Yeah?" and "Iz zat so?" style, that even the original might well seem stale.

This picture, adapted from Mr. Gleason's stage play, which ran for several months on Broadway, is utterly inconsequent in plot and might be dull, were it not for the slightly rowdy humor and good-natured wisecracks so liberally dispensed by Mr. Gleason and his wife, Lucile Webster.

They play a team of vaude-

vill players stranded in a small town, who buy the local hotel and try to make it into a money-getting proposition. They have ludicrous struggles with the hotel's live-stock and get themselves into all kinds of trouble in a kind-hearted endeavor to straighten out a boy and girl love affair. The burning question is whether they can sell the place at a great profit for an aviation landing field, and in the end they do. The plot doesn't really matter so long as the Gleasons are there to be watched but Mary Philbin is appealing in an unimportant role and John Brendon is fair enough as her sweetheart.

On the same bill is Ken Maynard's latest talking film, "Senor Americano," in which he has endless chances to be dashing, heroic and invincible. The story takes place in California just before it became an American possession, and it is Mr. Maynard's task to save the heroine and her father from the rascalities of some villainous land-grabbers. Mr. Maynard is stalwart and active as is his beautiful horse, Tarzan. Gino Corrado gives an effective performance as the heroine's rejected suitor.

E. L. H.

#### Carmen Reggio

Carmen Reggio, contralto, gave a recital of songs and arias in Jordai Hall Saturday night. Her accompanist was Camillo Bonsignore. Upon her program she had placed numbers by Giordano, Ponchielli, Mattei, Thomas, Tosti, Verdi and others.

Miss Reggio is obviously in the formative period and therefore should not be judged by accustomed standards. Her voice is at present an insecure instrument, incapable of answering the demands which Miss Reggio no doubt would put upon it were she more confident of it. Her program, had she been well advised, should have contained songs of far less exacting characteristics. In such songs, Miss Reggio would no doubt have made a much happier impression upon an audience small in number (the night being Saturday and the symphony in full swing a block distant) though friendly. G. M. S.

#### By PHILIP HALE

WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Rope's End," a play in three acts by Patrick Hamilton. Produced in London by the Repertory Players as "Rope" on March 3, 1929; at the Ambassadors, London, on April 23—with Brian Aherne as Brandon;

Anthony Ireland as Granillo; Ernest Milton as Cadell. (At the Repertory production) Sebastian Shaw played Brandon; Robert Holmes, Cadell. Presented by Lee Shubert at the Theatre Masque, New York, on Sept. 19. Mr. Shaw played Brandon; Ivan Brandt, Granillo; Mr. Milton, Cadell.

The cast last night was as follows: Wendham Brandon ..... Sebastian Shaw  
Charles Granillo ..... Ivan Brandt  
Sahot ..... Ernest Milton  
Kenneth Rastall ..... Hugh Dempster  
Lilla Arden ..... By the way, and Sir Johnstone Kentley ..... Sam of the Mrs. Debenham ..... Nora M. Brown  
Robert Cadell ..... Ernest Milton

Whatever Mr. Hamilton may say the audience could not help thinking that he had in mind the Chicago murderous youths who killed, actuated by vanity and the longing for adventures that would excite them. Why bring in Do Quincey? He wrote, to be sure, a famous essay, a masterpiece of grim irony; he discussed murder in all its forms, as professor lecturing on the fine arts; and in a Macabre spirit insisted that a well planned and executed murder was the finest of the arts. No doubt Mr. Hamilton had read this essay, but the parallel between his two youths and those in Chicago and the motives of both is so close that it seems impossible he had never heard of the atrocious crime that was world famous, or infamous, as you please.

As the dramatist was "immersed in study" at Oxford, it is fair to presume that he knew his Horace and the advice given by him: "Let not Medea kill her children in the sight of the audience." So the likely youth in "Rope's End" is strangled before the curtain rises. As Brandon had what was described as a "chest-complex," as a morbid boy was found of talking about chests and what they might contain, it naturally occurred to him that the chest would be a convenient hiding place for the corpse. He and Granillo would carry the chest to Oxford that night. But Brandon was not content with this adventure. He thought it would be a side-splitting joke to invite relatives of the murdered boy, the father and mother, a young couple, and a supposedly effeminate poet, one Rupert, to dinner, and to use to chest for a table. Ha! Ha! Ha! What a joke, to see the old man eating and drinking, by the chest and wondering when his



wife finally telephoned him where his dear son and heir had gone. This is the one repulsive idea in the whole play, an idea worthy of old Marston and Tourneur, creators of monsters at a time when English playgoers demanded horrors heaped on horrors.

The exposition of the play is in the opening dialogue, or rather the monologue of the exulting Brandon. As the drama was played last night the wonder was that he chose the high-strung, hysterical, chickenhearted Granillo for his partner. The play after the invited guests are assembled is the gradual change on Rupert's part from suspicion to certainty; his ominous hints, his terrifying questions, his securing evidence, and at last the opening of the chest, the eloquent denunciation, the whistling to the policeman waiting in the street below.

Reviewers have spoken of a crescendo of horror. Outside of the chest used for a dining table, there is little that can be called horrible in the successive incidents and situations. The audience sees one murderer cool and resourceful until he knows that Rupert knows; it sees the other murderer a coward from the moment his voice is heard on the darkened stage. The prevailing feeling of the audience is curiosity concerning Rupert's methods; increasing admiration for the ingenuity displayed.

The play has a literary merit seldom found in dramas of this class. If the young lovers talk in a vapid manner, it is no doubt to show how foolish is the chatter of supposedly intelligent beings when there is falling into love. Mrs. Debenham is introduced merely to excite laughter by easy means. Rupert, who at times airs his views as a writer for the Yellow Book in the years when Oscar Wilde was regarded as the most exquisite wit, often talks sensibly, to the point. It might be surmised that when he is apparently silly he is most in earnest as a detective.

The drama was effectively played. Perhaps Granillo was too much of a coward to have ever entered into the horrid joke; but granted that he was coward by the command of the dramatist, the exhibition of terror, and of the continual fear of detection, was convincing, though it did not shake the soul of the spectator. Mr. Shaw was the egoistic murderer to the life; while Mr. Milton was not only entertaining in speech, often simply by his artful emphasis and innuendo—not only vivid in a physical portrayal—but in his denunciation of a spokesman of society he had true dramatic force. Mr. Lyons gave a noteworthy portrayal of the father.

An audience, large in spite of the season and the inclement weather, gave the closest attention and appreciated the excellence of the performance.

#### TREMONT THEATRE

##### "Hot Chocolates"

A "tanskin revel," featuring Baby Cox, Edith Wilson, "Jazzlips" Richardson, and Russell Wooding's orchestra. Music by Thomas Waller and Harry Brooks, lyrics by Andy Razaf, direction by Danny Dare, comedy sketches by Eddie Green, settings by P. Dood Ackerman. Other principals: Pearl McCormick, Florence Farnham, Jimmie Baskette, Margaret Simms, Cabell Calloway, Dolly McCormack.

Although "Hot Chocolates" has been sprinkled with verbal posies from the critical hot-houses of Manhattan, its people last night gave no sign that they were bored, overture of themselves, or tired of it all. In fact, the snap, the enthusiasm, the flaming vehemence of their rhythmic convulsions gave the impression that they had pointed for the Boston engagement instead of taking it in stride.

Or maybe these people of richly variegated complexions, these lemon, cream, and cream-colored girls from Harlem, and their male companions of café-au-lait, tobacco, creme de cocoa, chocolate and ebony—maybe they are just singin' and dancin' fools anyway, and if they couldn't get paid for it, would strut their stuff on the street corner because of a permanent itch to dance and sing. One inclined to that conviction last night long before the first-act finale.

Perhaps you have surmised by this one that we consider "Hot Chocolates" fast, savagely graceful negro show of far from negligible Fahrenheit, a revue worthy of the tradition of "Shuffle Along," "Dixie to Broadway," and "Blackbirds." If you don't like the Miller and Lyle sort of thing, shun it like poison; vice versa come in out of the id.

To be specific, there is the male dancing aggregation called the Bon Bon iddies, which appeared from time to time in varying guises, bringing hearty applause with their athletic zest and the

careless perfection of their intricate steps. There is the comic "Jazzlips" Richardson, loose-jointed clog and acrobatic dancer, who takes a scene by himself with an original dance routine culminating in a sensational slow split.

There is Baby Cox, she of crooning, husky gaiety, big yearning eyes, flying feet and compact, leopard-like figure. "Dixie" is the conventional reviewer's word for her type, we believe. Dolly McCormack, in a dim jungle scene, is high priestess of the dance, leading her writhing votaries in a prayer for rain. Of lighter vein is another woodland scene, the Wedding of the Rabbit and the Bear, in which the "animals" cavort imaginatively to warm, lulling music.

There is the expected singing of spirituals, by a group called Wooding's Jubilee Singers, and there are comic sketches: in a police court, in a telegraph office, in the quarters of a prize-fight fixer, and so on. The comedy is for the most part of negro manner rather than of matter, there are stale jokes which the audience spots in advance—and laughs at just the same.

Primarily it is a show of dancing, of rolling quadron eyes and wailing clarinets—of sentimental negro lyrics that always seem in character. The chorus—the Hot Chocolate Drops, as they are called—deserve special commendation. Such smooth, spontaneous ensemble work is seen once in a blue moon.

H. F. M.

#### COPLEY THEATRE

##### "The Middle Watch"

Performed by the Copley Producing Company. Last evening the cast was as follows:

Private Ogg..... E. E. Clive  
Ah Fong..... Richard Whorf  
Fay Eaton..... Rhona Feneley  
Capt. Randall, R. M. L. I..... Gerald Rogers  
Lucy Eldridge..... Margaret Osmond  
Flas Lieutenant..... Hugo Swickal  
Nancy Hewitt..... Esther Mitchell  
Charlotte Baddeley..... Ian Emery  
Admiral Sir Hercules Hewitt..... Ralph Roberts  
Mary Carlton..... Rosalind Russell  
Lady Hewitt..... Arnes Elliott Scott

The Middle Watch originated as an amateur sketch which was written by Commander Stephen King-Hall of the British Navy for a Christmas week entertainment aboard HMS Repulse, stationed at Gibraltar. Ian Hay has rewritten it and still it has not lost its original quality.

In spite of the fact that it is comedy of the most usual kind, abounding in the gags and situations which characterized the first comedy, it is highly entertaining. For example, the girls, who have been caught on board ship when sudden orders to sail under full steam to the rescue of the admiral's yacht are issued, change state-rooms once too often in an effort to elude the admiral. It becomes a bit tiresome at this point.

The character of Private Ogg portrayed by Mr. Clive is the brightest spot in the performance. To the qualities of the character made famous by Bainsfather and the cook in "Journey's End," he has added his own inimitable touch to produce a truly delightful service cockney.

The typical American girl in the character of Mary Carlton is badly over-written, but performed with enthusiasm and some effectiveness by Miss Russell. Although this character may depict to the British mind the true nature of young America and, consequently go unchallenged by British critics, it is still difficult to understand how this play can rank, as it does, as one of London's outstanding successes.

—W. B. K.

#### LOEW'S STATE

##### "Navy Blues"

An all-talking picture adapted by Dale Van Every from the original screen story of Raymond Schrock; directed by Clarence Brown and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Kelly..... William Haines  
Alice Swanson..... Anita Page  
Sven Swanson..... Karl Dane  
Mr. Brown..... J. C. Nugent  
Mrs. Brown..... Edythe Chapman  
Higgins..... Wade Boteler

The motion picture public seems to be divided into two classes: those who think that William Haines is just a breezy, lovable kid, and those who think that he is an insufferable and conceited nuisance. His latest picture, "Navy Blues," now showing at Loew's State, will offer no surprises to either group. In this film, the first talkie he has made, the bumptious William has the part of a sea-going gob, who likes the ladies anyway short of matrimony. His voice is about what was to have been expected: perfectly audible and rather noisy, though less so than might have been feared. His acting is all over the place in his customary style, a style that, to be perfectly fair, finds much favor with a large public.

The beginning of the film finds William on shore leave with another frolicsome sailor impersonated by Karl Dane. He gets roped into some kind of a Ladies Aid Society party for unattached sailors and among the girls who have come to do their duty, he finds a personable damsel named Alice Brown, a thin disguise of Anita Page. He thinks

she is "a nice kid" and escorts her home, a proceeding which finds little favor with Alice's mother, a domineering lady who has no use for sailors. She orders him out of the house, but the next day Alice meets him again and they go on a spree, returning late in the evening. Discovered by Mrs. Brown, in the act of embracing William, or Kelly as the film has it, Alice defies her mother and walks out of the house, dragging the embarrassed youth with her.

William's intentions have not been very serious, and he is greatly dismayed when he discovers that Alice expects him to marry her. He backs out ungracefully and goes to sea while Alice, too proud to go home, earns her living dancing in a cabaret. Six months at sea bring about a change of heart and William returns to marry her, only to find that she has vanished. Finally he finds her and drags her home to matrimony and respectability. Anita Page is a very pretty Alice, and arouses much sympathy for her unhappy plight. Karl Dane has some amusing moments when he cuts loose in a night club with a chandelier.

E. L. H.

#### CHRISTMAS CHORUS

The Handel and Haydn Society, departing from custom, gave fragments only of the "Messiah" at last night's Christmas concert in Symphony hall. In the place of their deletions they sang the first two parts, almost in entirety, of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," also, for full measure, an admirable chorus by Chadwick, "This Is the Month," and another by Sweelinck, "Born Today."

Whether from the point of view of the box office, a program so mixed was cunningly devised or clumsily is a question. In any event, it proved agreeable, with contrast to relieve it, and novelty.

For Bach's oratorio came as good as new to nine people out of ten, and those who know it even slightly must be either old as the hills or else have been wanderers abroad. The neglect of the work is hard to explain. In the two parts of it we heard last night there flows one steady stream of beautiful music—choruses and chorales mounting to the superb; chorales, for variety's sake, so comfortable and homelike the most unpretending of choirs could sing them, with delightful airs to relieve possible choral monotony.

The glorious soaring melody in every bar, including the recitatives, the brilliant instrumentation abounding in character, piquancy and strength—no wonder the young moderns, suddenly discovering the past, cry "Back to Bach!" Given a bit of the genius of Bach, they could scarcely do better.

Through Bach's orchestral ways Mr. Stone appeared to find his way more easily than through Handel's. With the far-flung line of his melody he showed himself less sympathetic. The great first chorus suffered from lack of shading and accents properly applied; it jolted rather than flowed.

To the chorales, on the other hand, Mr. Stone gave a noble stride; they moved with dignity, clothed in beautiful tone. And in the Chadwick chorus and the Sweelinck Mr. Stone reached the high point, to date, of his Handel and Haydn career. There, there was brilliant chorus singing, from the technical point of view, firm as a rock, extremely musical, and of a rousing liveliness. When we can count on choral work maintained at that high pitch, then will the Boston public have done with talk about the moribund state of oratorio.

The solo singers, Clare Maentz, Marie Murray, George Boynton and Walter Kidder, brought the same individual virtues to the delivery of Bach's music which characterized their dealing with Handel on Sunday.

R. R. G.

#### THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COPLEY—"The Middle Watch," naval farce.

HOLLIS STREET—"Wings Over Europe," with Theatre Guild players; last week.

MAJESTIC—"Naughty Marietta," first in cycle of Victor Herbert operettas, with Ilse Marvenga; opens tonight.

PLYMOUTH—"The House of Fear," mystery farce, with Cecil Spooner; opens tonight.

REPERTORY—"The Water Babies," Christmas fantasy; opens Christmas day matinee at 3.

SHUBERT—"Strike Up the Band," George Gershwin's new musical comedy, with Clark and McCullough; first performance Christmas (Wednesday) night.

TREMONT—"Hot Chocolates," colored revue.

WILBUR—"Rope's End," Patrick Henry's thriller, with Ernest Milton.

Note—The Colonial and Shubert Lyric theatres are dark.

#### MAJESTIC THEATRE

##### "Naughty Marietta"

A comic opera in two acts, by Victor Herbert, book and lyrics by Rida Johnson Young; produced at the Wieting Opera House, Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 1910, and at the New York Theatre, New York, by Oscar Hammerstein, Nov. 7, 1910, with Emma Trentini in the title role, and Orville Harlow as Capt. Dick; revived Oct. 21, 1919 at the Jolson Theatre, New York, by the Jolson Theatre Musical Comedy Company. Performed last evening at the Majestic Theatre with this cast:

Capt. Richard Warrington..... Halfrid Yund  
Lt. Gov. Grandet..... Herbert L. Waterous  
Etienne Grandet..... Louis Templeman  
Sir Harry Blake..... Wesley McLoughlin  
Silas Slick..... Bob Capron  
Rudolfo..... James S. Merritt  
Florence..... Clarence Harvey  
Marietta d'Altena..... Ilse Marvenga  
Lizette..... Eulalia Young  
Adah..... Lydia Van Gilder  
Fanchon..... Wee Griffin  
Felice..... Frances Baviell  
Indian..... Edward Tasso  
East Indian..... Hobson Young  
Knife Grander..... Bernie Saxe

The spirit of Victor Herbert hovered over the musical director's chair last evening, substantial, benign, jovial, alertly competent. Those on the stage must have sensed that presence, for they sang the Herbert melodies fervently, intelligently, often brilliantly. The musicians in the orchestra pit looked beyond Mr. Louis Kroll to view the maestro himself, and swayed to his rhythms and crescendos as if they were under the sway of his magic baton. A Christmas eve audience sufficiently numerous to fill five-sixths of a large auditorium applauded generously, demanded frequent repetitions. It would appear that it is not yet time to remark lightly that Victor Herbert's tunes are dead, or even old-fashioned. It is doubtful if ever they can become old-fashioned, for Herbert wrote his earlier scores at least with the enthusiasm of eternal youth, singing his songs with a freshness and a spontaneity which age may not wither.

So, unstinted credit belongs to those who undertake to revive the better known of his operettas and light operas. In this instance it happens to be the Messrs. Shubert. If they have not mounted "Naughty Marietta," for instance, elaborately, they have not done it cheaply. If they have not assembled a chorus artful in all the graces, they have seen to it that their choristers could sing. And they assuredly have selected their principals with more than ordinary shrewdness. As last evening's performance progressed it became better, smoother, rounder. Miss Marvenga's first entrance and her opening song, "Naughty Marietta," served by its cheerfulness, its lack of self-consciousness, to dissipate a certain lassitude of nervousness hitherto noticeable in her associates. Thence onward, it was Miss Marvenga who by unflinching good spirits and soaring notes held the performance to proper pitch. Miss Marvenga, and Mr. Kroll. She for the singers, he for the musicians, carried their standards high.

Mrs. Young's libretto never has been considered the most worthy of the many to which Victor Herbert gave orchestral decoration; yet he must have enjoyed writing that score. Note such sparkling ensembles as the "Italian Street Song," "Live for Today," the sly musical humors of "The Sweet Bye and Bye" and "It's Pretty Soft for Silas"; the wistful strains of the dream melody, "Sweet Mystery of Life"; the sentimental call of "I'm Falling in Love with Someone." Even that little heard and scarcely remembered number for contralto voice, "Neath the Southern Moon," took on a sombre beauty as Miss Van Gilder sang it.

The story is of Marietta, Countess d'Altena, who ran away from a wealthy home in France to meet Capt. Richard Warrington of the Rangers, in New Orleans. His apparent indifference and his purchase of Adah, a slave girl, in a burst of chivalry misunderstood by Marietta, leads her to promise to wed Etienne Grandet, whose avocation is piracy. Before the final curtain, he is exposed, and Marietta and Capt. Dick declare a mutual love. Miss Marvenga made the runaway madcap a joyous creature, saucy, charming, bedeviling. She is a natural born acting prima donna. Mr. Young's tenor voice is still a priceless possession. Less constraint and greater mastery of his lines will make him more effective in the near future. A diminutive comedienne, Eulalia Young, became instantly a favorite through her facility in comic mien, gestures and delivery of lines. Mr. Capron was a fairly amusing figure as the youth ever seeking his opportunity at sort of acrobatic singing comedian. Mr. Templeman was a suave villain. Mr. Watrous a portly official given to positivity and procrastination. It was a pity there was no song for him.

With such an auspicious beginning there is reason to hope that the cycle of Herbert's works will be brought to fruition. For those weary of jazz and lightweight tunes, ask



ould prove both restful and equal. There is such a thing as a melody. W. E. G.

**PL MOUTH THEATRE**  
**House of Fear**  
Mystery farce in three acts by Elmer H. Staged by Ray Productions, Presented by Ray Productions, The cast:  
Fred Strong  
Lorna Elliott  
Edward Wenhold  
Barbara Gray  
Jean Cleveland  
Rex Casleton  
Gordon Westcott  
William E. Green  
Cecil Spooner  
Knox Harold  
Francis McHush  
The farce is aptly named. So fear- is the house in which the action that one spectator, who had to me time, before the final curtain

ed up the aisle with the very fo- loody hand on his ankle, all ready ag him into outer darkness. they worked as intended, those ung and stabbings in the house of helped out by yells in the dark, moans. Bare hands appearing from are, brandishing knives, had no effect in producing nervous ten- As for disappearances and sud- death—toward the end they got too common to thrill as they have thrilled if employed with reserve. rehearse the course of a mystery would never do. To tell of the ries in that house of fear would even if permitted, be an easy un- ing, they fell so fast. To sug- a taste of the quality it will serve port that one Mme. Zita, a cele- "medium" occupying the highly "lized" mansion of a dead medium, famous still, was engaged, with help of beneficent spirits, in track- down a murderer. Malignant, unfortunately, or so it appeared, a hand in the proceedings, not to get a misguided human or two. A mystery play with so many potent is, they skillfully managed or- ise, could scarcely fail of shivers mystifications. The house of fear ded in both. this mystery play is a farce as The farce is of a popular brand. cracks crack, liquor flows, the of the day is the speech of the Funny enough, it seemed fun- till, to many, in conjunction with r and similar horrors. Elliott, playing Mme. Zita, led contingent, the serious folk, and extremely well, so well that, by never-failing gravity, she actually conviction. At the head of the wing stood Miss Spooner, an endowed with genuine drollery a flow of spirits she never let flag. the detective, Mr. Green snarled in orthodox manner of the stage de- e. Mr. Westcott had the fitting anar way for the person everybody ed of foul play. The others did well. R. R. G.

**ITURBI ADORES OUR JAZZ MUSIC**  
By ELIZABETH BORTON  
ise jazz," said Jose Iturbi, not utes after I had been ushered a room where he was frantic- icking bags and trunks. His es gleaned with ardent Spanish sm; he threw an ecstatic kiss air, with a flick of thumb and er "When I am in New York all my time in Harlem, listen- jazz . . . to the negroes sing- e music to be consciously artis- ally savage," said he. "I like all muic . . . Bach to de Falla, e . . . and I like savage music, o blues, or the Canto Hondo of ern Spain. What I cannot bear is in-between' music . . . like the e tango, which is neither fish nor . . . the Americans," said he, fra- speaking with the quick en- thus- the hasty exuberance that see- be characteristic. "In Europe d that the Americans cared for but money and business. It is I was told they arise from the hair combed and shaved, ready to the office. But America is tic. It is true we have more Europe, but we don't have bet- And for me, it is quality, not that counts. Paris may have phony orchestras, but here in Bos- you have one that is—with that of Philadelphia and the Philharmonic of New York—one of the four best in the . . . The other one—the fourth—is in Europe—in Amsterdam. the Americans," he reiterated, to smoke. "They are patri- they also see virtues in the There are some countries in

Europe that always deprecate the for- eigners—they think they are right in everything—right and best—not because of virtues of their own, but because every one else is so horrible!"  
The phone rang, and Mr. Iturbi went to it, stumbling over the neat rows of shoes . . . extraordinarily small ones, for his feet, true to Spanish physique, are very small . . . that he had laid out to pack. At the phone he began in uncertain English, hurried into French, gave the instrument an un- comprehending glare, and frantically turned it over to me, all despair. At his dictation, I got the matter of the telephone call settled; then I was set to peeling an apple for him while he practised some finger exercises.  
Pong-pong . . . slowly, forcing his strong dark hands into superhuman flexibility . . . and in the mean time, continuing a running fire of conversa- tion, peppered with jokes, and an oc- casional rapturous kiss wafted ceiling- ard.  
"The Spaniard is sometimes thought polish in foreign lands," he said, "be- cause he is so ready to admire every- ing. But the Spaniard has an un- usual idea of courtesy. He believes in lying to you what he thinks you want to hear. When he makes a mistake, naturally he is thought to be a silly fellow. This willingness to admire any- thing he is expected to really shows the deep-seated pride of the Spaniard. He is so proud that he does not attempt to make others see the superiority he els. Other countries are always anxiously making certain that you recognize their virtues."  
**HARD WORK TO PLAY PIANO**  
"There is much in Spain that I love and admire," said he, "but I dislike some things that are Spanish too. How- ever, I feel called upon to defend my country when I hear of people going to travel there, expecting to see all the people in Cordoban hats, and all the ladies dancing with castanets!" Pong . . . pong . . . and then runs in thirds . . .  
I mentioned La Argentina, apropos of the dancing. "She is wonderful!" he cried. "But she has refined Spanish dancing much for your American eyes. Off stage she is witty, charming. But you should see Dora la Cordobesa . . . gypsy, small and fat, and dark, and off-stage ignorant and crude. When she dances, she is divine! But alas, now she has married a totero, and she will dance no more."  
All the while, Mr. Iturbi was working with his hands, doing finger exercises, bending the fingers of one hand with the other, forcing them back until the tendons fairly creaked. Every now and then he sighed, "Ah, it is hard work to play the piano—hard work."  
"Why are you so cruel to your hands?" I gasped.  
"So that they won't be cruel to me. They must do my work tonight. (He was to play with the Boston Symphony that night . . . a second concert). "I am a good, dependable artist," said he, "and I have to work. I am not a 'bigger and better pianist.' I don't want to be. I am just myself. I give over 100 concerts a year; it is physical labor."  
**MUSCLE LIKE ROCK**  
"Do you want to feel a good muscle?" he asked, dashing over like a small boy and presenting a brawny right arm. I felt. A rock in the jacket sleeve. He told me he kept fit by swimming and boxing.  
"How do you study a piece of music?" I asked.  
"Just like you buy a dress," he an- swered, and then sat at the piano, mischievously enjoying my baffled and ignorant stare. "First you must see that the dress fits you . . . how it is cut . . . the material . . . the lines. Well, first I study the score until I know it by heart, until it fits exactly . . . phrasing, harmony, everything. Then, what do you do for your dress? You must pay money for it. Well, next I pay my money. My money is practice . . . mas- tering the techniques demanded. You wear your dress and are proud. I play my music and am happy."  
**SHUBERT THEATRE**  
**"Strike Up the Band"**  
"Strike Up the Band," a musical comedy in two acts, with book by Morrie Ryskind based on a libretto by George S. Kaufman, lyrics by Ira Gershwin, and music by George Gershwin; produced by Edgar Schwyn, staged by Alexander Leftwich, and performed last evening at the Shubert Theatre for the first time on any stage, with the follow- ing cast:  
Timothy Harper . . . Gordon Smith  
Richard K. Sloane . . . Robert Bentley  
Horace J. Fletcher . . . Dudley Clements  
Myra Meade . . . Kathryn Hamill  
Ethel Kenyon  
Mrs. George Draper . . . Blanche Ring  
Anne Draper . . . Doris Carson  
Col. Holmes . . . Bobby Clark  
Gideon . . . Paul McCullough  
Joan Fletcher . . . Doris Patson  
Doctor Jasper . . . Maurice Lagne  
Jim Townsend . . . Jerry Goff  
Doris Dunne . . . Marion Miller

Herr Konrad . . . Maurice Lagne  
Suzette . . . Ethel Britton  
Soizette . . . Virginia Barnes  
Serge Doax . . . Walter Farnmet  
Premiere Danseuse . . . Joyce Gies  
Horace J. Fletcher, head of the choco- late works bearing his name, became so incensed at the possibility of re- moval of the tariff on the Swiss prod- uct, and also at the avowed attachment of his daughter Joan for young Town- send, a young newspaper man who had offended him, that he had a heart at- tack and was stretched out on an office couch, where he fell asleep under influ- ence of a sedative, and had a dream. He saw himself declaring war on Switzerland, paying all expenses and reaping all profits accruing from pro- fiting in grade B milk and other com- modities essential to a well-conducted war. Unfortunately as the campaign progressed he found himself losing money. Therefore it became convenient for the dream to terminate. Fletcher now seemed to prefer the civilian garb of a business man to that of a general in the army, became disgusted at the very suggestion of war, and gave his blessing to Joan and her lover. That is about all of the story. The rest is music, and dancing, and clowning by Mr. Clark.  
When George Kaufman's "original li- bretto was tried out on a few Phila- delphia audiences two seasons ago, it proved to be so caustic in its satire that it became necessary to withdraw the piece. Mr. Kaufman seemed disinclined to dull his ironic shafts, and Mr. Rys- kind was called in. Mr. Kaufman's li- bretto became Mr. Ryskind's book. While it is conceded that Mr. Ryskind is gentler, it is obvious that still exists the grave question if such a serious subject may be treated quite so flip- pantly. "Carry On," now known as "Sons O'Guns," poked genial fun at the war through the amusing experiences of one or more individuals. "Strike Up the Band" is more argumentative, has much airy discussion of war, introduces martial music to the tramp of uni- formed men. If less trenchant, less per- tinent, the satire is still there.  
However, Mr. Schwyn has made a splendid production, and Mr. Gershwin, who directed the orchestra last even- ing, has written a score containing a number of pleasing tunes and remark- ably restrained in its general musical structure. If he struck a "blue" note every once in a while he also showed his ability to shape a flowing melody, delicately orchestrated. This is true of the "I Mean to Say" duo and dance. The first act finale, "Strike Up the Band," Mr. Gershwin is said to have written within the last week. It is a rousing march number, bravely scored. In brief, Mr. Gershwin's music is more steadily satisfying than the fare served behind the footlights. Being new, there will be changes, perhaps curtainments, before New York is reached. Brother Ira's lyrics are consistently apt and amusing. If he rhymes torso with more so, he also can delve into five syl- lables and come up smiling with "ani- mosity" and "reciprocity." He may be neither a second Gilbert nor a Cohan understudy, but he can make himself understood by the masses, can even carry an entire scene in rhymed dia- logue, as witness the "He Knows Milk" bit.  
While the names of Clark and Mc- Cullough are inseparably linked, all know that Mr. Clark, of scholarly fea- tures, restless cigar, impressive vocabu- lary, is the comic spokesman for both. Now he couples his familiar manner- isms with much new jesting. He is a very funny chap. Mr. McCullough con- tributed quick changes as a butler, a red-shirted fireman, a messenger boy or an awkward soldier. Miss Ring, in- trusted with several salty quips, gave them with a twinkle of the eye which made it easy to tolerate them. She sang and even capered like a first-sea- son comedienne. Miss Patson took sing- ing honors, though in the past we have seen her advantageously in the dance. Miss Carson and Mr. Smith had two lively dance specialties. The ensemble has been superbly trained. The girls, gaily and tastefully costumed, are youthful and pretty; they have more than the usual amount of chanting to do, and they are stunning in the dance evolutions contrived by Mr. Hale, who insists that they employ arms as well as legs in rhythmic action. Two scenes were especially attractive, the gardens of the Fletcher home, and the hotel terrace overlooking the mountains somewhere in Switzerland. W. E. G.

**REPERTORY THEATRE**  
**"The Water Babies"**  
A play in three acts, dramatized by Alice Gerstenberg from Charles Kings- ley's story. The cast comprised the entire company, Lois Buell playing Tom, and Cynthia Latham, the Irishwoman. Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did, and Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by.  
The Repertory's holiday production should please those mothers who like to send their children to the theatre, but dislike exposing them to the vul-

garities of the musical comedy and the movie. Miss Gerstenberg has faithfully preserved Kingsley's moralizing, savored with just enough fantasy and humor to make it palatable to young taste. Ex- cept for the opening scene, where Kingsley writes the book and quotes from his other works, the play follows the book with a fidelity that somewhat slightens its dramatic effectiveness, since the action is scattered over 12 scenes.  
The river scenes were the most effec- tively staged, the fantastic fish delight- ing the children, while the play of colored lights on the dancers pleased the adults of the audience. The acting was of the usual Repertory standard. Miss Buell played Tom with a freshness and enthusiasm more often found on the amateur than on the professional stage. Miss Latham interpreted each of her three roles with her customary dignity.  
"Water Babies" will be given this week and next at both evening and matinee performances. E. C. D.

**METROPOLITAN**  
**"Pointed Heels"**  
An all-talking and singing picture with technicolor sequences adapted by Florence Ryerson and John V. A. Weaver from the story by Charles Brackett; directed by A. Edward Sutherland and presented by Para- mount with the following cast:  
Robert Courtland . . . William Powell  
Lora Nixon . . . Fay Wray  
Dot Nixon . . . Helen Kane  
Dash Nixon . . . Richard "Skeets" Gallagher  
Donald Orden . . . Phillips Holmes  
Kay Wilcox . . . Adrienne Caro  
Joe Clark . . . Eugene Pallette  
It might naturally be prophesied that a picture whose cast contained the names of William Powell, Fay Wray, Helen Kane and "Skeets" Gallagher, would be something unusually good. Suave high comedy from Mr. Powell, pictorial beauty from Fay Wray, in- gratiating humor and unobjectionable wisecracks from "Skeets," and the usual boop-a-doop comedy and baby talk from Helen Kane. Most of these things were there, save that Fay Wray was not given suitable or attractive costumes for most of the picture; yet "Pointed Heels" seemed singularly uninteresting and pointless. A little of Helen Kane is quite enough, but every 10 minutes or so the story was brought to an abrupt halt while she made faces, cooed and pulled buttons off the nearest victim, this time Mr. Gallagher. In her de- fence, however, it may be stated that the story, though boasting John V. A. Weaver as one of its parents, was neither plausible nor exciting.  
Fay Wray, as a show-girl in a big musical comedy, leaves it to marry Phillips Holmes, wealthy young com- poser of high-brow music. His allow- ance is stopped by his mother, so Fay has to go back to the show and earn money to support them both. Holmes disapproves violently, especially as the producer of the show, played by William Powell, is more than interested in Fay. He is further annoyed by the fact that Fay's brother and sister-in-law, "Skeets" Gallagher and Helen Kane, while utilizing a song of his in their new show, do not sing it the way he wants. He quarrels with Fay and she leaves him to dine with Powell. Try- ing to drown her sorrow she drinks too much, and falls asleep, whereupon the noble and altruistic William sends for Helen to spend the night with her. Fay's husband, calling on William the next morning, sees her coat, hat, bag, etc., and of course misunderstands. He proposes to sail for Europe the next day, but William, in another excess of virtue, brings about a reconciliation.  
The two best, in fact, the only worth- while performances in this unlikely affair, were given by the always in- teresting Mr. Powell, who did wonders with a silly and most improbable part, and the caustic and amusing "Skeets" Gallagher, who, while given little to do but be the butt of Helen Kane's clowning, was infinitely more entertain- ing. Fay Wray was a colorless hero- ine and Phillips Holmes, while good looking enough, failed to make the young composer at all sympathetic. E. L. H.

**BLOCH'S RHAPSODY**  
By PHILIP HALE  
The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, gave its 10th concert of the 49th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute;" Beethoven, symphony No. 4; Bloch, "Schelomo" ("Solomon"); Hebrew rhapsody for violon- cello (Felix Salmond) and orchestra; Tchaikovsky, overture, "1812."  
Mr. Bloch is most inspired when he stands firmly and proudly on Jewish ground. The well equipped composer is



seen in all that he writes, but his three Jewish poems for orchestra, his Psalms, for voice and orchestra, two of which have been sung here by Mme. Povla Frilish and in a memorable manner; his "Schelomo" are far above his what might be called Gentile work, even above his concerto, not to mention the cycloramic "America." As he has written in an account of himself and his artistic beliefs, it is the Jewish soul that interests him; "the complex, glowing, agitated soul" that he feels vibrating through the Bible. No wonder that the despair of the Preacher in Jerusalem and the splendor of Solomon alike appealed to him; the monarch in all his glory; the Preacher, who when he looked on all the works that his hands had wrought and on the labor that he had labored to do, could only exclaim: "And behold, all was vanity, and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the Sun." And so Mr. Bloch might have taken as a motto for this Hebrew rhapsody the lines of Rueckert:

"Solomon! Where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind."

Say, what is pleasure? A phantom, a mask undefined;  
Science? An almond, whereof we can pierce but the rind;  
Honor and Affluence? Firmans that Fortune hath signed  
Only to glitter and pass on the wings of the wind."

Other composers have taken Solomon for their hero; as Handel in his oratorio; Goldmark, representing him as mighty and jealous in "The Queen of Sheba"; Gounod in the opera similarly entitled, based on the wildly fantastic tale of Gerard de Nerval; there are older operas, but all, or nearly all, are concerned with the "Grande Turke," the Sultan of the Ottomans. It was left for Mr. Bloch to express in music the magnificence and the pessimistic, despairing philosophy of the ruler to whom is falsely attributed the book, Ecclesiastes.

Here is music that does not brook conventional analysis: music that is now purely lyrical, now dramatic, now pictorial; music that rises to gorgeous heights and sinks to the depths; with a conclusion that is not of the Preacher, the pious admonition after summing up the whole matter; but a conclusion voiced by the violoncello: "There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest." Here is no Solomon, lord of all creatures, at whose name Afrites and evil jinn trembled, the Solomon of the "Thousand Nights and a Night"; here is the monarch that having known power and all pleasures, enumerating them—even to "the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts"—reasoned that everything was futile; that all was vanity.

One might therefore infer that this Rhapsody is distressingly sombre, for nothing is more wearisome than a long

drawn-out complaint. The inference would be wrong, for Mr. Bloch has imagined in tones, in superbly exultant measures the pomp and sumptuousness of the King enthroned. There are orchestral bursts of glorification; between them are recitatives and lyric reflections for the jaded voluptuary, the embittered philosopher. The ingenuity displayed is as remarkable as the individuality, the originality shown by the composer stirred in his soul not only by the story of Solomon; moved mightily by the thought of ancient days, the succeeding trials and persecution of his race. More than once in the Rhapsody, if there is a suggestion of Solomon's court and Temple, there is also the suggestion of the Wailing Wall.

The performance by Mr. Salmond, whose musicianship and art were already known in Boston, and by the orchestra was of the utmost eloquence. A violoncellist, seeking only for applause, would have chosen a concerto that would inevitably by its obvious tunefulness, have won him easy recognition. Bloch's rhapsody is not a parade piece for a virtuoso regarding the orchestra only as a necessary appendage. The Rhapsody is orchestral with violoncello obligato. Without an orchestra like the one heard yesterday, without Dr. Koussevitzky, imbued with the spirit of the composition, appreciating the interpretation of the soloist, the Rhapsody might have seemed enigmatical to many. There were yesterday three interpreters, all in aesthetic rivalry. One tribute was paid to them by the audience. The enthusiasm was genuine.

The concert was otherwise of a high standard; even Tchaikovsky's overture written for an occasion, music that should be heard out-of-doors if possible gained a certain dignity by the dramatic rendering. For once there was music, not merely fresh and noisy; Mozart's overture, ever bustle and sparkling; Beethoven's symphony—they were performed in a vital, necessarily romantic manner: the symphony in the poeti-

cally grand style—not with the perfunctory respect paid to a name that is often supposed to guarantee a performance, though it be pedestrian and boresome.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Walton, overture "Portsmouth Point," Bax, Symphony No. 2. Loeffler, "Cantatum Fratris Solis" (after St. Francis of Assisi) for voice (Povla Frilish) and orchestra (first time here). Ravel, "Bolero."

#### UPTOWN-OLYMPIA

##### "No, No, Nanette"

An all-talking and singing picture with Technicolor sequences, adapted from the stage musical comedy of the same title; directed by Clarence Badger and presented by First National Vitaphone Pictures with the following cast:

Nanette ..... Bernice Claire  
Tom Trainor ..... Alexander Gray  
Jim Smith ..... Lucien Littlefield  
Sue Smith ..... Louise Fazenda  
Lillian Early ..... Lilyan Tashman  
Bill Early ..... Bert Roach  
Pauline ..... Zasu Pitts  
Betty ..... Mildred Harris  
Flora ..... Jocelyn Lee

You won't be satiated with repetition of "I Want to Be Happy" or "Tea for Two" in this screen version of one of the most popular of fairly recent musical comedies; but the tunes are there, modestly placed, for one to recognize. There are several others also, some from the original piece, others interpolated, and all of excellent quality. For a combination of straightforward narrative and of stage spectacle, in colors, "No, No, Nanette" is about

as delightful fare as any of the competing studios have dished up in late months. Why? Because First National assigned an intelligent director to the job; because he selected a cast which if not brilliant is every whit competent, and because he was independent enough to have his own way and tell the story clearly, without any material deviations, excisions or added nonsense. There had to be spectacle, but wisely Mr. Badger set that part in its proper place, toward the end, where it became doubly effective. Seldom have we seen a nicer bit of dove-tailing.

Mr. Littlefield, one of the most offensive and the most steadily capable of the screen's farceurs, has the role of "Uncle" Jim Smith, played by Charlie Winninger on the stage. Smith, it may be recalled, has become so rich through the sale of Bibles that he wants every one to be happy, including Betty of Boston, Flora of Chicago, girls he had met casually in his travels, and finally Nanette, his niece, came to visit

him and his prim, still economically minded wife. Nanette, an ingenue, persuades Smith to finance Tom Trainor's new musical comedy, "Up in the Air." The familiar ingredients of suspicion, jealousy, confused motives, private detectives, are utilized, but in the end Smith and his ally, Bill Early, his legal adviser, are forgiven by their spouses.

Miss Claire, a newcomer to the screen at least, was a revelation in the role of the demure, scheming Nanette. Her voice records splendidly, and she sings convincingly; that is, one is compelled to believe that she does her own trilling. Mr. Gray's case is different; it is suspected that a double sings his numbers. Miss Fazenda and Miss Tashman as the guileless and the worldly wives, and Miss Pitts in another comic maid's part, were amusing. The Technicolor portions, shown on an enlarged screen, were amazingly well done. Three scenes, in Holland, with a turning windmill, in China, and in Mars, each radiantly colored and enlivened by precision, acrobatic or tap dances by groups of nimble performers, stood out particularly. The finale, with its big yellow airship, its multicolored balloons dropping from above, and its pano-

ramic backdrop of silvery stars, was imaginatively conceived.

"Dangerous Females," as played by Marie Dressler, Polly Moran and Frank Rice, is pretty nearly the model short comic subject. Two rural ladies, a widow and a spinster, enthused by radio sketches based on crime themes, capture an escaped convict masquerading as an evangelist. It is very funny, and it could happen. W. E. G.

## 3000 YEARS OF THE STAGE

THE THEATRE: THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF DRAMA, ACTING AND STAGECRAFT, by Sheldon Cheney. Longmans, Green & Co. 558 pp. 204 illustrations. \$10.

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Cheney, a Californian by birth, has been a dramatic and art critic. He founded the Theatre Arts Magazine in 1916 and edited it for five years; he

was with the Equity Players (1922-25), and is the author of several books pertaining to the theatre which were published during the years 1914-1927. The present volume "The Theatre" is of an encyclopaedic nature. Familiar ground is necessarily covered, but Mr. Cheney has much to say for himself—he expresses his own views on theatrical conditions; managers, dramatists, players, and the attitude of the public. And in his restatement of historical facts known to students of the drama from its earliest years he writes with a gusto that gives freshness and interest to what is familiar.

In an introductory chapter he argues that "Wherever and when ever humans have progressed beyond the mere struggle for physical existence, to gods and recreation and self-expression, there has been theatre in some sense—an inevitable place for acting, dancing, dialogue, drama, in the ordered scheme of life." He gives this definition: "Theatre is the art where spiritual light illuminates human living," but he admits that each man will form his own definition from what he has seen in the theatre and from what he himself has learned from the parts of the "world-picture" that have come to his notice. The actor alone has had a history that "spans the whole gulf between priesthood and bawdry": now honored, now despised—and even in our lifetime bishops have declared that no good can come from the stage, "for a person to go on the stage is in itself a besmirchment of character (yet announce that a well-known actor will be at Mrs. Smyth's at tea on Tuesday, and your invitations won't half go round those who want to come)."

There has come, unfortunately, a separation in the playhouse from "the deeper springs of life"; perhaps never, we think, has the stage been farther from the divinity with which it was marked in other eras. It has dug down into human experience not in a way that uncovers divinity, but in a way that shows humanity its weaker face, that lays bare deformities and perversities and flea-bites. It has become a narrow, prying, gossip-minded theatre, with the bigness and the fineness gone out of it. Only once in a hundred visits do we glimpse rapture or high nobility or sheer purging beauty.

Mr. Cheney begins with the dance which with primitive peoples is a ritual and usually dramatic. He inquires into dramatic features of Egyptian religious ceremonials and dramatic elements in Hebrew literature and life. Considering the "Song of Solomon," he does not refer to Renan's translation into French, cast in dramatic form, or Renan's argument that the "Song" was acted at wedding festivals. There are valuable chapters on the Greek, Roman and oriental theatre, with pages about the manner of production, the theatres, players, audiences; pages also of criticism. He thinks that the "Cart of Thespis," a symbol of the strolling actor, was probably wholly a thing of myth; nor does he find proof that when the chorus was grouped around the altar Thespis addressed the leader from a table. In China the Property Man is the symbol of "the noble artificiality" of the Chinese stage. A certain range of expression was possible when the Greek actor wore a mask. After a careful study of the Church compromising its fight with the Pagan drama by admitting the theatre within its sacred precincts in the form of the mystery, Mr. Cheney dwells on the Renaissance and then comes down through the ages to Stanislavsky and the contemporaneous drama in all countries.

To review this book with the requisite fulness, one would fill several columns of The Herald. Only a few notes can here be made.

The playhouse at Parma was the first modern theatre because it had the first known proscenium framed stage. Speaking of the beginnings of opera he makes no mention of Romain Rolland's invaluable book though other studies are quoted. Pierrot, represented

as a sad, delicate, gentle person, powdered, is something vaguely unhealthy, his ancestors were adventurous, theatrical, sometimes robustly wicked. In the mention of Marlowe's death there is no allusion to the recent discovery that he was assassinated for political reasons and not killed in a vulgar tavern brawl. If there was pornography, filth in plays of the Stuart period, "in our own 20th century managers and playwrights, with nothing but money in mind, put off the stage sensational pieces, parading violence, nudity and sexual perversion—and render infinitely harder the way of those who want simple freedom." If Goethe had given his life wholly to writing for the stage "he might have been accepted in all later times as on the very height with Sophocles and Shakespeare." In the time of Garrick, the tradition of the "actress courtesan" persisted. Here is a surprising statement: "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal" remain

on library shelves, and in repertoire where repertory theatres still exist." And are played no where else, Mr. Cheney? Here is another queer statement: "Unless you have read one of Hugo's or Dumas's (the elder's) dramas this week, you probably can't name a character in them." Lucrezia Borgia? Ruy Blas? Hernani? Is there not "one genuine passion," not one memorable character, not one disturbing thought in all the plays of Henry Arthur Jones? Mr. Cheney says, "no," although he admits that Jones presented an intelligent plot with masterly technique; nor is Mr. Cheney always fortunate when he discusses opera. "To this day Italian opera belies the word 'grand' by its shallowness and showiness." This merely means that Mr. Cheney is unacquainted with the Italian opera of the last 30 years. In his few lines about Verdi, he couples "Aida" with "Il Trovatore" and does not mention "Otello" and "Falstaff." Why say of Bernhardt that her voice remains almost as famous in history as her insistence upon the right to continue openly the tradition of the courtesan-actress, in a time when people accepted such irregularities only under cover? Adah Isaacs Menken leads the list of famous American actresses: Mary Anderson, Modjeska, Clara Morris and Ada Rehan. Irving was "richly satisfying without ever being spectacular. Perhaps most famous of his roles were Hamlet and Shylock." How about the roles in "The Belles" and "The Lyons Mail"? Charles Raun Kennedy wrote plays of "greater poetic loveliness than any others done in English in recent years." Mr. Cheney is on safer ground as a historian than as a critic yet when he says there is almost nothing to be said of musical comedy "except as it kidnaps a self-sufficient creative turn out of vaudeville," one sympathizes with him. Nor will one cry out in protest when he adds, "It is sentimental sweet-ending comedy linked with sweet balladry. Very pleasant in its picture-postcard way, but really only theatre for the jaded and the discouraged." Reinhardt "exploited cheap stuff like 'The Miracle' by genuinely theatricalizing the one or two fine scenes and glossing the rest over with violent movements, crowds, stirring music, colored lights," but he also at times "created theatre where ordinary direction would have left only deadness on the stage."

In the interesting chapter entitled "Machine-Age Developments," Hollywood is described as the most famous stage production centre in the world and the most cursed city. "It has its marvels, its Babylons built and destroyed, its armies of beautiful girls, its monumental 'turnover,' its Charlie Chaplin, its collection of native and foreign leading artists. It also has furnished more thousands of miles of drivel, of fatuous, trivial and puerile entertainment than any other amusement centre in history."

In conclusion Mr. Cheney recognizes that the cheapness of contemporary commercial life has crept into the American theatre, "has corrupted the house of beauty, of passion of 'idealism.'" The stage has "a cramped outlook and a squeezed expression." This is the theatre rationalized, sentimentalized, vulgarized. He does not despair. "We are at the breaking of a new era." There will inevitably be a return to "health, full beauty and creativeness."

Dec 30 1929

#### PENSION FUND CONCERT

Yesterday's concert in aid of the Symphony Orchestra's Pension Fund, the sixtieth, no less, for the purpose, proved an occasion of beauty and splendor, almost of solemnity. People knew it would be an event. They "sensed" as much in the air, forbidding and damp though it was, on the way to Symphony Hall; once in a way a happy presentiment of the sort does make itself felt, although nobody can quite tell why. Perhaps the press of cars at the corner, which raised crossing the street to the pitch of a perilous adventure, had a hand in spreading the right atmosphere abroad.

The right atmosphere, at all events, prevailed, inside the hall as well as out. An audience filling every seat sat mightily expectant, all looking for something apart. For the spell of Wagner still holds its power unlessered by one iota. For real romance the world is still eager. But of course the romance must be genuine, not commonplace ragged out.

So wild a note of high romance Dr. Koussevitzky found in the "Flying Dutchman" overture that he startled some of his hearers. He made the music sound not early Wagner, but at the least of it post-Ring. He also made it hard for Mme. Florence Austral who sang Scata's ballad, to follow him to the same dizzy level of expression and picturesqueness.

With less of novelty but with a finer beauty Dr. Koussevitzky read the Boccanera from the first act of "Tannhauser." Magnificently, in a way that he blazoned forth this glorified beauty music. Leda's swan, satyr and th-



# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

It really matters little whether Mr. Hamilton was led to write "Rope's End" by reading about the two young murderers in Chicago or by De Quincey's essay, yet it is interesting to note that he or his friends make a show of indignation when there is mention of the Chicago case. When the play was performed in London by the Repertory Players Mr. Agate of the Sunday Times wrote: "Rope" is based on the well-known American case of the two rich young men who murdered a taxi-driver! When the play was transferred to the Ambassadors, Mr. Agate enlarged his statement by putting "New York" before "taxi-driver," and added: "Mr. Reginald Denham, who produced then, presents now, and in an access of something which looks like squeamishness declares through his program that the play is a thriller suggested by De Quincey. But surely that essayist himself forestalls the necessity for such compunctious visitings. Everybody in the theatre knows the case upon which 'Rope' is based, and I suggest that the best line is not denial, but justification. Aesthetic, unlike the law, is a straightforward matter. Your thief may plead that he didn't steal the boots or alternatively that the boots, being his, cannot be stolen. Aesthetic knows no such quibbling."

On the playbill at the Wilbur Theatre is the line "A thriller suggested by De Quincey." Perhaps this will lead some to read De Quincey's essay. Some time ago a clerk in a Boston bookshop replied to a man who wished to complete a set of De Quincey's writings: "No. We don't keep his books. Nobody reads him today," and he looked contemptuously at the poor wretch who was so lacking in literary taste.

Yet when this essay was first published in Blackwood in 1827 the editor took the precaution to add this note: "We cannot suppose the lecturer to be in earnest, any more than Erasmus in his Praise of Folly, or Dean Swift in his Proposal for Eating Children."

Is it not possible that Mr. Hamilton, basing his play on the Chicago murder ran over the pages of the essay in search of material for the dialogue? Rupert Cadell, it will be remembered by those who have seen the play, argued shrewdly about murder in mass—as in war—being extolled, while murder of an individual in a London street called for a hanging. Turn to the essay: De Quincey quotes from Lactantius: "What is so dreadful, what so dismal and revolting, as the murder of a human creature? Therefore it is that life for us is protected by laws the most rigorous; therefore it is that wars are objects of execration. And yet the traditional usage of Rome has devised a mode of authorizing murder apart from war, and in defiance of law; and the demands of taste (voluptas) are now become the same as those of abandoned guilt." (The reference is to gladiatorial shows, murders in the amphitheatre.) Rupert, who had been lamed for life in the war, execrated war.

And here is a saying put into the mouth of De Quincey's lecturer that might have suggested a speech of Rupert's: "People begin to see that something more goes to the composition of a fine murder than two blockheads to kill and be killed, a knife, a purse, and a dark lane."

De Quincey described the kind of person who is adapted to the purpose of the murderer.

He ought to be a good man, "because if he were not, he might himself, by possibility, be contemplating murder at the very time." He should not be a public character. "The subject chosen ought to be in good health; for it is absolutely barbarous to murder a sick person, who is usually quite unable to bear it. On this principle, no tailor ought to be chosen who is above 25, for after that age he is sure to be dyspeptic."

The murdered youth in "Rope's End" answered these requirements.

Suppose that Brandon and his hysterical companion had not been found out: would they have gone further in crime? De Quincey wrote: "If once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing, and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking and from that to incivility and prostration. Once begin upon this downward path, you never know where you are to stop."

Mr. Hamilton in his preface to the printed play says: "I have gone all out to write a horror play and make your flesh creep . . . If I have succeeded you will leave the theatre braced and recreated, which is what you go to the theatre for." Answering one or two London critics who complained that the play was a disgusting one, he wrote: "Since the whole object of a thriller is, in a certain manner . . . to disgust, it was obvious that these few critics did not fully realize that it was purely and simply a thriller."

Now the mystery plays that we have seen, the plays that were really thrillers, were free from anything that might disgust the most fastidious. "Rope's End" is more amusing than it is thrilling, except for the incident of the dinner party with dishes on the chest containing the murdered youth, and the irony of the good old father of the youth being one of the guests. One does not take the play too seriously. The murdered boy is known to the audience only by description; he remains a vague person, merely a victim. The interest in the play is simply curiosity as to the means of ultimate exposure. The murderers are not taken seriously; but they serve the ingenuity, the process of reasoning shown by Rupert. The one really sympathetic person on the stage is the old father admirably played by Mr. Lyons. He is especially dear to collectors of books, as is the uncle in "Me-teor," who rejoices in a first edition of Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici," though collectors would like to know whether this edition was the one published in 1642 without Sir Thomas's knowledge or consent, or the one of 1643 more accurately published with an admonition prefixed "to those who have or shall peruse the observations upon a former corrupt copy."

It was a pleasure to see again a sword-cane on the stage with Rupert . . . a pretty play with . . . though more than once it seemed as if Brandon,

a husky young man, might have caught Rupert off his guard and closed with him; but in plays of this nature a spectator should not be too beastly particular, nor ask how the waiting policeman below could force his way into the house without Rupert's aid; meanwhile what would Brandon be doing? Yes, "Rope's End" is a distinctly entertaining play, worth seeing if only for the excellent performance. Queen Victoria once said when some poor devil had played before her by command: "We are not amused." We were amused, but in spite of the chest and the dinner party we were not thrilled.

Perhaps the nervous murderer should not go so thoroughly to pieces at once. A well worked crescendo of fear, leading to total collapse would be more effective. And how can Mr. Milton deliver with a straight face some of the lines in his denunciation, lines that might come from a district attorney seeking to persuade a restless jury and to impress them by an oratorical fight with the words "eagle" and "bugle" in one sentence? The lines of "shop-keeping talk" are the more surprising, for Mr. Hamilton in much of the dialogue in "Rope's End" and in his novels is a man of literary taste.

Mr. Ivor Brown speaks of St. John Ervine's "elegant, electrical and extremely well-constructed" comedy, "The First Mrs. Fraser," which may come to Boston after it has pleased New York, in his article "Plays of the Year," published in the Manchester Guardian. He compares this comedy with Ervine's "Jane Clegg." "Mrs. Fraser is a decoration of life and Mrs. Clegg is life. The public have nearly always preferred the former to the latter, and only the most limited taste would deny to drama the function of decoration. It would be a drab theatre indeed in which we had no glitter, as it would be a tedious theatre in which we had no grayness." The greater part of Mr. Brown's article is taken up with a discussion of Galsworthy, apropos of the recent publication of 27 plays by him in one volume, which brings in England 8s. 6d.—rather less than 4d. a play. The volume contains 1150 pages. "He (Galsworthy) fed the repertory movement which could not live on Ibsen, Shaw and Barker only, and he fed it with drama perfectly suited to the serene and quiet acting in which it was strong. It may be said that Mr. Galsworthy lacks technic; certainly he never owned and probably never coveted the contrivance of Jones and Pinero, whose architecture of a play needed and received acting which was built up in the same practised and elaborate manner. But Mr. Galsworthy and his colleagues of repertory have evoked an appropriate medium of naturalistic, unstressed acting, less elaborate in technic, less forced in tone, which is rich in the poignancies and beauties that are natural to its quality. . . . Mr. Galsworthy has had a much greater influence on the modern stage than can be assessed by merely totting up the number of performances achieved by the pieces included in this Folio. It seems to me literally true that the young players of our time who are moving us by quietudes, by sincerities, and by their silences as well as by speeches, are free to play in this minor key, free to experiment in the theatre of muted and delicate suggestion instead of being apprenticed to the old arts of rhetoric, gesture, because Mr. Galsworthy and his colleagues worked as they did in the early years of the century. . . . At a time when the knowing young people are pooh-poohing Mr. Galsworthy and smiling with condescension on his Folio it is worth remembering the great influence of that dramatist himself and his colleagues in repertory on the general theatre of the period and not least upon the players. It is interesting to survey the old teams and to imagine how the arrival of sincerity in writing for the playhouse has eased and enlarged the professional lives of the actors. The old and bold may still long for the days of tuppence colored; but most of us have more regard for present truth than regrets for old romance."

## HANDEL'S "MESSIAH" IN 1929

Various comments were made on the composition of the orchestra for the recent performance here of Handel's "Messiah." When this oratorio is performed in Boston or in other cities, even in England the question arises. Should Handel's original instrumentation be used, or should the additional accompaniments beginning with Mozart's be preferred? Experiments of all sorts have been tried—seldom with a wholly satisfactory result.

About 50 years ago Saint-Saens, who had been present at a Birmingham festival, wrote an essay on the oratorios of Handel and the choral works of Bach, in which he declared that the performance of them was a chimera; there could be only more or less curious attempts, made for the pleasure of the learned and book worms, but very far from the performances intended by the composer.

"Take the case of a conductor opening one of Handel's scores with the intention of a performance. The impression made on him is something like that made on a man who would try to install himself and his family in an old mansion inhabited for centuries. At first an abrupt overture like unto a Roman porch. In this music everything differs from what one ordinarily sees. No nuances, no 'bowings'; the indications for the proper tempo are enigmatical, or wholly lacking. There is a figured bass. One sees at a glance that it is necessary to restore, to reconstruct. To what degree? In what way? Each one has his own ideas about this. There are no traditions. Only England could have preserved them; she has lost them. And here is the attraction for impulsive natures. The Bourgault-Ducoudrays, the Lamoureuxs would not show so much zeal in this matter if it were not necessary, for they find themselves collaborating in an important work without the pleasure of being in a measure the composer."

Saint-Saens found it impossible to communicate this zeal to orchestral players. "The young members of our orchestras are all virtuosos and find easy that which formerly seemed impossible." They are bored by music that lacks the delicacy of modern instrumentation. "It is not that they are frivolous or indifferent to art; it is the instinctive repugnance that a refined nature always feels for a heavy and coarse task. These works are essentially vocal; the orchestral art did not exist at the time of their birth. And so as a renaissance of vocal music they are extremely precious, and choristers love these works as much as players fear them. But by the side of the choruses are airs. To obey the demands of singers and the public of his day Handel has almost never written, and it is a great pity, duets, trios, concerted numbers. Air follows air in his oratorios with a disheartening monotony. There are treasures of melody and of the grand style, but there are also torrents of roulades horribly out of fashion, and wearisome prolixity. Furthermore nearly all these airs end in the same manner, with a bombastic formula, emphatic, applied to all the airs and all the situations."



Some people find this 'magnificent.' Much good may it do them."

Dwelling on the new world peopled with an unknown flora and fauna disclosed when one opens a score of Bach's, Saint-Saens discussed the flora—strange harmonies and wholly exceptional airs reminding one of a picture by Memling or Durer. The fauna are the instruments—the various kinds of flutes, oboes, trumpets, stringed instruments. The choruses, probably written for a small number of trained singers, swarm with difficulties; so do the airs. In England there are good soloists, singers of a great talent, who specialize in oratorio. (This was written in 1885. London critics in 1929 complain that there are few capable singers in England.) "The English public is endowed with a patience that cannot be shaken, is never bored, or rather it accepts boredom as a necessity." Saint-Saens argued that performances of these old works would bore Parisian audiences; they should be performed not with regard to immediate and complete artistic enjoyment, but for the education of the executants, audiences and composers. Artists will learn the grand style; the public will acquire the habit of listening to serious music; the composers will find a point of departure, and from it strong and beautiful works will arise which will be enjoyed according to their merit.

In the case of Handel, one has to do with instruments still used in our time, wrote Saint-Saens. The music for horns and trumpets is written a little high, but it is playable.

When Saint-Saens published this essay the performances of Handel's oratorios in Paris had been few, the results had been discouraging. The efforts of Vervoitte, Lamoureux, Bourgault-Ducoudray had apparently been in vain. In another essay Saint-Saens wished that these men would have worthy successors; he added that if Parisian lovers of music were to be interested, the conductors should not devote themselves too exclusively to Handel's music.

This brings one back to the question of the instrumental accompaniments in that great man's oratorio, "Messiah."

There is a vague impression that Handel cared only for stringed instruments, oboes, trumpets, drums, the organ and the harpsichord in his orchestra. "Use plenty of oboes," says one. But the oboe in Handel's time was not the oboe of today. It had a more virile, coarser tone, hence its importance in military bands of his period. It inherited as Mr. Forsyth puts it, the rough tone and the technical imperfections of the Schalmei and continued to propagate them down to the middle of the 19th century. Today the oboe, which has been improved by Barret in England and by Triebert in Paris, has refinement of tone and a suppleness of nuances. In Germany the reed is generally still thick and heavy, dominating unpleasantly. It will be remembered that when Brod, a famous French oboist, died and the news was given to Cherubini, who no doubt had the Italian oboe in mind, his only comment was: "Small tone."

Audiences at Symphony concerts often notice that wood-wind instruments are doubled. If a composer has indicated one oboe, there will be two; if two, there will be three or four. And not only because the number of strings has been increased; "but chiefly by the 19th century refinements in wood-wind instruments...the feeble oboe or bassoon whose refined note we hear is only in name the instrument for which the passage was written."

In May and June, 1784, there were musical performances at Westminster Abbey and the Pantheon in London in commemoration of Handel. What was the nature of the orchestra when the "Messiah" was performed on May 29?

There were nearly 50 first violins; about the same number of second violins. There were 26 violas, 21 violoncellos, 15 double basses, 26 oboes, 6 flutes, 26 bassoons, 1 double bassoon, 12 trumpets, 6 trombones, 12 horns, kettle drums, 1 double kettle drum. The chorus consisted of 42 trebles, women and boys, 48 counter tenors, 83 tenors, 84 basses. The kettle drums, the "Tower" drums, were those taken by the Duke of Marlborough at the battle of Malplaquet. The double bass kettle drum was more cylindrical, longer, more capacious than the common kettle drum.

The performers were seated as follows: At the back of the stage were "double drums, drums, Tower drums." Then the organ and on one side of it were trumpets and violas; on the other, trombones, horns, violas. Violins, cellos and double basses were in front of the conductor, who was seated with the organ keys close to him. On his right were second violins, bassoons, cellos and double basses; on his left were oboes, cellos and double basses. Directly behind him was the double bassoon. Directly in front of the organ keys was the solo violin; the singers were to the left and right of the conductor, behind the instruments. Some were back even of the double bassoon. No singers were at the rear of the stage.

A word about the organ. It was built at the west end of the Abbey for the commemorative performances only, for its destination was the Canterbury Cathedral. "The keys of communication with the harpsichord, at which Mr. Bates, the conductor, was seated, extended 19 feet from the body of the organ, and 20 feet 7 inches below the perpendicular of the set of keys by which it is usually played. Similar keys were first contrived in this country for Handel himself, at his oratorios; but to convey them to so great a distance from the instrument, without rendering the touch impractically heavy, required uncommon ingenuity and mechanical resources. The orchestra was so judiciously contrived that almost every performer, both vocal and instrumental, was in full view of the conductor and leader; which accounts, in some measure, for the uncommon ease with which the performers confess they executed their parts." So wrote good Dr. Burney in his stately manner.

This mass of performers was for a gala occasion. The first performance of the "Messiah"—at Dublin—was on a much lesser scale; but Handel was pleased with his singers and pronounced the instruments "really excellent."

One forgets in these days that Handel's solo singers for his oratorios were at times shining lights in opera; that his airs undoubtedly should be sung in the operatic manner of his period. While the Handelian traditions were still fresh in England Mme. Catalani was applauded for her introduction of a brilliant cadenza in "I know that my Redeemer liveth" even by persons who had heard the oratorio in Handel's lifetime.

Nor was Handel always content with strings, organ, oboes, bassoons, trumpets, horns and drums. He was ingenious in orchestral combinations, having at his disposal lute, theorbo, harp, trombones, three kinds of flutes, besides the instruments just named. For his oratorio choruses he felt that his orchestration should be severe, wishing first of all majestic weight and impressive sonority.

For a performance of "Messiah" there should be a chorus of picked singers, from 75 to 100; an orchestra outnumbering the chorus; solo singers of the grand operatic style; also a conductor of imagination, who has the courage to throw overboard all pseudo-traditions, and interpret the work as if it were by a contemporaneous composer.

The attempt to perform the "Messiah" as it was performed in Handel's day is a futile, impossible task.

Let us quote again from Mr. Ernest Schelling's article written apropos of his concerts for children, the first of which will take place next Saturday morning at 11 o'clock.

"Music has three great divisions, that of the composer or creator, that of the interpreter or performer, and that of the listener—the public.

"Much is done to help the creative artist; great opportunities are offered for the education of the performer; but little is done for the listener, and yet the listener is indispensable to the two others. Without him the others would have difficulty to exist. Therefore upon the intelligent listener rests the responsibility as to whether the institutions for furthering the finest in music, such as symphony orchestras, shall continue to be able to exist.

"The symphony orchestra is culturally quite as important to the community as a museum. It is usually unable to make both ends meet and is dependent on subventions from city, state or government (not forthcoming in our country), donations and legacies from benefactors, a Maecenas, who voluntarily pays up the deficits, which is, alas! the despair of the treasurer of every symphony orchestra. Of course, one would like to feel that the time is not too far distant when the great orchestral societies will be endowed as educational institutions indispensable to the cultural development of the community. At present, alas! the great public will not pay to hear a Beethoven symphony half—oh, no! a quarter—of the amount it will pay to go to the Folies.

"It would take too long for me to go into the reasons for the ever-increasing deficits, the vast expense of maintaining an orchestra, the constantly increasing salaries demanded by the union, the limitations in size of the halls, the relatively small public, owing to the multiplicity of attractions—movies, radios and sport, which did not exist not so long ago.

"The mechanical instrument is the line of least resistance. The child (and most grown-ups) accepts the music provided by mechanical musical devices, but it does not lead him to investigate, it does not hold his interest. Like the elaborate mechanical toy—after the first curiosity is satisfied, it soon loses its novelty. On the other hand, the game in which the child participates with others, where there is competition, where his natural curiosity and imagination are stimulated, this holds his interest indefinitely.

"Let us awaken in the child at an early age an interest in the best of music and its exponent par excellence, the symphony orchestra, and stimulate his curiosity as to the way it is created and performed. Now, children have an inborn love for the beautiful, and unconscious feeling for it and for rhythm. And do not let us make the mistake of believing that they are not up to an appreciation of the finest in music and of what is real beauty. We cater entirely too much to the cheaper side of a child's nature, and the obvious. Let us give children a chance; their instinct usually tells them the good from the bad, unless the bad is foisted upon them or made especially attractive or linked up with something smart (for alas! the modern child is a perfect little snob sometimes.) Nine times out of ten if left to himself he will turn to the thing of beauty. That is why it is so important that in such a subtle art as music, and especially symphony music, a child should be given a chance to hear the very best early in life. Let that first impression, in whatever domain it is found, be one of beauty. In order to set a standard: inculcate in the child a love of beauty and guide the child's emotions in a wholesome channel. Create the desire to go to concerts of good music. Make the child familiar with the masterpieces of symphonic literature, and know Bach, Beethoven and other masters as friends—dear and familiar friends. Awaken in the child at that early age when impressions count for so much, an interest in the best music, and how it is written and performed. These are, as I see them, a few of the aims of symphony concerts for children."

three graces—not for one second were they missed. Also Mme. Austral, more at home with "Tannhauser" than with the Hollaender, gave of her beautiful voice successfully in Elizabeth's aria "Dich, Heule Halle."

All this was lofty. But loftier followed when Dr. Koussevitzky played the prelude to the third act of "Die Meistersinger." Every exquisite melodious phrase, as it fell, rhythmically right and entrancingly sonorous, on the refreshed and satisfied ear, stirred memories of the blessed Sunday calm that the Hans Sachs of Emil Fischer, when the curtain rose on act three, personified.

Here was the solemnity of the afternoon, crowning perfect beauty. But there was a second solemn moment, when Dr. Koussevitzky, after the frenzy of applause that greeted the Valkyries' ride, motioned the orchestra to stand. This was a significant moment.

It led to a thrillingly beautiful performance of the prelude to "Tristan," and the Love-Death in which Mme. Austral joined. For sheer musicianship surely Dr. Koussevitzky has never surpassed the high point he reached in this prelude. Since emotion held pace with musicianship, the performance, moving as well as beautiful, was one to be remembered this many a day.

The audience applauded Mme. Austral, Dr. Koussevitzky and the players with enthusiasm.

R. R. G.

#### NEW B. F. KEITH'S "The Vagabond Lover"

An all-talking and singing picture adapted from the story by James Ashmore Creelman; directed by Marshall Nellan and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Rudy Bronson.....	Rudy Vallee
Jean.....	Sally Blane
Mrs. Whitehall.....	Mario Dressler
Officer Tuttle.....	Charles Sellon
Swiftie.....	Norman Pock
Sam.....	Danny O'Shea

Sport..... Eddie Nugent  
Mrs. Todhunter..... Nella Walker  
Ted Grant..... Malcolm Waite  
The Manager..... Alan Roscoe

As a screen lover, Rudy Vallee gives the impression of being the most unhappy mortal on this earth. He may be a soothing saxophonist, he may be a hypnotic crooner, but as an actor he is more lugubrious than a tragedian. He seems so distraught, so wishful that he might be anywhere else save where he is, that one feels sorry for the lad. Exploitation has its pecuniary rewards, also it has its thorns. If Rudy has saved enough money to see him through the coming year, he should refuse positively to be lured before the camera and the microphone again. Not that either is brutal to him. He appears as a clean looking youth, deliberate of movement, almost sedate. His voice records clearly, at least as far as the equipment at Keith's is concerned, and he sings without affectation such tunes as "A Little Kiss Each Morning," "I'll Be Reminded of You," "I Love You, Believe Me, I Love You," and "If You Were the Only Girl." If his features are set in melancholy, that might be deemed preferable to the stenciled smirk of your professional stage or screen entertainer.

The story of "The Vagabond Lover" is simplicity itself. Rudy Bronson, having mastered the saxophone through the correspondence school of Ted Grant, who thinks he discovered every famous musician from Sousa to Ben Bernie, tries with his little band to obtain an audience with Grant. Thrown out, the boys break into Grant's country home after he departs for New York, are threatened with arrest for breaking and entering, and gain respite when Rudy poses as Grant, meets Mrs. Whitehall, a society demon, and her niece, Jean, and agrees to play for an orphans' benefit.

Mrs. Whitehall, always in bitter contention with Mrs. Todhunter, who is



fers operatic stars to jazz crooners, has her subsequent moments of triumph and chagrin. Rudy and Jean fall instantly in love, though Rudy's deportment continually belies that state of mind. Rudy sings so simply and his Connecticut Yankees play so well, that all of those who wanted to jail them are charmed into adulatory mood.

It is significant that, as this reviewer overheard, most of one departing audience were discussing Marie Dressler, her comicality, her artistry and her age. With the last we are not concerned, though we know it, and she is not 70, yet. But Marie is really the savior of Master Vallee and all his associates. No woman of the stage or screen of today or yesterday possesses her remarkable facility in keen-edged travesty. Every slightest facial play, of eyes or mouth, conveys its subtle meaning. Her verbal encounters with Miss Walker as Mrs. Todhunter were richly humorous. If Rudy should act again, let him insist on Miss Dressler for first aid and comic relief.

W. E. G.

### "The Lost Zeppelin"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the story by Frances Hyland and Jack Natteford; directed by Edward Sloman and presented by Tiffany with the following cast:

Commander Hall.....	Conway Tearle
Mrs. Hall.....	Virginia Valli
Tom Armstrong.....	Ricardo Cortez
Lt. Wallace.....	Duke Martin
Nancy.....	Kathryn McGuire
Mr. Wilson.....	Winter Hall

Timely in its subject and almost continuously interesting in its development is "The Lost Zeppelin," now to be seen at the Park Theatre. Even the fact that the plot is pretty conventional, husband, wife and lover with all the usual complications, cannot dim the recollection of the great dirigible fighting its way through Antarctic blizzards and slowly dropping to earth as its coating of ice becomes too heavy. It is inevitable in such scenes, to suspect trick photography, paper snow storms and the like, but whoever did the job is greatly to be praised. The snow has every appearance of being real and looks convincingly cold. The distant shots of the Zeppelin in flight are splendidly done, while the scenes of sacrifice and unassuming courage on the part of its crew, wrecked on an ice mountain with no chance of help from the outside world—the radio had failed them—were carefully understressed and very effective.

The story is comparatively simple and stereotyped. Comdr. Hall, about to pilot a dirigible over the South Pole, attends a farewell dinner given in his honor and with him go his adored young wife, Miriam, and his intimate friend and trusted subordinate officer, Tom Armstrong. By accident, he discovers them embracing and after the return home Miriam confesses to him that she and Tom are in love and that she must have her freedom. Next day the dirigible departs and at first everything goes well. The Pole is successfully crossed, but on the return journey a terrific snow and sleet storm is encountered. The radio messages relayed back become briefer and the last one received is incomplete; the airship, unable to stay up with the heavy coating of ice and snow, crashes before it can give word of its location. Far from any habitation, the crew starts to make its way back to the base camp, but finally all die save Hall and Armstrong.

A rescuing plane at last discovers them, but can only take back one man. Thinking only of his wife's happiness, Hall forces Armstrong to go. The plane returning a second time to rescue Hall, is believed lost and Armstrong is the only survivor. When he goes to tell Miriam what has happened he finds that the terrible months of waiting have caused her to change her mind, and then the news is brought that Hall has been saved. The elements dwarf the actors but they all acquitted themselves well. Conway Tearle was a dignified and manly Comdr. Hall, Ricardo Cortez, in a thankless part, proved that he has nothing to fear from the talkies; his voice is very agreeable and he is as handsome as ever.

E. L. H.

### FENWAY

#### "So Long Letty"

A screen musical comedy adapted by Robert Lord and Arthur Caesar from the musical play of the same name by Oliver Morosco, Elmer Harris and Earl Carroll; directed by Lloyd Bacon and presented by Warner Bros. with the following cast:

Letty Robbins.....	Charlotte Greenwood
Harry Miller.....	Grant Withers
Tommy Robbins.....	Bert Roach
Uncle Claude.....	Claude Gillingwater
Sally Davis.....	Helen Foster
Ruth Davis.....	Marion Byron
Grace Miller.....	Patsy Ruth Miller
Clarence De Brie.....	Hallam Cooley
Joe Casey.....	Harry Grignon

When "So Long Letty" was produced on the stage about 12 years ago, the Robbinses and the Millers lived in adjoining cars in the trolley car colony along Golden Gate beach. On a Saturday afternoon, Harry Miller, who preferred a poolroom to a family hearth,

and Tommy Robbins, who liked peace and quiet and plenty of good cooking, hatched a scheme to swap wives, for a week's try-out. Mrs. Miller was a home-body, an excellent cook. Mrs. Robbins loved gaiety, parties, abhorred brooms and pots and pans. It seemed like a mutually happy exchange; but in a week's time all four were ready to call it off and revert to the original status.

Now, on the screen, there is a crochety uncle for Tommy Robbins, who comes on a surprise visit and eager to bestow a handsome check at slightest promise that he is to have a "great grand-nephew, or niece, or whatever it is." He arrives before the exchange is

made, with two flapper nieces in tow. They don't figure much in the fun which follows, but uncle is pulled into the thick of it, what with Letty's wild parties, and Grace's white lies. The scenes now are set in two adjoining cottages, spacious and very modern. The dialogue has been brought up to the minute, a few new songs are inserted and only the title song, "So Long Letty" remains to remind one of the passing of time.

Miss Greenwood, the original Letty, makes a most promising debut. With her first entrance as a beauty parlor exponent she wins her audiences by her infectious good humor, robust but frank. With those extraordinary long legs and arms, she reveals old-time agility in straddling picket fences, broad sofas, anything which gets in her way. She sings to her own piano accompaniment, throws wise sayings and retorts about as if they had just popped into her head, and keeps the entire performance up to concert pitch. Her one lapse, or series of lapses, was in the timing on laughs. These came from the audience quickly, yet there was no pause in the dialogue. Consequently, many of Miss Greenwood's bon-mots were lost in the noise. Of the rest of the cast, Mr. Gillingwater as the fussy old uncle, and Mr. Roach as the rotund Robbins, gave well-rounded characterizations, farcically, of course. The others were just feeders to the altitudinous Charlotte.—W. E. G.

### KEITH-ALBEE

#### "Tanned Legs"

An all-talking screen comedy with music; directed by Marshall Neilan and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Peggy Reynolds.....	June Clyde
Bill.....	Arthur Lake
Janet.....	Sally Blane
Roger.....	Allen Kearns
Mrs. Reynolds.....	Nella Walker
Mr. Reynolds.....	Albert Gran
Clinton Darrow.....	Edmund Burns
Mrs. Lyons-King.....	Dorothy Revier
Tootie.....	Ann Pennington
Pudgy.....	Lincoln Steadman

At this late date those packages of incriminating letters that make so much trouble, especially for those who didn't write them, ought to be thrown into the discard for good. Or if they must be retained, suppose that the heroic person who endeavors to recover them from the dastardly villain who is holding them for blackmail finds them and destroys them without being caught in the act. Perhaps there mightn't be any plot left, but that wouldn't matter very much. Such strictures, inspired by seeing "Tanned Legs" at the Keith-Albee Theatre, may sound harsh, but the picture is such a hodge-podge of old-fashioned melodrama and not particularly original musical comedy that it is hard to know just how to take it. There is the good little girl risking her reputation to save her unwise sister, there are the middle-aged and flirtatious parents, there are a couple of slick crooks, a high-minded juvenile and some low comedy friends. They do just what might be expected of them, go through the usual antics and come out in their proper places.

In the part of the good little sister, Peggy Reynolds, there is a newcomer, June Clyde. She is attractive and spirited, even though this first role of hers makes her out a terrible young prig. Her singing voice is agreeable, though the reproducing machine did not do her justice. In a less objectionable part she should do very well indeed, but just at present she is inclined to be camera-conscious. Albert Gran as the philanthropic father contributed some excellent moments and Allen Kearns was most amusing as the staunch friend of Peggy's who concocted a hold-up to get back the incriminating letters. There are some reasonably good songs and several very lively dances contributed by the agile Ann Pennington.

E. L. H.

### SCOLLAY SQUARE

#### "Is Everybody Happy?"

An all-talking and singing picture from the story and scenario by Joseph Jackson and James A. Starr; directed by Archie Le May and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Ted Todd.....	Ted Lewis
Gail Wilson.....	Alice Day
Leona Schmidt.....	Ann Pennington
Victor Mohr.....	Lawrence Grant
Mrs. Monar.....	Julia Swayne Gordon
Landlord.....	Otto Hoffman
Stage manager.....	Purnell Pratt

Now we know how Ted Lewis acquired that battered high hat which has been identified with him during the many years he has been tramping over many a

vaudeville circuit, with now and then an appearance with his band as a unit in some musical show. The hat, of stately contour in its day, was worn by

his father from his first public appearance, as a violinist, to his last as orchestra conductor at a command performance before Emperor Franz Josef. Ted's father, on their arrival in America, several years later, gave the hat to the son on the assumption that the latter was to have a violinist's chair with the New York Philharmonic. Instead, Ted, discovering that alien fiddlers were a drug on the modern market, came to a bad end. He learned to toot a "red hot" clarinet and saxophone, became leader of a jazz band, and so humiliated his poor father that he deserted his wife and son and became a sweeper in a theatre. The famous hat took on its familiar disreputable shape when a suit case fell on it.

Space is given to this legend because it seems far more significant than any of the rest of the story of the picture, "Is Everybody Happy?" in which Mr. Lewis is making his first full-length appearance. It tries in half-hearted way to tell us that jazz is the true expression of current American life, that the classics are for a pitifully small group of idealists but mean nothing in monetary terms. The characters are of gossamer weight, the dialogue is so simple that any stranger to our language could understand it, and the situations are of veriest routine. Miss Pennington, as Ted's favorite girl back in the Budapest days, now a cabaret dancer, showed the usual Pennington wiggles; Miss Day was wanly beautiful as his latter-day love, and Mr. Grant and Miss Gordon scarcely deserved the guffaws of derision which greeted most of their emotional scenes. It was not their fault that they seemed ridiculous. Mr. Lewis juggled the hat and smiled and sang and, when he felt like it, tooted a note or two. It is not our inclination to encourage him in a screen career; but perhaps it might console him to be told that, everything considered, he is just as good an actor as George Jessel.

W. E. G.

### EMMETT MOORE PLAYERS

Emmett Moore and his Irish players will appear at the Arlington Theatre for two weeks, starting Sunday evening, Jan. 5, in a composite stage and screen entertainment called "Happy Days in Erin." There will be matinees Thursday and Saturday. Mr. Moore is known as the Irish Minstrel, a singer of folk ballads. He will be assisted by a chorus of trained voices. The screen program will show pictures of Irish life, everyday scenes, the Dublin Horse Show, the dedication of the Shannon Scheme project, the inauguration of the Galway-London air mail service, the national hurling and football championship games, civic week and carnival events throughout Ireland.

See 31 '29

### By PHILIP MALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: "Major Barbara," a play in four acts, performed by the Theatre Guild or New York. Produced at the Court Theatre, London, on Nov. 28, 1905. Annie Russell, Barbara; Louis Calvert, Andrew Undershaft; Granville Barker, Adolphus Cusins; Stephen Hubert Harden. Produced at New Haven, Ct., on Dec. 6, 1915: Grace George, Barbara; Louis Calvert, Andrew Undershaft; Adolphus Cusins, Ernest Lawford; Stephen, Clarence Derwent. Produced at the Plymouth Theatre, Boston, on Jan. 1, 1917: Grace George, Barbara; Hubert Druce, Andrew Undershaft; Adolphus, Ernest Lawford; Stephen, Clarence Derwent.

The cast last night was as follows: Stephen Undershaft..... Maurice Wells  
Lady Britomart Undershaft..... Jane Wheatley  
Morrison..... Isidore Marell  
Sarah Undershaft..... Margaret De Mille  
Adolphus Cusins..... Elliot Cahoon  
Charles Lomax..... Geoffrey Harwood  
Barbara Undershaft..... Frieda Inescort  
Andrew Undershaft..... Dudley Digges  
Rummy Mitchens..... Ruby Hallier  
Snobby Price..... Edgar Kent  
Jenny..... Phyllis Connard  
Peter Shirley..... P. J. Kelly  
Bill Walker..... Percy Waram  
Mrs. Baines..... Winifred Hanley  
Bilton..... Jack Quigley

It is hardly necessary to tell the story of "Major Barbara." Many have seen the play in Boston and elsewhere; more have read it. The question that might be asked first of all, are the ideas expressed and the dialogue written years ago now stale, pointless? No. The capitalist still holds to his opinions and argues that if he did not enrich himself humanity would be the poorer. Mr. Shaw holds in effect that if a man's belly is full and he is comfortably lodged, his soul is saved. More than one economist has held that poverty is a crime. Your hold-up man is no more a criminal than the poor man out of work. Mr. Undershaft preaches and interests as a speaking tube for the dramatist, who occasionally in this play amusing, witty, cynical, with quasi-sentimental touches, mounts the soap-box.

The humanitarians may say that scant justice is done to the Salvation Army. If there are canting hypocrites, abusing the goodness of the army, as Rummy and Snobby, there are others as Peter who, making no long prayers, nor punctuating speech with "Hallelujahs," are the better for their belief and are honest in gratitude. There was need of a contrast: so we have the father—the millionaire munition-maker and his daughter who is convinced that souls should and can be saved. The play is talk—desultory, argumentative, talk in the privacy of home, talk wherever Mr. Shaw's characters meet, whoever they for the time may be. A great deal of the talk is entertaining, only at the end does the dialogue sag nor could Mr. Digges of the remarkable memory speaking Undershaft's conclusion of the whole matter, restore lively interest in spite of his excellent delivery.

Berlioz, once reviewing an opera—"Faust," we believe—objected to a clarinet solo in the introduction to an aria and said: "No one wishes to hear a clarinet after midnight." One might say no one wishes to hear Mr. Shaw talking after 11 o'clock, no matter how skillfully constructed is his mouthpiece.

The play was performed in an excellent manner. When it was produced in

London instructions were given, ironically and seriously, by the dramatist to Louis Calvert, the first one to play the Munitions-maker. Mr. Digges gave his own idea of the character. Should Undershaft be rougher in speech, with reminders of the East side, or should he be smooth and silky; or, again, should he be the pompous self-made man? Any one in the audience had a right last night to form his own opinion as to how the millionaire should look and talk. There was no doubt that Mr. Digges realized to the great majority the man that aids Mr. Shaw in the arrangement of his economic argument. Nor does the news from Europe cause any one to shudder at the thought that munitions for war are now made and sold. What would our own coast guard do without guns to protect the people from the alcoholic flood?

All the parts in the play were represented so that there seemed to be real persons, and not merely puppets for Mr. Shaw's amusing show. The performance invites discussion that must now be postponed on account of the lateness of the hour.

### LOEW'S STATE

#### "It's a Great Life"

An all-talking and singing picture, adapted by Al Boasberg from the original story by Byron Morgan and Alfred Block; directed by Sam Wood and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast: Casey Horgan..... Rosetta Duncan  
Babe Horgan..... Vivian Duncan  
Jimmy Dean..... Lawrence Gray  
Mr. Parker..... Jed Prouty  
Benny Friedman..... Benny Rubin

At one time it seemed that the motion picture market would be entirely submerged by the avalanche of football-hero-last-minute-touchdown stories, but that particular brand of inanities has been quite overwhelmed by another. Since last September, by actual count—and that leaves out several suspects—there have been 22 films of backstage life shown in the Boston theatres. Some have been good, some fair and some terrible. The latest recruit to the endless parade is "It's a Great Life," now playing at Loew's State Theatre. For the first half dozen reels it looked as if it would rank among the better ones of its kind, thanks to the rough and tumble comedy of the hard-boiled and hoarse-voiced Rosetta Duncan and the soft cooings of her sister Vivian, but the further it went the more lachrymose it became and the whole business ended in an atmosphere of sweetness and light.

The only other picture ever made by the Duncans was nothing to look back to with any pleasure, but they have gained very greatly by the introduction of sound. They are no great shakes on singing, but they manage to put across with much success the attractive theme song of the piece, "Following You"; their rather reedy voices sound very much the same as they did on the stage. Rosetta undoubtedly has a unique gift for convulsing an audience, even if her lines are not very good. All the more is it to be regretted, therefore, that the picture forces her to have such a terrible run of luck and generally depressing time. There is, besides, a very long song and dance number, supposed to be somebody's delirious vision, that is one of the dullest things on record.

Rosetta and Vivian play the two halves of a sister act that splits up when Vivian falls in love with their pianist, Lawrence Gray, always at sword's points with Rosetta, and marries him. Together the three were a hit, separated they flop, but Vivian and her husband are very much in love and fairly happy. Matters come to a head when Vivian is taken very ill just as Rosetta is about to leave for Paris with an ardent but shy suitor who has been trying to get up his courage to propose to her for years. For Vivian's sake Rosetta sends him away and goes back



to her, even consenting to speak politely to Vivian's husband. Mr. Gray gave an excellent performance as the cocky pianist. Jed Prouty was most ingratiating as Rosetta's bashful and earnest suitor. E. L. H.

## METROPOLITAN

### "The Sacred Flame"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Harvey Thew from the play of the same name by W. Somerset Maugham; directed by Archie L. Mayo and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Mrs. Taylor ..... Pauline Frederick  
Col. Maurice Taylor ..... Conrad Nagel  
Mai. Liconda ..... William Courtenay  
Stella ..... Lila Lee  
Colin Taylor ..... Walter Byron  
Dr. Harvester ..... Alec. B. Francis  
Nurse Wayland ..... Dale Fuller

The subject of W. Somerset Maugham's play, "The Sacred Flame," a mother deliberately putting her son to death in order that he might preserve the illusion of his wife's love to the end, may well have appalled the director who was asked to turn it into a talking picture. When it was produced in New York last year it was not a success, though London later reversed the verdict, but it was undoubtedly a powerful and tragic play that had its ardent adherents. Not a little of this power came from the acting of Clare Ames and Mary Jerold as the nurse and the mother of the crippled aviator. That the film, now at the Metropolitan Theatre, lacks the tense and appealing drama of the original play, is due to several causes.

On the stage interest was divided almost equally between mother and nurse; in the picture it is the mother only, beautifully and simply acted by Pauline Frederick, who commands attention. Dale Fuller as Nurse Wayland is totally inadequate, indulging in such exaggerated melodramatics in her endeavor to express intense emotion that she comes perilously close to being ludicrous. Another extremely jarring interpolation was Conrad Nagel's rendering of the theme song, something about a flame of love. Not that he didn't sing it well, but the spectacle of a terribly injured aviator in a wheel chair bursting forth into such a ridiculous sentimental ditty was a pretty flagrant exhibition of bad taste. This was particularly annoying, since the rest of his performance was sincere and very touching. Lila Lee was very good as the young wife, torn between her pity for her hopelessly crippled husband and her love for his brother.

Maurice Taylor, setting out on his honeymoon with his wife, Stella, is badly hurt when his plane crashes, so badly that there is no hope of his ever walking again. For three years Stella devotes herself to him entirely, while he clings to her with frantic devotion as the only thing that makes life bearable. Then his younger brother, Colin, returns home from South America. To give Stella the pleasure she has missed by tending on him, Maurice urges them to go out together. Not unnaturally they fall in love and are about to elope when Stella finds that she cannot betray Maurice's devotion. Next morning Maurice is found dead by Nurse Wayland, who has cared for him since his accident. She refuses to accept the conclusion that death came from natural causes and insists that it was due to an overdose of sleeping tablets. Finally she bursts out in a passion of jealousy, ending by accusing Stella of killing her husband. The tragedy is at last solved by Mrs. Taylor, who confesses that she killed Maurice to save him from the knowledge that he had lost his wife's love. E. L. H.

## SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the 11th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, was as follows:

Walton, overture, "F Portsmouth Point." Bax, Symphony No. 2, E minor and C. Loeffler, Canticum Fratris Solis—after St. Francis of Assisi (first time in Boston; Pevla Frijs, soprano). Ravel, Bolero.

Walton and Bax are together in the catalogue as British composers: Walton born in Lancashire; Bax in London. The two were educated musically in England. How different their musical natures as exemplified in the overture and the symphony heard yesterday.

Walton's music is of the hearty John Bull type; roast beef, flagons of ale, the England of Captain Marryat, "Rule Britannia," "The British Grenadiers," "Down Among the Dead Men," "God Save the King." To music this over-

ture is as the prints of Rowlandson to art—and Rowlandson found his musical translator in Walton. Or the Walton of this overture is to music as Daniel Defoe and William Cobbett to English literature. Music that is sturdy, self-reliant, not without a suggestion of insular arrogance. Walton wisely did not attempt an interlinear translation into tones of Rowlandson's print of a quayside in confusion; no sentimental passage for the officer farewelling his lady love; no grotesque dance for the wooden legged sailor. The composer strove to picture the hurry, the bustle, what one might call the fury of departure. He did not strive in vain.

Bax, on the other hand, has been known to us by his musical sojourn in fairy land. He dwelt in western Ireland for a time, nor was he a stranger among the artists and writers of Dublin. His visit to Russia did not affect him musically to any noticeable extent.

It was said of the pugilist Sir Daniel Donnelly that there were Iricisms in his style. In the music of Arnold Bax there are Celticisms: the romantic melancholy, the Donnybrook defiant outbursts, the fancy that has been nourished on Irish legends. He has seen "the good people"; he has visited the Faery Hills and sailed to the island of Pfand; he has listened to the men and women known to Synge; exchanged

mystical revelations with the poet Yeats, yet Bax is no idle dreamer of an empty lay; he dreams—even in this symphony—but here he is also a purposeful man of action. He is profoundly musical and feels no need of a program to fire his imagination. (The symphony is a highly imaginative work.) Mr. Edwin Evans is not extravagant in saying that Irish legends, landscapes and songs have contributed to the characteristic style by which one knows the music of Bax. His music is intensely emotional, but in an individual manner. To some this symphony is a stumbling block; even if they have emotions, they wish them to be aroused in a more familiar and genteel manner. They have ears, but they do not hear. There is nothing cryptic in the music. Everywhere is strength, even in the beauty of the work. Is anyone left unmoved by the Celtic sadness of the ending? Suppose Bax had ended with a roaring fortissimo, with the organ thundering, drums beating, cymbals crashing fanfares of triumphs in what is sometimes called "the apotheosis" would not some have then applauded tempestuously, and said as they went out: "I didn't get on to a good deal of the music, but I liked the ending."

A third hearing confirms one hearer in the impression made by the first; here is one of the most important musical works that have crossed the Atlantic for many years. The sympathetic, eloquent, superb performance yesterday turned impression into conviction.

Mr. Loeffler is a man of fine literary taste and wide reading as well as a singularly skilled composer of exquisite fancy. It is not surprising that this "Hymn of Brother Sun" appealed to him and led him to seek out the fitting music. The Hymn has attracted many composers. Some of them have written in heroic, bravura manner, singularly out of keeping with the text. There are lovely pages in Mr. Loeffler's work—charming melodic lines, an assisting not distracting, always pertinent use of liturgical motives, a poetic blending of instrumental timbres. Mme. Frijs, the one great interpreter of songs, now before the American public, did not fail to realize and express the sentiments of the Saint and the illuminating commentary of the composer. Mr. Loeffler, Mme. Frijs, Dr. Koussevitzky and the

orchestra were obliged more than once to acknowledge the hearty tribute paid them.

There were many requests during the last fortnight for a repetition of Ravel's "Bolero." Ravel did not fare the better by the granting of the request. This "Bolero" is the clever trick of a super-refined composer. The trick is amazingly well performed, but it is only a trick. The surprise of a first performance does not affect one a second time. Indeed, the first 10 minutes in performance yesterday, owing to the inevitable monotony, were rather boring. Still there was the expectation of something going to happen, of a final thunderous proclamation of the inherently negligible tune. According to the old saw, surprise is the chief element of wit. Perhaps—but honest laughter follows the first cracking of a joke. After that the laughter is only courteous.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will give concerts in New York and Brooklyn next week. Alexander Glazounov will be the "guest conductor" here on Jan. 17, 18. The program will comprise his sixth symphony; his violin concerto (Benno Rabinoff, violinist), and his symphonic poem, "Stenka Razin."

## THE ROMANCE OF HERALDRY

THE ROMANCE OF HERALDRY, by C. Wilfred Scott-Giles. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 234 pages, 259 illustrations by the author. Price \$4.

By PHILIP HALE

Hardly a day passes that some citizen in the United States does not receive a letter stating that he has been found worthy of a honorable place in a forthcoming genealogical work devoted only to the oldest and "best" families in the United States. There will also be room—for the description of his coat-of-arms—to be included in the enumeration of the branches on the ancestral tree.

Abraham Lincoln, so the story goes, told a visiting English snob that an American's coat-of-arms is his shirt-sleeves. Yet even in his day certain Americans prided themselves on coats-of-arms inherited or purchased and displayed them on letter-paper, carriages and harnesses and used them as wall decorations with family portraits and steel engravings showing how statesmen, generals, or authors died.

Mr. Scott-Giles has a lively sense of humor that prevents him from snobbery. Discussing the White Horse of Kent, dismissing Hengist and Horsa as mythical invaders, he notes that the white horse is the trade-mark on steam

rollers produced by a Kentish firm. He, with others, laughs at those who boast of an ancestor fighting at Hastings; yet a branch of the St. Johns who display three wagon-horses' collars insist they are descendants from the master of William the Conqueror's baggage wagons; while the Ferrers family find the origin of their name in the horse shoes for their shield in the office of chief farrier to the Norman army. We have met more than one man, more than one woman who claimed to be a lineal descendant of the Conqueror, another family boasting of Charlemagne as its great ancestor.

Not that Mr. Scott-Giles is a reckless iconoclast, chuckling as he smashes a family idol. What if he does call the familiar story of the Countess of Warwick dropping a garter, which Edward III picked up, bound on his own leg, remarking "Honi soit," etc., a fable; that the nickname "Johnnie Crapaud" or "Froggy" did not come from the alleged passion of Frenchmen for frogs' legs; that St. George—a Christian soldier named Georgios probably lived—like some other saints, has become "heir-at-legend" to several personages of pagan mythology; that in fact he is "the Sun-champion destroying the powers of darkness" represented by the dragon. The dragon, by the way, origin-

ally in Europe a Dacian emblem, was adopted by the Romans and taken by them as a military ensign into Britain.

The dragon still appears in the arms or badges of old Welsh families, and in the arms of Cardiff. The star and crescent referred to the Crusades, when the crescent was not the emblem of the Turks. They took it from the Christians in the 15th century. In 1927 new Turkey replaced the arms of the Sultanate; setting the star and crescent on a red shield above the white wolf of the Turks standing on a lance. For the wolf was a totem of Turks wandering as a tribe in central Asia; a white wolf led them over high mountains to Western fertile fields.

Why did Queen Elizabeth use a sieve as one of her badges? No one seems to know. There are interesting pages about Elizabeth regarding the heraldic behavior of Mary, Queen of Scots as scandalous, not to be forgiven. Why is the unicorn standing with a lion in the English Royal Arms? The unicorn was a Scottish emblem. In the middle ages the animal was taken to be an emblem of Christ, because it was fabled to lie quiet at the feet of a virgin. Its single horn was a symbol of the unity of the Father and the Son. Spenser noted the hostility between the English lion and the Scottish unicorn before the two realms came under one crown:

Like as a Lion, whose imperial power  
A proud rebellious Unicorn defies.

There is an interesting page about the union Jack and the stars and stripes. Here is a reminder of the British burning the "White House" at Washington: "The stars and stripes" flag drooping from a broken flag-staff, appears in the shield of the family of Ross-of-Bladensburg, to commemorate the achievements of Maj.-Gen. Robert Ross, who in 1814, beat the American troops at Bladensburg and burnt Washington."

While Mr. Scott-Giles modestly disclaims antiquarian scholarship, this book contradicts him, for there is a wealth of curious information. The history of England from the first invasion to the present day is told by the narration of successive changes in heraldry—coats-of-arms, badges, emblems. English trade marks today are often heraldic. King Robert Bruce's heart has found its way via the arms of Douglas, on to a make of motorcycles; the red hand of Ulster is used by a brewery company headed by a baronet. Did not John Ridd in "Lorna Doone" think that a coat-of-arms would be useful to stamp pats of their butter before they went to market? Arms have been granted, to the consternation of sticklers for propriety: as the corrugated boiler-flue granted to the late Samson Fox of Leeds. The Manchester Guardian humorously defended these grants. "Many a lad who would have been knocking peasants on the head in France 500 years ago is now trying to corner their food on a stock exchange. If he brings it off, why grudge him a bull and bear for the supporters of his coat-of-arms?" Mr. Scott-Giles notes the symbolic and decorative value of heraldry as an adjunct to the arts of today: the use made by the advertising artist, the maker of souvenir china, the designer of cigarette cards, etc. Thus fables are perpetuated: that every family has a coat-of-arms if it can only be traced; that a red rose must mean descent from a Lancastrian family; that the red and white roses of the rival houses of Lancaster and York originated in the scene in the Temple Gardens between John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, and Richard Plantagenet, as narrated in Shakespeare's "Henry VI." The roses were in use as badges long before this quarrel.

And the harp of Ireland first used as a royal Irish emblem by Henry VIII. Did the Pope give Henry the very harp of Tara? The Earl of Northampton once remarked of Ireland's harp: "The best reason that I can observe for the bearing thereof is that it resembles that country in being such an instrument that it requires more cost to keep it in tune than it is worth."

"St. Patrick had no more to do with the cross of St. Patrick than the south Saxons had to do with the swallows of Sussex. The cross clearly originated in the arms of one of the greatest Irish feudal families, the FitzGerald, who bore a red saltire on silver."

There are arms that "bear out our analogy of the nameplate on the modern front door": the trumpets of Trumpington, the wheel shells of Shelley, the arms of the Salmon, Herring, Wolf, Rabbet and Heron families. There are punning arms. Legends are preserved. The crest of Bury St. Edmunds is a wolf holding the severed head of King Edmund. His followers found his body, but not the head. The King's voice, crying, "Here, here!" directed the search until they came upon the royal head, guarded by a wolf. The arms of Mortimer are "possibly a conventional representation of the Dead sea, to which the family name clearly refers in its Latinized form, De Mortuo Mare." This goes back to the crusaders.

In the world war "the 19th corps struck a note of humor, expressing the name of its commander, Sir Herbert Watts, by three interrogation marks (Whats?). (Was it really necessary for the author to explain this jest?) Lord Allenby was nicknamed "Bull." His third army took for its badge a bull's eye.

There is no mention in this book of the singular motto, "Over, Fork Over," and arms of Cunynghame of Milncraig; a shake fork is between three fleur-de-lys azure. Malcolm, Prince of Scotland, escaping from Macbeth, ran to a barn where one Malcolm, son of Friskin, hid him by forking hay or straw over him. His posterity received as an award the thanedom of Cunynghame.

It's a fascinating subject, this one of Heraldry, and Mr. Scott-Giles has written an unpretentious, but entertaining, informative and valuable book about it.

## SCHELLING CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The first of the Children's Concerts, conducted by Ernest Schelling, this season (the sixth), took place yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall, which was filled on floor and in gallery. There was an orchestra of 50 Boston Symphony players. The program was as follows:

Smetana, Overture to The Bartered Bride.  
Mendelssohn, Scherzo from Midsummer Night's Dream music.  
Mozart, Quatuor concertante for oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon.  
Wagner, Bridal Procession to the Cathedral from Lohengrin.  
Silent Night, Holy Night (sung by the audience).

Stravinsky, Berceuse from The Fire Bird polka and gallop from Suite No. 2. This concert was devoted to the description of wood-wind instruments. Mr. Schelling, describing them, the fabled origin of the flute, the predecessors of the modern oboe, clarinet and bassoon, was aided by pictures, some historical, some amusing, even grotesque, which served to put the children in good humor, also to awake in them a more than passing interest in the instru-



# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

George Bernard Shaw is to some already a legendary character, although he is now always ready, probably eager, to talk face to face with an audience or by standing before unresponsive dials, on any subject, on every subject. It is not surprising that stories, false or true, are told about the origin of "Major Barbara," now playing at the Hollis Street Theatre. Here is one:

Mr. Shaw at Ayot St. Lawrence came to know a young man in the neighborhood named Charles McEvoy, whose father fought on the side of the Confederacy in our civil war. He (father? or son? probably the father) was "a most gentle and humane man and established a factory for the manufacture of high explosives. There is the germ idea of Andrew Undershaft." But is Undershaft to be portrayed as "gentle and humane"?

Here is another story. Gilbert Murray, professor of Greek, whose translations from the Greek dramatists are known to all, who visited Cambridge and Boston as a lecturer, served as the model for Adolphus Cusins, who quotes Euripides and beats the big drum in the Salvation Army, all for the love of Barbara. "He is not the only portrait in the play." This revealer of secrets does not name the other models. There are Englishmen who surely were in Shaw's mind when he wrote other plays: Balfour Asquith as Balsquith in "Press Cuttings"; Lloyd George as Joyce Burge in "Back to Methuselah"; Lubin Burge representing George's predecessor as the leader of the Liberal party; Clement Scott, figuring as Joseph Cuthbertson in "The Philanderer"; Aubrey Beardsley said to be the model for Dubedart in "The Doctor's Dilemma"; the critics in "Fanny's First Play"; Asquith is the Henry Hopkins Lubin in "Back to Methuselah"; General Mitchener in "Press Cuttings" is not Lord Kitchener, "but an earlier and more highly connected commander"; the reporting incident in "The Doctor's Dilemma" was founded on an occurrence in the life of Mrs. Patrick Campbell; Lady Cicely in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" was drawn from letters written by Ellen Terry to Shaw; the loquacious John Tanner in "Man and Superman" is supposed to have been suggested by Hyndman. No doubt many of the characters in the plays were composite portraits of men and women known to the dramatist.

It is also said that before Shaw turned dramatist he watched with interest the doings of the Salvation Army at the time he was preaching the doctrines of Socialism at open-air meetings in London. As a critic of music he read in a daily newspaper that a horrible noise was almost as bad as a Salvation Army band. He wrote to that newspaper that these bands were mostly good, and sometimes of superior excellence. The general of the army quoted him in public and invited him to attend one of the musical festivals. He did so. He wrote a critical report and declared that the performance of the Dead March in "Saul," at a meeting in commemoration of Mrs. Booth, by the combined bands in the Albert Hall was incomparably the finest he had ever heard; the only one that showed "any understanding of the magnificent triumphal character of the closing section." He even asked why the Army did not perform plays, developing the dramatic side of its ritual, and offered to give them a short play as a model. This offer was declined after some correspondence; but when "Major Barbara" was first performing in London, a box was filled with Salvation Army officials in uniform. Some of the critics spoke of the play as a roast on the Salvationists being full of fun and taking money from a distiller. The Army declared in reply that Barbara's fun was correct and characteristic: the only incident that seemed incredible to the officials was her refusal to take the money. "Any good Salvationist would take money from the Devil himself, and make so good use of it that he would perhaps be converted, as there is hope for everybody."

Shaw himself told how at a meeting of the Salvation Army he held a hymn book and sang with such fervor that he was sure London newspapers would publish the news that he had been converted.

Annie Russell was the first to play Barbara in London (1908). It would be interesting to know how she happened to be chosen. It is not easy to associate her with the part. She had won success in London in 1898. Grace George was the first Barbara in the United States. She had visited London for the first time in 1907. The cast in the first performance of "Major Barbara" in Boston may be of interest. The theatre was the Plymouth; the date was Jan. 1, 1917. Barbara, Grace George; Stephen Undershaft, Clarence Derwent; Lady Britomart, Charlotte Granville; Sarah Undershaft, Norah Lamison; Adolphus Cusins, Ernest Lawford; Charles Lomax, Rex McDougall; Andrew Undershaft, Hubert Druce (who had replaced Louis Calvert); Rummy Mitchens, Janet Slater; Snobby Price, Gerald Rogers; Jenny Hill, Sylvia Bremer; Peter Shirley, Richard Clarke; Bill Walker, Lewis Edgard (replacing Conway Tearle); Mrs. Baines, Florence Edney.

Miss George brought to Boston these comedians who took part in the first performance at the Playhouse, New York, in December, 1915: Miss Granville, Miss Lamison, Messrs. Derwent, Lawford, Clarke. In New York Margaret Calvert took the part of Rummy; Mary Nash played Jenny Hill.

Before the production of "Major Barbara" in London Shaw wrote many letters to Calvert. He told him the play would be "TREMENDOUS." "You will have a trombone—or bombardon if you prefer that instrument—and it would add greatly to the effect if you could play it prettily. Besides if you took to music you could give up those confounded cigars and save your voice and your memory (both wrecks, like Mario's from thirty-seven cigars a day) for this immense part. . . . Undershaft is diabolically subtle, gentle, self-possessed, powerful, stupendous, as well as amusing and interesting. There are the makings of ten Hamlets and six Othellos in his mere leavings. . . . The trombone is the urgent matter of the moment. By the way, trombone players never get cholera nor consumption—never die, in fact, until extreme old age makes them incapable of working the slide."

After the first performance Shaw wrote Calvert that the critics were wrong in saying his performance was "magnificent," and "Major Barbara" a rottenly undramatic play, instead of pointing out that "Major Barbara" is a masterpiece and you the most infamous amateur that ever disgraced the stage. . . . You are an impostor, a sluggard, a blockhead, a shirk, a malingerer, and the worst actor that ever lived or ever will live. I will apologize to the public for engaging you; I will tell your mother of you." The letter be-

gan: "A man who could let the seven deadly sins go for nothing could sit on a hat without making an audience laugh. I have taken a box for Friday and had a hundred-weight of cabbages, dead cats, eggs and gingerbeer bottles stacked in it. Every word you flubb, every speech you unact, I will shy something at you."

Is the conclusion of "Major Barbara" clear? Was William Archer alone in saying that the main line of Shaw's doctrine eluded him; that there were two main lines which eventually cross each other and lead to mutual destruction? Poverty is a crime; but how about the Superman's doctrine, the preaching of high explosives? "His Supermen are going to apply their stupendous instruments of havoc to purposes of mutual obliteration."

Shaw's people have to talk. "Mr. Shaw gathers them in a room, announces a few topics, rings the bell and announces the first speaker for the negative. They are all for the negative," says Professor Thorndike, "yet each against the others, and the conversation would be perfectly dazzling if there were only occasional flashes of silence." Yet how delightful the greater part of this dialogue in "Major Barbara." What better opening for a satirical comedy of manners than the scene with dialogue between Lady Britomart and Stephen, so well played by Miss Wheatley and Mr. Wells! Adolphus has excellent lines but Mr. Cabot did not always bring them out. There were moments when through faulty enunciation they were hardly intelligible—especially in the first act. Mr. Waram was loudly applauded for his portrayal of the tough Walker, but Mr. Kent's unctuous hypocrite of a Snobby Price was equally worthy of praise. Is Barbara in Shaw's gallery of interesting women—interesting because they are often enigmatical? Was it his fault or Miss Inescort's that Barbara on the opening night seemed to act without true spiritual conviction; that the fire of righteousness in her least burned low?

To the Dramatic Editor of The Boston Herald:

The writer was greatly interested in the story of "Pop" Gallagher which appeared in the Sunday Herald Dec. 29th, with "Pop's" delightful reminiscences of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I think, however, there is a slight error in this paragraph, in the early part of the story:

"He ('Pop') was in the cast of the original 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' Company and took part in the first performance of that famous play ever given."

Later in the story it is stated that "Pop," now 71 years of age, was 19 years old when he joined the "Uncle Tom" Company 51 years ago to play the part of Marks, the lawyer, at what is now Kingston, New York.

The writer, in his youth, did a year of barnstorming with "Uncle Tom" and played Marks, the lawyer. It so happens that he has what is known in stage parlance as a "prompt" copy of that play. On the reverse of the title page is printed the place of the original production together with the cast of characters.

According to that record, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was first produced at the Troy Museum, Troy, New York, in 1852. Marks was played by F. Aiken; Legree by a Mr. Davis; Uncle Tom by G. C. German (Germon?); Eva by Cordella Howard; Topsy by Mrs. G. C. Howard; etc.

The point I wish to make in this connection is that "Pop" Gallagher, if now 71, would have been but eight years old at the time of the original production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." A child of that age would surely have been miscast as Marks, the lawyer.

Aside from what is no doubt an unintentional misstatement, "Pop's" recollections arouse delightful memories of "trouping" 50 years ago. The "Tom" show went as he tells it; street parade, fake bloodhounds, Eliza crossing the ice, little Eva being lighted to Heaven by red fire, and all the usual ancient hokum.

Old-timers like "Pop" Gallagher, with their crude equipment, blazed the way for the marvelous progress in modern stagecraft.

GEORGE W. R. HILL.

## INFORMATION AND GOSSIP

Now that the holiday season is at an end, the noble band of singers, fiddlers, pianists pluck up courage; are not dismayed by reports that recitals are slimly attended in Boston, and hope that those who are vaguely described as "lovers of music" will have equal courage and pay good money at the box offices. Mr. Heifetz need have no fears; he opens the ball this afternoon. Then come in succession Miss Thomas, a violinist; Miss Andersen and Mr. Scionti, who will play the piano in turn and a piece for two pianos; Percy Grainger, Wednesday morning; Beatrice Harrison and Gertrude Ehrhart in the evening of Thursday; Harold Samuel, the pianist, to whom some worshippers attribute the discovery of Bach's music for the predecessors of the piano, will hold forth on Saturday afternoon, and at night the Kodroff Quartet will sing. One might say with Heine, mentioning pearls and diamonds, "My darling, what wouldst thou have more?" And Miss Prudden has announced a recital in costume.

Mr. Heifetz this afternoon will play a sonata by Tremais and a largo by Clerambault. Little is known about the former. Even Fetis does not mention him and all that Pougin could say about him in the supplement to Fetis's great encyclopaedia was this: "Tremais (—de), a musician who lived in the first half of the 18th century published a book of sonatas for the violin and the flute with figured bass (Paris, Boivin, 1736)."

Louis Nicolas Clerambault was a famous organist in his day and generation; organist of several churches in Paris. Louis XIV was so pleased by one of Clerambault's cantatas that he named him the superintendent of music for the ears of Madame de Maintenon. He published his cantatas and organ pieces. Cesar Francois Clerambault, a son, organist of Saint-Cyr, published clavecin and organ pieces. He wrote music for Racine's "Athalie." There was another son, Evrard Dominique, composer of cantatas and violin trios.

Mme. Povla Frijsch, whose song recital has been postponed from Wednesday of this week to Thursday evening, Jan. 16, will be a welcome visitor, whatever may be thought of her program, so great, one might say unparalleled is her interpretative ability. Did Handel write the air of Poppaea Sabina that is attributed to him on her program? He wrote an opera "Nero" for the Hamburg theatre, his second opera. Produced on Feb. 25, 1705, it greatly pleased the public. This was also known as "Love Obtained Through Blood and Crime." Johann Mattheson took the part of Nero. The score was lost. Reinhard Reiser, the director of the opera house and a composer, was a joyous person who by his follies was leading it to bankruptcy. He was also of a jealous nature.

The laurels of Handel would not let him sleep. He set music to the libretto provided by Feustking for Handel, also music to the libretto of "Al-



"mira." Handel's first opera, thinking he would thus crush his rival. Kaiser's opera was performed under the title "The Unrest of Rome or the Magnanimous Octavia." The score has been edited for the great edition of Handel's works published by Breitkopf. Kaiser published the finest airs in the two operas under the title: "Companimenti Musicali, or German and Italian airs from 'Almira' and 'Octavia'."

It would be interesting to know how the role of Poppaea was acted in those early years of opera, for Handel was not the only one to write music for her. She had been the wife of one Rufus Crispus before she had the courage to wed Nero, 12 days after he had divorced Octavia. Yet even Poppaea "he killed with a kick of his heel, for that, being big with child and sickly withal, she had reviled him and given him shrewd words for coming home so late one night after his running with chariots." According to the ancients

—some of them were scandal-mongers—she was of surpassing beauty, which she took great pains to preserve. A luxurious creature, her mules were shod with gold. Five hundred asses were milked daily for her bath. What a subject for Richard Strauss or Honegger! Poppaea's aria in the bath—and the final scene between her and Nero.

Mme. Frijsh's program contains a group of Scandinavian songs. One is by Sverre Jordan, a Norwegian, who, born at Bergen in 1889, studied at Berlin, is renowned in Scandinavia and Germany as a pianist. He has written much for orchestra, solo instruments, incidental music for plays and songs. Paul Schierbeck (not Scheirbeck as the advance programs have it) is a Dane, born at Copenhagen in 1888. He has written a symphony, a violin sonata, a cantata for a University Festival as well as songs.

Laparra is known here by his opera "La Habanera" and an orchestral suite.

Brahms wrote two songs entitled "Sehnsucht," one "Mein Schatz ist nicht, da," an early song in folk manner; the other, "Hinter jener dichten Waeldern" with a text taken from a collection of Bohemian folk songs. "Sandmaennchen" is one of the "Folk-Songs for Children" dedicated to the children of Robert Schumann. Brahms took the melody from Zuccalmaglio, who had used an old Catholic Christmas hymn. In the Danish legends "The Sandman" is "Ole Eshutter," who carries with him a magic spray and an umbrella.

Gabriel Faure's "En Priere" (words by Steph. Bordese) was composed in 1890.

The first version of Debussy's "Mandoline" in "Fetes galantes" (Verlaine) is not published. It was composed in 1883. The version, now sung (nearly similar to the first) is dated 1890 and was published as a separate song. "Il pleut dans mon Coeur" (1888) is one of the "Ariettes Oubliees."

Percy Grainger, who will play the piano Wednesday morning for the benefit of the Boston School of Occupational Therapy, has arranged an agreeable program. Playing three preludes and fugues from Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord" he gives this note:

"I have allowed myself to pair together preludes and fugues of the same key from opposite books of the '48' where it seemed to me that a finer contrast or combination was thereby obtained," for he agrees with Mr. Edwin Hughes, who wrote:

"There is no close esthetic connection . . . between most of the Preludes and Fugues which follow them. In fact, a great many of the former existed as separate compositions before the collection was assembled. . . . The lack of any particular intimate relationship between the Preludes and Fugues in the mind of the composer is also shown by the fact that he made a separate autograph copy of all the Preludes in both parts, without the Fugues."

Debussy's admiration for Rameau was often expressed in his critical articles. The piano piece "Hommage a Rameau" was composed in 1905, as one of the first series of "Images" which also contains the familiar "Reflets dans l'eau." Debussy in 1909 wrote "Hommage a Haydn" for the piano.

No doubt many hearing Ravel's "Ondine" have associated it with the old German story dear to children, but Ravel thought of the prose poem by Aloysius Bertrand. Mr. Grainger prints these extracts from it on his program:

"Listen! Listen! It is I Ondine who touches lightly with these water drops the panes of thy windows, lighted by the pale rays of the moon.

"Listen! Listen! My father strikes the water with a branch of green reed, and my sisters caress with their foamy arms, the islands of cool grass, water lilies and Iris, or mock the lowly willows which seek to fish them from the deep

"Her murmured song entreats me to take her betrothal ring upon my finger, to be the lover of Ondine, to visit with her in her palace, to be king of the Lakes. When I replied that I loved a mortal, pouting and vexed, she wept bitter tears, uttered a scream, fainted and trickled in white drops along my bluish window pane."

He will play for the first time in Boston his own "The Hunter in His Career."

"The tune is from W. Chappel's 'Old English Popular Music.' The following (final) verse is typical of the words associated with the melody:

"Thus he careers, over heaths, over meres,  
Over deeps, over downs, over clay;  
Till he hath won the noon from the morn,  
And the ev'ning from the day.  
His sport then he ends, and joyfully wends  
Home again to his cottage near.  
Frankly he feasts himself and his guests  
And carouses in his career."

So Fritz Scheff will return as Fifi in "Mlle. Modiste," the role in which she won success at Washington, D. C., in 1905. (There was a revival at New York in 1913.)

She came to this country as a singer in grand opera, having gained experience at Munich, where she came out in 1898 as the Lady Henrietta in "Martha," and at this Royal Opera House she was heard as Marguerite

Santuzza, Mimi, Mignon, etc. (It is not easy to think of her as Santuzza.) Maurice Grau, hearing her at Munich—she had studied singing at Frankfurt, and her mother Anna Jaeger was a singer at the Vienna Imperial Opera—engaged her for the Metropolitan, New York. See how supposed authorities differ: "Who's Who in the Theatre" says she sang there for the first time on Jan. 11, 1901 as Musetta. Krehbiel who heard her when she sang in New York for the first time gives Dec. 29, 1900 as the date and Marcellina in "Fidelio" as the role. But what is this to the Infinite?

She came to Boston and on April 3, 1901 was heard as Nedda. That season here she also took the roles of Musetta and Eva; in 1903—Nedda, Zerlina, Papagena, Marguerite, and a girl in Paderewski's "Manru," an opera of which much was expected but it did not hold the stage. She was a pleasing apparition, a young woman of fresh and enticing beauty, but she was dissatisfied because, so she told us, with no small degree of assurance, that she was kept down by the older women in the company—Mme. Sembrich was one of them—in fact she spoke most disrespectfully of the leading singers, accusing them of jealousy, reflecting amusingly upon their mature years. She was bound to take the part of Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust." Perhaps she saw herself as Aida, Isolde, Breuennhilde. Who knows? She was discouraged and talked of returning to Europe, and settling on a country estate with her husband—he was the first one—communing there with nature, and farming in an agreeable manner. She was devoted to him and from all appearances he was worthy of any woman's devotion; devoted and proud of her.

The next thing one heard of her she had left grand opera for operetta: "Babette" late in 1903—arriving here in January, 1904—and "The Two Roses" (based on "She Stoops to Conquer") seen here in the fall of 1904. Then followed a long series of operettas in which she won success, including "Fatinitza," "Girofle-Girofia," "Boccaccio," at times pleasing audiences in

vaudeville. Her second husband was John Fox, the novelist, who gave great promise after actual performance and died too soon.

Here is the cast of "Mlle. Modiste" when it was produced at the Columbia Theatre, Washington, on Oct. 9 1905:

Henry De Bouvray, Comte de St. Mar.	William Pruett
Capt. Etienne De Bouvray, his nephew	Walter Percival
Hiram Bent, an American millionaire	Claude Gillingwater
Gaston, an artist	Leo Mars
Gen. La Marquis De Villefranche	George Schrader
Lt. Rene La Motte	Howard Chambers
Francois	J. A. Kiernan
Mme. Cecelie	Josephine Bartlett
Franchette	Edna Fassett
Nanette	Blanche Morrison
Marie Louise	Louise De Baron
Bebe, dancer at Folies Bergere	La Mora
Mrs. Hiram Bent	Bertha Holly
Fifi	Fritz Scheff

Mr. Ben H. Atwell informs us that Messrs. Pruett, Mars, Schrader, Chambers, Kiernan, Josephine Bartlett, Blanche Morrison, Louise De Baron, La Mora, and Bertha Holly, of this cast; Nat Roth, Theodore Leary, Horace Judge, Fritz's executives, and John Lund, the conductor, are dead. Walter Percival and Claude Gillingwater have long since joined the Hollywood colony of screen players; Edna Fassett is now singing in a Brooklyn church; Charles B. Dillingham, the producer, is one of America's most successful theatrical managers; Fred Latham recently joined the Hollywood contingent.

The ballet has assumed more importance in the performances by the Chicago Civic Opera Company this season. The leading dancer is Ruth Pryor, who has been dancing since she was 9 years old. When she was 14 she became known on the Orpheum and Keith circuits. From vaudeville she went into musical comedy. She joined the Chicago opera company last season. Edward Canton is the chief male dancer. His parents, both Americans, spent their honeymoon in Russia. The father was offered a position in the Tsar's racing stables, and accepted it. The couple made Moscow their home. Edward was born there and received his early training in the dance. He also studied in Germany and Switzerland. During the Russian revolutions the family was unable to leave Russia, but Edward finally escaped with his mother and sisters. Through the intercession of Herbert Hoover, then distributing food in Russia, the elder Canton was released to join his family in the United States. Young Canton became a member of Mme. Pavlova's company. This is the story as told by the press agent. Balzac used to end some of his stories with these words: "Excuse the faults of the author."

A symposium on the late Serge de Diaghilev, which embraces three estimates of his life and work by Darius Milhaud the composer, Andre Schaeffner the critic, and Nicholas Roerich the painter, is one of the leading features of the current issue of the magazine Modern Music. This number of the review, the first to appear since last May, is profusely illustrated containing a small cartoon of Diaghilev, the original stage design for his "Sacre du Printemps" made by Roerich in 1912; also reproductions of settings employed in European operatic works last summer—such as Schoenberg's "Glueckliche Hand," Hindemith's "Neues vom Tage" and Brandt's "Machinist Hopkins." The introductory article is by Arthur Lourie. It is entitled "An Inquiry into the Nature of Melody." Mr. Lourie discusses his subject with reference to the contemporary situation in music. Paul Stefan of Vienna reviews Schoenberg's operatic work in relation to his entire career; Jeffrey Mark, a young English composer and scholar, discusses certain problems in the recent working out of a new method of notation. Shorter articles by Lazare Saminsky, Hans Gutman, Oscar Thompson and Mary Ellis Opyde complete the number.

ments themselves. Some of the children, when questioned, answered intelligently and promptly concerning the reeds and the absence of them.

Mr. Schelling is fortunate in his talk. The children do not feel that he is condescending toward them; they do not look upon him as a schoolmaster with a ferule on his desk; it is as if he were sitting with them and exchanging views, chatting together amicably. Yet they are expected to take notes mentally with the alluring prospect of medals at the end of the series.

Nor was the music performed beyond the comprehension, or above the enjoyment of the traditional. "You, little girl with the blue sash." The performance pleased the older ones in the audience as well as the youngest. The orchestra played as if to a severely critical gathering; not as if the concert was merely something in the day's work.

It was a pleasure to find the name of Stravinsky on the program of a concert for the young. It is well that they should acquire a catholic taste; not be trained to believe that anything signed by Bach or Beethoven is necessarily of supreme excellence; that they should know the existence of composers now living, some of whom in the years to come will be applauded as "classics" though in 1930 they may disturb the mental equilibrium of the children's parents and maiden aunts.

At the next concert, Jan. 18, the string choir will be the subject. The Society of Ancient Instruments will assist.



JASCHA HEIFETZ

The audience that greeted Mr. Heifetz yesterday afternoon at Symphony hall was not one of the largest that have confronted him in that place. Perhaps the cold winds of a freezing Sunday afternoon in January were to blame for the empty seats that were to be seen. But it was an audience none the less enthusiastic for that. It applauded him with all the accustomed fervor, compelled him to repeat two pieces that had given especial pleasure—one of them was the violinist's own "Horra Stacatto" (as the program had it), apparently an arrangement of a Rumanian popular dance tune; the other was Darius Milhaud's "Sumare," which one took to be the fruit of one of that composer's excursions into the realm of the Brazilian "Saudade." At the close Mr. Heifetz's admirers demanded, of course, and received, the usual additions to the announced program.

The recital opened with a sonata in F minor by Tremais, an 18th century Frenchman of whom almost nothing is remembered. His sonata played yesterday has in its slower movements a native grace and the characteristic idiom of the popular French dance and song of the composer's time. It has a lively fugued allegro of much piquancy. The opening group contained also Clerambault's beautiful largo on the G string and Rameau's "Tambourin"—the harsh-sounding piece turned into a violin piece, robbed of the drone bass that gave it its title, decked out with counterpoints, and tinged with a wailing, chromatic orientalism by Achron (doubtless not Mr. Heifetz's excellent accompanist, but the violinist Joseph Achron).

Tchaikovsky's brilliant and tenuous concerto—one of the more mettlesome of the virtuoso violinist's warhorses—occupied the central place on the program. A third group contained Godowsky's Larghetto Lamentoso, one of those peculiarly offensive and indigestible combinations of conventional melody (Handelian in this instance) and strenuously "modern" accompaniment that seem to appeal so strongly to this composer and to some arrangers of old music. Milhaud's "Sumare"—a Spanish dance rhythm—echoing in a modern French mind—a rather too sweetly sentimental tune, "An ensamer Quille," by Strauss, Mr. Heifetz's lively "Horra Stacatto," and a "Presto," strongly rhythmed, of melodic charm and interesting structure, by Honegger led to Hubay's "Scenes de la Csarda," which concluded the printed program with a riot of Magyar tunes and rhythms.

Mr. Heifetz can hardly fail to play well enough to make most other violinists sound incompetent. His astonishing fluency, his nonchalant easy mastery of the knottiest problems of technique, the unfailing truth of his intonation and the many beauties of the tone which a faultless bow arm draws forth, are the delight of his audiences as they are the despair of most other fiddlers. At his best, too, he displays qualities which begin where the technical virtues stop—a sense of style, imagination, sensitiveness and tact, a feeling for musical structure. Judged of his powers yesterday. With his technical prowess the listener could find little fault. But too often there were slow movements which had beauty of tone but lacked significance of form—the phrases ill-defined, their articulation blurred by misplaced portamenti, their progress sluggish and slightly aimless—rapid movements which an insufficiently controlled fluency robbed of significant accentuation, and hence, incidentally, of real brilliance, where brilliance was needed.

So this was not one of those days on which Mr. Heifetz has seemed one of the most exquisitely musical as well as the most accomplished technically among the violinists, but there was enough left of fine phrasing, of beautiful tone, and of astounding facility to rouse the enthusiasm of his large and varied audience.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Paris"

An all-talking and singing picture adapted from the play of the same name by Martin Brown, with songs by Ray and Al Bryan and Eddie Ward, directed by Clarence Badger and presented by First National with the following cast:

Reine Rolland ..... Irene Bordini  
Guy Penneil ..... Jack Buchanan  
Sabbot ..... Louise Gossler Hale  
Ray Sabbot ..... Jason Robards  
Ma Kaley ..... Margaret Fielding  
Hector ..... Zasu Pitts

Wonder of wonders, here is a picture of back stage life without one sob, one tear, one hint of the laugh-clown-laugh business or one precocious infant to reconcile his erring parents. Indeed, "Paris," Irene Bordini's first talking film now to be seen at the New B. F. Keith Theatre, is anything but a lugubrious drama of Broadway hoovers and all time vaudeville. The principal characters are a popular French actress, her dancing partner, her straight-laced English fiance and his even more

proper mother. It is a very gay, hilarious and ridiculous affair with lots of lovely costumes, amusing songs, Irene Bordini her familiar and charming self, Louise Gossler Hale nearly stealing the whole show with her priceless low comedy antics, and Jack Buchanan making the most attractive and successful leading man of the entire season.

The plot, taken pretty literally from the play in which Irene Bordini was so popular on the stage, serves all three players well, while making no pretense at novelty or excitement. Vivienne Rolland, vivacious actress and singer, thinks herself in love with a young American architect, Andrew Sabbot, who is finishing his education in Paris. Really, she is in love with the thought of Andrew's mother whom she believes to be a sweet old lady resembling Whistler's famous portrait. Mrs. Cora Sabbot, the mother in question, arrives in Paris seasick and miserable, but filled with determination to stop the appalling marriage. Her stern resolve is quickly broken down by the blandishments of Vivienne's dancing partner, Guy Penneil, who restores her well being with brandy and flirts with her for all he is worth.

The strict New England lady undergoes a sudden metamorphosis, marries and bobs her hair, shortens her skirts, drinks and carries on so scandalously that Vivienne is completely disillusioned and Andrew disgusted. Finally Cora and Guy become engaged, a ruse to get Vivienne to show her real feelings. In the end she and Guy are reconciled, while Andrew is consoled by his mother's companion, Irene Bordini is piquant and delightful; her voice registers well and her French accent is a great addition. Her wardrobe is unlimited and stunning, especially one beautiful orange velvet and ostrich plume affair. With Jack Buchanan she sings a song called "Mighty Like You" in such a way that it sounds like a masterpiece. Mr. Buchanan is an enormous asset to the picture for he

is a born comedian with a delightful voice, an engaging manner and a unique style of dancing. If he isn't careful, the talkies will gobble him up for keeps.

KEITH-ALBEE  
"Little Johnny Jones"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted from the musical play of the same name by George M. Cohan; directed by Mervyn Le Roy and presented by First National with the following cast:

Johnny Jones ..... Eddie Buzzell  
Mary Baker ..... Alice Day  
Vivian Dale ..... Edna Murphy  
Ed Baker ..... Robert Edeson  
George Wyman ..... Wheeler Oakman  
Lopez ..... Donald Reed

"Little Johnny Jones" could have been done in routine movie revue style, with a pony ballet bedecked in gaily colored jockey uniforms, with someone who could imitate Georgie Cohan as he was 20 years ago, agile, twangy, slangy, and distinguished further by a dapper walking stick and a gray bowler cocked rakishly on one side of his head. Mr. Le Roy chose to make this one-time popular musical comedy into a straight race-track comedy, with musical interpolations. He retained two of the old songs, "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy," and "Give My Regards to Broadway." He allowed Mr. Buzzell to play the little jockey in his own way, and it would seem that Mr. Buzzell came through handsomely. A comedian of the modern musical comedy school, he knows his limitations, wisely avoids the pitfalls awaiting those who try to substitute bathos for pathos. With several other excellent players in the supporting cast, and aided by much clever camera work, and by subtle direction by Mr. Le Roy, "Little Johnny Jones" provides 70 minutes of agreeable if not over-exciting entertainment.

The story is of the boy who made a name for himself by winning races on Ed Baker's "Yankee" on western tracks. A romance between Johnny and Mary Baker is chilled when Johnny moves onto New York and Broadway, becomes infatuated with a conniving blonde show girl, and rides the favorite Yankee home in fourth place under circumstances indicating disloyalty and worse. In truth Johnny was victim of a plot by the show girl and her lover to make a "killing." Johnny, suspended, goes to England, sings tearful ballads to the beer guzzlers of a dock saloon, finally gets his chance to ride again. Of course it is Yankee. He wins the Derby, and is reconciled with the Bakers especially with Mary.

In the original piece, produced late in 1904, the action opened in London and closed in Chinatown, San Francisco. Then Johnny lost the Derby and was chased home by angry Brits who thought him crooked. There were 18 musical numbers. In the present version are several stirring shots of tracks, races, crowds. Mr. Buzzell does not dance, but he sings unaffectedly, acts

frankly. Miss Day is an enigma. In certain pictures she lacks life, color; here, perhaps encouraged by the admirable acting of Mr. Edeson as the wise old horseman, she gives delicate tracteries of the lighter emotions. The one figure missing in this 1930 screen show was The Unknown, the rotund detective who, feigning inebriation,

wandered silently and comically, like the Lone Fisherman, through the performance. The late Tom Lewis played the part perfectly.

FENWAY-SCOLLAY SQUARE  
"Tiger Rose"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Harvey Thew and Gordon Ribby from the stage play of the same name by Willard Mack; directed by George Fitzmaurice and presented by Warner Bros. with the following cast:

Rose ..... Lupe Velez  
Devlin ..... Monte Blue  
Joe ..... Bull Montana  
Helme ..... Slim Summerville  
Bruce ..... Grant Withers  
Frenchie ..... Louis Mercier  
Gus ..... Gordon Macge  
Hainey ..... Helme Conklin  
Gus ..... Helme Conklin  
Indian ..... Chief Yowlachie  
Pierre ..... Gaston Glass  
Dr. Cusick ..... H. B. Warner  
Wa. Wa. ..... Georgia Mazette  
Father Tibault ..... Emil Chautard  
Scotty ..... Rin-Tin-Tin  
Hector MacCollins ..... Tully Marshall

The screen, like the stage, may have its interesting revivals. "Tiger Rose," now done in dialogue and sound, many sounds, returns after a lapse of five or six years, when it was quite silent and, pictorially, probably more effective. For this film version of Willard Mack's transient thriller is essentially pictorial. It shows giant trees, massive boulders, a mountain or two, forest streams, and at the end a raging stretch of white-fanged rapids. In its silent form it was possible to enjoy these various nature scenes undisturbed by intrusive voices. The scenes are still there, but echoes of harsh masculine voices or Lupe Velez's shrill exclamations tenant them. That silence still has its effective place on the screen is evinced near the end, when for at least 10 minutes Rose, her fugitive lover, Bruce Morton; Pierre and Sergt. Michael Devlin play hide and seek in and outside of the cabin while torrents of rain descend, lightning flashes, thunder reverberates. Few words are spoken, yet the scene holds one.

Rose, ward and adopted daughter of MacCollins, veteran trader on the Manitoba border, is a one-man girl, given the Tiger prefix because of her fiery moods. Bruce Norton, a young civil engineer for the encroaching railroad line, is the man. Dr. Cusick, a fanatic who for some unexplained reason rails at civilization and its obnoxious progeny, lures Bruce to his cabin, tries to kill him, and in turn is shot and killed in a fierce struggle. An overturned lamp sets the cabin ablaze and Bruce escapes to the woods. Devlin and his men go after him and there is much clattering of hoofs and some noisy shouting. The by-play in Rose's cabin precedes the big scene, when Rose, Bruce and Devlin, who has hidden himself in Bruce's canoe, shoot the rapids safely. Once in smooth waters Devlin, who also loves Rose, sends the

two on their way, free and with his blessing.

Miss Velez gives a spirited performance as the quick-witted Rose. Mr. Warner is dramatically menacing in his brief appearances as the doctor. Mr. Withers spends most of his time in dodging from tree to tree or hiding in the cellar. Mr. Blue, whose voice never does record clearly, was doubly handicapped in an Irish role, Rin-Tin-Tin, grown fat and lazy, seemed bored through it all. But then, he always was famous for his intelligence.

CAROLINE THOMAS, VIOLINIST

Last night at Jordan hall, a young violinist, Caroline Thomas, made a Boston debut. A small but cordial audience was present.

Miss Thomas's program undoubtedly revealed in her special virtues, violinistic, and musical, but it did not allow her much scope. A rhapsodic, introspective Sonata of Dohnanyi was followed by a long Fantaisie Rhapsodique of Albert Dupuis, so much in the same vein that it seemed to be actually repeating phrases of the Dohnanyi Sonata occasionally. The program closed with a group of four shorter pieces—a Nocturne of Chopin arranged by Wilhelmj, a scherzo-impromptu of Grieg arranged by Achron, a Hungarian dance of Brahms arranged by Kreisler, and Wieniawski's ever-popular Scherzo-Tarantelle. Throughout the program Miss Thomas was called upon to maintain an intensely romantic mood; she did it well, and she played commandingly, with fire, with deft phrasing (not unmarred by excessive glissandi), and with a variety of tone color amazing in a violinist not yet in possession of an absolutely dependable bow. But there was no opportunity for classic nobility of style, for uninterrupted cantilena, for exhilarating rhythm (except in the little Grieg scherzo). She gave herself, in the program she set, no chance to distinguish among styles, or to lift the audience from one mood to another. That she succeeded so well in capturing the interest of the audience

and in satisfying it, was due to her lack of personal mannerism, her fervent and poetic gifts, her evident technical proficiency, her warm and expressive, though sometimes, rough tone.

The audience was appreciative and, by much applause, compelled the violinist to add to her announced program.

OLD INSTRUMENT SOCIETY

Through the generosity of Mrs. Fred-eric S. Coolidge a concert will be given in Paine hall, Harvard music building, Thursday evening, Jan. 9, by Henri Casadesus's Old Instrument Society (Societe des Instruments Anciens, founded in 1901).

Admission to this concert for members of the faculty and their families, and students of Harvard and Radcliffe, will be by tickets, which may be obtained at the music building. Seats will be held until 8 o'clock Thursday evening,

at which time the public will be admitted.

MacDOWELL CLUB

The MacDowell Club will give a concert in George W. Brown hall next Wednesday at 3 P. M. Gladys Berry and Frances Adelman will play Kodaly's violoncello sonata. Esther Oettinger will sing songs by Wolf, Strauss, Massenet (air from "Le Cid"), Chabrier, Cyril Scott, Park. Greta Milos Howell's program of songs includes Charpentier's "Depuis le Jour," and songs by Koehlin, Reger, Hageman and St. Leger. Bianca dell Vecchio, pianist, will play pieces by Rameau, Palmgren, Debussy and Liszt; Klaus Goetze, piano pieces by Handel and Moussorgsky.

MAJESTIC THEATRE

"Mlle. Modiste"

Comic opera in two acts, music by Victor Herbert, book and lyrics by Henry Blossom; produced by Charles B. Dillingham at the Columbia Theatre, Washington, Oct. 9, 1905, with Fritz Scheff as Fifi, Walter Perceval as Etienne, William Pruette as Comte de St. Mar, Claude Gillingwater as Hiram Bent, Bertha Holly as Mrs. Bent, Josephine Bartlett as Mme. Cecelle; revived in 1913, and again on Oct. 7, 1929, at the Johnson Theatre, New York, performed last evening at the Majestic Theatre with the following cast:

Henry de Bouvray ..... Detmar Poppen  
Capt. Etienne de Bouvray ..... Eric Titus  
Hiram Bent ..... Alan Brooks  
Cecelle ..... Robert Rhoads  
Gen. Le Marquis de Villefranche Jack Byrne  
Lt. Rene Le Motte ..... Rowan Tudor  
Francis ..... Chester Bennett  
Mme. Cecelle ..... Flavia Arcaro  
Fanchette ..... Edith Artley  
Nanette ..... Florence Cazzell  
Marie Louise ..... Doris Graham  
Ebebe ..... Katherine Richmond  
Mrs. Hiram Bent ..... Sarah Edwards  
Fifi ..... Fritz Scheff

At the end of the first act the applause for Miss Scheff was so spontaneous, so hearty and so manifestly sincere that she was compelled at last to speak briefly. Such affectionate greeting, deservedly bestowed, had affected her. "You have moved me to tears," she exclaimed. To prove that this was true she brushed a finger against her eyes as she disappeared in the wings. Here was an audience of two component parts: adults in the autumn of life who had heard Fritz Scheff 25 years ago and were eager to witness her triumphant return in the role she then had created, and youngsters present to see how music was written and sung and lyrics penned and uttered in the days when they were nursery charges. After Fritz had sung "Kiss Me Again" thrice, each group in its particular way was satisfied.

At the final curtain all seemed of one mind, that "Mlle. Modiste" in score and libretto is as melodic and as apt as on the day that Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom submitted the final sheets to that then gay young entrepreneur, Charles Bancroft Dillingham, for production purposes. They don't write lyrics like those nowadays, though Cole Porter and Noel Coward come near to it. "The Culture Club of Keokuk, Ia.," sung neatly by Miss Edwards is an example. The original verses sparkle with wit; the added verses are labored, without tang. As for the score, it still is alive, delightful, humorous, as witness "The Mascot of the Troop," with Fritz beating a dapper little drum; "Love Me, Love My Dog" and "Ze English Language," sung none too distinctly by Mr. Rhoads; "I Want What I Want When I Want It," roared lustily by Mr. Poppen as the gouty old

Compte de St. Mar, the while he thumped all the dishes off the table. Even the chorus of footmen, opening the second act, suggested much of the sly deportment of the feasting lackeys of old. Mr. Max Hirschfeld, original conductor for "Babes in Toyland," and "The Red Mill," and a staunch disciple of the gifted and genial Herbert, worked wonders with a limited band, making four violins do the service of eight or ten, and so on. What a pity that such an occasion could not have commanded a decently numerous orchestra!

However, those present last evening seemed willing to accept the situation, even to gaze tolerantly at settings more suggestive of a mortician's lobby where



should have been a gaily decorative mul-liner's shop, or of an itinerant carnival troupe on a shabby lawn where should have been beautiful gardens decked with pretty charity bazaar booths. Revivals, it would appear, are not always sumptuously ordered. Not all producers possess the finer tastes or are patient with those who relish them. While the cast was evenly adequate, while the Albertina Rasch Girls, headed by Mlle. Grimaldi danced gracefully, while the choristers sang earnestly if a bit regardless of vocal shadings, it was Miss Scheff on whom was focused the interest of all. Slightly more ample of figure yet still lithe and agile; features still alertly vivacious; what of that priceless thing the prima donna's voice? It was all there, mirabile dictu. Nearly all there, any way. If the coloratura passages in Herbert's score were elided a trifle, the high notes still came true. There was the familiar throaty tone, the perfect sense of rhythm and tempo, the dramatic phrasing which years ago revealed Fritz Scheff as one of the distinctive figures in the realm of light opera. Patti, they say, sang as if in her prime at 60. Mme. Schumann-Helck at 70 odd can still sing "The Rosary" with full throated artistry. Why then, should not Fritz Scheff be singing "Kiss Me Again" for perhaps another generation? If she could come back so superbly last evening after an unreckoned absence from the stage, she might be able to return again in 1940. For Fifi, the music always will be waiting, charming, inspiring, all-satisfying. W. E. G.

#### SHUBERT THEATRE

##### "Pleasure Bound"

A musical revue presented by the Messrs. Shubert, featuring Phil Baker, Jack Pearl, Aileen Stanley and Shaw and Lee. Music by Muriel Pollock, book by Harold Atteridge, lyrics by Max and

Nathaniel Lief and Harold Atteridge. Produced at the Majestic Theatre, New York, Feb. 18, '29.

There is a little of everything in this pleasing, rambling, lackadaisical piece which seems to have started out to be a musical comedy and then changed its mind. There is a sort of a plot, which the characters chuck whenever it bores them so that the stage is free for dancing, singing, clowning and the runway drolleries of Phil Baker. Of all these there is plenty and of good quality, but first and foremost, Phil Baker. Last night's packed and enthusiastic audience was his, and when he appeared, with accordion or without, it hung on his words, roared at all his sallies and were loth to let him go. With his self-assertive heckler in the gallery box he exchanges his barefaced puns and works his accordion for typical Baker laughs.

"Pleasure Bound" is not a play of breath-taking speed. It is amusingly lazy. It even has a lazy chorus girl, who yawns around and soldiers on the job, indolently peering through the wings to see that the dance director is not watching, skipping her steps and leaning on her neighbor. Then there are Al Shaw and Sam Lee, pale and staring-eyed hoboes respectively addressed as the American Tragedy and Strange Interlude. In the middle of a dance they become hopelessly involved. Lee's finger is pathetically caught in his derby, arms and legs are interlocked, and their dumb cowl-like eyes seek sympathy as they painfully right themselves.

The Jack Donohue-John Boyle dancing girls, with the lazy blonde on the left end, have a certain freshness about them, perhaps an everyday look, a lack of enameled sophistication, which engages the sympathy of the audience as they perform their well-drilled and brightly-costumed maneuvers.

Aileen Stanley, taking the stage with her accompanist, sings charmingly, after her manner, songs of sentimental dramatic appeal and does her bit as night club proprietress and whatever else the meandering story requires of her. Jack Pearl scored heavily as Herman Pfeiffer with humorous dialect, hair-rendering mock-paths and expected racial antics. June O'Dea and Roy Hoyer, the boy and girl who have the romance, dance with engaging grace and win favor with the now popular song of Phil Baker and Maury Rubens, "Just Suppose." Tito Coral and Rosita Moreno contribute the best bit of dancing of the evening with their spirited and finished duet in a Spanish scene. H. F. M.

#### LOEW'S STATE

##### "Condemned"

An all-talking screen drama by Sidney Howard suggested by the book "Condemned to Devil's Island" by Blair Niles; directed by Wesley Ruggles and presented by United Artists with the following cast: Michel ..... Ronald Colman  
Madame Vidal ..... Ann Harding  
Vidal ..... Dudley Digges

Jacques ..... Louis Wolheim  
Pierre ..... William Elmer  
Felix ..... Albert Kessel  
Vidal's Orderly ..... William Vaughan

#### Just why the French penal colony,

so thoroughly described by Blair Niles in her book, "Condemned to Devil's Island," should be considered the ideal setting for a pretty little comedy-romance, is difficult to say. It is a terrible spot, for all its apparent natural beauty, and its inhabitants are desperate criminals who have either just escaped the guillotine or who have especially long terms to serve. If a man escapes from the combined perils of warders, sharks, treacherous currents and jungle fever, it is worth a front page story. It is, therefore, somewhat surprising to see what an extremely carefree attitude is assumed by Ronald Colman in the role of a thief sentenced for an indefinite period to the terrible island. It may be due to the fact that he knows that a lovely lady, unhappily married, will promptly fall in love with him and vow him eternal devotion, or, more likely, it is because he is so conscious of his standing as a debonair hero that it would not be fitting for him to appear distressed or more than slightly dishevelled.

This extreme flippancy on the part of Mr. Colman, the utter miscasting of Dudley Digges, and the general light-heartedness of every one in the picture makes it next to impossible to take "Condemned," now to be seen at Loew's State Theatre, with any seriousness. If Ronald Colman behaved frequently as though he thought the whole affair a musical comedy without a theme song, Mr. Digges performed like an actor in a farce. That such a man could have been given control of a colony of desperate criminals was beyond belief. Fussy, pompous, vain and futile, he came perilously close to caricature.

On the credit side should be placed the sincere and moving performance of Ann Harding as Madame Vidal, the warden's wife, attracted in spite of herself to the debonair young thief, hired by her husband as house boy, the acting of Louis Wolheim as a fearful looking, golden-hearted murderer, and the splendid photography. The opening scenes on board the convict ship, with the men penned below deck like beasts

in iron cages, the grim barrack room where the convicts live and the desolate cells for solitary confinement, are all realistic and effective.

The more is the pity, therefore, that those responsible for making the picture were unable to sustain this atmosphere and convey something of the horror and despair of Devil's Island. Instead, there is a pretty little romance involving the handsome thief, the unhappy wife, the villainous husband; an unsuccessful escape, a melodramatic separation and a saccharine reunion of the aforesaid wife and convict, who looks as fresh and youthful as if he had never heard of a prison or gone without a shave. E. L. H.

#### REPERTORY THEATRE

It seemed strange, yesterday, to be able to walk into the austere beautiful Repertory Theatre at any hour, to take any seat available and to sit for an hour or two before a screen entertainment in place of a dignified stage performance of a Shakespearean comedy or modern play. With the recently announced change of policy at this house, however, comes this transformation. The programs for the future will be made up of the best of the silent and dialogue pictures of recent seasons. For the former there is undoubtedly an open field in Boston. Despite the mad rush to the "talkies" and the widening scope of that form of film diversion, there still are many hundreds, probably thousands, of movie fans who cherish a fondness for the old-time silent pictures. Aided by careful selection, it should be possible for the sponsors of the Repertory programs to revive various voiceless products profitably and to create a new and growingly impressive clientele.

This week's feature is an English-made picture, "Kitty," adapted from a novel by Warwick Deeping, directed by Victor Saville and presented in this country by World Wide Pictures with a cast including Estelle Brody, John Stuart and Dorothy Cummings. It was presented in two down-town motion picture theatres last July and was noteworthy for its many excellent views of the river Thames and its gay boating parties, of bustling London streets and quiet rural scenes. Its story is of the aggressive little shop girl's love for a crippled young aristocrat, to whom she is secretly married and for whom she wages a battle of wits with the youth's mother. Originally all-silent, the picture was given talking sequences on this side, a process which did not tend to improvement. Short subjects and a

sound news reel also are being shown. A special showing of "The Freshman," with Harold Lloyd, will be given Saturday morning for children. W. E. G.

#### THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COPELY—"The Middle Watch," nautical farce, third week.  
HOLIS STREET—"Major Barbara," Shaw's satirical comedy, with the Theatre Guild Acting Company; last week.  
MAJESTIC—"Mlle. Modiste," Victor Herbert's comic opera, with Fritz Scheff.  
PLYMOUTH—"The House of Fear," mystery farce, with Cecil Spooner; third week.  
SHUBERT—"Pleasure Bound," revue, with Jack Pearl, Aileen Stanley, Phil Baker.  
TREMONT—"Hot Chocolates," colored revue; third week.  
Wilbur theatres are closed.

#### TWO-PIANO RECITAL

Stell Anderson and Silvio Scionti, pianists, played in Jordan hall last night before a keenly appreciative audience. Together they performed a double concerto in E flat by Mozart (adapted by Louis Saar, for the work was originally scored for two pianos and orchestra), Casella's "Pupazetti" (previously heard here both in this, its original form, and in its arrangement for chamber orchestra) and two Andalusian dances, "Ritmo" and "Gracia," by Infante. Individually, they played each a group of solos. Miss Anderson chose Chopin's F sharp minor prelude and his Etude in E flat, op. 10, Liszt's arrangement of Schubert's "Lindenbaum" (why?), and the same composer's F minor Study. Mr. Scionti was heard in Dohnanyi's Rhapsody in F sharp minor, Ibert's "Little White Donkey," a Scherzino by Ganz, and a "Dance of Narcissus" by one Garghulo. The last named piece, announced as "new" (which, chronologically, it no doubt was), paled sincere and insistent homage to Ravel.

The concerted playing of these two musicians deserved praise for the high quality of musicianship which it everywhere displayed. Their Mozart was played with beauty of tone, with extreme sensitiveness to the charm of the Mozartean phrase, with carefully planned variation of tempo and disposition of emphasis to point out exposition, development and recapitulation. But a slightly excessive reverence for the ethereal, delicate purity frequently ascribed to their composer led them, particularly in the first movement of this concerto, to round off his lighter phrases with a delicacy so exquisite as to be completely inaudible, to play his rollicking tunes with a touching but misplaced tenderness, to let his passage work—as though to imitate the murmuring zephyr—be very soft, very fast and much blurred by over-peddaling. But they gave a healthy vigor and sonority to the invigorating and jovial last movement.

They played neatly and effectively Casella's little pieces and with good rhythm Infante's dances.

As solo pianist, Miss Anderson displayed an ample technique, a talent for the delicately romantic in interpretation and a certain lack of firmness in her touch, except when dealing emphatically and impressively with Liszt. Mr. Scionti, too, proved himself an effective and competent soloist (especially in Dohnanyi's Chopinesque rhapsody), better suited to the rendering of romantic fervors than to the suggestion of such lighter graces as those of Ibert's donkey.

Both artists were warmly applauded. They added to their program Lee Patison's arrangement for simultaneous performance of Chopin's two G flat studies. S. S.

#### SYMPHONY CONCERT

The second of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Tuesday series of concerts took place yesterday in Symphony hall. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted. The program was as follows: Schumann, Overture to Byron's "Manfred"; Schumann, symphony No. 2, C major; Wagner, prelude to "Lohengrin." The Ride of the Valkyries from "Die Walkure"; introduction to the third act of "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; prelude to "The Mastersingers." Schumann and Wagner, both romantics; yet the juxtaposition is ironical to those who

recall the mutual attitude of the two men: one towards the music of the other. It is true that Schumann did not know any of Wagner's works after "Tannhauser," of which he at first said that Wagner, this clever fellow, full of mad ideas, was incapable of conceiving and writing four beautiful measures, indeed hardly good ones in succession. But soon afterward Schumann found deep and original things in the opera and thought Wagner could be of great importance to the stage. Wagner, on the other hand, called Schumann's D minor symphony "banal." He formally inspired Joseph Rubinstein to write a malignant article against Schumann's compositions. Nor did the two men when they met find their meeting agreeable. Schumann complained that Wagner talked incessantly; Wagner found it impossible to

discuss music with a man who would hardly open his mouth.

It was a pleasure to hear the overture to "Manfred" again. It has not been put on a program of the Friday and Saturday concerts for almost a dozen seasons. The overture has interest outside of its musical quality; reminding one, as it does, of the poet who exerted a mighty influence on European literature and even the conduct of life; also reminding one of the unsavory discussion that has followed the publication of Mrs. Stowe's article. It is strange that no psycho-analyst in music—say Richard Strauss—has treated the subject, laying morbid stress on the Astarte Episoda. By the way, will not Dr. Koussevitzky at some concert in the future conduct fragments from Tchaikovsky's "Manfred"? We say "fragments" for the movements of the symphony are of unequal worth.

The performance of the various works gave great pleasure to the large audience. Whether the music was by Schumann or by Wagner, the performance was conspicuous by its eloquence; by its attention to the details—as in the symphony—which, interpreted by Dr. Koussevitzky, never seemed mere padding.

If Schumann and Wagner could have heard their music played in this manner they might have had greater respect, the one for the other—perhaps genuine affection. Who knows?

The next one of the Tuesday concerts will be Feb. 11.—H. M. G.

#### PERCY GRAINGER

By PHILIP HALE

Percy Grainger, pianist and composer, played yesterday morning in the ballroom of the Hotel Statler. The concert was the second in the series of six for the benefit of the Boston School of Occupational Therapy. The program was as follows:

Bach, Three Preludes and Fugues from the Well Tempered Clavichord (Prelude in A minor, Book 2, with Fugue in A minor, Book 1, Prelude and Fugue in B flat minor, Book 1, Prelude in E major, Book 1 with Fugue in E major, Book 2). Chopin Barcarole, Sonata in B minor, op. 58. Ravel, Ondine, Debussy, Homage to Rameau. The old air, "The Hunter in his Career," set by Grainger.

Mr. Grainger took no unpardonable liberty in rearranging Bach's Preludes and Fugues to suit himself. Bach did not hesitate to insert in his great Mass music that had been composed for other works, nor were his preludes and fugues for the organ always composed as if the one was indispensable to the other. The Prelude to the fugue known as "St. Ann's" was not written for the express purpose of serving as a preface. The Fantasia that precedes the great fugue in G minor originally had no connection with the fugue, the subject of which had served other composers. So it was with the collection known as "The Well Tempered Clavichord," which is an association of short movements that had accumulated during the years. Many of the preludes had already appeared, some of them in a less developed form. In Bach's "Clavier Buchlein" planned for the use of his young son, Friedemann, Bach brought preludes and fugues together to suit his taste. Mr. Grainger is a musician as well as a concert pianist. In his rearrangement, in which the integrity of the music is preserved, he consults his own sense of aesthetic fitness.

There is no divine ruling: "What Bach hath joined together let no man put asunder."

Mr. Grainger's program otherwise does not call for special remark. One might wish that pianists had the courage to play only the first movement or the finale of Chopin's sonata, if the slow movement is for the most part commonplace. The Barcarole has provoked fine writing, pretty shop-keeping talk. Even Tausig thought that certain cadenza-like phrases mark "dolce sfogato" symbolize the embrace and kiss of lovers, who have been having a dramatic duet in a gondola. Even brilliant pianists and excellent musicians do not always let music alone; are not content with allowing the hearers, reminded by the piano, to wear their own fancies and dream their own dreams.

The recital gave great pleasure to an audience that filled the room. Before the group of Bach's pieces, Mr. Grainger made a few remarks in which he spoke of movement, the pursuit

the chief theme of a fugue by the contrapuntal figures, as in the case of second entrance gaining by a leading distance as the development the subject is enlarged. Then pianists who are described by admirers—among them are the pianists themselves—as "specialists" Now specialists in piano playing are avoided. They are in fact imbued with the spirit of the or



Beethoven, whatever that may mean. Mr. Grainger does not preach the gospel of Bach; he is concerned only with the beauty and romanticism of the music. He makes no attempt to give it an archaeological flavor, nor does he think that a performance should be pedantically dull. Nor is he so much in awe of Bach's name, for, after all, Bach was a mortal who happened to write much music (some of the highest quality, some mere pattern work), and to beget many children.

And so the performance of the Preludes and Fugues was as romantically poetic as the performance of the Barcarole and the Sonata, the post-romantic Etude which was added to the program, and Ravel's "Ondine." In his playing of these compositions Mr. Grainger displayed the highest, the indispensable qualities of a pianist who has technical proficiency, sensiveness and imagination. Few piano recitals in past years have been so local. Here was not a Jupiter, but a Boanerges, but a poet, a too often abused instrument acquainting his hearers with what himself felt when composers applied to him.

The next concert of the series will be given by Mischa Elman on Wednesday morning, Jan. 29.

#### HENRY HEALD

At Jordan hall, last night, Henry Heald, bass, sang (accompanied by Marcel Hubbard) the following program: Handel's "Hear Me! Ye Winds and Waves" (Air from "Scipio" with recitative from "Julius Caesar"); Schubert's "Die Kriecher," "Auf dem Wasser zu Singen," "Der Doppelgänger," and "Rastlose Liebe"; Chadwick's "The Voice of Philomel," "Bedouin Love Song," "Ballad of Trees and the Fawn," and "The Danza"; Faure's "Automne," "Clair de Lune," "Les Berceaux," and "Notre Amour"; MacDowell's "Midsummer Lullaby," "Sweet Blue-eyed Maid," "The Sea," and "For Sweet Love's Sake."

When a young singer, making his debut in one of our local concert halls, labels himself "bass-baritone" or "bass," he seasons and sceptical frequenter of such festivals expects to hear a voice whose chief claim to be placed in the chosen category is its deficiency in high notes; not infrequently such self-styled basses are as uncomfortable in depths as are the heights. Of Mr. Heald, however, it may be said at once that his lower voice has something of the natural amplitude, richness, and warmth of a moderately heavy baritone, and provides a milieu in which he moves comfortably and pleasingly. He gives as yet, no great evidence of the possession of a "school," or of the technique, whether natural or acquired, that would permit him to use his voice as a homogeneous instrument throughout its natural range; his upper voice is light, timid, and lacking in quality and resonance, as he now uses it.

Mr. Heald's voice moved sonorously and expressively through Handel's flowing measures. His singing of the songs he had chosen from Schubert (an excellent though not unconventional selection) gave evidence of conscientious preparation, but conveyed little either of the horror and melancholy or of the rapture that three of them demanded, or even (if one be wrong in expecting a healthy young American of this century to simulate convincingly such heavily romantic emotions, of the lilting rhythm and lighter sentimentality of "Auf dem Wasser zu Singen."

Faure, though Mr. Heald sang his songs with care and intelligence, demands for the most part an art more practiced and subtle, a surer sense of style, a diction more delicate, than were at their disposal last night.

It was in two groups of English songs by Chadwick and MacDowell that Mr. Heald appeared to give most pleasure to his large audience. He sang them, the latter composer's in particular, with much of the ingenuous charm that is their special quality, and was rewarded with hearty applause.

#### BENEFIT CONCERT

Beatrice Harrison, violoncellist, and Gertrude Ehrhart, soprano, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in the John Hancock hall for the benefit of Talitha Cumi Maternity Home and Hospital. Violoncello pieces: Nardini, Adagio; Pugnani, Gavotte; Senaillie, Allemande; Faure, Elégie; Lalo, Chant Russe; Paganini, Irish Jig (Silver Tip); Elgar, Ragito; Quilter, L'Amour de Moy; Cyril Scott, Pastorale and Reel. Songs: Pin, Meine Freuden; Schumann, Die Blume; Roger, Maria Wiegand; Albert, Aug dem Wasser zu Singen; and, Charm—to be said in the sun, Silver Cloud (dedicated to Miss

Ehrhart). The Flower-phone (Mr. Gebhardt, accompanist of his songs).

The two artists have been favorably known for some seasons; their art has been warmly appreciated; the program of yesterday does not call for special comment. The large audience was warm in tokens of appreciation.

#### METROPOLITAN

##### "The Kibitzer"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Sam Mintz and Viola Brothers Shore from the play of the same name by Joseph Swering and Edward G. Robinson; directed by Edward S. Selman and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Ike Lazarus	Harry Green
Josie Lazarus	Mary Brian
Eddie Brown	Neil Hamilton
Bert	David Newell
Yankee	Lee Kohlmar
Kikavoupolis	Henry Fink
Meyer	Tenen Holtz
McGinty	Guy Oliver
James Livingston	Albert Gran
Phillips	Eddie Kane

To see "The Kibitzer" is to see Harry Green at the top of his bent and anybody who pretends to be a film fan should know what that means. This round and chubby little man is one of the best, perhaps the very best straight comedian that the screen has to offer. His face, his voice, his gestures, indeed his whole personality radiates the most spontaneous and delightful humor imaginable. To be sure, the present film offers him a part that is glove-fitted to his measure, but even with the slimness of opportunities he would be beyond price. Edward Robinson, who played the part on the stage and was part author of the play, knew his business. The "kibitzer" is a new idea for the screen to make use of, though there are plenty of the species in real life. They are persons who think that they know the right way to manage everybody's business and can never, even with the best intentions in the world, stop giving advice.

The plot, amusing enough in itself, is merely an excuse for the diverting antics of Mr. Green. He plays the part of Ike Lazarus, a Jewish tobacco dealer, who is the accidental means of saving a wealthy man's life and property. This man, James Livingston, presents Lazarus a large number of shares in American Steel and tells him to gamble with it. Next day Lazarus installs a ticker in his store and sets up as a financier. As the news of the stock's amazing rise in value gets around, the place is filled with curious and excited onlookers. Up and up it mounts until just before the stock exchange closes, when there comes a sudden drop. Lazarus believes himself cleaned out, when in walks Livingston to congratulate him on his big haul. During the height of the excitement, the half-witted brother of Lazarus had answered the broker's telephone call and by replying "yes," had given the order to sell when the stock was at the highest point.

Harry Green's Lazarus is a perfect delight: well-meaning but incorrigible talker, excitable as a child over his great chance to make a haul, wild-eyed and breathless over his sudden rise to fame, counterfeiting great cunning in his anxiety, to get the best out of the grateful banker and provide for his long-suffering daughter—he made the most of all his generous opportunities. Albert Gran was capital as a portly, humorous big-business man, while Mary Brian and Neil Hamilton did their best to supply a little love interest; but it was Harry Green's film from start to finish.

E. L. H.

#### Burton Holmes Entertains Large Gathering

A very large audience greeted Burton Holmes last night in Symphony hall when he came on the platform for the first of the five travelogues of his 37th season. His subject was "London," but before he entered upon it he gave a short account of his doings since he was last here. A busy man, indeed, this traveler.

He showed pictures of London streets with their tumultuous traffic; vehicles and costumes in certain streets in 1902, 1904, 1914, 1918 and today. The dresses and the hats of London ladies in the early years of this century made the audience laugh loudly. What guys! Who knows but that 30 years hence an audience seeing on the screen the costumes of 1930 will not indulge in even louder laughter? Whether the architectural changes in certain streets are an improvement or to be deplored is a question that has been warmly debated in London. Certainly the old Georgian fronts were handsomer than those of today.

Mr. Holmes took his audience through famous streets, past famous buildings, with glimpses of Hyde Park, a celebrated auction room, quaint restaurants, barber shops, and tea rooms. It was

surprising to find him telling the legend of Dr. Johnson's chair in the Cheshire cheese, for it is now well established that this eating house was not one of Dr. Johnson's haunts. But the legend still attracts tourists.

There were pictorial proofs of the Americanization of London begun perhaps by Selfridge, and now shown by flamboyant advertisements. The Middle temple gave the opportunity for the display of learned wigs. There were pictures of the yeomen of the guard, the troops at the ceremony of the colors, the solemn scene at the cenotaph on Armistice day, royal pageantry, Helen Willis, calm as she was stared at on her way to court, Market scenes, the amazing tower bridge, the artillery memorial, the soap-box orators, docks and warehouses; statues that led to Mr. Holmes's sneer at the sculptor Epstein; animals at the zoo, Henley and Epsom races; and at the end the victory parade, when the houses of Parliament were seen, one thought of Mr. Tomlinson's ironical description of the building in his novel recently published.

An amazing city, London, eulogized by old Decker, satirized by Byron, inspiring songs and symphony, poets and novelists, both by its slums and palaces, and by the River Thames, now brought vividly before a Boston audience by Mr. Holmes.

"London" will be shown this afternoon. Next week, "Motoring Through France."

P. H.

#### UPTOWN-OLYMPIA

##### "The Love Parade"

A screen musical romance adapted by Guy Bolton and Ernest Vajda from the original play, "The Prince Consort," by Jules Chancel and Leon Xanrof, with music by Victor Schertzinger and lyrics by Clifford Grey, directed by Ernst Lubitsch and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Count Alfred	Maurice Chevalier
Queen Louise	Jeanette MacDonald
Jacques	Lupino Lane
Lulu	Lillian Roth
Master of Ceremonies	Edgar Norton
Prime Minister	Lionel Belmore
Foreign Minister	Albert Roccardi
Admiral	Carlton Stockdale
Minister of War	Eugene Palette
African Ambassador	Russell Powell

The audible screen has set before us several so-called revues, many musical comedies. It has remained for Ernst Lubitsch, maker of "The Patriot," to produce an opera-bouffe, which to our mind is neither operetta nor musical comedy nor yet musical romance. "The Love Parade" is sophisticated humor, a half a score of musical numbers, yet dependent on none. It is frankly written, spiced with frequent allusions to boudoir amours. Pictorially it is piquantly, almost provocatively alluring, both through what it reveals and what it suggests. Its characters, aside from Count Alfred and Queen Louise, are obvious caricatures of comic opera pattern, and are played in that mood. Even Mr. Chevalier and Miss MacDonald at times descend to sheer travesty, though for the greater length of the long picture they remain just a pair of mischievous, inordinate lovers.

Count Alfred, sent back to the mythical kingdom of Sylvania after a series of scandals in Paris, is ordered to report to Queen Louise, who sleeps restlessly, dreams of a lover who is not there. As she bathes in full view of delighted audiences, for Miss MacDonald is as fortunately blessed with physical charms as she is with vocal gifts, she rails at forced marriage.

She wants the lover of her dreams, and he must be sturdily youthful. Finding Alfred attractive, she proposes an alliance, and the archbishop, in a ceremony of rare pageantry and delicious satire, pronounces them "wife and man," with Alfred grudgingly assenting to be docile and obedient. That night the cannons boom outside the castle. "It is our bridal music," explains Louise. "There are 300 more, and each time they fire you shall kiss me." She wishes she had ordered 500. Thereafter, Alfred, no longer the gay butterfly of male species, does most of his sleeping daytimes. The Queen arranges tennis and bridge for him, but warns, "Don't forget your nap; you must keep your strength." Alfred tiring of such excessive importuning, resentful of humiliations heaped upon him, threatens to quit, to return to Paris. Rather than lose him, Louise consents to treat him as an equal in rule of the sovereignty, and all ends happily.

Mr. Lubitsch, in his zealous quest for illuminative incidents, has overloaded his camera. Thus the action frequently drags. Still one must admire the breadth and sweep of his direction, its many subtle flashes, its brilliancy in purely spectacular scenes. Mr. Chevalier, who has endeared himself to us by his disarming grin, his perfect good nature, his wholesomeness which somehow cleanses his naughtiest remarks, again emerges triumphantly as one of the cleverest of farceurs. His mastery of English is remarkable; he can color and vitalize a commonplace song. Miss MacDonald is slyly demure, beautiful, a decided ornament to the screen. Lupino Lane and Lillian Roth are amusing as valet and maid, in some knock-about comedy, and Ben Turpin

makes a brief appearance as a cross-eyed man boding ill-luck to Alfred. "The Love Parade" is commended to those who like their fun spiced; it is not for youngsters, or for the straight-laced, who probably will see it just the same.

W. E. G.

#### HAROLD SAMUEL

By PHILIP HALE

Harold Samuel, pianist, of London, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. His program was as follows: Mozart, Sonata, F major, Brahms, Intermezzo, B minor and Intermezzo, E minor, op. 119, Capriccio, B minor, op. 76; Ballade, G minor, op. 118; Capriccio, C major, op. 76; Rhapsody, E flat major, op. 119. Franck, prelude, aria and final. Bach, fantasia and fugue, A minor.

Mozart's sonatas are neglected by many pianists, probably because they are afraid of them, for a man who can smash his way through a rhapsody by Liszt or an impudent disarrangement of an organ prelude and fugue by Bach, might easily come to grief and expose the superficiality of his technique and his lack of musical sensitiveness and feeling for elegance if he attempted to play a sonata by Mozart. It is not given to every one to be a Gilesek, an Orloff or an Iturbi.

Mr. Samuel played the livelier movements of the sonata in a pleasing manner, with a fleetness that was not exaggerated; the running passages flowed as Mozart wished them to do, like oil, but his interpretation of the andante which he took as an adagio, was somewhat mannered, lacking the spontaneity and unaffectedness that characterize the piano pieces of the "glorious boy." Saint-Saens in the preface to his edition of Mozart's sonatas, has some remarks about the indications of tempo in the 18th century, not always in harmony with the definitions of theoretical writers of that period, but all agreed that andante simply means "movement," and should never be regarded as "slow."

Six pieces by Brahms! Insatiable Samuel, could not one suffice? Mr. Samuel fortunately passed by the sonatas, and gave preference to lyrical shorter pieces, as the intermezzos—which some German critics have found unworthy of Brahms, as "lacking depth"—the Ballade, with its romantically dreamy middle section. The capriccio with Hungarian suggestion is in pleasing contrast; the rhapsody, which some enthusiast has described as "a greeting from the heroic era of northern Europe," bids for applause at the end of the group. An afternoon with Brahms, and great was the joy of the Brahmsites, big and little. Not without reason, for the pieces were shrewdly differentiated in mood, and, when the romantic spirit prevailed, they were played romantically. Especially noteworthy was the performance of the Capriccio in B minor.

Having played Bach's music here ad nauseam, Mr. Samuel wisely restricted himself to one composition of the indefatigable cantor of Leipzig. Whenever we see Franck's Prelude, Aria and Final on a program we wish that its companion piece were in its place; the former is admirable, but the latter is nobler, a loftier flight of spiritual beauty.

The hall was well filled; Mr. Samuel was warmly applauded.

#### THE KEDROFF QUARTET

Presented by the executive council of the Associated Nursery School, the Kedroff quartet (MM. I. K. Denisoff, T. F. Kasakoff, N. N. Kedroff and C. N. Kedroff) sang at Symphony hall last night a program consisting of two groups of Russian Folk songs, one of songs by Tcherepnin, Cui and Sokolov, and a final group announced to contain music by Kucken, Verhuist, Mozart and Johann Strauss.

These singers, who have once before been heard in Boston, have—worthy of first mention among the qualities that commend them—a total lack of that excessive theatricality that has characterized some other visiting Russian groups. They do not attempt to flatter the eye with Cossack or peasant costume. They do not indulge in the artistically obtrusive display of choral virtuosity or specialize in libelously so-called "instrumental" effects. Their demeanor is simple, modest, and natural. They sing as a group of intelligent and sensitive musicians endowed with normally good voices, performing music they understand and enjoy for their own pleasure and that of their friends. Most of it is of first-rate quality—genuine folk music that all Russians sing spontaneously, needing not the high-minded encouragement of folk-song societies; music of primitive austerity, of primitive exuberance, words racy of the soil—music also by modern composers imbued with the same idiom and some-



times with the same spirit. The Kedroffs pleased their large audience last night by the good taste which their slinging at all times displayed. Feeling was there and humor, exuberance, too; but these qualities were never inflated to the point where they become affectation, bombast, mawkishness and clowning. In fact, after the manner of the well-bred, they tended to err by understatement. In so vast a place, a certain accentuation of light and shadow, a slight heightening of color contrasts is needed. But the beauty of much of their work was not lost. The ear learns to adapt itself to the scale of the performance, as was proved last night by the progressively increasing enthusiasm of the audience. The applause was cordial and prolonged and several additional songs were exacted. S. S.

## FRITZI SCHEFF STILL 'DARING'

By ELIZABETH BORTON

Fritzi Scheff, a pert little drummer, gaily switching black-spangled skirts, playing a sturdy roll on a diminutive drum, marched across the stage of the Majestic Theatre last Wednesday night. The evening before she had been seized with a fainting spell during the play, and all through the night had been in the care of her physician. Water thrown on her face to revive her, had dissolved the mascara from her eyelashes, and the caustic stuff inflamed her eyes till she could scarcely open them. "But," said she, "I am like the silly old clown it is the fashion to make fun of now. . . . THE PLAY MUST GO ON, even if we all fall dead on the sidewalk."

And she spiced the declamation of these familiar words with a delicious wink.

### "DARING" IN 1905

"I designed the dress I wore in the drummer scene when I first created the role of Fifi," she said, in her dressing room, "and it was awfully daring then! Now it is no longer daring, but I dare to wear it! That dress makes me Fifi again. . . . after so many years. Now it seems to me as if I had never stopped playing the original run of Mlle. Modiste."

She wiped some of the heavy paint from her eyelids and lashes, and her brown eyes sparkled back at her in the mirror. The Fritzi Scheff who startled the audiences of 25 years ago with her vivacity and charm began to emerge from the thick disguise of make-up. "I like myself better without this stuff," said she, wrinkling her tilted nose at the paint.

In a smart little brown dress, hair gleaming, face radiant with good humor, she spoke of her early career.

"I love operetta, and I love Victor Herbert's music, because it is full of melody. Fifi is my favorite role. I first went into operetta because, when I was at the Metropolitan, like all youngsters, I was dissatisfied with my progress—everything would have worked out all right, I suppose—my time would have come—but I was restless. Now I am glad I changed to operetta. It was never a wrench for me because I had done much comic opera. I had never any regrets. I never regret. Today I could go back with the same nonchalance as when I left it."

### MOTHER A PRIMA DONNA

She took up a card from her dressing table, a table littered with costume jewelry. There were other cards. The room was fragrant with many flowers; tea roses in boxes almost carpeted the floor.

"I adore flowers," said Fritzi. "At my country home in Connecticut I cultivate many. I have taken many prizes!" she exclaimed with a naive pride that her success as an operetta "star" (or "favorite" as she prefers to be called because it is more human) doesn't evoke. A glance at some of the trinkets of Fifi called her mind back to Mlle. Modiste and the stage. "I was born with love for the stage in me," she said. "My mother was a prima donna. I have a peculiar feeling about roles. I cannot say that I live a role, because the moment I leave the scene, I am Fritzi again! But when I enter the scene, I become the stage character. The lines make me Fifi, for example, because they must be spoken naturally and with meaning. When Fifi must sell a hat in the shop, I am Fifi; I do not just think, 'Now Fritzi is Fifi, and Fritzi will sell a hat!' Of course, the audience helps me become my role, because the audience accepts me im-

mediately as Fifi, or whatever part I am playing. That they are sure I am Fifi, makes me Fifi."

### "EMOTIONAL CLOTHES"

"Clothes and colors help me become my role, too. There are 'emotional clothes,' as I call them; clothes that demand of one a certain attitude, a certain spirit. There are such elementary things as wearing red when the character should be young and joyous. A Spanish shawl makes every sensitive woman walk more proudly; a large feather fan gives her self-confidence, glamor. Off stage I always wear shades of brown, gold, and tan, and I design many of my costumes myself."

"I never returned to Vienna after the war," she said, and her face clouded suddenly. "Part of one's love for a city dies when all one's friends and people there are gone. I don't like to think 'Here I was happy!' but 'Here I shall be happy!'"

Unconquerable Fritzi.

### SANROMA

At Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon Jesus Maria Sanroma, pianist, played the following program: Bach's Italian Concerto; Schumann's Kreisleriana; Chopin's A flat Ballade, B minor Mazurka, A flat minor Scherzo; Schoenberg's Six Little Pieces; Mallipiero's Omaggio (A un Papagallo, A un Elefante, A un Idioti); Prokofiev's Marche Joyeuse; Villa-Lobos's Polichinelle; Turina's Danza Fantastica; Albeniz's El Puerto; De Falla's Danse Rituelle du Feu.

Returning from an extended concert tour in Europe, the young Costa-Rican pianist, so well known and admired in Boston, was greeted with the utmost cordiality by a very large audience. He brought a varied program of generous dimensions, which ranged from Bach through the romantics to the moderns, with an ample offering of Spanish music as epilogue.

Bach's Italian Concerto tempts many pianists, in its two allegro movements, to a too rapid and inflexibly rhythmed performance. Mr. Sanroma fell into the same error. He had planned its performance well in its broader lines, but excess of speed robbed it of detail and nuance. He played the andante sensitively and tenderly, however, and with beautiful tone.

So long a series of introspective and, for the most part meditative, fragments as Schumann's Kreisleriana holds an audience's attention with difficulty in these days. Mr. Sanroma played much of it beautifully; its more agitated portions tended, however, partly through over-peddaling, to lack clarity. Nor was the pianist as successful in Chopin as he might have been expected to be. A

general excess of speed was once more to blame. Perhaps an excusable nervousness was the cause of the hurried tempi that marred both the clarity and the grace of the Ballade and the Scherzo that he had chosen. A simpler more natural style would have done better justice to the Mazurka.

It was as interpreter of moderns and Spaniards that he was most successful; he is predominantly a young man of today, willing to do his best for Bach and Chopin and Schumann, since he is expected to show homage to these great precursors, but most thoroughly happy with the grotesqueries and ironies, the harder brilliance and more caustic rhythms, the joyous riots of glinting sound and the compact epigrams of today and yesterday.

Schoenberg's admirable miniatures received polished and excellently conceived performance. Mallipiero's amusing pieces, Prokofiev's lively March and his Prelude (somewhat reminiscent of Debussy's Doctor Gradus ad Parnassum) were well served by Mr. Sanroma's imagination and his command of brilliant tone and rhythm. The Polichinelle of Villa-Lobos was a particularly clever piece of suggestive music; the pianist performed it brilliantly.

Among the Spanish pieces that stood at the end of his program, Halffter's aptly named piece, joyously played, proved very pleasing. There was a rhythmic energy, a fire, and a conviction in Mr. Sanroma's playing of this group that particularly roused the enthusiasm of his hearers. He was applauded with prolonged enthusiasm and compelled to add a number of encores, to the enjoyment of an audience that showed no eagerness to leave the hall sooner than it needed. S. S.

### FENWAY

#### "Applause"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Garrett Fort from the novel of the same name by Beth Brown; directed by Robert Mamoulian and presented by Paramount with the following cast: Helen Morgan, Kitty Darling, Joan Peers, April Darling, Fuller Mellich, Jr., Joe King, Jack Canard, Dorothy Cummings, Mother Superior, Dorothy Cummings.

At least three absolutely valid reasons why "Applause" is one of the finest and most significant of the new year's screen products become obvious as this picture unfolds itself at the Fenway.

It gives in crisp, brutal language both of the spoken word and the pictured incident, the truest reflection of the burlesque stage yet seen. It introduces through Mr. Mamoulian a new and bold technique, the use of a roving camera, which co-ordinates with and sets off the pungent dialogue of the players. It presents Helen Morgan and three others, Miss Peers, Mr. Mellich and Mr. Wadsworth, as a quartet whose advent into film ranks should mean much for the advancement of cinematic art.

There is no tiresome low comedian in "Applause." Instead, a mean, slimy leech known as "Hitch" Nelson, who fastens himself on Kitty Darling, blonde burlesque trouper of singularly naive faith in her ability to withstand the ravages of age and to hold her unworthy lover. Soon after her husband is executed for murder, a child is born to her in a dingy theatre dressing room. The girl, April, is sent to a convent later, and Kitty scrimps and saves for the one thing in the world she worships. "I have plans for her," she declares stubbornly, when "Hitch," her paramour, urges that April, now 17, be trained to follow her mother's profession. When she yields and April joins them, "Hitch" becomes offensively demonstrative. One night, after a performance, a manly young sailor named Tony knocks down a sidewalk masquerader, and so impresses April by his honest ardor and his clean mind that she agrees to marry him. "Hitch" is furious, but the mother approves. When later she learns that "Hitch" has simply been using her and that she is no longer wanted by burlesque producers, Kitty takes poison, offering herself as sacrifice that April may find happiness.

There is much more to this sordid story, so honestly and unaffectedly related by the principal players. In a quite inconsequential manner it reminds one of another picture, "The Madonna of Avenue A," in which Louise Dresser, as another burlesque queen, likewise committed suicide for a convent-bred daughter. That was dross compared with "Applause." Miss Morgan makes Kitty Darling a futile, pathetic figure, commanding one's sympathy despite her weaknesses. Miss Peers, in her first picture, acts sincerely and speaks her lines with extraordinary clarity. Mr. Mellich makes "Hitch" thoroughly despicable; Mr. Wadsworth is likable as the sailor lad.

It is the Mamoulian camera, however, which commands our attention. It searches out every nook and corner. It takes one to Brooklyn bridge, for realistic bird's-eye views of New York's towering piles, its bustling water fronts, even the statue of Liberty; it catches the serenity of convent chapel and grounds, then shifts abruptly to the clangor and confusion of an immense railroad terminal; it follows Kitty's filmed eyes as they sweep for the last time along the walls of what she calls her home, picking out this picture and that, reminiscent of tragedy or happiness. The man who hitherto has acquired distinction as stage director for the Theatre Guild seems destined for higher honors in a broader field. He has given the screen camera a new dignity, an enhanced importance.

W. E. G.

### NEW B. F. KEITH'S

#### "The Sky Hawk"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Campbell Gullan and Lewellyn Hughes from the story by Lewellyn Hughes entitled "That Chap Called Bardell," directed by John G. Blystone and presented by William Fox with the following cast:

Jack Bardell.....John Garrick  
Joan Allen.....Helen Chandler  
Major Nelson.....Gilbert Emery  
Lond Bardell.....Lennox Pawle  
Judge Allen.....Lumsden Hare  
Percy Phillips.....Jorge Compton  
Tommy Berry.....Billy Bevan  
Minnie.....Daphne Pollard  
Butler.....Percy Challenger

A few years ago the showing of such a picture as "The Sky Hawk," now to be seen at the New B. F. Keith Theatre, would have aroused tremendous patriotic furore. Loud sounds of wrath would have greeted the sight of the German Zeppelin and its efficient crew and great would have been the rejoicing as the invincible hero finally set the hostile dirigible on fire by a stream of machine gun bullets from his insignificant looking plane. No further proof that the war has long been over is needed than the response of the audience at its first showing. There was intense interest, applause for the really splendid photography and effective situations, but there was no violent outburst of excitement; rather a gasp of mingled relief and regret as the dirigible plunged to earth in flames. The director had the courage and good sense to show that the German airmen were quite as brave and just as good sports as their opponents, and the quiet courage with which they bade one another "Auf wiedersehen" as their craft went up in flames was quite the most moving moment in the course of the film.

The plot briefly, is as follows: A young British aviator, Jack Bardell, disobeys orders by stealing a plane to go and see his fiancée, Joan Allen, just before he is to leave for France. On his

return to the flying field he crashes and is very badly injured, losing the use of his legs. The report gets around that he is a coward and had engineered the smash on purpose. Determined to prove that his accusers are wrong, Jack gets possession of a condemned plane and with the help of his servant, Tommy Berry, puts it in condition. There comes an unexpected Zeppelin raid on London and while the great craft, safely out of reach of the anti-aircraft guns, begins dropping bombs on the helpless city, Jack hauls himself aboard his plane and flies out to do battle.

A fine cast was assembled for the film. A new young leading man, John Garrick, made a manly, likable, not too handsome, but very effective hero, and he was ably assisted by the delicately lovely Helen Chandler as his faithful sweetheart. Three older actors gave excellent performances; Gilbert Emery, as Jack's commanding officer, Lumsden Hare, as Joan's father, and Lennox Pawle as Jack's father. All from the legitimate stage, they showed the advantages of their background by the dignity, poise and naturalness of their acting. E. L. H.

### SCOLLAY SQUARE

#### "The Aviator"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Robert Lord and Arthur Caesar from the play by James Montgomery directed by Robert Lord and presented by Warner Bros. with the following cast:

Robert Street.....Edward Everett Horton  
Grace Douglas.....Patric Ruth  
Hobart.....Johnny Arthur  
Brown.....Leo Minna  
Gordon.....Edward Marland  
Maj. Jules Gailard.....Armand Kahl  
Sam Robinson.....Kewpie Morgan  
John Douglas.....Phillips Smalle  
Brooks.....William Norton Bailie

Last fall Mr. Horton brought to the screen a stage farce called "The Hottentot" in which William Collier, Sr. starred many seasons ago. In it Mr. Horton, as one who hated and feared horses, was forced to pretend that he was a famous gentleman jockey and, to please the girl he adored, to ride a vicious beast called "The Hottentot" in a society-sponsored race. Of course, Mr. Horton escaped with his neck, but he

had many uncomfortable moments before the finish. In "The Aviator" he becomes a reckless stunt flier instead of a demon on horseback. As Robert Street he is forced into awkward and embarrassing situations through the machinations of a friend who has just published a book by an unnamed war ace and has credited the authorship to Street, who, of course, hates the sight of airplanes. Again there is the girl whom Street loves, and deceives. There is a rival, a French flyer, who challenges Street to a stunt contest. All excuses for remaining on the ground failing, Street takes the air, lets his plane run wild and forces the terrified Frenchman to the ground. Street wins the wager and the girl.

James Montgomery wrote "The Aviator" as a farce in 1910. Seven years later its plot was incorporated in a musical comedy called "Going Up," in which Frank Craven had the role of the make-believe airman. In the current screen version Mr. Horton seems to have adhered with commendable faithfulness to the original script, which is consistently amusing. The action is held to brisk tempo, which all farces deserve. The trick shots of the air flights, first when Street goes up alone after posing for a photograph, and later when his runaway plane darts wildly at that of the French ace or dodges mountain tops and sides or sails blithely through and out of a railroad tunnel are realistic enough to excite audiences to hearty laughter. Mr. Horton, master of that air of perplexity and mental befuddlement which invariably is good for ripples of mirth, plays the role of Street briskly and capably. Miss Miller, again simply a feeder to the farceur, has one admirable scene when she repeats a thrilling chapter from the book which causes all the trouble. Mr. Kaliz is a polished Frenchman; the others are discreetly placed as background.

W. E. G.

### KEITH-ALBEE

#### "His First Command"

An all-talking screen drama from the story by Jack Jungmeyer and James Gleason; directed by Gregory La Cava and presented by Pathe with the following cast:

Terry Culver.....William Boyd  
Judy Garland.....Dorothy Sebastian  
Lt. Allen.....Gavin Gordon  
Jane.....Helen Parrish  
Col. Garland.....Alphonse Ethier  
Maj. Hall.....Howard Hickman

Sgt. Westbrook.....Paul Hurst  
Corp. Jones.....Julius Cowley  
Mrs. Pike.....Rose Tapley  
Mrs. Sargent.....Mabel Van Buren  
Homer.....Charles Moore

With William Haines in the navy, another William, Boyd, to be exact, has entered the army and makes things very lively out at Fort Riley. The result is a harmless and fairly amusing entertainment. The one never-failing device to get a laugh in a naval or military story, is to have a hard-boiled



Jan 12 1936

# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

"The Drunkard, or the Fallen Saved" was revived in New York on Dec. 30 at the MacDougal Street Playhouse. We regret to say that the critics did not take this moral play seriously; nor did the play bill give the name of the author. Was this a slam at Boston? It was here that the play was produced.

It was written by W. H. Smith. It decided the fate of the "Boston Museum and Gallery of Fine Arts," which was opened by Moses Kimball and associates in 1841 in the building at the corner of Tremont and Bromfield streets. There were all sorts of entertainments in the first years including the Indian Warriors and Squaws, the Mysterious Gypsy Girl, and Maj. Stevens's Diorama of the Battle of Bunker Hill. It was in 1843 that "legitimate drama" was produced there. "The Drunkard" attracted in 1844 a great number of visitors to the Museum.

For many years this moral play was popular in New York where it was performed in 1850 (June 14), at the Chatham Theatre and in the same month of 1850 at Barnum's Museum, where William R. Goodall took the part of Edward Middleton who was tempted by the rascally lawyer Cribbs to his drunken downfall. Goodall, according to contemporaneous accounts, was a brilliant and handsome actor with a musical and powerful voice. "He had too many friends, however, and gave himself up to dissipation, ceased to study, depended solely upon his fine instincts to produce those effects which, in men less prodigally gifted, can only be attained by days and nights of toil."

The question naturally comes up, was his performance in "The Drunkard" painfully realistic, or did the role of Middleton lead the actor into the downward path?

There was a real drunkard when Artemus Ward and one Billson produced this play. Let Artemus tell the tale.

"My ideas of a well-balanced mind differs from the ideas of a partner. I once had, whose name was Billson. Billson and me organized a strolling dramatic company & we played The Drunkard or the Falling Saved, with a real Drunkard. The play didn't take particularly, and says Billson to me, Let's give 'em some immoral drams. We had a large troop onto our hands, consistin of eight tragedians and a bass drum, but I says, No, Billson; and then says I, Billson, you hain't got a well balanced mind. Says he, Yes, I have, old hoss-fly (he was a low cuss)—yes, I have. I have a mind, says he, that balances in any direction that the public rekires. That's wot I calls a well-balanced mind. I sold out and bid adoo to Billson. He is now an outcast in the State of Vermont. The miser'ble man once played Hamlet. There wasn't any orchestra, and wishin to expire to slow moosic, he died playin on a clairo-nett himself, interspersed with hart-rendin groans."

The play first seen at the Boston Museum was not the only one with a title in which the word "Drunkard" was prominent. Benjamin Webster's version of "L'Assommoir" (the French play based on Zola's novel and best known in this country by Charles Reade's version "Drink," in which Charles Warner gave a remarkable performance of Coupeau) was entitled "The Drunkard." Another version of the French play was "The Drunkard's Doom, or the Devil's Chain." Then there were "The Drunkard's Children," "The Drunkard's Daughter," "The Drunkard's Doom" (not "L'Assommoir"), "The Drunkard's Glass," "The Drunkard's List," "The Drunkard's Warning." Other versions of "L'Assommoir" were entitled "Del Trem; or the Power of Drink" and "Destroyed by Drink." Was there ever a drama entitled "The Demon Rum"? or one called "One Night in Ten Barrooms"?

This reminds us that "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room, or Ruined by Drink" was revived in London on Jan. 1, and done in the manner of a provincial stock company of the period. Among the songs introduced were: "Don't sell no more drink to my father" and "Don't go out tonight, dear father." Each member of the cast did a turn between the acts.

Messrs. Morley and Throckmorton produced at Hoboken last month that grand old "historic, patriotic and sentimental melodrama 'The Blue and the Gray, or War's Hell.'" The part of Helen Dunbar, the Georgia heroine, was taken by a young woman rejoicing in the name of Panagiotopoulos (Pan for short), who was born at Nashville, where her father was a Greek consul for the southern states.

The war play we should like to see is "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh" which was performed by the villagers of Northampton in the sixties with thrilling effect. Butcher and baker, clerk and manufacturer, whether on the Northern or the Confederate side, were heavily whiskered. Who wrote this play which was a favorite with amateurs of New England? Was it ever performed by professionals? And who wrote "Pretty Panther" in which Dolly Bidwell, as in "Strathmore," fascinated schoolboys at Phillips Exeter Academy in the beginning of the seventies?

W. G. writes from Newton Highlands to The Herald:

"The stories about Pop Gallagher excited my keen interest, particularly as he mentioned Mose Fiske, an old-time comedian, whom I met in the old Theatre Royal, Halifax, N. S., where he ran a stock company a couple of seasons about 1869-70. I happened as a kid during a school vacation to get employment ushering and helping Nick Davenport, a clever member of the company, to assist him as 'amateur' scenic artist—to do the little urgent scenic work required. I may state it gave me the opportunity to meet in after years many now famous people. In Mose Fiske's company was no less a star than Willie Seymour—boy actor—mighty clever too, and strange to say, a few years after that we met again when Willie was playing utility at the New Academy of Music, St. John, N. B. Marian Fiske was a daughter of Mose—not Mae Fiske, as remembered by Mr. Gallagher.

"Many were the stories of jolly Mose Fiske, of the little disturbance, if I remember right, when Mose in 'Still Waters Run Deep,' brought on stage an ice cream of cotton wool on a tray—some wag set fire to it! Willie Seymour, still alive at Duxbury, could tell us some more."

Mr. Roy Mitchell in his study of present theatrical conditions—"Creative Theatre," has this to say: "There are in the theatre four possible policies: The first is to make a play and tour it. This is a mere vagrancy. The second is to get a play ready and run it until it drops dead. This is called the long

run system. The third is to make a series of plays at regular or nearly regular intervals and, keeping them all in hand, to play them on different nights of the week, allotting more nights to the newer or the more popular, and fewer to the older and less popular, until, when a play falls below the dead-line of earnings, it is dropped—perhaps forever, perhaps only until the people who stayed away from it forget why. This is called repertory. The fourth is to make a series of plays at regular intervals, play each for its time, and take it off to make way for the new production. This is called-stock. I have been thus explicit because many persons and some dictionaries are vague on the subject. . . . Repertory is a compromise. . . . It is a theatre of knowing what you want to do, but not being sure how long you want to do it, a theatre of one ear to the ground, a theatre of cutting up dead plays for bait. It recognizes a cycle of creation as being vital to the theatre, but recognizes no similar cycle of relegation. It is a theatre of actors who will not take a chance on your finding out how good they were, but must show you. This theatre has a diminished place for the trader. He cannot play roulette with it, but he can still get a good game of lotto. . . . The great argument against it (the repertory theatre) for an American city is that by nostretch of imagination can it earn the special revenue that will meet its special running costs if its scenic production is to be in any sense adequate. Those who value a theatre but will not come to it in, let us say, a month of playing, will be too few to warrant angling for with so costly a mechanism." In his preface Mr. Mitchell says: "The Boston Repertory Theatre, a grown-up and established stock company, has proven how secure a place a responsible theatre can win in the life of a city." We regret to see that Mr. Mitchell wrote "proven," not "proved."

Mr. Ivor Brown, the accomplished dramatic critic of the Observer (London) and the London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, has been reading Eugene O'Neill's "Lazarus Laughed" and "Dynamo." He finds the two plays disconcerting, to say the least of them. "Lazarus," judged on its intellectual content, is the "flabbiest stuff that Mr. O'Neill has given us. But not cruder than its companion piece 'Dynamo.' What strikes one here is the rawness." The raw son of the raw preacher courts the raw daughter of the raw atheist. "The boy evidently suffers from a species of religious mania and falls prostrate in the presence of batteries, dynamos, and so on. Fortunately for his friends and relatives, he kills himself; they always do in plays; it is only in life that half-wits and neurotics not only live on, but outlive the useful members of the family. Mr. O'Neill used to handle raw types plausibly, but on this occasion he has lost his grip altogether. 'Dynamo' reads like the first effort of a first-year student. Mr. O'Neill has turned out plays rapidly during recent years. He might do well to sit back a little and look on, for he has known greatness, and the new two plays are utterly false to his previous standards of achievement."

There is question of an actors' trade union in London on lines similar to the American Actors' Equity. Miss Marie Burke spoke right out in meeting: "We must sink any snobbish feeling and realize that this is a business we are in. To most of us it is our bread and butter."

The Music-Hall Ladies' Guild of London recently had a supper and dance in aid of orphans of variety artists. The president said that variety artists were in a most appalling state of poverty. "Miss Albert announcing donations, said she had received by air mail a letter from Sir Harry Lauder promising a subscription of five guineas. ('No,' and laughter)."

"The Ghost Train" was revived in London for the holiday season.

The French version of "Journey's End" was performed for the 100th time in Paris on Dec. 18; but in England Capt. Edward Unwin, R. N., who gained the Victoria Cross at Gallipoli, speaking at Sheffield, protested against the way in which the English soldier is drawn in that play. He said it gave him a horrible feeling to see Englishmen so depicted. Englishmen did not behave like that in the war. It was not necessary for them to get drunk to do their job."

## THE COMING OF GLAZOUNOV

Alexander Glazounov, born at St. Petersburg now Leningrad, in 1865, one of the most prominent of Russian composers, director of the Leningrad Conservatory even before the revolution, conducted in this country for the first time on Nov. 21 of last year. The place was Detroit, for Mr. Gabrilowitch had been a pupil of his in orchestration; the orchestra was the Detroit Symphony orchestra, of which Mr. Gabrilowitch is the conductor. Mr. Glazounov then led his 6th Symphony, which is on the program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts this week, when Mr. Glazounov will also conduct his violin concerto (Mr. Benno Rabinooff, violinist), and his symphonic poem, "Stenka Razin." The three works have already been performed in Boston. Mr. Glazounov conducted at his own concert at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on Dec. 3.

Mr. Glazounov's father was a prosperous bookseller and publisher at St. Petersburg under the imperial regime. As a little boy Alexander was chiefly interested in pictures, but having taken piano lessons he attracted the attention of Balakirev, who was a friend of the boy's mother. She was of a musical nature. As Alexander showed unusual gifts for composition, Balakirev took him to Rimsky-Korsakov. The latter wrote about their meeting in his book, "My Musical Life":

"Casually, Balakirev once brought me the composition of a 14 or 15-year-old high school student, Sascha Glazounov. It was an orchestral score written in childish fashion. The boy's talent was indubitably clear. Shortly afterward (in the season of 1879-80), Balakirev introduced him, that he might take up his studies with me. While giving lessons in elementary theory to his mother, Eleyena Pavlovna Glazounova, I began also to teach the youthful Sascha. He was a charming boy with beautiful eyes, who played the piano very clumsily; N. N. Elyenowsky taught him piano playing. Elementary theory and solfeggio proved unnecessary for him, as he had a superior ear, and Elyenowsky had covered harmony also with him to a certain extent.

"After a few lessons in harmony I took him directly into counterpoint, to which he applied himself zealously. Besides, he always showed me his improvisations and jotted down fragments of minor pieces. Thus work at counterpoint and composition went on simultaneously. In moments of leisure Sascha Glazounov played a good deal, and on his own initiative constantly acquainted himself with musical literature. At that time he was particularly fond of Liszt. His musical development progressed not by the day, but literally by the hour."

Glazounov was only 16 when he brought to Rimsky-Korsakov the sketch for his first symphony. The work, completed in 1882, was performed the same year under the direction of Balakirev at a concert of the Free



school of Music in St. Petersburg. "The audience was astonished," wrote Rimsky-Korsakov, "when the composer, in a student's uniform, appeared on the stage in response to calls for him." It was rumored, unjustly, that the youth's parents had paid Rimsky to write the symphony and put Alexander's name to it. Later the road to fame was made easier for the young musician through his friendship with Belaiev, who, having succeeded to the business and fortune of his father—a timber merchant—became an ardent supporter of Russian music, and founded a music publishing business in Leipzig, which brought out the works of Glazounov, Rimsky-Korsakov, Borodin and others of the national school.

Borodin interested himself in Glazounov's works, and brought them to the attention of Liszt. It was due to his influence that the young man's first symphony was produced at Weimar in 1884. Thereafter Glazounov's rise was rapid and continuous. His works were performed in every country of Europe, and he was invited to conduct his own music at the Paris Exposition of 1889. In 1900 Glazounov was invited to join the faculty of the St. Petersburg (Leningrad) Conservatory as professor of instrumentation and score-reading. Five years later, Rimsky-Korsakov resigned the directorship of the institution, and Glazounov succeeded him.

In 1891 the following cablegram, dated St. Petersburg, Oct. 8, was published in the newspapers of this city:

"A profound sensation was created here today. A young woman from Moscow was arrested, charged with being a Nihilist. She confessed, and admitted that she had left a trunk at the house of a well-known composer, Glazounov, in which was a revolutionary proclamation. The police proceeded to Glazounov's house and found the trunk. Glazounov protested his innocence, declaring that he was utterly ignorant of the contents of the trunk. He was nevertheless compelled to deposit as bail 15,000 roubles, in order to avoid arrest pending inquiries to be made in the case."

Glazounov suffered only temporary inconvenience. He was not imprisoned in the fortress of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, nor was he sent to Siberia; and later he wrote a cantata for the coronation of the present Tsar. In March, 1905, he, Liadov, and other leading teachers of the conservatory, espoused the cause of Rimsky-Korsakov, who was ejected from the conservatory for his sympathy with the students in political troubles, and they resigned their positions. But Glazounov was soon appointed director. He at once reinstated Rimsky-Korsakov as a teacher of composition. The catalogue of his works is long and varied, eight symphonies, two piano concertos, a violin concerto, many orchestral pieces, ballets, music for stage plays, cantatas, much chamber music, piano pieces, songs. It was once said of him that he had found in the ballet the fullest and freest form of expression—not the ballet as it was known in this country before the Russians visited us—foolish scenarios, performances that were often awkward, dull or the "labored intrepidity of indecorum," but the gorgeous ballets of St. Petersburg in the years of the Tsars. For the world's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893 he wrote a triumphal march for orchestra and chorus which was performed. He had been commissioned to do this by Theodore Thomas.

He completed works left behind by Borodin—the opera "Prince Igor"—he wrote out the overture to it from memory—and the fragments of Borodin's third symphony.

At first Glazounov was given to fantastic and imaginative music. His

suites and tone-poems told of carnivals, funerals, the voluptuous east, the forest with wood sprites, water nymphs, and will-of-the-wisps, the ocean, the Kremlin of Moscow with all its holy and dramatic associations. "S'enka Razin" is built on three themes: the first is the melancholy song of the barge-men of the Volga; the second theme, short, savage, bizarre, typifies the hero who gives his name to the piece; and the third, a seductive melody, pictures in tones the captive Persian princess. The chant of the barge-men is that which vitalizes the orchestral piece. It is forever appearing, transformed in a thousand ways. The river is personified. It is alive, enormous. One is reminded of Gogol's description of another Russian stream: "Marvellous is this river in peaceful weather, when it rolls at ease through forests and between mountains. You look at it, and you do not know whether it moves or not, such is its majesty. You would say that it were a road of blue ice, immeasurable, endless, sinuously making its way through verdure. What a delight for the broiling sun to cool his rays in the freshness of clear water, and for the trees on the bank to admire themselves in that looking-glass, the giant that he is! There is not a river like unto this one in the world."

Alfred Bruneau wrote in his "Musiques de Russie et Musiciens de France" (Paris, 1903), after a short study of the "Big Five"—Balakirev, Borodin, Moussorgsky, Cui and Rimsky-Korsakov, who could not endure the name of Anton Rubinstein as a composer, and looked skew-eyed at Tchaikovsky as a "cosmopolite"—these words concerning Glazounov: "His instrumentation has marvellous clearness, logic and strength, and a brilliance that sometimes dazzles. His sureness of hand is incomparable. But, to say everything—and I have the habit of saying everything—I wish that his truly extraordinary activity might slacken a little to the advantage of a high originality which I believe is in him, but to which he does not give the opportunity for a complete manifestation. He should fulfil the promise of his beginning; he should be the creator on whom we reckon—in a word, the man of his generation, a generation younger than that of the composers who were at first his counsellors. The new years, continuing the eternal evolution of ideas, necessitate new attempts."

It was said of Glazounov later with reference to his fourth symphony:

"At this stage the composer has already travelled far; on the road still before him he is to purify the elements of his creative substance and to divest it of everything which is not essentially musical. 'He has abandoned,' says Rimsky-Korsakov 'the thickets of "The Forest," the depths of "The Sea" and the walls of "The Kremlin"; in the last named the musical reflection of the program, indicated by headings, has become quite faint; the romanticism of the andante of the fifth symphony of "Raymonda," of the sixth symphony and the "Middle Ages" suite is not in the vein of the contemporary descriptive composers. Glazounov has already gone far towards purging himself; he is already nearing his promised land, wherein music is absolutely self-sufficing, in the seventh symphony. With the eighth he reaches his destination."

The concerts of this week will acquaint Bostonians with composers hitherto known only by name. The Society of Ancient Instruments will present at Mr. Schelling's concert for children next Saturday morning Mour

Jean Joseph Mouret, born at Avignon, the son of a merchant, died a madman in an asylum at Charenton in 1738. Having composed a young man, he went to Paris in 1767, where his personal appearance gained him many friends. He was soon appointed musical director of the Duchesse du Maine. He composed music for the magnificent fetes given by her, and his compositions for them were known as "Nuits de Sceaux." Six or seven operas and ballets were performed at the Paris Grand Opera House. He wrote music also for stage plays, cantatas, songs (among the drinking songs), sonatas, etc. He was named the king's musician, director of the Concert Spirituel, composer for the Comedie Italienne, but he was suddenly deprived of the last two offices. The Duc du Maine died, and Mouret lost his position with the duchess. Thus his income of about 50,000 francs was taken from him, nor did the yearly pension of 1000 francs granted him by the Prince de Carignan arouse him from despondency. His misfortune gave way. His madness was made known at a performance when he had a chorus by Rameau, "Brisons nos fers." He did not cease singing the until his death. His opera-ballet, "Les Fêtes de Thalie," produced at the Paris Opera in 1714, was remarkable for this: It was the first time the lyric comedy was allowed on that stage. The prologue was made in explanation and as an apology for "this audacity."

The name of Heitor Villa-Lobos appears on the programs of Miss N. and Mr. Sanroma. He was born at Rio Janeiro in 1890 and studied there as pianist and a folklorist he has composed four operas, and three ballets, cantatas, much chamber music, and orchestral pieces of which an Air and dance and the eighth of his "Choros" performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra so disturbed the equanimity of Philadelphians comfortably full of pepper pot and scrapple that there was hissing, which grieved good Stokowsky.

A string quartet by Vittorio Rieti will be played on Wednesday night by the Musical Art Quartet. Born at Alexandria, Egypt, of Italian parents, studied first at Milan, later with Respighi at Rome. His "Noah's Ark" orchestra, and concerto for woodwind and orchestra have been performed in this country. His ballet, "Barabau," was performed at London in 1925. He has written in large and small form.

sergeant or boatswain take offence at the hero's behavior and lose no opportunities to bawl him out. In this case the mirth is supplied by Paul Hurst, as Sergt. Westbrook, who has any amount of fun putting the easy-going and inefficient William through his paces. The audience particularly enjoyed watching him salute a wooden post, christened "Gen. Pershing," 100 times, because he had been impertinent, quite innocently, to the colonel.

Special acknowledgements are made at the beginning of the film to the officers and men of Fort Riley, for their interest and co-operation in helping with the picture. Gratitude has seldom been better bestowed, for the scenes in which the trained cavalrymen take part are very striking. There is a fine parade and review, taken in natural color, and a splendid cross-country steeplechase that is enough in itself to make any story worthwhile. The horses scramble up steep banks, down rocky slopes, sail over fences and water-jumps in such a way as to make the behavior of the actors seem singularly unimportant.

William Boyd, as Terry Culver, spoiled and wealthy youth, arrives out in Kansas on a pleasure trip, meets a pretty girl and joins the army because she thinks it is a good thing for a man to do. He has a checkered career but finally learns to ride, when he is not sending the girl orchids, and develops into a pretty good soldier. During the great steeplechase of the year from which he is debarré after fighting with an officer, he saves the life of the heroine's niece, who carelessly went riding over the course and fell accidentally from her horse. In the end, of course, he gets his commission and his lady. Boyd gave an easy and agreeable performance, and Dorothy Sebastian was attractive enough to make any man go to desperate lengths. E. L. H.

14 1930

By PHILIP HALE  
HOLLIS STREET THEATRE —  
"Pygmalion," a comedy in five acts by George Bernard Shaw, performed by the Theatre Guild, Inc., of New York.

The cast was as follows:

Clara Hill	Phyllis Connard
Mrs. Eynsford Hill	Winifred Hanley
A bystander	P. J. Kelly
Freddy Hill	Geoffrey Harwood
Eliza Doolittle	Frieda Inescort
Col. Pickering	Percy Waram
Another bystander	Maurice Wells
The sarcastic bystander	Edgar Kent
Henry Higgins	Elliot Cabot
Mrs. Pearce	Ruby Hallier
Alfred Doolittle	Dudley Digges
Mrs. Higgins	Jane Wheatley
The maid	Margaret de Mille

It was a joyous audience last night. No doubt many had seen the play; more had read it; but this is one of Shaw's plays that will not grow stale, for, although he himself says that it is didactic, it is eminently human, and there is a tenderness in it that leads one to agree with a critic who has said that Shaw is at heart a sentimentalist. The old story of Pygmalion and the statue has been treated in many ways in many lands; by some melodramatically; by some farcically; by others cynically.

## FRITZI SCHEFF, AN IMPRESSION

(By JOAN DICK)

Fritzi Scheff, like Einstein, evolved a theory of time which is a new sound. Completely indifferent to the gentle joy of reminiscence, the mapping out of future plans, lives entirely in the present moment. Her audiences flock to the theatre to have the past revived for them. During the overture they recall, with a in the eye, the incredible Fifi of 1929. They remember the haughty insistence and clarity of her voice, the provocative lure of her profile, was a known fact in those days, the measurement of her waist was inches. Her wealth of hair enabled her to support a towering pompadour without the aid of artificial contrivances. She used to wear a gold Worth gown in the last act, a ribbon around her shoulder to wait on which were pinned her decorations. These were jewels, diamond horse-shoes and the fashion in those days. The story was that these were sent to the clerks by mistake one day with the dress, but were returned intact. At the end of each act the ushers would race the aisles, bearing large floral trays and Fifi would fling the flowers to the outstretched, white-gloved hands of young people and their chaperones.

When Fifi steps on to the stage day, it is seen that her hair is both her figure is of 1929, and she wears inevitable ropes of mock pearls. her voice and profile are the same. When she sings she is not evoking past self, nor trying to remember her voice used to sound. This is a revival for her, or a re-incarnation. She is singing for the first time haunting melody and making for present generation the insistent demand, "Kiss Me, Kiss Me Again." Miss Scheff has been asked if she regretted giving up an operatic career; had grown tired of vaudeville; never regrets and scarcely remembers. Today she is playing her favorite role; she also has a motor car of her own and a place in the country. In spite of pecuniary inducement, she has decided to keep out of the movies as she does not take a good picture. There are many such important questions which a leading lady is called upon to decide quickly. Miss Scheff was in Vienna when "The Merry Widow" first produced. Charles Dillingham called her to see it and decide if she wished to take the part in an American production. She called back, "good enough for a star!"

During her long experience on stage Miss Scheff has found that practical is temperamental. The only way to get things done, but is also tiring.



Now Eliza Doolittle was not a statue who needed a miracle to turn her into a creature of flesh and blood. As she kept saying, she was a good girl, susceptible to kindness even in her low estate. Her Pygmalion was the incarnation of selfishness and egotism. Did Shaw intend to satirize a learned profession? Or to show the folly of trying to raise a humble girl above her station? Or to prove that a flower girl taught to speak the language of the respectable classes that her father despised could be more of a woman if he had the opportunity than the high born dames whom she had been taught to copy in carriage, behavior and speech? Shaw wrote a preface to the play, amusing no doubt, but we have not read it, so we are without his own explanation if he made one. But from her prefaces one has learned that the play which follows does not always answer his prefatory scenario and comments.

Others have experimented for their scientific pleasure or from charitable motives, trying to make silk purses out of sow's ears, often with lamentable results. The failures have sometimes been cruel; the successes have not always brought happiness. One of the most charming heroines in fiction is the girl in Besant and Rile's "Golden Butterfly," who had purposely not been taught to read and write. Education, in "Pygmalion," has more than once turned the patient against the specialist and brought bitterness of soul.

The final scene between Eliza and Higgins shows Shaw as a sentimentalist reserving his sanity and worldly wisdom. No woman could have been happy with Higgins; she might have been happy with Pickering who, from the beginning of the experiment, proved himself a good sort; she was sure to be happy with Freddy. Has any one of the old glossarists told us about the life of the statue after she was warmed by the sculptor's embrace? As for the delightful Doolittle, he is Shaw's mouthpiece for his thrusts at middle-class respectability; but unlike some of the dramatist's mouthpieces he is never so lame.

The play was capably acted and it moved at a rapid pace. One might say that in the opening scene Miss Inescort overacted, that her screaming speech was for the most part unintelligible, and not merely on account of the Cockney twist; but she played the following acts so admirably, with such womanly understanding that it would be unfair to dwell on her first scene. Especially good was her final talk with Pickering and Higgins.

The men were well portrayed by Messrs Cabot and Waram. Higgins's lack of manners was not unduly accentuated; his conceit, his disregard for the feelings of others, his total misunderstanding of Eliza's nature—these were vividly portrayed; yet Mr. Cabot did not allow the audience to look on Higgins as a disagreeable cad, which he was in his treatment of the girl.

Eliza's father as portrayed by Mr. Digges was not a caricature. Though the actor drew the portrait boldly, it was not a farcical sketch. An entertaining fellow, half-rogue as he confessed, but with Shaw's words in his mouth, most entertaining in his scolding, and his philosophical view of life. Miss Wheatley was a gracious lady of high breeding, understanding the vagaries of her son yet shocked by his actions and his lack of feeling; while Miss Hallier was the type of housekeeper not unknown to those of us who have suffered from her interference with our personal affairs.

#### THIS WEEK'S STAGE

PLAY—"The Middle Watch," nautical fourth week.  
LLIS STREET—"Pygmalion," Shaw's, with the Theatre Guild Acting Company.  
JESTIC—"Mlle. Modiste," Victor Herlihy, comic opera, with Fritz Scheff; last week.  
MOUTH—"The House of Fear," mystery, last week.  
BERT—"Pleasure Round," revue, Phil Baker, second week.  
EMONT—"Hot Chocolates," colored fourth week.  
The Colonial, Schubert Lirie and other theatres are dark.

#### RITA NEVE

Neve, English pianist, played in hall last night. Her program the following: Corelli-Godowsky, Beethoven, Sonate Pathetique; Scott, Lotus Land; John Ireland, muffled; Norman Demuth, Poem; Edwin Benbow, A Dripping Tap; Holbrooke, La Fantastique; Poldowski, Calendonian Market (1. Street; 2. Mouth Organs, 3. Child going to a Cat. 4. Musical Box. 5. Bouncing Ball, 6. Pictures of us); Albeniz, Seguidillas; H. Villa, A prole de Bebe (No. 1); Sidney Rosenbloom, Etude Appassionnate; 3 Preludes, Valse in E minor.

Nocturne in D flat, Grand Polonaise in A flat.

With the exception of Corelli's pleasant Angelus, which Godowsky had tractfully modernized until it sounded like minor Mendelssohn (though it did contain a few chord sequences on which Felix might have frowned), the older part of Miss Neve's program was evidently of a banality which only the most accomplished performance could overcome. Would Miss Neve succeed in disentangling the Pathetique or the A flat Polonaise, for instance, from the painful memories of schoolgirl fumbling that surround them. Alas, she did not. Neither by unusual insight nor by remarkable competence did she explain her decision to play these pieces.

Miss Neve's English group disclosed nothing of commanding interest. Cyril Scott's sugared Orientalism and John Ireland's thinly disguised poverty have not even novelty to recommend them, for both Lotus Land and Ragamuffin must be at least 10 years old now. Demuth's Poem (dedicated to Miss Neve) was an elaborate piece of sonorous and gloomy romanticism. Benbow's Dripping Tap was more faithful as imitation than interesting music. Holbrooke's La Fantastique was a labored effort by the composer of many ponderous operas and orchestral tone poems based upon Celtic mythology and the author of an exuberantly ungrammatical book on Modern British Composers, chiefly notable for its picturesque flings at the critics who have neglected their genius. Poldowski (Lady Dean Paul's) suite of impressions of the Caledonian market showed the surest hand and the liveliest imagination of this group of writers. Sidney Rosenbloom's Etude proved to be an effective piece of elaborately figured writing in a vein not notably new.

In these pieces and those of Albeniz and Villa-Lobos, Miss Neve displayed a fluent but none too accurate technique and a somewhat modest share of other pianistic and musical qualities.

She was generously applauded by a fairly large audience. S. S.

#### LOEW'S STATE

##### "Dynamite"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Anne Bauchens from the original story by Jeanie MacPherson; directed by Cecil B. De Mille and presented by Metro Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:  
Cynthia Crothers ..... Conrad Nagel  
Haxon Derk ..... Kay Johnson  
Marcia Towne ..... Charles Bickford  
Katie Derk ..... Julia Faye  
Marco ..... Muriel McCormack  
Joe McGree

Enough, even of a good thing, is as good as a feast, while too much is apt to drag, even in the hands of as experienced a director as Cecil B. De Mille. All this means that "Dynamite," which is an unusually interesting film as it stands, would be much better if it were cut down nearly by half. From an hour and a quarter to an hour and a half is about all that the average moving picture audience wants, and two hours and a quarter of one film is just a little too much. Mr. De Mille has taken an excellent cast, an exciting if not quite plausible story and lavished on them all the resources of trick photography and skilled direction at his command. The only trouble is that he did not quite know when to stop.

For the two leading roles he chose with even greater wisdom than he could have guessed. Kay Johnson and Charles Bickford, both of the legitimate stage, turn in performances that are so good one wonders where they have been all this time that no watchful star-snooper has hitherto failed to snap them up. Miss Johnson even succeeds in making that most objectionable of people, a spoiled society girl, sympathetic, amusing, attractive and likable. Mr. Bickford, who is cut rather on the George Bancroft model, gives a stalwart impersonation of a noble miner who finds himself married to a butterfly and doesn't quite know what to do about it. Conrad Nagel is not too happy as a flippant man-about-town, and Julia Faye is excellent in the role of his mercenary wife. One small but astonishingly vivid bit is contributed by Leslie Fenton, described on the program as a "vulture," meaning a cynical, contemptuous youth who bullies a cowardly acquaintance into confessing to the crime for which Mr. Bickford had nearly been hanged. It is about time someone "discovered" Mr. Fenton and gave him a real part.

Kay Johnson plays a sophisticated and headstrong girl forced by the provisions of her grandfather's will to be married and living with her husband on her 23rd birthday, on penalty of forfeiting her inheritance. She is in love with Roger Towne, Conrad Nagel, whose wife refuses to divorce him soon enough. Kay, in desperation, marries a condemned criminal, Haxon Derk, Charles Bickford, who is about to be hanged for murder. He is reprieved at the last moment, however, and bursts

into one of her fashionable parties, abuses her guests, flings her money in her face and goes home to his coal mine and his little sister.

Kay follows, still pursuing the legacy, and he agrees to let her stay if she will keep house for him. Her attempts are not altogether successful but they are coming to a better understanding when they have a tiff and Kay sends for Conrad. Before they go away, Conrad insists that they go down into the mine and break the news to Charles. While they are there comes an explosion and all three are trapped a thousand feet underground. The only way of escape is by exploding a stick of dynamite with a sledge-hammer which will cost the life of the man who strikes it. The men quarrel over it, but by a trick Conrad is the one to sacrifice himself, since he discovers that it is Charles whom Kay really loves. These scenes underground are well-done and dramatic, but the first part of the film is much too dragged-out, owing to the insistence on the unlikely doings of the idle and sinful rich.—E. L. H.

#### BACH CANTATA CLUB

The Bach Cantata Club, meeting for the third time in public, sang last night in Emmanuel Church, Newbury street. G. Wallace Woodworth was the conductor; the soloists were Amy B. Townsend, soprano, Nancy Loring, alto, George Boynton, tenor, and James H. Townsend, bass. The instrumental accompaniment was provided by Lowell T. Beveridge, organist, and by a small orchestra. The program opened by the playing of a choral prelude from Bach's Orgelbuchlein, contained a chorale built by the 19th century Kocher upon a late 16th century melody by Gastaldi, Bach's Cantata, No. 95—"Christus, der ist mein Leben," a motet by the 17th century Schuetz and another by Brahms, and, in conclusion, another Bach cantata, No. 79—"The Lord is a Sun and a Shield."

Rarely is it possible in these days to hear any of the nearly 200 cantatas into which Bach put some of his most significant work. Those who speak easily of the supreme greatness of Bach do little more than echo the judgment of others if they speak only (as they generally do), from a partial acquaintance with a few of the preludes and fugues from the well-tempered Clavier, an occasional Brandenburg Concerto and so forth. Special gratitude is due therefore to those who go to the trouble of preparing and performing other of the Leipzig Cantata's almost innumerable works, whether it be the recently-heard Kunst der Fuge or the two cantatas heard last night in so apt and pleasing a setting.

In the first of them particularly the emotional and dramatic power of the form was displayed. The alternations of spiritual exaltation and deep resignation conveyed by the recitatives and airs, the imper earnestness of the interspersed chorales, did not fall of their effect. The excellence of Mr. Boynton's singing here deserved special mention for its admirable phrasing and its expressive intensity.

The second of the cantatas, composed to be sung at the Leipzig Reformation Festival in 1735, and correspondingly joyful in its mood, is especially noteworthy for the elaborate fugal chorus with which it opens, for an expressive bass air, and for a remarkably beautiful duet for soprano and bass. Here too is the famous choral "Nun danket alle Gott."

The motet "Wer will uns schelcken" by Heinrich Schuetz proved rich in interest and in expressive quality, and a

tinge of archaism lent it additional charm. Brahms's Geistliches Lied failed to interest or please in this context as much as it might. Perhaps defects of performance were also to blame.

The singing of the chorals, but for lack of incisiveness of tone quality, was in general more than adequate. S. S.

#### RECEPTION GIVEN IN HONOR OF GLAZOUNOW

Noted Russian Composer Guest of N. E. Conservatory

In honor of Alexander Glazounow, eminent Russian composer, the director and faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music gave a reception in George W. Brown hall at the conservatory yesterday afternoon.

At the tea table were Mrs. George W. Chadwick, Mrs. Ralph L. Flanders, Mrs. Wallace Goodrich, Mrs. Timothee Adamowski, Mrs. Albert Lothian and Miss Elizabeth L. Samuel. Practically all the members of the faculty and many officers and members of the conservatory alumni association were in attendance.

Among the invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Binney, Mrs. de Menocal, Clarence W. Colburn, Emor H. Harding, Prof. and Mrs. Edward Burlington Hill, Miss Mahel W. Daniels, Mrs. Chester B.

Humphrey, Prof. and Mrs. Walter R. Spalding, Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Sawyer, Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Taft, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Woodworth, Miss Mary E. Williams, Mrs. J. Lovell Little, E. Howard Gay, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Wellington.

#### MUSICAL ART QUARTET

The second of three concerts by the Musical Art Quartet took place last night at Jordan hall. The program consisted of a quartet in G major of Mozart, quartet in F of Rieti, a young Italian of skilled and neat talent, and quartet, opus 41, No. 3 of Schumann.

The Musical Art Quartet, while it did some splendid playing in the Rieti and in the Schumann, showed itself to be still four persons—four good players and musicians, but still four individuals. It has not yet any distinguished musical entity. Hence, the playing of the quartet is spotty. In the adagio molto and in the assai agitato movements of the Schumann they played with warm tone, fullness and vigor. In the Rieti they gave sharpness, clarity, and wit to the spicy short phrases of the allegro and the allegretto, and sensuous atmosphere to the notturno. But the Mozart was too tenuous. It needed buoyancy, but not transparency, and grace, but not softness. Too often phrases were made meaningless by misplaced diminuendi; the jollity of fast movements was lost in a jumble of unaccented runs; attacks were slippery.

But the strong virtues of the organization . . . individual musicianship, an ensemble that improves constantly, and tones that are separately lovely and blended, interesting . . . will lift it over the occasional roughnesses and imperfections of a young quartet.

A large audience enjoyed the concert and applauded the artists. The last concert of the series will take place March 12. E. B.

#### POVLA FRIJSH

To a crowded Jordan Hall, Povla Frijsh, soprano, sang last night the following program: Torelli, Arietta; Handel, Air de Poppee; Schubert, Der Lindenbaum, Rastlose Liebe; Debussy, Le Balcon, Mandoline; Faure, En Priere; Laparra, Lettre a une Espagnole; Dupont, Chanson des Noisettes; Brahms, Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer, Sandmaennchen, Sehnsucht; Sverre Jordan, Lullaby, Paul Scherbeck, Song on the River; Grieg, With a Primrose, I Greet Ye, Beautiful Ladies.

Mme. Frijsh did not disappoint the unusually distinguished audience which the memory (and perhaps, for some, the repute) of previous concerts had brought together. With each new hearing her artistic stature is merely reaffirmed. Once more last night she stood forth as a memorable artist in tone, in rhythm, and in words. Her shortcomings in the production of high tones full-throated yet unforced—the only technical imperfection which obtrudes itself now at all seriously upon the ear—seem of less and less importance compared with the many-sided and finely developed skill which, with this one exception, she displays in the use of her chosen instrument.

She is not of those singers who warble their songs as pretty tunes merely, giving the most perfunctory thought to the meaning of the words they utter; neither is she of those who "interpret" their words at the expense of the music that accompanies them. In Mme. Frijsh's work both elements receive high and equal consideration. Shut your mind momentarily to the text, and you will hear music performed with a breadth of style, a unity of rhythm, a delicacy and appropriateness of phrasing worthy of fine violin playing. Forget, if you can, the music, and beautiful, imaginative, intelligent reading of a poem stands out, independently delightful.

Admirable in rendering the classic breadth of Torielli's Arietta, singing with delightful, if slightly Gallic grace, Handel's Air of Poppee, she was less convincing (perhaps less convinced) in Schubert's "Lindenbaum," achieving, however, a magnificently surging rhythm in "Rastlose Liebe." Debussy's "Le Balcon" brought out some of Mme. Frijsh's most notable qualities. Well might she sing: "Je sais l'art d'évoquer les minutes heureuses." She possesses admirably this rare art of the "chanson grise, ou l'indecis au precis se joint." She was compelled to sing twice, so infectiously did she do it, the apt antidote to the languor of the preceding song, "Mandoline."

But all Mme. Frijsh's excellences, the charm of her popular "Chanson des Noisettes," of Laparra's characteristically Spanish nostalgia, of the tender beauty of her Scandinavian group, cannot here be detailed. Suffice it to say that her less marked success with some of her German songs, "Immer leiser" for instance, was more than atoned for by a splendidly dramatic performance of "Der Erlkoenig" which was given as a final encore to her extremely enthusiastic audience. S. S.



## METROPOLITAN

## "General Crack"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Walter Anthony from the novel of the same name by George Preedy; directed by Alan Crosland and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Duke of Kurland.....John Barrymore  
 Christian.....Philippe De Lacy  
 Prince Christian, General Crack.....John Barrymore  
 Leopold II.....Lowell Sherman  
 Archduchess Maria Louisa.....Marian Nixon  
 Fidelia.....Jacqueline Logan  
 Count Hensdorf.....Hobart Bosworth  
 Countess Carolina.....Otto Matieson  
 Col. Gabor.....Andres De Segura  
 Col. Bois.....Douglas Gerrard  
 Lt. Dennis.....William von Benckow  
 Capt. Schmidt.....Nick Thompson  
 Gypsy Chief.....

The film which first introduced John Barrymore as a talking actor—his brief bit in "The Show of Shows" hardly counts—would be bound to attract more than ordinary attention. So frequently has he been advertised as "America's Greatest Actor" that his comings and goings appear to assume added importance. Most of his more recent silent films have not been anything to boast about, so that it was confidently expected that his first speaking venture would be a particularly noteworthy achievement. It should be said at once that "General Crack," now to be seen at the Metropolitan Theatre, is a very handsome, if somewhat ornate vehicle.

The Barrymore voice is extremely good, the Barrymore profile as much in evidence and as handsome as usual and the Barrymore acting is what might have been expected: Dramatic, florid and ever so slightly old-fashioned. In his quietly cynical and sentimental moments Mr. Barrymore was markedly good; when, however, he resorts to heroics, takes a few athletic pages out of Douglas Fairbank's book and snarls at his faithless gypsy bride, the audience is inclined to snicker. He also sings the theme song, very nicely if a bit self-consciously.

The plot of "General Crack" was taken from an unusually interesting romantic novel by George Preedy, which achieved considerable success last season. Though there are some senseless deviations in the plot, and on one occasion an 18th century archduchess talks about fishing for compliments, it makes an interesting though very plotty affair. Prince Christian, or General Crack, is deprived of his dukedom because of his illegitimacy and becomes a successful mercenary soldier. So great are his abilities that he can ask for the hand of the Austrian emperor's sister as the reward for his services in restoring that amorous gentleman to his throne. The terms granted, General Crack decides to annoy the Emperor Leopold II still more by marrying a gypsy girl, Fidelia, whom he sees by the roadside, and presenting her at court. Unwisely he leaves her there, after discovering regretfully that the archduchess is very lovely, and goes off on his campaign.

Word is brought to him that his bride has been seduced of her own free will by Leopold. He returns briefly to the palace where she is, seizes her and delivers her to the vengeance of her tribe. Fulfilling his agreement, he sees Leopold crowned and then withdraws his support. Unlike the book, the film has a happy ending which need not be gone into here. Of the supporting cast Lowell Sherman, as Leopold; Hobart Bosworth, as Hensdorf, and especially Armida, 16-year-old Mexican girl, as Fidelia, gave fine performances. Marian Nixon was lovely to look at as the archduchess but failed to give that poise or suggestion of noble birth that her part required. The scenery, costumes and

accessories were in every way suitable and handsome. E. L. H.

GLAZOUNOV  
By PHILIP HALE

Alexander Glazounov conducted yesterday, as a guest, the 12th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. The program comprised his Sixth Symphony; violin concerta (Benno Rabinoff, violinist); Symphonic Poem, "Stenka Razin."

Those who are fond of dividing a composer's musical life into periods will note that there was an interval of 11 years between the symphonic poem written when Glazounov was 20 years old, and about 10 years between the composition of the symphony (1896) and the violin concerto (1905). "Stenka Razin" is among the works that one might call pictorial-descriptive, suggested by Nature, or historical and legendary. To say that such works, as "Stenka Razin," "The Kremlin," "The Forest," "The Sea" are "romantic"

while the symphony and the concerto are "classic," would be wrong; classical compositions may be romantic, not overly academic. A wildly romantic work, romantic in the judgment of those hearing its early performances often becomes in later years acknowledged as "classic." Thus the foolish think to pay it honor, though the musical contents have remained the same. The symphony performed yesterday is as romantic and as imaginative as the symphonic poem. The former has no "program"; the latter is an illustration in tones of a legendary historical event; but the latter does not depend for enjoyment wholly on the fantastic tale. As for the concerto, it is a romantic piece for a virtuoso performance; but not written for the empty and vainglorious display of an accomplished violinist; not primarily planned as an applause trap; in fact the cadenza in which the violinist is expected to shine and "bring down the house" is the least interesting portion of the work, except possibly to violinists regarding first of all technical ingenuity on the part of the composer and technical proficiency on the part of the player.

Glazounov was congratulated by some of his Russian co-mates for abandoning pictorial and descriptive music and devoting himself to what they called "classical form." Whether they accepted his gorgeously orchestrated ballets is not known to us. His love of the ballet is hinted at in the Intermezzo of the Sixth symphony and even in the finale; but not in a too light, flippant and "popular" manner for symphonic dignity. This symphony is as conspicuous for melodic wealth as for contrapuntal skill, and cunning of instrumentation. The melodic lines are frank and appealing, as is the theme for the variations in the second movement; melodic material, which, often simple in itself, is developed by one well-versed in composition, who does not allow knowledge to choke beauty. When a man reads "Theme With Variations" on a program he

trembles; he is prepared for the worst and steels himself not to express boredom, but keep a facial showing of reasonable interest and intelligence. Even when Vincent d'Indy's "Istar" is performed, one finds oneself wondering how long it will be before the whole theme will be revealed in its splendid nudity. These variations by Glazounov are a delight from first to last; truly varied, admirably contrasted; orchestrated in a surprising and fascinating manner; the technical skill displayed serves only to enhance the euphonious and poetic charm. The first movement, with its mysterious opening arouses anticipation for a tragic, or heroic mood, which is interrupted only by the suavity and tenderness of the expressive song theme. And here as in the Variations and the following pages with the changing tempi and rhythmic devices is the abundant reason for the reputation that Glazounov enjoys of being a master of his art.

From a purely technical standpoint, the pedant might justly say that "Stenka Razin" is not to be ranked with the symphony or the concerto; but who would have this musical story of the Volga's savage ruler, the Persian Princess and Stenka's supreme sacrifice told differently? Here we have the wild irregularity that Bacon, discussing "Beauty," found necessary.

Mr. Rabinoff of New York played the concerto, introduced here by Mr. Zimballist 18 years ago, and revived by Mr. Burgin early in 1927. The youth of the violinist, the honesty of his performance with an emotional quality that was within the bounds of the concerto, and the music itself, won instant and hearty recognition.

Mr. Glazounov conducted simply and modestly but none the less effectively. The orchestra responded affectionately, not merely respectfully, to his directions. It was a pleasure to see on the platform of Symphony hall a man interested in his music, but not parading it; appreciating the desire of the orchestra to further his wishes; apparently unconscious of the fact that his name and his works have been honored for many years in the whole world of music.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Eugene Goossens, as a guest, will conduct the concert of next week. Wagner, a "Faust" overture, Schumann, Symphonic Poem, No. 1, Goossens, Concertino for double String-Orchestra (1st time in Boston). Respighi, Roman Festivals (1st time in Boston).

## DULFER-ULLIAN CONCERT

Ary Dulfer, violinist, and Cyrus Ullian, pianist, gave one of their concerts of chamber music at the Women's Republican Club last night. They were assisted by Jean Lefranc of the Boston Symphony orchestra, who played the viola part in a trio of Mozart's (Op. 14, in 1 flat) and in Brahms's F minor sonata, op. 120, for viola and piano.

The former of these works, in itself pleasant but not of outstanding importance, was not performed to complete satisfaction, for Mr. Dulfer's violin playing has neither the authority of style nor the qualities of tone and technique that make for good leadership in concerted music. Mr. Lefranc, ad-

mirationally seconded by Mr. Ullian, performed Brahms's sonata with beauty and warmth of tone, with alert and graceful phrasing, with sure and agile technique of fingers and bow.

The program contained also Beethoven's pianoforte sonata in E flat, op. 7, and Respighi's sonata for violin and piano in B minor. Mr. Ullian played the former in a style refreshingly virile, with a strong elasticity of tone and accent. In quick movements there was a certain hardness and coldness of detail, a deficiency of inner smoothness and finish to balance the broader excellences of the performance. His playing of the largo, however, was admirably smooth, sensitive and expressive, without languishing.

Respighi's pleasantly neo-romantic work has beauties that should commend it to the more enterprising violinists, willing to cope with its subtleties and to have patience with its tendency to lose itself from time to time in slightly aimless ramblings. Though Mr. Dulfer's tone and intonation are somewhat uncertain and he, too, frequently slides from note to note, one was able to enjoy the sonata last night.

The artists were heartily applauded by an audience which filled the hall. S. S.

TRAVELOGUE SHOWS  
'LA BELLE FRANCE'

The subject of Burton Holmes's illustrated travelogue in Symphony hall last night was "La Belle France." He showed first of all the luxurious steamer of today—a floating hotel de luxe, where men and women dine in full dress and disport themselves as at a fashionable American resort advertising "each room has a bath." The romance of "going to Europe" from the Sixties to the Nineties, with prayers in the churches before embarking, the making of wills, the choice of old clothes—few towels "but we never lost a life"—all this is of the past, a past regretted by many. And so the sight of the cocktail bar at Biarritz brought tears to the eyes of stalwart men.

The first stop last night was at Biarritz. Then, passing the villa of Pierre Loti, seeing the Basque country to Pau, where hounds were in full cry after the fox; Lourdes. Mr. Holmes had said at the beginning of his talk that people came to see his pictures, not to hear him. Thus he did himself an injustice, for his explanatory remarks were interesting, if not always easily heard. His pictures, beginning with the remarkable views of smoke-screens in New York harbor were beautiful; impressive at Lourdes and in the Pyrenees; the pilgrim crowds, the sick awaiting a miracle; then the wild scenery, mountains and gorges (Hippolyte Taine's book on this mountain region would have served as a preparatory to this travelogue). Castles and chateaux. Carcassonne of story and of the familiar poem; Angers, where the drawbridge of the stronghold of St. Louis was raised after many years by Americans to the consternation of the commandant; the incredible Le Puy, a cubist town; the old home of Lafayette; glimpses of American activity in the world war, even to "délousing"; Verdun, Rheims, Chateau-Thierry; for as Mr. Holmes justly said, it is well to remember how men fought and suffered—one forgets too easily.

Was the Paris of a quarter of a century ago preferable to the Americanized city of 1929? If the Biscayans are a strange, proud folk, the people of Brittany are a race apart—conservative, deeply religious, faithful to royalty. Giverny where Claude Monet rejoiced in his garden; Mont St. Michel, famous for Chateaubriand's tomb and also omelettes. Deauville and the high life; gambling; expatriated and sojourning Americans—it was a memorable journey.

One to be repeated this afternoon; one that well bears repetition.

Next week—"Present-Day Travel in Germany" P. H.

THE GARDEN OF FIDELITY: BEING THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF FLORA ANNIE STEELE (1847-1920); The Macmillan Co. 293 pp. \$3.75.

## By PHILIP HALE

Mrs. Steele made herself known in this country by her book, "On the Face of the Waters." After the publication "I was a real lioness." Other books followed, one about animals, a remarkable account of the Indian mutiny, even a cookery book which reached at least 10 editions. Her autobiography—"Simply a straightforward account of things I have seen and done in 82 years"—was almost completed when she died. Her daughter added a few pages, speaking of notes left relating to her mother's

novel, "The Curse of Eve"—Over a modern womanhood tempting man. Interested greatly in the modern conception of space and time, planning tale, "The Gates of Pearl," she, to borrow the words of her brother-in-law Lewis Nettleship, "experienced physical death without being aware of it."

The Emperor Baber, poet, painter, musician, soldier, planted the Garden of Fidelity, "a foursquare garden with flowers and trees. A garden on a hill, overlooking snow-clad mountains—a garden where one human soul had laid to rest his loves, his hopes, his fears." That garden was Mrs. Steele. Telling the story of her life she does not describe the many prominent persons she had met nor does she gossip, even without entertaining malice. The story is of her own life and her own thoughts, which she sets down with frankness that is at times astonishing.

She begins by wondering if a temporary cessation of marital relations on her father's part had anything to do with her inborn dislike to the sensual side of life. Her mother, wise and brilliant, had 11 children: her father was a universal favorite, no one could be more charming, or absolutely unreasonable; "he had the most extraordinarily violent temper of any man ever met." The mother, who wrote plays and stories for her children, read Thomas a Kempis to them every morning, and taught them all games in which they might be tempted to risk money. "My children may be rook-

but they shall never be pigeons." The recollections of Mrs. Steele's childhood at Harrow and in Scotland where her father had a government office, are delightfully told. One Sunday in church a man, bored by his father-in-law's sermon, began balancing his umbrella. He finally managed to balance it on his nose. Life appeared to the child one good laugh.

It was in Scotland that the news of the great Indian mutiny reached nurseries and schoolrooms. In after years the child, grown to womanhood, having lived in India, published a book to show how partial this mutiny was, so that a stranger wrote to her: "I lost my wife in the mutiny, but after 40 years you have enabled me to forget India."

In Scotland Mrs. Steele lived an outdoor life. Her mother, an heiress, had lost her money, for the marriage settlement, supposed to protect women, proved worthless. The daughter's allowance for dress was £20. She made her dresses and continued to do so at 82. "It saved money, and if you are gifted with pictorial memory most fashions in the shop windows can be copied."

"Why I married I cannot say, I have never been able to say. I do not think either of us was in love. I know I was not; I never have been. This is a fact, but it has to be faced. It has not made life any the less entrancing." But her husband was a pattern of loyalty and affection, a true companion. His daughter says that he had keen wit and penetrating insight; that to him his wife was the one entirely right thing in the world, and the loss to her of the background to her activity, when he died, was immense.

At the age of 20 his bride, knowing nothing—save what she could learn from books—went with her husband to the

solitudes and distractions of India. She landed at Madras, where she ate her first and last mango. On the way to Jamalpur the mercury stood at 117 at 11 o'clock at night. For tea she had milk from goats who had fed on castor oil leaves. When she was not sick herself, she would nurse her husband, and sometimes the doctor through fever. She lost her first child.

From her account of her medical work, her efforts to educate women and children, it appears that she rebelled against conventional standards, and by her criticisms of missionary and governmental work came into conflict with the authorities. She usually had her way, so great was her courage, her good sense. The people with whom she lived submitted gladly to her influence, and thought she was powerful as a seer. She learned that in India "Time is naught," a saying of philosophic truth. The narrative of her adventures during the many years in India—she believed in the "perfectly amazing stability" of the country—and her opinions about the character of the native women are valuable and engrossing. Referring to Miss Mayo's book, she says that both the men and women are equally to blame, according to western ideas. She was fond of the natives, she appreciated their confidence and trust. "They tell me all is changed," I read in newspapers and hear of boy outrages and bombs. What has become of these people? Surely it is a devil."

There are many amusing and some tragic ones. An English profundo would not sing a note of music, but she sang a song written by her brother-in-law, a solemn like. At one station she nursed a young English woman



... and a ... through ...  
remains. Mr. Steele says that she and  
her husband were the only sober people  
in the station. One of her husband's  
clerks at another station wrote to him:  
"Respected gentleman—Am unable to  
attend court today. Wife run away with  
another man. Oh, Lord! How truly  
magnificent!" The Indians enjoyed  
Mrs. Steele's singing, especially any-  
thing sentimental with a haunting re-  
frain.

She began to understand "what the  
outside attitude of India toward women  
conceals from all outside observers:  
that the husbands of India are, as a  
rule, the most henpecked men in exist-  
ence." There is a great difficulty in  
teaching western ideas to eastern peo-  
ple, and vice-versa; we do not mean the  
same things by our words. It is hope-  
less to translate "maya" by "illusion."  
"Swaraj" means simply "self-govern-  
ment," not "national"; "the national  
idea is foreign to the Indian. He has  
learned it, doubtless, but it is alien."

When she returned to England she  
realized what Walter Pater meant by  
saying to her when she had commented  
on the loveliness of the fields and trees  
about Oxford: "Don't you think they  
are almost offensively green?" (Yet  
Pater's favorite necktie, we have read,  
was apple-green.) England seemed crude  
in its color after India.

She preferred the Arch of Victory at  
Delphi to the Taj with all its beauty.  
"I have never been able to reconcile  
the almost divine affection for a wife  
who died when her 14th child was born  
with the outrageous profligacy, the al-  
most inconceivable licentiousness of the  
life Shahjahan led after her death."

Not the least interesting pages are  
those relating her adventures with pub-  
lishers after her return to England,  
publishers and critics, and those pages  
combating the theory that woman was  
created to bear sons. Indeed, it would  
seem that Mrs. Steele should have pro-  
posed a bill for the abolition of sex,  
so insistent is she on this subject  
throughout the book.

When she was 67 she landed in New  
York to stay 24 hours before sailing for  
Jamaica to look after property. The  
immigration officer sent her to Ellis  
Island, though she showed letters from  
prominent New York citizens inviting  
her to stop with them; showed a 100-  
pound note, and when she was accused  
of "senile decay" offered to race him  
round the quarter-deck. At last her  
nephew brought male protection and  
she was set free. The New York news-  
papers devoted one or two columns the  
next day to the outrage. Mrs. Steele  
having listened while she was detained,  
was enabled to tell America through a  
reporter "some home truths as to the  
treatment that was then meted out to  
single women by the authorities."

It is a pity that the well printed book  
is without an index. On page 114 "Cris-  
pini ed il Comara" should read "Cris-  
pino e la Comare," a pleasing opera in  
which Adeline Patil shone.

## CHILDREN'S CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The second concert of Ernest Schell-  
ing's series for children took place yes-  
terday morning in Jordan Hall. The or-  
chestra was assisted by the Parisian  
Society of Old Instruments, Messrs.  
Henri and Marius Casadesus, Lucette  
Casadesus, Maurice Devillers and Re-  
gis Paterni-Casadesus. The program  
was as follows: Vivaldi, Concerto Gros-  
so "La Primavera" (first time in Bos-  
ton); Beethoven, Fugue from string  
quartet, op. 58. De Lamater, Serbian  
Folk Song for viola (L. Arteries) and  
orchestra. Mouret, "Les Jardins des  
Sours" (Pavane, Gaillarde, Menuet  
tendre Canarie). The Marseillaise  
(sung by the audience). Mozart, Over-  
ture to "The Marriage of Figaro."

Vivaldi wrote four concertos with the  
general title "The Four Seasons." Each  
one attempts to give a musical de-  
scription of a sonnet. The sonnets were  
published anonymously. Some think  
that Vivaldi himself, the "red-haired  
priest," was the author. The lines of  
each sonnet are arranged under let-  
ters, so that a passage "A" in the mu-  
sic corresponds, for example, with "it"  
in the verse. "Summer" was performed  
by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in  
March, 1928. Sir John Hawkins, who  
wrote a history of music, making many  
mistakes and often advancing a foolish  
critical opinion, found Vivaldi's at-  
tempt to illustrate the sonnets by music  
absurd. But it is an amusing piece,  
this "Spring" with its suggestion of  
birds, thunder and lightning, and the  
slow section, played admirably by Mr.  
Podorowicz, has genuine beauty.

Eric DeLamater is an organist, con-  
ductor, composer, critic of Chicago, who  
was born in 1880. He has composed in  
all fields. Jean Joseph Mouret was  
a musician in the service of the  
chateau du Maine. He wrote operas  
and ballets for the Grand Opera House  
in Paris, divertissements for the mag-  
nificent fetes of his patroness and for  
salons, much chamber music and  
many songs. He held other honorable

positions, but the Duc du Maine died.  
Mouret lost his other offices and, dis-  
contented, went mad and died in an  
asylum in 1738.

The program was framed to illus-  
trate Mr. Schelling's subject: "The  
String Choir." He discoursed pleasantly,  
and of course intelligently, but with-  
out parade of learning, about the ori-  
gin and development of the various  
string instruments. All of the slides  
were instructive; some were amusing.  
The members of the Society of Old In-  
struments gave a delightful perform-  
ance of Mouret's Suite. The Menuet  
tendre recalled Watteau and the Lan-  
guishing graces of 18th century belles.  
Applause compelled an addition to the  
program, a piece for the old instru-  
ments by Destouches. Mr. Arteries was  
also loudly applauded for his perform-  
ance of the Serbian Folk song—which  
is a little on the "gum-drop" order.

The third concert—the subject, "The  
Brass Choir"—will be on Feb. 15. Os-  
car Shumsky, violinist, will be the solo-  
ist.

## ANDRES SEGOVIA

At Jordan Hall, yesterday afternoon,  
Andres Segovia, the Spanish guitarist,  
played the following program: Sor  
(1778-1839), Andante; Malats, Sere-  
nata; Torroba, Sonatina; Silvestre  
Leopold Weiss (17th century), prelude,  
Allegretto, Sarabande and Gavotte;  
Bach, Loure; Ponce, Sonata romantica;  
Albeniz, Asturias.

The generous size of yesterday's audi-  
ence, the marked cordiality with which

it greeted Mr. Segovia, the unrestrained  
enthusiasm with which it applauded his  
playing, all testified to the flourishing  
state of his popularity here. Many who  
noted this remarkable musician's im-  
mediate success upon his first appear-  
ance in Boston, as elsewhere, doubted  
whether it would endure. They dwelt  
upon the limitation of his instrument,  
even bewailing the fact that so gifted  
an artist had not taken to the piano  
instead. But is the guitar so limited?  
Mr. Segovia proves that it yields, in the  
hands of a skilful player, tones of the  
most extraordinarily varied timbre and  
volume. A little less apt at sustaining  
tone than the piano (itself miserably  
inefficient compared with the true sus-  
taining instruments), it has a much  
drier and more delicate staccato at call  
and an infinite variety of intermediate  
degrees, so that the power of differenti-  
ation is about the same.

Mr. Segovia delighted his hearers  
more than ever yesterday by his re-  
markable virtuosity and his delicate  
musical taste, no less than by his sure  
instinct for effective and piquant per-  
formance. Extraordinary agility in  
scale passages and in the rapidly re-  
peated notes characteristic of Spanish  
guitar music, counterpoints both clear  
and musical, harmonies sonorous or  
delicate, rhythms dignified, graceful or  
exhilarating, all these qualities were  
once more in evidence.

Torroba's sanatina (dedicated to Mr.  
Segovia) followed good modern prece-  
dent by the unconventionality of its  
form. It proved pleasing, and very  
reminiscent of the Debussy of the Suite  
Bergamasque. The four dance move-  
ments by Weiss proved well worthy of  
resuscitation. Originally written for the  
lute, they received yesterday, accord-  
ing to a program note, their first per-  
formance in Boston. They had beauty  
and a certain individuality of flavor, not  
merely archaism, to recommend them.  
Ponce's Sonata Romantica (written for  
Mr. Segovia) was announced as having  
been composed "in homage to Schubert,  
who loved the guitar." Schubert did,  
indeed, write for the guitar. As early  
as his 17th year, in fact he composed  
for his father's birthday a cantata in  
two movements for three male voices  
and guitar. Ponce's sonata makes use  
of thematic material of distinctly  
Schubertian flavor; it is not without  
charm, but, as is the way with such  
musical homage, it proved more ad-  
mirable for its spirit than for its sub-  
stance.

Mr. Segovia's rendering of these and  
of the shorter items of his program  
brought an imperious demand for en-  
cores. These, when they came, were all  
or mostly Spanish.

## NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Hot For Paris"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted  
by Charles J. McQuirk from the story  
by Raoul Walsh; directed by Raoul  
Walsh and presented by Fox with the  
following cast:

John Patrick Duke	Victor McLaglen
Fifi Dupre	Fifi Dorsay
Axel Olson	El Brendel
Polly	Polly Moran
Mr. Pratt	Lennox Pawley
Ship Captain	August Tolaire
Charles Gouset	George Fawcett
Ship's Cook	Charles Judels
Fifi's Father	Eddie Dillon
Fifi's Mother	Rosita Martin
Babette Dupre	Agostino Borzato
Mimi	Yola D'Avril
Monsieur Furger	Anita Murray
	Dave Valles

Victor McLaglen, like George Ban-  
croft, is a perfect embodiment of the  
big, strong, rough-hewn he-man that  
the moving picture public has set up on  
a pedestal to worship. It is impossible  
for him to open his mouth without the

# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

When "Pygmalion," now playing at the Hollis Street Theatre, was pro-  
duced in London Sir Herbert Tree took the role of Higgins; Mrs. Patrick  
Campbell, that of Eliza Doolittle; Philip Merivale, that of Pickering. Ed-  
mund Gurney was the representative of the undeserving poor.

When the comedy was read, Sir Herbert accepted it, influenced partly  
by the "passionate eagerness" of his half-brother, Max Beerbohm. "He  
needed little persuasion," writes Max; "the only doubt in his mind was  
whether he should play Doolittle, the Dustman, or the hero. It was I who  
insisted that, because no one on the stage could have acted the Dustman  
as he would have, yet that it was too obvious; and that the original and  
unexpected thing was that he should be Pygmalion. Oh, and how right I  
was. . . . There were terrible scenes at rehearsals. Every day Herbert and  
Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell used to turn one another out of  
the theatre and shake its dust off their feet forever. But the next morning  
saw them at 11 o'clock, serene in countenance and as polished in manners  
as in boots, there having been no sanguinary yesterday."

Bernard Shaw's comments on Sir Herbert as Pygmalion are now not  
without interest:

"Tree always seemed to have heard the lines of the other performers  
for the first time, and even to be a little taken aback by them. Let me give  
an extreme instance of this. In 'Pygmalion,' the heroine, in a rage, throws  
the hero's slippers in his face." When we rehearsed this the first time, I had  
taken care to have a very soft pair of velvet slippers provided; for I know  
that Mrs. Patrick Campbell was very dexterous, very strong, and a dead shot.  
And, sure enough, when we reached this passage, Tree got the slipper well  
and truly delivered with unerring aim bang in his face. The effect was ap-  
palling. He had totally forgotten that there was any such incident in the  
play; and it seemed to him that Mrs. Campbell, suddenly giving way to an  
impulse of diabolical wrath and hatred, had committed an unprovoked and  
brutal assault on him. The physical impact was nothing; but the wound to  
his feelings was terrible. He collapsed on the nearest chair, and left me  
staring in amazement, whilst the entire personnel of the theatre crowded  
sollicitously round him, explaining that the incident was part of the play, and  
even exhibiting the prompt-book to prove their words. But his morale was  
so shattered that it took quite a long time, and a good deal of skilful rallying  
and coaxing from Mrs. Campbell, before he was in a condition to resume the  
rehearsal. The worst of it was that as it was quite evident that he would be  
just as surprised and wounded next time, Mrs. Campbell took care that the  
slippers should never hit him again, and the incident was consequently one  
of the least convincing in the performance."

Shaw thinks Tree should have written his own plays. "It would have  
given him what he was always craving from authors, and in the nature of  
the case could never get from them—a perfect projection of the great Tree  
personality. What did he care for Higgins or Hamlet? His real objective  
was his amazing self. . . . For with all his cleverness in the disguises of the  
dressing-room, Tree was no mere character actor. The character actor  
never dares to appear frankly in his own person. . . . Tree, on the contrary,  
broke through all his stage disguises; they were his robes of state; and he  
was never happier than when he stepped in front of the curtain and spoke  
in his own immensity to the audience."

It is not easy for Americans to understand why the English are so  
shocked—or were so shocked—by the word "bloody" when it used adverb-  
ially or sometimes as an adjective, especially when "rotten" and "nasty"  
are not thought objectionable. Eliza Doolittle betrayed herself by saying  
"bloody" in Mrs. Higgins's drawing room; yet the wife of a celebrated  
Englishman, when the two were dining in a Bostonian's house, pressed her  
husband to taste a dish that was unknown to them by declaring that it was  
not half so nasty as it looked.

"Bloody" was once in English literary use. Swift wrote to Stella that  
it was "bloody hot." Dryden wrote "The doughty bullies enter bloody drunk."  
Etheredge and Farquhar used the word without any reference to fighting.  
Richard Henry Dana in his sea story puts these words into the mouth of  
one of his characters: "They've got a man for a mate of that ship, and  
not a bloody sheep about decks."

George Augustus Sala noted that "bloody" among the vulgar simply  
qualified the superlative and excessive. The word was used indifferently as  
a term of depreciation or appreciation: "It's a bloody shame." In a flash  
song the chaplain preaches to prisoners

"How Jonah lived inside of a whale,

'Twas a bloody sight better than country gail."

The derivation of "bloody" in the vulgar sense has brought amiable  
discussion. It is generally agreed that the word is not a contraction of  
"By'r Our Lady" as some have thought. The great Oxford Dictionary says  
the word was in genteel colloquial use from the Restoration to about 1750;  
"now (1888) constantly in the mouths of the lowest classes but by respecta-  
ble people considered 'a horrid word,' on a par with obscene or profane lan-  
guage, and usually printed in the newspapers (in police reports, etc.) 'b-y'.  
. . . There is good reason to think that it was at first a reference to the  
habits of the 'bloodes' or aristocratic rowdies of the end of the 17th and be-  
ginning of the 18th centuries. The phrase 'bloody drunk' was apparently  
equal to 'as drunk as a blood (cf. 'as drunk as a lord'); thence it was ex-  
tended to kindred expressions, and at length to others; probably in later  
times, its associations with bloodshed and murder (cf. a bloody battle, a  
bloody butcher) have recommended it to the rough classes as a word that  
appeals to their imagination. . . . There is no ground for the notion that  
'bloody,' offensive from associations as it now is to ears polite, contains any  
profane allusion or has connection with the oath 's blood'."

Among the illustrative quotations under this head are "He is blood  
passionate" from Richardson's "Pamela"; "This is a bloody positive  
fellow" from a play by Henry Fielding.

The German "blutig" is sometimes used in the same nanner as the  
don "bloody"—"ich habe keinen blutigen Heller mehr"—"I haven't a  
penny more"; and so the Dutch "bloedig" may be used figuratively.



When Eliza used the word all genteel London as well as Mrs. Higgins was shocked. It did not occur to the genteel that Shaw was ridiculing the speech of the fashionable young women of the period. He was even accused by those who had no sense of humor of writing the play to introduce the objectionable word.

The Pygmalion of the statue was not the Pygmalion who, King of Tyre, was the brother of Dido, though the two have been confounded. Our Pygmalion was King of Cyprus. He lived before the Trojan war. A man of action, he threw over a precipice a priest who had eaten the flesh of a sacrificed victim and given of the flesh to his wife to eat. Disgusted by the wanton behavior of some women on the island, Pygmalion vowed never to marry. Then he turned sculptor and made the celebrated statue of ivory, which he flattered and caressed; bestowed jewels upon her; became mad with passion and finally begged Venus to give him a wife resembling the statue. He secretly wished the statue to come to life; but he did not dare to ask Venus for this boon. The rest of the story is familiar. The statue-woman bore him a son, whose name was Paphus. Good old Clement of Alexandria used this tale to make pagans see the vanity of worshipping idols. It is not easy to find the application. Sir Thomas Browne alludes to the story in the chapter entitled "Some Relations Whose Truth We Fear," the concluding chapter of his "Vulgar Errors"; "While we laugh at the story of Pygmalion and receive as a fable that he fell in love with a statue," etc. Pygmalion was more fortunate than Charmides, who fell in love with the statue of Athena to his cost, the old story told as a poem by Oscar Wilde; more fortunate than the rash youth who without passion put a betrothal ring on the finger of a Venus in the story by Prosper Merimee.

Pygmalion has been the hero of very many operas, plays and ballets, from Draghi's opera in 1689 to the plays by Gilbert and Shaw. There is even mention of a French operetta, "L'Anti-Pygmalion," music by Rochefort (1778), but Fétis in his life of that composer does not mention it.

One of the most curious versions of the story is "Pygmalion," a comedy in three acts by Baurans, Romagnesi and Procope, produced at the Italiens, Paris, in 1741. Pygmalion has resolved to live a bachelor. Timandre tries to dissuade him. Pygmalion says that Venus has already avenged herself for his contempt. Timandre asks how she has done this. Pygmalion tells Sosie, his slave, to leave the room. The slave feigns to do this, but takes a place where he can hear and not be seen. Then Pygmalion draws a curtain and the statue of Agalmeria is uncovered. Timandre wonders at the beauty of the statue, but cannot understand the revenge of Venus, until Pygmalion discloses his passion, the reason why he refuses the hand of Cleonide, who loves him tenderly. Timandre, indignant, wishes to break the statue. Prevented, he joins his friend in a visit to the temple of Venus.

Sosie leaves his hiding place, laughing at the folly of his master. Nisis, in the household of Cleonide, comes to find out why Pygmalion refused the hand of her mistress. She learns the reason from Sosie and purposes to expose Pygmalion to public ridicule. When Sosie uncovers the statue and falls in love with it, to his amazement, it leaves its pedestal, for Venus has granted Pygmalion's prayer. She asks Sosie where she is, who she is. He cannot easily satisfy her curiosity, and his answers to her questions are for her enigmas. He wishes to please her; he makes love to her. The word "love" is also an enigma, and she cannot find in him anything that can explain the passion of which he speaks.

Pygmalion, returning, is overjoyed at finding the statue flesh and blood; but she turns out to be a coquette, ungrateful, proud, having all the faults of her sex without any one of the agreeable qualities. He persists in his desire to wed her. She wishes neither his heart nor his hand. At last touched by his persistence she awards what is his due.

## NOTES ON OPERAS, ORCHESTRAS

It would be a pleasure to speak about new operas to be performed here by the Chicago Civic Opera Co. but all the operas in the repertory as announced are thrice familiar. No doubt the Boston committee in making the selection was actuated by sound business principles. The guarantors must be respected; the share to be paid by each one must be small or there will be discontent and growling. A visitor in Chicago has noticed that in many little shops a sign is proudly displayed to the effect that the proprietor is a supporter of the Chicago Opera; but Chicago has long been celebrated for its civic pride. It is also to be remarked that the repertory of the Chicago Opera Co. in its own city is not so conspicuous for brilliance as it was when Miss Mary Garden had the say.

Mr. E. M. Newman has remarked that his audiences are larger when his travelogue is about a well-known city or country than when it presents scenes in the far East, Africa, or South America. Take London or Paris for example: Mrs. Jones sees with pleasure the hotel where she stopped, nudges her neighbor and says: "That was our room, the last one on the third floor." Jones is pleased to see the street in which he bought a suit of clothes; the restaurant in which he drank without fear and trembling. People like to see again what they have already seen; to hear what they have heard for many years. It has been said by the theatrical producers whose only interest is in the box office: "Shakespeare spells ruin." An operatic committee may say the same of an unfamiliar opera.

Mr. Henderson not long ago drew up a list of "novelties" that had been produced by Mr. Gatti-Casazza at the Metropolitan Opera House during the years 1908-18. Thirty-two operas which "the public declined to take to its capacious bosom. Is there any reason to wonder that he continues to present the shock troops of the lyric drama, 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' and 'Pagliacci,' 'Aida' and 'Tosca'?"

Or what is there to be said of the singers coming here for the first time—except biographical notes of doubtful authenticity and foolish gossip?

Mme. Muzio is an excellent singer and every one is glad that she has a more prominent part in the operatic proceedings than in former years, but does it enhance her worth to publish the fact that as a child hanging about opera houses in London and New York, "Miss Claudia worshipped Violetta because she was so unselfish and her songs always especially beautiful to her?" Or to publish Mme. Muzio's answer to a young singer who asked how much of herself an actress should give to her roles, "All" as her reply, "an actress must identify herself with the roles she portrays, unless she does this, there will be a note of insincerity in her delineation." Not a surprisingly original remark, if Mme. Muzio really made it.

It is better as a rule to hear a prima donna sing than talk. Mme. Muzio's alleged answer reminds one of the young tragedian who about to play Othello, wishing to enter fully into the role, blacked himself from head to foot, not remembering that Othello was a Moor. Furthermore there is always the paradox of Diderot to be borne in mind.

The story that Mr. Formichi caught Mme. Muzio in his arms as she fell from genuine emotion in her role is not surprising, for Mr. Formichi is a gallant man; besides, the role required a dead faint; but the interesting information is given out from Chicago that the faint was genuine, of such duration—"she had become the character she was portraying"—that the tenor was obliged to assist Mr. Formichi in lugging her before the curtain.

"In the face of the most solemn pronouncements to the contrary, I maintain that it is eminently possible to sing and act simultaneously. Nearly all of the truly great singers have been great actors too; Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Fyodor Chaliapin, Mary Garden, Geraldine Farrar, Maria Jeritza, Antonio Scotti. Whoever tells you that acting constrains the voice has a viciously mistaken conception of acting. The true actor conveys intensity without tensing his muscles, thus leaving his vocal muscles free for any demand that may be made on them. Any other theory is a confession of downright ignorance or laziness."—David Belasco.

Mr. A. H. Handley, apropos of the concert by the Boston Women's Symphony Orchestra on Jan. 29, writes as follows: "By diligent searching, Miss Leginska has found throughout the different cities, enough fine women players to fill the few choirs of the orchestra which cannot be completed by Boston women musicians. Unfortunately, it is only possible to secure these few women players for the annual tour of the orchestra, and they cannot be retained for the Boston series of concerts because of lack of funds. This is why it is necessary to have a few men players at the Jan. 29 concert. It seems too bad that when it is possible to have the only complete Women's Symphony Orchestra in the world, the citizens of Boston will not lend their support, particularly as the orchestra and conductor have fully proved their worthiness. Will you send a donation to the maintenance fund of this orchestra and interest your friends in our third Boston concert of this season, which will be given in the early part of April, the actual day to be announced at an early date?"

Mme. Leginska's orchestra is not "the only complete women's symphony orchestra in the world." There is at least one complete women's symphony orchestra in London, and its concerts with programs of a high order are respectfully reviewed by the critics. Nor was Mme. Leginska's orchestra the first in Boston composed of women. There was the Fadette, which in years past gave excellent performances. As for donations—is Boston able to support three orchestras—the Boston Symphony, which certainly has the first claim; the People's Symphony orchestra, composed of competent local musicians, and Mme. Leginska's, not to mention the Boston Civic orchestra? One wishes all these orchestras well, but is there room for them all?

Bax's second symphony met with great favor in New York when it was performed there for the first time by the Boston Symphony orchestra on Jan. 9. Mr. W. J. Henderson wrote in The Sun:

"We bestow our blessing on Mr. Bax for declining to load his music with a program. He has definitely said that it has none, but is a piece of absolute music, cyclical in form and utilizing a persistent three note figure as a germinal, or at least binding theme.

"This new symphony carved its lines deep into the consciousness of this hearer. It is in three movements, an allegro moderato preceded by a slow introduction, an andante and a finale marked allegro feroce, which proved to be by no means ferocious. The themes upon which the first movement

is built, and which are basic, are valiant, full of red blood and the strong breathing of a man who lives in the outdoor world and meets nature face to face. They sing and sometimes they shout, but always they have substance and musical quality. The development is overelaborated; there are pages from which some of the packing might well be pulled out. But it is a good movement.

"The andante rests on a long drawn lyric melody of genuine beauty given out by the strings. The whole movement is song-like and varied by sharply contrasting episodes. The coda might perhaps be shortened a little to its advantage. The finale, like the first movement, is noteworthy for its confident and full throated utterance. It closes effectively. Mr. Bax employs modern harmonies with excellent skill and his orchestration is sonorous and richly colored. The symphony shows care in workmanship. The structure barring the elaboration already mentioned is firm and the outline tolerably clear. What is perhaps best, however, is the spontaneity, the ebullient spirit of the composition which is set forth in brilliant light by the introspective mood underrunning the whole. Mr. Bax's communions with nature have made him serious, but have strengthened his courage. He is no pessimist. The symphony was performed in a manner which would have given the composer infinite joy and the audience appeared to find the music admirable."

Mr. Locflier's "Canticle of the Sun" was also warmly received. To quote Mr. Henderson again: "This composer's ability to create an illusion of antiquity with modern materials is well known. The song of the Greek flute is heard again in this canticle and the voice part is so beautifully fitted to the style and sentiment of the text that it is entrancing from beginning to end.

"The composition discloses once more Mr. Locflier's originality of idiom and that lofty dignity which marks his entire artistic output. It is beautiful and noble music. It was excellently done. Mme. Povla Frijsch sang the vocal solo with understanding and a range of expression not always heard in her singing. Tonally her delivery was not perfect, but the blemishes were outweighed by the excellences."

The Daily Telegraph (London) of Jan. 1 published a dispatch from Paris announcing that Graeser's orchestral version of Bach's "Art of Fugue" was performed in Paris on Dec. 29, "probably the first performance outside Germany."

It was performed at Washington, D. C., on Oct. 8 and at Boston on Dec. 11, 1929.

Sir Hugh Allen in his presidential address to the annual conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians at Chester freed him mind about Jan. "Few people are believed in who speak with a simplicity or play with the minimum of movement, or receive the fewest floral decorations. In the opinion of many the conductor is eminent who makes the wildest movements."



exudes the most moisture, pulls the composer's ideas to sized, and reads into his work the destructive microbes of interpretation.

"The composer has invented a new language; the ordinary rhythms of life have been broken, tied, syncopated, paralyzed, and palsied, and the world rhythm of life reduced to what I believe is called a two-step. New sounds have emerged from new instruments and the old instruments have brought forth new sounds which might well have been strangled in birth. The jazz band has made itself supreme in its own line, and its followers on a lower plane have dinned their way into the affections of a vast number of people who have become insensitive to everything but the insistence of the drum, and seem still to be quite oblivious of the futility of the music.

"Among newer influences in music the gramophone has created a new kind of record in the world of finance, and has killed largely a source of revenue which composers previously enjoyed. But from the gramophone's power to put good music within the reach of everybody, much that was of value has accrued. Its power, on the other hand, to fill homes with the sordid noises of some of the music purposely devised to administer to a poor but financially often secure taste is pernicious.

"Think of the countryside in summer time, made hideous by this cruel form of torture under which the very fish in the water are glad to be hooked out of earshot, and the birds themselves abstain from their song from sheer fright of the din. On some of the loveliest days of the year, and generally on the day of rest, the hedgerows and pastures scream in syncopated dissonance of the marvels of man's perverted ingenuity, when they might, if allowed, be telling the glories of God in creation."

Sir Hugh, these are, indeed, bitter words.

Mr. Pepys was the hero of a comedy seen in Boston not long ago. Now he is the hero of Albert Coates's new one-act opera, "Samuel Pepys," produced at Munich Dec. 21. The Munich correspondent of the Manchester Guardian gives this description:

"The scene of the opera's rather slight plot is a dining room in Pepys's house in London about 1660. Samuel Pepys, secretary of state of the royal admiralty, who is fond of the good things of life and a ladies' man, has induced his wife to pay a visit to some relatives in the country so that he may spend a pleasant evening with a well-known court actress, who soon arrives, accompanied by two naval officers. An excellent supper, good company, wine, and song produce quickly an exuberance of spirits which becomes rather boisterous. But Pepys and his guests are suddenly surprised by the return of the jealous Mrs. Pepys. All signs of the repast are hurriedly removed and thrust into a wardrobe. The sprightly actress hides behind a folding screen, changes her gown, and, dressed as the young King, emerges in a mask of striking resemblance. Pepys requests of the King a privy councillorship. His wife makes a curtsy and exclaims, 'God save the King'; his guests take their leave. All's well that ends well."

Mrs. Knipp, the male impersonator of Drury Lane, was Pepys's chief guest in the opera. Dr. Hans Knappertsbusch conducted. Phoebe! What a name! Hedwig Ficht-Mueller took the part of Mrs. Pepys; Fri. Kloschke, that of the gay Mrs. Knipp; Berthold Sterneck, that of Pepys. Mr. Coates's music was praised.

entire audience setting up such a roar of laughter that it scarcely matters whether what he says is funny or not; no one can hear it, anyway. "Hot For Paris," at the New B. F. Keith's Theatre, is another picture very much on the order of "The Cock Eyed World," only this time it is Fifi Dorsay who takes the place of Lily Damita and a whole flock of assorted damsels. She is worth a whole cast in herself: vivacious, amusing, a born comedienne and with a voice and face that were cut out for the talkies. Truth to tell, she rather steals the picture from the genial and rowdy Mr. McLaglen, but no one seems to mind very much. Such a lot of noise, so many French accents and such infinite lack of comprehensible English have seldom been heard in the one film before. But it is impossible to combine Victor McLaglen, the irrepressible Fifi and the bland and unruffled El Brendel without having a pretty enjoyable affair.

That is what the audience seemed to think, and, after all, they are the final judges. They followed Mr. McLaglen's headlong flight from the two elderly gentlemen who were trying to give him a check for \$1,000,000 with every evidence of appreciation. In the present instance Victor is the mate of a wind-jammer that docked in Havre where he had had some little difficulties with the police on his previous visit. Seeing the important looking men in the top hats, Victor has an attack of conscience and flees for dear life to the nearest roof, in company with El Brendel. Hearing the sound of music emerging from a skylight, they investigate and end by finding a pretty girl. This is none other than Fifi Dorsay or Fifi Dupre, as the film calls her.

Victor finds her most pleasing, as who would not, and after he ejects an obnoxious admirer the lady reciprocates, though refusing to believe his violent protestations of sudden affection. Plenty of cognac is passed around and Mr. Brendel is sent out for ice cream. There is no need to go into further detail save to say that Victor eventually surrenders to the check and Fifi to Victor. All the principals did nobly by their parts, while excellent bits were contributed by Lennox Pawle as one of the pursuing bankers, and Charles Judels as an excitable orchestra director in the cafe where Fifi danced.

E. L. H.

#### KEITH-ALBEE

##### "Romance of the Rio Grande"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the novel, "Conquistador," by Katherine Fullerton Gerould; directed by Alfred Santell and presented by William Fox with the following cast:

Pablo Wharton Cameron..... Warner Baxter  
Carlotta..... Mary Duncan  
Juan..... Antonio Moreno  
Manuelita..... Mona Maris

Don Fernando..... Robert Edison  
Vincente..... Antonio Moreno  
Padre Miguel..... Albert Roccardi  
Catalina..... Mrs. Jimenez  
Dorcy Wayne..... Majel Coleman  
Dick Rivers..... Charles Myers  
Luca..... Merrill McCormick

When the Cisco Kid, disillusioned in his great love affair, rode dejectedly off into the desert in Fox's first out-doors picture, "In Old Arizona," we suspected that he would be back. Warner Baxter was the Kid, and his broken English, his ingrating manner of committing homicide, brought him to the fore with a bang. He is back, not as the Kid, alack, but as Pablo Wharton Cameron, son of a Mexican mother and an American father, grandson of old Don Fernando, owner of a vast acreage in old Mexico, below the Rio Grande. Educated in the states, Pablo had learned to despise his grandfather for casting his mother out. When the picture opens Pablo is bossing a railroad construction job in Mexico. Luca, a bandit, raids his camp, and Pablo escapes with the company's money, kills his two pursuers and is wounded. Manuelita, Don Fernando's ward, finds him and takes him to the hacienda. The two men become reconciled, though the picture fails to show by what course of reasoning. Don Fernando's nephew, Juan, who had hoped to inherit the place, tries to stab Pablo, and is shot instead. Emerging from his hiding place later, Juan knifes Carlotta, also. Don Fernando's ward, whose love he found false, and, after a lot of shooting through hallways and doors, receives his quietus from one of Pablo's bullets. His former love, the blonde Dorcy Wayne, having refused to live in Mexico, and Carlotta now being very dead, Pablo discovers that Manuelita, who twice has saved his life, adores him, and that he is fond of her. With the old don dead, of natural causes in this case, Pablo carries on the family tradition, as master of "Santa Margherita."

Frequent cuts in this picture have marred its continuity, have left unexplained several matters which supposedly have bearing on the narrative. The shooting episodes are exciting, one in the open, the other in the hacienda. The night combat on the desert between Pablo and Juan, however, lost all its effectiveness through hasty and incomplete camera work. There are several mildly entertaining scenes of fiestas, with much chattering of voices, a bit of dancing in cramped spaces. Out-of-door sounds are reproduced not wholly successfully, the singing voices are quavery and blurred. Mr. Baxter is less glamorous than the Kid, yet still is a handsome figure in Mexican

raiment. Little Mona Maris, youthful of exquisite profile, of soothing voice, makes a notable screen debut. Miss Duncan plays a brief, tragic part well; Mr. Moreno, for once, becomes a voluble villain; and Mr. Edeson, capable actor always, is a dignified don. W. E. G.

#### MODERN AND BEACON

##### "Party Girl"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Monte Katterjohn from a story by Edwin Balmer entitled "Dangerous Business," directed by Victor Halperin and presented by Tiffany with the following cast:

Jay Rountree..... Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.  
Ellen Powell..... Jeannette Loff  
Leda Cather..... Judith Barrie  
Diana Foster..... Marie Prevost  
John Rountree..... John St. Polis  
Paul Hurst..... Lucien Prival  
Sam Mellen..... Sammy Blum  
Robert Lowry..... Harry Northrup  
Mande Lindsay..... Almeda Fowler  
Lew Albans..... Hal Price  
Lawrence Doyle..... Charles Giblyn  
Investigator..... Sidney D'Albrook  
Miss Mannix..... Florence Dudley

The Modern and Beacon theatres were besieged Saturday, thanks to enthusiastic exploitation which had given very strong impressions that in "Party Girl" would be found something new, naughty and daring, straight out of Hollywood. As the picture unwound itself in decorous Boston it gave indications that it had passed through a definite cleansing process which left it comparatively pure. Some of the dialogue is frank, some of it suggestive. There are scenes of girls sitting in the laps of stout or hairless business men at noisy parties staged at the top of public garages. Automobiles ascend from the street by lifts and are run into the midst of the merry-makers. Marie Prevost is seen writhing under the energetic pounding of a veteran masseuse, or straining, in deshabille, against an electric anti-obesity belt. She is supposed to be cast into a perfumed pool to afford sport for the same staid business men mentioned above; but here one's imagination must bridge the hiatus between the idea and its consummation. One simply sees and hears guffaws of appreciation from the onlookers. It would seem that prima donnas like Jeannette MacDonald or Bacalanova may disport in the bath in full view of an audience; but low comedienne like Winnie Lightner or Miss Prevost are denied the privilege.

"Party Girl," nevertheless, does succeed in setting forth interestingly for the first time on the screen a practice which may or may not be actuality—the employment by unscrupulous bureaus of accomplished gold-diggers who, by plying their male victims with liquor and by emphasizing their physical charms, obtain lucrative buying orders for large business and industrial corporations. The picture has its amusing and its near-dramatic moments. There is a comical raid scene; a wild girl who has trapped the hero, Jay Rountree, into marriage, leaps to her death from a window when cornered by agents of the law. Incidentally, there is one splendid bit of acting by John St. Polis as the upright man of industry, the understanding father to an erring son. Miss Loff, as the perfect

secretary, sang two songs plaintively, and Mr. Fairbanks alternated between moods of collegiate flippancy and adult remorse with fascinating skill.

W. E. G.

#### FENWAY

##### "The Painted Angel"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Forrest Halsey from the story by Fannie Hurst entitled "Give This Little Girl a Hand," directed by Millard Webb and presented by First National with the following cast:

Rodeo West..... Billie Dove  
Brood..... Edmund Lowe  
Oldfield..... George MacFarlane  
Pa Hudler..... J. Farrell McDonald  
Ma Hudler..... Cissy Fitzgerald  
Suppie..... Nellie Ely Baker  
Joe..... Will Stanton  
Jule..... Norman Selby  
Sir Harry..... Douglas Gerrard  
Mac..... Shep Cam

As gay leader of the "Love 'em and Leave 'em Girls," and hostess-owner of a prosperous New York night club Billie Dove ventures on ground strange to her dainty feet. When she is not reciting her songs or whirling gracefully on the waxed dance floor, she has a little story to tell. She is Mamie Hudler, originally of New Orleans and San Francisco, and now known as Rodeo West, making a lot of money, and providing all too generously for the whole Hudler family. Brood, moody, taciturn fellow who goes about with his left arm stiff, the palm of his left hand facing outward, is her manager. Out on the coast where he was considered a good violinist, he stopped a bullet intended for Mamie by Oscar Oldfield, adventurer then and now rated at twenty-two millions through oil field holdings. The story is that both men want Mamie, Oldfield to decorate his mansion, Brood because he loves her. The odd part is that Mamie, O. Rodeo, as she prefers to be called, can not or will not see that Brood is the man for her, until the last minute. She quarrels with him, insults him, yet always is the one to make up. After she has sung a ditty about "A Bride without

a Groom," modern version of "Waiting at the Church," she has a strong scene with the two men, dismisses Oldfield and announces that she is to marry Brood.

These are mere fragments from Fannie Hurst's story, woven into a series of stage numbers effective chiefly because the camera wisely chooses to show the length and depth rather than the width of the rectangular dance floor, and because Director Webb was careful to hire some real dancing talent for solo and ensemble relief. Miss Dove, handicapped by an illogical characterization, comes through the ordeal creditably. Her appearance in this picture becomes more a revelation of versatility than of any great dramatic portrayal. Mr. Lowe, strangely dignified and restrained for one so long joyously associated with the vociferous Mr. MacLaglen, gives a more convincing performance as the watchful, protective Brood. Mr. McFarlane provides a surprise by playing a straight speaking part smoothly. Can this be the same George MacFarlane whose splendid voice has uplifted more than one comic opera of the past? W. E. G.

#### PARK

##### "Oh Yeah!!"

An all-talking comedy drama adapted by Tay Garnett from the story entitled "No Brakes," by A. W. Somerville; directed by Tay Garnett and presented by Pathe with the following cast:

Dude..... Robert Armstrong  
Dusty..... James Gleason  
Pinkie..... Patricia Caron  
The Elk..... Zasu Pitts  
Pop Eye..... Frank Hayes  
Hot Foot..... Frank Hazey  
Superintendent..... Harry Tyler  
Splinters..... Paul Hurst

James Gleason, intermittently of Broadway when not making movies, has played quite a variety of parts from the day when he and Robert Armstrong blew in on a surprised audience as the immortal "Chick" and "Hap" of "Iz Zat So?" Always he is pretty much himself: lean, rangy, caustic and laconic of speech, whether he plays a small time vaudeville actor or, as is the case in "Oh Yeah!!" now to be seen at the Park Theatre, a misanthropic brakeman. He is never tiresome and can always be relied upon for a certain dry humor that can redeem the dullest of pictures. Not that "Oh Yeah!!" is that by any means, for, in addition to Mr. Gleason there is his former associate, Robert Armstrong, looking very tough, serious and unshaven and talking as if his mouth were filled with some very

foreign substance. Above all, there is Zasu Pitts, cast as a languid and scatterbrained waitress at a railroad depot, whose air of bewildered vacancy and steady flow of conversation provided the heartiest laughs of the picture.

Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Gleason, Dude and Dusty, according to the program, arrive on the freight at a small railroad town and get themselves jobs by the novel method of knocking down the superintendent, and also acquire girls, Pinkie and The Elk. They get along swimmingly until Dude is accused of beating up and robbing a friend, Splinters. For some reason every one suspects him, despite his obvious honesty, instead of two extremely villainous looking specimens, Pop Eye and Hot Foot. Dude and Dusty depart by the next freight, but leave it for the purpose of saving a runaway car. Or board this same runaway are the two desperadoes, also leaving town. There is a good free-for-all fight in which Dude and Dusty clean up the floor with Pop Eye and Hot Foot, but get themselves wrecked because they are too busy arguing with one another to see where they are going.

On the same bill is "Red Hot Rhythm," in which Alan Hale has the part of an unscrupulous young man who cashes in on the popular songs of composers who are too poor to get their music published. He loves one girl but takes up with another who is merely playing him for what she can get. In the end he sees the error of his ways and goes back to his former sweetheart. E. L. H.

## MUSIC

#### ROLAND HAYES

Roland Hayes, tenor, gave yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall his second Boston recital of the present season. His program was as follows: Bononcini, Cara, si, tu mi consumi; Handel, Rendilo sereno al ciglio; three songs from "An Old English Song Cycle" arranged by Henry Coleman-Handel, Pack Clouds away; Arne, Love me or love me not; Howard, Love in thy youth; Brahms, Ruhe Suessliebchen, Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen, Sonntag, Nachtigal, Botenschaft; Negro Spirituals—Who is dat a-writin? Choose your seat and sit down. Oh shepherd feed my sheep; Lit'l David play on a yo' Harp, In-a dat mornin'.

Mr. Hayes sang, as usual, to an audience large enough to fill the hall and crowd the stage; many more stood. It is still a little puzzling to see the pla-



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enal. But there the  
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eward.  
cein's long air (possibly a  
the tenor achieved a delicate  
ss of tone, an agility and grace  
arasing that were to pervade his  
up of earlier songs, relieved by  
oader style and expressive beauty of  
Handel's "Rendil sereno" from the op-  
era "Sosarme" (1732). Howard's "Love  
In Thy Youth" was a charming and  
sprightly song by a little known Eng-  
lish composer (1710-1782), a pupil of the  
famous Dr. Pepusch (collaborator with  
Gay in the "Beggar's Opera").

Producing his effect mainly by per-  
fection of phrasing, by excellently  
chosen tempi, by purity of style, with  
little variation of vocal color and only  
the most delicate variations of volume,  
he was somewhat handicapped in treat-  
ing his group of Brahms songs, which  
demanded a greater warmth of manner  
and a reader emotional flexibility than  
Mr. Hayes had to offer yesterday.

He was most pleasing in the final  
group of spirituals. He may not sing  
these songs in the most typically negro  
style, as has been objected by some of  
his critics, but then Mr. Hayes's way is  
to refine everything that he touches: it  
is his outstanding virtue. Indeed, and  
here, to refinement of style is added a  
warm beauty of tone, a racial, lilting  
freedom of rhythm, a very human pa-  
thos, an irresistible conviction, that im-  
part to it a warmer glow, a more living  
appeal.

The usual enthusiasm was evinced,  
and other spirituals were added to the  
program. S. S.

Jan 21 1931

#### By PHILIP HALE

**PLYMOUTH THEATRE:** First per-  
formance in Boston of "Little Acci-  
dent," a comedy in three acts by  
Thomas Mitchell and Floyd Dell, based  
on the latter's novel, "The Unmarried  
Father." Presented by Crosby Gage at  
the Morosco Theatre, New York on  
Oct. 9, 1928. Staged by Joseph Graham  
and Arthur Hurley. Thomas Mitchell,  
Norman Overbeck, Elvina Enders, Madge  
Ferris, Patricia Barclay, Monica Case,  
Isabel Drury, Katherine Alexander,  
Mrs. Case, Clara Woodbury, Hicks, John  
Butler.

The cast last night:  
Doris Overbeck ..... Betay Lindsey  
Belle ..... Madeline Barr  
Mrs. Overbeck ..... Susanne Jackson  
J. J. Overbeck ..... William Wadsworth  
Norman Overbeck ..... Thomas Mitchell  
Gilbert Rand ..... Fleming Ward  
Lucinda Overbeck ..... Gara Gould  
Janet Parke ..... Jane Traylor  
Madge Ferris ..... Susan Conroy  
Rev. Doctor Gifford ..... Harry Foreman  
Miss Clark ..... Marilyn Howard  
Hicks ..... Owen Martin  
Rudolph Amendeiario ..... Adrian Rosley  
Miss Hemingway ..... Olga Hansen  
Dr. Zernecke ..... Jane Seymour  
Isabel Drury ..... Rachel Hartzell  
Monica Case ..... Katherine Hastings  
Mrs. Case ..... Jane Marbury

Think for a minute how a French  
dramatist writing for the Palais Royal  
audience would have treated the theme  
of this comedy! Norman Overbeck, en-  
gaged to Madge Ferris, is supposed to  
take a prominent part in the rehearsal  
of his wedding. He prepared himself  
for the ordeal by coming home in the  
early morning much the worse for wear,  
so that his father suggested gin instead  
of coffee for his son's breakfast. As he  
is pulling himself together, Norman  
receives a mysterious letter from a  
maternity hospital in Chicago. He con-  
sults, at first timidly, his friend, a  
lawyer, Gilbert Rand. Is it a case of  
blackmail? No. What is the meaning  
of the letter? Little by little the whole  
story is told. The telling is one of the  
best scenes in the comedy; it is played  
in comedy vein, whereas later the per-  
formance is for the most part frankly  
farceful—reminding one of the old  
"roaring" farces and "screaming" farces  
popular in the days of the Boston  
Museum in the 60s and early 70s.

It seems that Norman had fallen des-  
perately in love with Isabel, a Cam-  
bridge girl, when he was a law student  
at Harvard. 'Twas on a summer night  
they wandered far from town, entered  
a wood and were lost or pretended to  
be lost. They lost their heads. Nor-  
man begged her to marry him. She  
was one of the emancipated tribe, who  
wished to live her own life and follow  
her career as an artist. She refused  
him. He went home to Vickley, Ill.,  
and not able to forget Isabel engaged  
himself to Madge, Isabel, when she  
found out that she was with child, en-  
tered a maternity hospital. The letter  
that upset Norman was from a doctor.  
Although Gilbert did his best to dis-  
suade his friend, Norman, alleging im-  
portant business, rushes to Chicago.

The second act plays in the waiting  
room of the hospital. It is amusing,  
as like the third act, too long spun out.  
man finds that he is the father of  
oy. He submits to a physical ex-  
amination for the sake of the hospital

records. One Hicks, whose wife is about  
to be confined, is in a highly nervous  
state, a character well drawn and well  
played by Mr. Martin, without forcing  
the note: One of the best portrayals in  
the comedy. Norman is disgusted at  
the idea that his son will be adopted  
by persons unknown to him; that he  
will not see his son and heir. Isabel is  
about to leave the hospital. Norman  
taunts her with abandoning the child  
for her "career"—he speaks the word  
sneeringly. She is inhuman. The two  
scream in recriminations. Miss Hart-  
zell, who plays Isabel, makes little of  
the part here and later. She gives no  
reason for Isabel's sudden passion, her  
artistic ambitions, and at last her ma-  
ternal love and willingness to abandon  
her art.

In the third act Norman cares for  
the baby in a boarding-house, Monica,  
the landlady's daughter, falls in love  
with him. When Norman learns that  
the hospital wishes the baby back, she  
offers to run off with the father—she  
thinks he is a widower—and the child.  
Gilbert has explained to Madge, Nor-  
man's behavior. She comes into the  
room. Isabel comes in. Here is the  
familiar farcical situation, but it is not  
treated in a sufficiently whimsical or  
original manner. The French do this  
sort of thing much better. Madge  
leaves the room, after she has heard  
the parents quarrelling. Monica has  
changed her mind. Isabel is seen rock-  
ing the baby. The curtain falls as  
there is talk of necessary and intimate  
clothing for it.

There is this to be said: the comedy  
is clean, when it might easily be licen-  
tious or vulgar. Mr. Mitchell has played  
the role of Norman so long that he  
probably pitches his performance in a  
higher key than at the beginning, and  
seeks broader effects. He is often  
amusing and at times he is very human  
in his paternal pride and anxiety. Mr.  
Ward gave Gilbert character. Among  
the women, Mrs. Marbury as Mrs. Case,

Miss Hastings as the lovable and loving  
Monica; and Miss Seymour, the digni-  
fied Dr. Zernecke were the ones to be  
most commended. An audience filling  
the theatre laughed almost continuously  
and uproariously.

#### MAJESTIC THEATRE

##### "The Fortune Teller"

"The Fortune Teller," comic opera in  
three acts, music by Victor Herbert, libretto  
by Harry B. Smith, first performed in New  
York at Wallack's Theatre, Sept. 26, 1898.  
with Alice Nielsen as Musette; revived at  
the Jolson Theatre, New York, Nov. 4,  
1929, with Tessa Kosta as Musette; per-  
formed last evening at the Majestic Thea-  
tre with the following cast:

Musette ..... Eleanor Painter  
Irma ..... Eleanor Painter  
Lt. Fedor ..... Eleanor Painter  
Fresco ..... Robt. Pitkin  
Count Berezowski ..... William J. McCarthy  
Sander ..... Philip Conyers  
Ladislav ..... Eric Titus  
Boris ..... Harry Hermson  
Pompom ..... Sara Bair  
Rafael ..... Sophia Robinson  
Valdemar ..... Jack Bosman  
Jeweler ..... Edward Taylor  
Gen. Korbay ..... Edward Taylor

When Frank L. Perley presented "The  
Fortune Teller" at the Boston Theatre  
in March of 1899, he referred to the  
Alice Nielsen Opera Company as "the  
largest and most perfectly cast light  
opera company in America." He was  
proud of his sensational drum corps,  
his band of trumpeters, his enlarged  
orchestra. He had reason to be proud  
also of his cast. Our own Eugene  
Cowles was Sander, Richard Golden  
was Fresco, Joseph Herbert was Count  
Berezowski, Joseph Cawthorn was Boris,  
Marguerita Sylva was Pompom. These  
players became stars in due time; years  
ago, of course. New names have come  
up, musical modes have changed; yet  
once again must it be conceded that  
the scores which Victor Herbert wrote  
30-odd years ago has not changed.  
Time has failed to dim their melodic  
beauties, their humor, their superbly  
fashioned finales. Even with an aver-  
age-sized band of musicians any intelli-  
gent and sympathetic conductor can  
make manifest that wonderful skill in  
orchestration which was Herbert's alone  
in his day. If his librettist was witty  
and inventive, like Henry Blossom, so  
much the better. Perhaps "The For-  
tune Teller" would have come through  
the years more happily if Harry B.  
Smith, its librettist, had been more  
original. Mr. Smith, however, had a  
hand in so many books that he was  
able to do justice to only a few; and  
"The Fortune Teller" was not one of  
these.

Last evening Miss Painter scored an  
individual triumph, vocally and histri-  
onically, in the triple role of Irma, fian-  
cée of Ladislav, of Musette, the gypsy,  
and of Fedor, Irma's twin brother, sen-  
tenced to be shot for desertion from the  
Hungarian army. An arduous occupa-  
tion, this constant changing of cos-  
tumes, with consequent change of de-  
portment. Miss Painter kept all her  
stage appointments, however, and im-  
proved as the performance progressed.  
Hers is a rich mezzo-soprano voice, ad-  
mirably trained, superbly controlled.  
In the czardas, "Romany Life," or the  
"Dance of Nations," that voice soared  
true and sure; alone it charmed, as in  
the waltz song, "The Lily and the  
Nightingale."

Mr. Conyers, to whom fell the famous

Gypsy Love Song, has a bass voice of  
range and a certain degree of sonority.  
Unfortunately, that particular song de-  
mands what might be called a double  
bass voice; a great rarity in light opera  
ranks. Eugene Cowles had it, back in  
1898-99. Miss Bair, in Pompom's one  
number, "Only in the Play," with Mr.  
Titus, proved that she too had a pleas-  
ing voice. Mr. Pitkin, Mr. McCarthy  
and Mr. Hermson, in the comedy roles,  
chose to play them without resort to  
subtlety of form or expression. The  
chorus of Hussars, gypsies and femi-  
nine drummers was notably effective,  
considering their paucity of numbers.  
The stage settings and costumes were  
consistently of the sort which the pro-  
ducers of these comic operas have as-  
sembled for them. They evoked memo-  
ries of the old Bennett & Moulton days  
when good voices and honest buf-  
foony were considered of prime im-  
portance, and scenery was simply some-  
thing behind which stage hands might  
hide or ladies of the chorus pause to  
pull up their cotton hose. W. E. G.

#### THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COLONIAL—"Simple Simon," musical  
comedy, with Ed Wynn; first time on any  
stage, Friday evening.  
COLEY—"The Middle Watch," nautical  
farce; fifth week.  
HOLLIS STREET—"Pygmalion," Shaw's  
comedy, with the Theatre Guild Acting  
Company; last week.  
MAJESTIC—"The Fortune Teller," Victor  
Herbert's comic opera revived, with Eleanor  
Painter.  
PLYMOUTH—"Little Accident," farce-  
comedy, with Thomas Mitchell.  
SHUBERT—"Pleasure Bound," revue,  
with Phil Baker; last week.  
BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Ruth St. Denis,  
Ted Shawn, dances; tonight only.  
(Note—The Tremont, Wilbur and Shu-  
bert Lyric Theatres are dark.)

#### LOEW'S STATE

##### "Their Own Desire"

An all-talking screen drama adapted  
by Frances Marion and James Forbes  
from the story by Sarita Fuller; directed  
by E. Mason Hopper and presented by  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the follow-  
ing cast:

Lally ..... Norma Shearer  
Marlett ..... Belle Bennett  
Jack ..... Lewis Stone  
Beth ..... Robert Montgomery  
Beth ..... Helene Millard  
Aunt Caroline ..... Cecile Cunningham  
Uncle Nate ..... Henry Herbert  
Suzanne ..... Mary Doran  
Mildred ..... June Nash

Just what the director of "Their Own  
Desire," Norma Shearer's latest film,  
now to be seen at Loew's State, had in  
mind, is a little hard to understand.  
Was it serious propaganda against di-  
vorce, exemplified by the lachrymose  
Miss Belle Bennett, the embarrassed Mr.  
Lewis Stone with his partner in crime,  
Miss Helene Millard? Or was it instead  
a dissertation on the difficulties of young  
love in society circles, involving Miss  
Norma Shearer and Mr. Robert Mont-  
gomery? What ever it was, didn't  
quite get across. Miss Shearer, who  
has proved herself an able and attrac-  
tive actress in serious drama like "The  
Trial of Mary Dugan" and in polite  
comedy such as "The Last of Mrs.  
Cheney," is miscast as a hard and cyni-  
cal flapper who cultivates bad man-  
ners as assiduously as she smokes cigar-  
ettes. The real trouble with the pic-  
ture, however, is not with the players  
nor with the plot, which contains the  
elements of exciting drama, but with  
the uncertain and artificial photography  
and direction. Too many incidents are  
left unexplained and there is one of  
the most unconvincing studio storms on  
record.

Lally Marlett, vivacious and pretty  
girl in her early twenties, is overcome  
with dismay and disgust when she finds  
that her father is getting a divorce to  
marry Beth Cheever, a well-preserved  
middle-aged lady with a grown son.  
Struck by the sight of her mother's  
unhappiness, Lally resolves never to fail  
in love and certainly never to marry.  
Nevertheless, when she meets a likable  
boy who calls himself Jack, last name  
undeclared, she finds her resolution  
difficult to sustain. A casual question  
reveals the fact that Jack is none other  
than the son of the insinuating Mrs.  
Cheever. Knowing what her marriage  
would mean to her mother, Lally sends  
Jack away and refuses to see him. He  
persuades her to take a midnight canoe

trip that turns to disaster when their  
craft overturns in Lake Michigan.

The loss of their child draws Mr. and  
Mrs. Marlett together once more and  
when in the end Lally and Jack are  
found alive, though out of their heads  
from exposure, everything is all set  
for a happy family reunion. Norma  
Shearer, seemingly a trifle ill at ease in  
the midst of the melodramatic develop-  
ments of the plot, is her usual pleas-  
ing self, save for a newly contrived and un-  
pleasantly artificial laugh. Robert Mont-  
gomery makes a likable young lover,  
and Lewis Stone, distinctly out of his ele-  
ment, turns in a good performance as  
the philanthropic Marlett. Belle Ben-  
nett is distressingly tearful and clinging  
as the unhappy Mrs. Marlett. E. L. H.

## RUTH ST. DENIS AND TED SHAWN DANCE

By PHILIP HALE

Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn as-  
sisted by a "symphonic orchestral  
quartet" gave an entertainment last  
night at the Boston Opera House. Miss  
St. Denis's program was as follows:  
White Jade (music by Clifford  
Vaughan). Bas-Relief figure from Ang-  
kor-Vat (Berge). Serimpi-Javanese  
Court Dance (Vaughan); a Tagore  
Poem, Carpenter; Natch Dance from  
"Bakawali" (Nevin).

Mr. Shawn's program included: Invo-  
cation to the Thunderbird (Souza);  
Ramadan Dance (Anis Fuleihan);  
Gnossienne (Satie); Flamenco Dances  
(Native ons); Dance of the Bull God  
(Griffies). The two were seen in a  
Suite: Tillers of the Soil (Meyerowitz);  
Idyll (Stoughton); Vocturne (Debussy),  
and Josephine and Hippolyte (Drigo).

The program also included Chopin's  
Nocturne in E flat (played by Mr.  
Cohen); Minuet by Paradis (the quart-  
et); and other pieces.

There was a large audience which  
applauded the old and new. The "White  
Jade," the "Idyll," the Gnossienne,

the Flamencos and the Natch Dance  
met with special favor before "Jose-  
phine and Hippolyte" was reached. Miss  
St. Denis's sumptuous costumes and her  
dexterous management of what to  
others would have been an encumbrance  
—colored skirts, floating draperies—  
were as remarkable to those who had  
not seen her as her bas-relief figure  
from the Angkor-Vat and her Javanese  
dance were interesting to those fasci-  
nated by everything that is oriental in  
art. To some the exquisite White Jade,  
the perfection of beauty in repose, as  
the curtain rises and discloses the  
seated woman, is the one thing by  
which the Miss St. Denis of the later  
years will be most gratefully remem-  
bered. Next to it they would put the  
Javanese dance and the scene with the  
musical instrument untouched because  
the song would not come to the singer.

Mr. Shawn's Gnossienne, a grotesque  
dance in honor of the Cretan snake  
goddess, and the series of Flamenco  
dances, appealed strongly to the audi-  
ence.

As an exhibition of convincing pan-  
tomime the entertainment was not con-  
spicuous, and in the dances—if dances  
they can be justly called—where pan-  
tomime was the essential thing the story  
was seldom clearly told. Nor can it be  
said that some of the dances, Eastern  
and the Invocation of the Thunderbird,  
were artistically valuable except as il-  
lustrations of folklore and strange re-  
ligious rites.

#### VIRGINIA WARREN

Virginia Warren, a young soprano of  
Winchester, who has recently returned  
to these shores from studies and a con-  
cert debut in Paris, gave a first Boston  
recital last night in Jordan hall. To  
appreciative audience of more than  
average size she sang the following  
program: Handel, "Oh Sleep, why dost  
thou leave me?"; Haydn, "My Mother  
bids me bind my hair"; Caccini,  
"Amarilli"; Bach, "Phoebus, le droie est  
fou"; Brahms, "Botschaft"; Strauss,  
"Freundliche Vision" and "Ständ-  
chen"; Debussy, "C'est l'extase langou-  
reuse" and "Green"; Faure, "Clair de  
lune"; Chabrier, "Les Cigales"; Verdi,  
"Caro Nome ("Rigoletto"); Carpenter,  
"When I bring to you colored toys,"  
"The sleep that flits on baby's eyes,"  
and "To a young gentleman." The ad-  
mirable accompanist, playing the piano  
delightfully and assisting the singer  
with tact, was Bernard Zighera, first  
harpist of the Boston Symphony  
orchestra.

Miss Warren's vice has a charmingly  
fresh, youthful quality and a degree of  
natural agility that make the marked  
defects of her technique inconspicuous.  
Her intelligence, which manifests itself  
in many ways, prompts her to choose  
songs well suited, in general, to these  
qualities and to shun others, however  
attractive. This self-imposed limita-  
tion did not prevent the singer from  
compiling an unusually pleasing pro-  
gram. Since faults have been hinted  
at, it may be best to deal with them  
here and pass to pleasanter topics.  
Miss Warren does not possess the art  
of producing an even scale from top to  
bottom of her ample natural range.  
Her high notes, when sung with energy  
are forced and tight, but she wisely  
passes them off, with few exceptions,  
in a light and rather appealing falsetto

Jan 25 1931



## SANS TEETH

Dr. Edward L. Wharton, president of the New Jersey State Dental Association, says that in 1000 years people may be born without teeth, having no use for them. "Chicken a la King, tenderloin steak and other soft foods are depriving the teeth of the work they were formerly called upon to accomplish, such as masticating fresh buffalo meat." Tenderloin steak a "soft food"? The doctor is to be congratulated on his meat man. Many of our forefathers in New England had firm and glistening teeth, but in their day buffalo did not roam over the meadows of Massachusetts and the hills of New Hampshire, or slake their thirst in the Connecticut or Penobscot.

Few of us will probably live to see the day when teeth will only be under museum glass. Men have been born toothless and may still be found. Pherecrates had no teeth from birth to death, yet he was esteemed as a dramatic poet; he invented the Pherecratic verse, and was quoted frequently by Athenaeus. There are several noteworthy instances of men and women who lived without teeth in the upper jaw—the great Pyrrhus, Euryphaeus the Cyprian, Euryptolemus, King of the Cypriots, and that noble virgin known to Melancthon; she went at the Court of Ernst, Duke of Lunenburg, who proclaimed her to be of great gravity and virtue. All these had one continued bone instead of "uppers."

Even if the naturally toothless were in our way to increase in numbers, communities would not necessarily suffer. There would not be so many soap-box orators. Singers would not be less intelligible in enunciation than many now in the concert platform. Orchestral composers depending more and more on percussive instruments for effect. It should be remembered that Artemus Ward met a man in Oregon who hadn't any teeth, "not a tooth in his head—that man could play on the bass drum better than any man I ever saw."

## AIDS TO THE CONFERENCE

By PHILIP HALE

The Honorable Reijiro Wakatsuki, former Premier of Japan and its chief delegate to the London Conference, included in his luggage twenty casks of the finest Sake, which friends had given him as a form of congratulation and to quicken his sagacity. Suppose that the chief delegates of the other nations had been so thoughtful and far-seeing; France with a basket of Champagne, or six dozen of Burgundy; Italy with Lacrima Cristi—the United States with rye or bourbon; England with its Bass on draught; might not an amicable and world-satisfying result be quickly brought about? Or would there be vain babbling, confusion of tongues, angry words, bellicose threats? Let the Wets and the Drys answer, according to their prejudices. Yet one reads of an ancient conference that passed resolutions when drunk and considered them when sober.

If the example of the North American Indians were followed; if the outcome of King Media, Babbalanja and the other worthies known to the Herman Melville of "Mardi" were to be commended; if there were the thought of the Smoking Parliament or Tabaks-Collegium of his Prussian Majesty, Frederick William, would not wisdom come forth from the smoke wreaths? "Tobacco smoke is the one element in which, by our European manners, men can sit silent together without embarrassment, and where no man is bound to speak one word more than he has actually and veritably got to say . . . sedative, gently-soothing, gently clarifying tobacco smoke (if the room were well ventilated, open atop, and the air kept good with the obligation to a minimum of speech) surely gives human intellect and insight the best chance they can have . . . Who will deliver men from the hideous nightmare of Stump Oratory under which the grandest nations are choking to a nameless death?" Or would the Conference be dissolved in smoke? Would smoke-screens hide the battleships in question?

Glazunov, Theme and variations; Ravel, Sonatine; with a final group which promised the following pieces: Bax, A Hill Tune; Medtner, Allegretto con Grazia; Poulenc, Trois Mouvements; Perpetuels; Debussy, "L'Isle Joyeuse."

Miss MacColl showed herself endowed with good taste, a light and fluent technique, and a habit (occasionally manifest) of striking wrong notes at crucial points. In Bach's Chorale, she played the decorative matter gracefully, the chorale tune itself with warmly singing, delicately nuanced tone (not forcing it upon the attention with undue and unnecessary emphasis).

In playing the French Suite, she used a touch of such feathery lightness (perhaps in emulation of the timid clavier-chord) as to achieve insignificance instead of the desired delicacy. The rhythmic bass, moreover, was often over-emphasized at the expense of the musically more interesting treble. But the finale Gigue was played with delightful vivacity.

Glazunov's well-wrought variations on a theme of Russian flavor proved Miss MacColl capable of the warm, sonorous, varied tone that would have been useful (in moderation) in her Bach. A firmer technique, too, served her well in this pleasant, polished, melodious music. In Ravel's Sonatine, pleasing modern adaptation of the French 18th century harpsichord style, the pianist showed herself quite aware of the style of performance appropriate to the music. She aimed at a crystalline clarity of tone not inconsistent with a tenderly languishing phrase that is equally French. She was not unsuccessful.

Miss MacColl was applauded by a fairly large audience. S. S.

### IRMA WATSON

Last night in Recital hall of the New England Conservatory of Music, Miss Irma Watson, a pupil of Clayton D. Gilbert, head of the dramatic department of the conservatory, presented a lyric action recital in costume.

The affair, which was by invitation, attracted a capacity house. There were large delegations of special guests from Worcester. Miss Watson's home

Glazunov, Theme and variations; Ravel, Sonatine; with a final group which promised the following pieces: Bax, A Hill Tune; Medtner, Allegretto con Grazia; Poulenc, Trois Mouvements; Perpetuels; Debussy, "L'Isle Joyeuse."

Miss Watson's program was divided into seven parts, with a total of 24 numbers, which included many nationalities.

She was not without D. Harrington, tenor, singing recital, pianist, Harry Dyer in Boncristi, Edwin L. Stuntner, cantata, and Gertrude G. Bralley, lightness accompanist. Nor man I. S. of stage-managed the recital and groomed F. Bowley designed the costumes.

## CAREER OF MISS FARRAR

GERALDINE FARRAR: An Authorized Record of Her Career, by Edward Wagenknecht, University of Washington Book Store, Seattle, 91 pp.

By PHILIP HALE

This book is published in an attractive form. The edition is limited to 350.

Her diction, sometimes clear, is often marred by the tendency of her vowels to lapse into a benevolent neutrality.

To compensate for these defects, obvious but not seriously offensive to the critical ear, Miss Warren displayed qualities of taste, intelligence, and musical sense that made her work very pleasing. She sang her opening group of airs of the 17th and 18th centuries with admirable purity of style, phrasing serenely for Handel, with delightful grace in Haydn's charming song, with sustained breadth for old Caccini, with commendable agility and with healthy vivacity and humor in Bach's lively air from the cantata "Phoebus and Pan" (which has been staged as a very diverting musical farce). The fresh beauty of her voice was especially apt here.

To her German group she gave a lightly ecstatic beauty that suited both her songs and herself; there was special charm in her singing of Brahms's "Botschaft." So pleasing, too, was she in her French songs (though she could not, naturally enough, convey the sensuous flavor of "L'extase langoureuse") that "Caro nome," for all its naive charm, was felt as an anti-climax. Her performance of it had style, but more agility than clarity or freedom.

Her graceful singing of the pleasant Carpenter group that closed the program deserved its share of the abundant applause that rewarded this young singer's performance. There were encores. S. S.

## METROPOLITAN

### "Seven Days Leave"

An all-talking screen comedy drama adapted by John Barrow and Dan Toher from the play by Sir James Matthew Barrie, entitled "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." Directed by Richard Wallace and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

The first few minutes of "Seven Days Leave" will have Barrie lovers fidgeting in their chairs. The picture does not open with the four charwomen seated about Mrs. Dowey's hospitable table in her basement room, eating waffles, drinking tea, discussing momentous war problems, boasting of their relations' part in the conflict. Assurance soon supplants suspicion that another direct- or has gone wrong, for that delicious scene soon materializes. And there-after for the greater part, Mr. Wallace holds firmly to the Barrie text in so far as it applies to the two chief characters, Sara Ann Dowey and Kenneth Dowey, for they are perfect compliments to each other in appearance and in grace and skill is refreshingly original; it is unfettered by strict adherence to any one school, but it has an individuality

Twimley and the Haggerty woman poking their inquisitive and envious noses in whenever chance arises, create and maintain faithfully and charmingly the oddly contrasted characters which Barrie drew so truly in "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." Particularly Miss Mercer. Mr. Cooper may be the star as proclaimed by the posters, but this picture is as truly Miss Mercer's alone as "Four Sons" was the inalienable property of Margaret Mann. The latter's Mother Bernie was a woman proud in

maternity. Miss Mercer's Mrs. Dowey had no four sons, not even one. She was not even "Mrs." Hers was the task to portray a little lone woman's wistful longing to possess some one of and in the great war; her crafty subterfuges, her precious self-written letters from a fictitious son, her pride in his achievements, her consternation when Kenneth comes to upbraid her and her joy when he remains to accept her simple services for him; and her exaltation of spirit when, after his honored death, she sits at her neat bureau and fondles her souvenirs of that wondrous experience, the blue scarf, the real letters, the medal, the champagne cork. In all this Miss Mercer actually lived, moved and spoke as Barrie would have her. If she never has another major role, the memory of her as the little woman with pail and scrubbing brush who wanted that war to be her war, too, will suffice.

Mr. Wallace perhaps has taken liberties with Kenneth's character. Sir James surely did not hint at cowardice, yet the picture would persuade us that this taciturn youth was far from being of heroic mould, until his return to the front and his death under German machine gun fire. Naturally, the scope of the story has been extended. There is a grog-shop fight with Kenneth thrashing the entire British navy. The nocturnal excursions of Kenneth and Sara Ann are visualized. The famous concealed bed and bathtub are shown, amusingly. Mr. Cooper was at his best in his mischievous proposal of sonhood. Of the three gossiping charwomen, Miss Pigott was especially engaging as the gin and porter guzzling Haggerty woman. Hers was a flawless characterization. W. E. G.

KREUTZBERG AND GEORGI Harald Kreutzberg and Yvonne Georgi, dance partners from Germany, gave their second Boston recital last night at Symphony hall. A large audience was enthusiastic, giving proof that there is in Boston a genuine feeling for the dance, no matter how new or original the exponent.

The art of Kreutzberg and Georgi, they must be spoken of in one breath, each other in appearance and in grace and skill is refreshingly original; it is unfettered by strict adherence to any one school, but it has an individuality

strong and independent. In one dance they embody the melodic line; they reproduce musical phrasing with delicacy and nuance; they mark out a theme, develop, recapitulate, and close. In another they portray the healthy zest of peasants, or the grotesque and futile fears of a bad dream—and with a sense of design, slightly conventionalized, that raises the dance above the merely imitative. Again, they together and individually, express, with the assistance of an explanatory title and judicious costuming, what might be called the crisis-drama of an individual. So it was in Kreutzberg's "Angel of the Annunciation," in Georgi's tortured "Kassandra," in Kreutzberg's "Jester's Dance." A few moments of movement, coupled with peerless pantomime, and the bare soul of a character, or the essence of an emotion, is reincarnated. This is a subtle art, requiring the delicacy and sureness of an etching, or the firm assurance of a caricature.

In this second program, composed of new dances (except for Georgi's drifting green waltz), the German dancers revealed one more rare dance quality—humor. The simple joyousness of the "Rural Dance," and the amusing exaggeration of the "Bad Dreams" prepared the audience for the wit, the sparkle, the spirited fun of the "Pot-pourri." In the latter the artful accompanist, Mr. Wilkens, whose compositions and piano-playing were so delightfully part of the program, gave comic assistance to the dancers. While they pranced and mimicked, he provided additional percussion with his chair, and finally, seeming to tire of his job, he simply walked off the stage without a mischievous leer toward the cavorting and oblivious two.

For pure dancing (that is dancing which is bodily expression of music, uncolored by the addition of some extraneous emotion or characterization), Kreutzberg's Capriccio and Georgi's Waltz were most beautiful. For what might be termed program-dancing (and there is no reason why, once the admission is made that the dancer may imbue his movements with meaning, that one should cavil at what particular meaning be suggested, whether it be comely or harsh), Kreutzberg was best in "The Angel of the Annunciation," with its tone of ecstatic and fearful mystery, and in the "Jester's Dance," hysterically changing from forced elation to despair and longing for escape. Georgi's geometric "Stick Dance," and her fierce and bloody Kassandra, were most impressive. E. B.

### AILSA CRAIG MACCOLL

Ailsa Craig MacColl, pianist, played at Jordan hall last night. The following was her program: Bach, Chorale—"Jesus, Joy of Man's Desiring" (arranged by Myra Hees) and French Suite No. 5;

copies. Mr. Wagenknecht's "Appreciation" of the singer is followed by a complete list of her operatic roles. Under "Berlin," "Monte Carlo," "Warsaw" and "Paris" are given the roles which Miss Farrar sang for the first time anywhere in the cities named. Under "New York" all roles taken in that city are given, regardless of whether they had previously been taken in Europe or not. Other cities, European and American, in which Miss Farrar sang but created no new roles are not mentioned in this list. There is a chronology of Miss Farrar's operatic appearances in the city of New York, also a complete list of her records, typical concert programs, a selected bibliography of books. Articles relating to her are listed. These last 40 pages are of value to historians of opera. The casts of the operas in which Miss Farrar sang for the first time are given; the compiler has taken pains that the dates should be correct. The labor involved has necessarily been great. Mr. Wagenknecht modestly says that he does not delude himself that he has attained absolute accuracy. "No book of this kind has ever been entirely accurate since books began to be made. Who am I that I should shatter the sacred tradition?"

Looking over the long list, one is surprised not only at the many roles assumed by Miss Farrar, but by the naming of operas unknown in this country except by the titles: "Amica," "L'Ancrete," "Le Clown." One would like to have seen Miss Farrar in that charming opera, "Le Domino Noir," in which she took the part of Angela at Berlin in 1905 with Richard Strauss conductor. By the way, the title of Leoncavallo's opera is "Pagliacci," not "I Pagliacci," as given on pages 50, 53. The record of her activity at the Metropolitan Opera House from Nov. 26, 1906 ("Romeo and Juliet"), to April 22, 1922 ("Zaza"), is an amazing one.

The "Appreciation" is one of flaming eulogy. Mr. Wagenknecht in his preface says that the opinions expressed are his own; "there is no attempt to foist them upon Miss Farrar." But she would probably agree with them; possibly find that the opinions in some instances are half-hearted. She should surely be satisfied when she reads: "I fear I shall never be able to explain adequately to anybody just what the art of Geraldine Farrar has meant to me."



Only the very greatest of the poets have ever brought me what she has brought—have so quickened, so tremendously deepened my sense of life. . . . I have often thought and spoken of Geraldine Farrar as the world's greatest singer because it seems to me that her comprehension and expression of life embraces a wider segment than that of anybody else I know. . . . As a Lied singer, her versatility is hardly less remarkable than it was on the operatic stage." To quote a line of Heine's, "My darling, what wouldst thou have more?"

Her eulogist is right in praising her Elisabeth in "Tannhaeuser," her Goose Girl in "Koenigskinder." He might also have mentioned her Nedda in "Pagliacci," the most satisfactory portrayal of that role that we have seen since the opera was brought to this country; but her Carmen was in no way memorable and her Clo-Clo-San in "Madame Butterfly" was fussy, not in the Japanese character, as Japanese singers have shown us.

There are interesting digressions in the "Appreciation," the one on personality; the defence of Miss Farrar for taking the roles of naughty women like Carmen and Zaza. In the latter digression Mr. Wagenknecht is an unconscious humorist.

## SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

Eugene Goossens, as a guest, conducted the 13th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall.

His program was as follows: Wagner, A Faust Overture; Schumann, Symphony No. 1, B flat major; Goossens, Concertino for Double String Orchestra; Respighi, Roman Festivals. The Concertino and the Roman Festivals were played in Boston for the first time.

Mr. Goossens's Concertino was originally written in 1927 as a String Overture and as such was performed for the first time in London last March. The first performance of the work in its present shape was in New York at a concert of the Composers' League in December of last year. The Concertino is interesting: not only as showing the technical skill of the composer; the music is alive, with a vivacity that is not academically perfunctory; it is new and sparkling wine in bottles that have not been covered with dust in the bin of a poker-backed conservative. The modern spirit that enlivens certain harmonic schemes is not that coming from an experimenter relying on polytony or any other "tony" for effect, in the desire to be abreast, or a little ahead of the times. While the work is, as Mr. Goossens says, somewhat in the style of the old Italian concertos—Vivaldi, for example—it might be by a Vivaldi writing today.

For the theme of the slow section Mr. Goossens invented a melody in folksong fashion, a charming melody without affectation of simplicity but as appealing as though it expressed the emotion of some unknown, humble singer moved to vocal expression of what was felt within him.

The Concertino was brilliantly performed by the incomparable string section of the orchestra. The melody in the slow section was beautifully sung by the first viola, Mr. Lefranc, whose full, rich tone was not allowed to degenerate into cloying sentimentalism or lacrymose wailing. The audience evidently and fully appreciated the music and the performance.

Respighi's "Roman Festivals" was a disappointment, not wholly unanticipated. In 1916 the "Fountains of Rome" appeared; eight years later the "Pines of Rome"; to form a trilogy, Mr. Respighi completed the "Roman Festivals" in 1928: "Visions and evocations of Roman fetes." Mr. Toscanini brought out the composition for the first time anywhere in New York from manuscript last February. Mr. Goossens was the first to conduct it in London (June 13, 1929).

Mr. Respighi glorifies Rome again by describing in tones: First, the martyrs in the Circus Maximus, singing cheerfully in spite of the fact that wild beasts are about to devour them. Though the crowd at first shouts: "Hail! Nero!" the calmness of the martyrs is disquieting, and the people rise from their seats as agitated as those about to die are unperturbed. The second section portrays praying pilgrims on the highway, finally reaching a height from which the holy city is seen. A hymn of praise—church bells ring in answer. An October Festival is the subject of the third section—tinkling of bells, songs of love, a serenade. In the fourth section it is the night before the Epiphany. Fanfares of trumpets, country tunes, a barrel-organ and the voice of a "barker" leading from a booth—a frazzled legal populace; in fact a "whoop it up" with the full strength of the company.

The composer is quoted as saying that his instrumentation represents "the maximum of orchestral sonority and color." One might say "noise and gaudy coloring." The most musical, and at the same time truly descriptive pages are those in which the pilgrims on their march finally arrive at the summit of the hill. And in the fourth section the wild tune of a pleasing vulgarity with the cadence used by Mascagni in "Cavalleria Rusticana" has true character befitting the scene. But too often the instrumentation is thick, not allowing contrasting themes to work fully their will, nor are the musical contents, even for festival representation, as significant as those of the "Fountains" and the "Pines." Yet the spirited performance, the admirable conducting by Mr. Goossens, the final blare, crash and general hullabaloo excited the audience to stormy applause.

The ability of Mr. Goossens as a conductor, his musically intelligent interpretations, his authority and his excellent taste, added to an ingratiating presence and a magnetic personality were made known to the Symphony audiences when he was invited to conduct this orchestra four years ago last Wednesday. His fine qualities were again revealed in his masterly, romantically poetic interpretation of the overture, much of which has aged, and the ever fresh symphony by Schumann.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Mozart, Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; Prokofiev, Scythian Suite; Prokofiev, piano concerto in G minor, No. 2 (first time in the United States, Mr. Prokofiev, pianist); Albeniz-Arbois, La Folia; a Seville and Triana (from "Iberia").

## BURTON HOLMES TALKS ON GERMANY

Noted Traveler Shows Film Of Country at Symphony Hall

Burton Holmes, noted world traveler and lecturer carried his audience at Symphony Hall, last night, through present day Germany by medium of his latest film, taken in that country.

Beginning at Munich, with its famous clock and the monument to the Unknown Soldier, the audience rapidly traveled through the leading cities and countryside. The mountain scenes at Berchtesgaden, the streets of Nuremberg, a crowded day in Rothenburg and the peaceful little town of Dinkelsbühl depicted the life of Germany since the war.

The climax of the lecture was the motion pictures of a huge mail plane being catapulted from the deck of the liner, Bremen, while the ship was still a day's voyage from port.

Next week's lecture by Mr. Holmes will deal with a new Mediterranean cruise, including the Balkan capitals.

Jan 26 1930

## ELLY NEY

Elly Ney, pianist, played the following program at Jordan hall yesterday afternoon:

Rondo, A Minor, Opus 10, No. 2. . . . . Mozart  
Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue. . . . . Bach  
Capriccio, Opus 116, No. 1. . . . . Brahms  
Ballade, Opus 10, No. 2. . . . . Brahms  
Intermezzo, Opus 119, No. 3. . . . . Beethoven  
Sonata, C Minor, Opus 111. . . . . Beethoven  
Scene from Childhood, Opus 15. . . . . Schumann  
Bolsa A minor, Opus 25, No. 11. . . . . Chopin  
Etude A minor, Opus 10, No. 12. . . . . Chopin  
Etude C minor, Opus 10, No. 12. . . . . Liszt  
Mephisto Waltz. . . . . Liszt  
Benediction of God in the Solitude. . . . . Liszt  
Fantasy on Hungarian Folk Melodies. . . . . Liszt

Mme. Ney is one of the few great pianists of this generation, which knows many good pianists and many brilliant ones. She is certainly the greatest of them. She is certainly the greatest of the woman pianists. Her playing yesterday renewed this conviction. Throughout her generous program, to which several encores were added, she held the attention of her large audience. An audience which, after listening to her for two hours and a half, was still asking for more. One might stop here, leaving the desired impression that Mme. Ney is an exceptional pianist; but it is well to draw attention to the fact that it is not by flashy sensationalism that she achieves this result but by an admirably deep musical insight, a fine artistic integrity, and a remarkably inclusive emotional sympathy (kept within due bounds by an intelligent discrimination) very different from the hysterical ranting which some women pianists release under the guise of emotion.

developed and well-rounded technique, enabled Mme. Ney to convey with equal conviction types of music so extremely contrasted as, for example, the tragic nobility, the rugged strength, the calm, unhurried, meditative sweetness of Beethoven's last pianoforte sonata, and the simple tenderness and unaffected charm of Schumann's "Kinderszenen," the sonorous grandeur of Bach's Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue and the intimate

# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

It is well known that when an actor is required to stumble over a chair or upset a tea-tray, or through nervousness behave in any awkward, foolish manner; that when an apparently well-bred actress explodes with a "Damn," or "Hell," or pronounces the name of the Deity, "Gawd!" the audience gives vent to noisy squeals of joy. There is also hilarious expectancy when persons on the stage sit down to eat. There is homeric laughter when the supposedly funny man talks with his mouth full of food. And in recent years an emotional, pathetic, or tragic scene provokes inextinguishable mirth in "cultured" Boston.

But why should the sight of a man taking off his coat excite an audience to laughter?

Last Monday night at "Little Accident" there was giggling when the attractive nurse at the Maternity Hospital asked Norman Overbeck to remove his coat. The laughter swelled in volume when the vest came off; the crescendo of cackling reached a fortissimo climax when Norman thought he was asked to take off his shirt. What would have happened if the nurse had said something about trousers, though as the hospital was in Chicago, she would undoubtedly have said "pants"? The walls of the Plymouth Theatre would have rocked, the ceiling might have fallen, shaken by the gale of laughter.

Yet a letter from Mr. Floyd Dell to a New York newspaper a year ago would indicate that he takes his and Mr. Thomas Mitchell's amusing play seriously, for he insists that there is an "underlying idea"—so that the comedy might be referred to respectfully in a learned treatise "On Domestic Relations."

Here is Mr. Dell's argument: A man and a girl who have a baby "however accidentally," are married whether they like it or not. Norman and Isabel in the play don't like it. "But you can tell they are married all right by the way they quarrel. That is the problem, and the situations make it a riot. Had we been too solemn about it, maybe the critics would have taken us seriously—as the successors of Ibsen or something."

Mr. Dell holds that the converse of his grand idea is true. If a man and his wife don't have a baby they are not really married—there is only a legal, socially approved liaison. "That is the argument of Judge Lindsey, only he calls it companionate marriage."

And Mr. Dell would like to see "Little Accident" played in Russia, where if a man and a girl have a baby they are legally married. "The girls, according to what I hear are all for it; but the men are not so unanimous. A baby has a legal right to be born in Russia, and he has a pair of legal parents who must support him." It appears from Mr. Dell's letter that his novel, "An Unmarried Father," from which "Little Accident" is derived, is doing well in Russia. Alexandra Kollontai wrote a preface for it. Can one follow Mr. Dell when he says "the advent of that fundamental reality—a baby"—knocks Victorian romance, sentiment, morals and legalities into a cocked hat? and asks what there is so farcial about that?

Many of us were obtuse last Monday night. We failed to grasp the significance of the "underlying idea," or rather this idea did not rise to the surface in the course of the performance. We all were amused by Mr. Mitchell, playing alternately in comedy vein and in broad farce, nor did we stop to think whether Norman in the last act would have been so solicitous about the baby's diet—in fact to some of us there was too much "baby" in this act. It is true that Mr. St. John Ervine spoke of spending a jolly evening with "recognizable human beings," but we failed to recognize Isabel that evening. Mr. St. John Ervine saw Miss Katherine Alexander in that role. She was described by another critic as giving a "hushed, plaintive, Reed-like performance of the girl wrestling with a social code."

Edgar Wallace, astonished by the exploits of Chicago gunmen, has written a play in which they figure. He will produce it in London in March. Charles Laughton, Perelli; Gillian Lind, a Chinese girl. The other players will be Americans.

Cyril Maude, 68 years old next April, purposes to return in that month to the stage. In the mean time he may do a film of "Grumpy" in this country.

Aldous Huxley's novel "Point Counter Point" has been dramatized.

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

It may be of interest to some of your readers to go back for a moment into the life of John Barnett, musician, sometimes known as "The father of English opera," from his opera of "The Mountain Sylph," produced in 1834, and whose diaries from 1829 to 1889, fourteen in number, have recently come to the knowledge of his younger daughter, and which are now in her possession. Curiously, she never knew her father kept a diary until a few months ago.

Under date of July 28, 1831, and at Swansea in Wales, he makes this entry:

"McKeon (Thomas McKeon, an old time and well known actor of his day) dined here and brought to my recollection my having played with him in Birmingham fifteen years ago when I was a little boy, and Elliston, at Birmingham Theatre."

It may be said in passing that John Barnett himself went upon the stage at the age of 11 years, having a phenomenal voice, as a youthful prodigy.

As a specimen of Elliston's character, the following anecdote is worth while setting down:

"I was engaged to play at Liverpool on a certain night. I did not leave town till 2 days previous, consequently should have arrived in the morning of the evening I was to perform. We stopped to change coaches at Birmingham;—as I was stepping out of the coach I saw Elliston, who was accidentally passing;—he knew me and asked me to have a glass of wine while the coaches were getting ready. I was glad to encounter him, and went, thinking there would be sufficient time to get back to the coach.—On the same day the Mayor and Corporation dined together. Elliston was to be there; and also McKeon;—He (Elliston) thought that by bringing me to this dinner he would get a full house by announcing that I was to perform the same evening. This was soon arranged in his mind, tho' I was quite ignorant of it. By dint of persuasion (and he possessed that power to a great degree) and by relating long stories, the coach went without me, and I had no alternative but to go to this dinner—in the meantime he had bills posted about town, stating that Master Barnett had accidentally arrived



and would perform at his Theatre for this evening only.—

"I went to the dinner, and the consequence was that all of the Corporation went in the evening to the Theatre, and there was upwards of £200 in the house. I performed of course, and thus Mr. Elliston got £200 where otherwise he would not have had as many shillings.

"After drinking sundry glasses of Gin & Water, McKeon and I walked on the Beach, returned, had Tea. M.K. went to the Theatre, and I to the Post Office, wrote in this Journal, packed my things, and went to bed."

In conclusion it may be said that George Raymond in his amusing, if unreliable, *Life of Elliston* (London, 1857, illustrated by Cruickshank & "Phiz") does not include this entertaining and characteristic anecdote. Perhaps your readers also may find it entertaining, without knowing whether it was characteristic of Elliston or not.

HENRY M. ROGERS.

I sometimes wonder how many of the great actors of the past would win a handicap if they were to perform today as they performed in their own time. Would Kean stir a pulse now? Would Salvini cause a single tear to be shed by the gentlest young lady? They might, if they adapted themselves to our time, but it is possible that they would be mulish about that and we should have to accuse them, not of acting greatly, but of ranting and roaring. For my part, I am fairly content with the players of my time, and I do not doubt that in my old age I will boast of them so persistently that I shall bore all the youths and maidens for miles around.—St. John Ervine.

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

I was greatly interested in "W. G.'s" letter published in your Theatre column of January 12.

The "W. G." who wrote you is my old friend William Gill, the scenic artist, who was with me at the Boston Museum, 50 years ago—and ten years later at the Tremont Theatre. He is a bit "off" in his data, as it was the summers of 1866 and '67—that he and I were in Halifax with Moses W. Fiske. Gill was with me in St. John, N. B., the summer of 1872, at Lanergan's (J. W.) Academy of Music. The play in which Mr. Fiske (I always called him Uncle Moses) carried a tray of cotton ice cream cones, was "All that Glitters is not Gold"—the character "Toby Twinkle." His daughter, Maria, married an actor, T. J. Martin. Her mother never appeared on the stage—as I have often remarked: "She was a lady—not an actress." I am sending you a slip of the original "Drunkard" program—with some data that may be of interest. "Drink" was produced at the Boston Theatre in the early 80s, with Thomas W. Keene as "Coupeau." My mother has told me of William R. Goodale—what a fine actor he was. Another of, almost, the same ilk was Joseph E. Nagle—and he, too, "went the pace" with another, Harry Perry. The actor who drank seemed to be the fule, 50 years—and more—ago; today he is the exception—therein lies the dramatic profession been improved. I saw "Ten Nights in a Barroom" very excellently performed by the Rice Players at Plymouth, Dec. 19, 1929, and "How the old time came o'er me,"

WILLIAM SEYMOUR.

So, Duxbury.

Mr. W. A. Darlington of the Daily Telegraph (London) names as the outstanding plays of 1929: "Journey's End," "The Apple Cart," "The Silver Tassie" and "The Lady with a Lamp."

"Journey's End" is, in its modest way, a practically perfect piece of dramatic writing; but it has nothing in it of the touch of genius which makes the production of "The Silver Tassie" the chief artistic success of the year. "The Apple Cart" shows us Shaw's vitality, intellectual power, and sense of the theatre all unimpaired; and "The Lady with a Lamp," though it falls rather below the other three, gives Capt. Reginald Berkeley a new importance as a serious dramatist."

## THE DEMON VIOLINIST

The Macaulay Company of New York publishes "Paganini of Genoa," by Lillian Day, a large octavo volume of 318 pages, with 32 illustrations (some of them from rare prints), appendices containing poems inspired by this violinist, Liszt's obituary article, "Paganini's Secret," a list of his compositions. A bibliography is added. There is a full index.

While this biography is written in the contemporary quasi-romantic manner as befits this subject, it is carefully documented; while there is an exposure of the Paganini "myth," the legends that grew about his macabre sinister appearance, his extraordinary life and behavior, his artistic skill gained as it was said by a compact with Satan, are related fully and in entertaining detail. If preceding biographers were reticent about diseases that tortured Paganini, about his incredible avarice, stinginess, balanced by freakish generosity and his love for his son, Achille; silent about his sensuality and various love affairs, Miss Day is frank, unabashed in the narration, that is at times pleasingly ironical. The opening paragraphs will give an idea of her biographical manner:

"Nicolo Paganini was so unwrapped in his G string and his intestine that he did not hear the cannon of Waterloo.

"While General Bonaparte was making a kaleidoscope of the map of Italy, the greatest violin virtuoso of all time was travelling from Genoa to Modena, from Bologna to Ferrara, compromising princesses, impregnating peasants, and risking his precious Guarnerius on the color of a card. Empires and republics elbowed each other out of place; there was a revolution in industry, a recrudescence of philosophy, a renaissance of science, and Paganini scanned the newspapers for items about himself."

The prosaic details of his artistic career may be found in former biographies, as the one by Fetis who was indebted to Schottky and Conestabile. Miss Day's account of Paganini's amours is written with a peculiar gusto. One of these affairs is associated with Boston. It occurred in 1834—Paganini died in 1840. He had boarded in the previous season at London with a Mr. Watson, "an American," and had given a few concerts with the assistance of Miss Wells, Miss Watson and her father described on programs as "celebrated vocalists." As the story went, Miss Watson left her home secretly at the age of sixteen or eighteen years to meet Paganini at Boulogne; her father having been warned, anticipated his daughter by one boat and informed the French authorities of his misfortune. He met his daughter and took her to his hotel "despite the clamor of a messenger from Paganini who protested desperately this outrage against individual liberty" but the report added that Paganini was not particularly moved by this disappointment. Paganini, however, wrote to a newspaper a long reply to the charge made against him. He told how he had loaned Watson money, freed him when he had been put in prison by his creditors for the fourth time in five years, that he had proposed to Watson to take his daughter as a pupil, assuring him that after three years she would be able to secure an independent living

and aid her mother who had been shamefully neglected by Watson; that Watson had made his daughter a household drudge and obliged her to obey all the wishes of Miss Wells, her father's mistress; that Miss Watson was not "kidnapped"; that he, Paganini, had obeyed an impulse of generosity which merited praise not blame.

Charlotte Watson came to New York in 1834 and sang at Niblo's Garden, making her first appearance on Aug. 29. "This young lady," writes Prof. Odell in his "Annals of the New York Stage," "at once had susceptible New York of all ages and sexes at her feet. She was immediately engaged for regular performances and was a feature till October forced people indoors. The fair face and lovely voice of the newcomer entranced the visitors to Niblo's; perhaps her charm was enhanced by rumors of her elopement from England to the continent with the renowned Paganini, the pursuit by her irate father and Paganini's rejected offer of marriage. At any rate, the vogue of the lovely singer filled Niblo's till the close of the season; she excelled in ballad singing, though Rossini's arias also scintillated in her repertoire. Miss Watson became a star in operetta at the Park Theatre in the ensuing winter."

In 1835 Papa Watson appeared in New York as a conductor. He had married Miss Wells, who "made a hit second only to that of her charming step-daughter." The two women sang; Watson directed the company of singers and instrumentalists (including a double-bass soloist). Watson and his wife gave concerts for some years afterward. As for Charlotte she married Thomas Bailey in 1837, and, according to Col. Brown, retired from the stage in 1847, having made her last appearance during the season of '46-'47 at the Park Theatre, New York.

Charlotte came to Boston in 1835 and made her appearance on April 13 at the Tremont Theatre as Mary Copp in "Charles II" and Cherubino in "The Marriage of Figaro." In the latter opera Charlotte Cushman took the part of the countess; Mrs. Maeder (Clara Fisher) was Susanna. Col. Clapp gives a version of the Paganini story in his "Record of the Boston Stage," and has this to say of Charlotte: "Miss Watson had been 'puffed' to a very extraordinary height in New York, but she proved to be an actress in miniature, and very pretty singer of simple music. Her engagement was quite brief."

The question comes up: Was Watson an American? What became of him? By the way, Col. Clapp states that Charlotte Cushman was a contralto. The music of the Countess in "The Marriage of Figaro" is for a soprano; but Mozart's opera in those days was arranged, disarranged, cut and added to for American enjoyment.

Was there any truth in the story that Paganini sent a special messenger to this county to "reopen negotiations for marriage"? We doubt it. But this may have been the origin of the tale that he once visited the United

States. Shortly before his death he whispered—he was so weak and emaciated—of trips to Russia and America.

Charlotte's adventure supplied the "love-interest" in Knobloch's play "Paganini" which was produced at Chicago in 1915 with George Arliss, Paganini; Charles Harbury, Thomas Watson; Charlotte, Margery Maude; Sara Biala, Antonia Bianchi; there were others in the cast; Dudley Digges played George Harrys.

It's a strange history, that of the little boy who winced when his father playing the mandolin did not respect the pitch; of the man whose life was storied, glorious, mean and squalid; whose body was at the last refused burial for some years by the Church and made posthumous tours.

Who was the Tuscan lady of rank that fell in love with him and kept him prisoner in her mountain chateau for three years? Research has not been able to name her. Was he the lover of Elise Bonaparte, six years older, "ill-made; her bones were square and prominent and her limbs seemed tacked to her body as it happened"? He was director of her Court orchestra, but he had an intrigue with the Countess Adele.

At Genoa he was sued for breach of promise. This time it was a stupid 17-year-old girl, the daughter of a Genoese tailor. The chapter giving an account of the woman and the suit, the trial, the defence, the judgment and Paganini's letter is mighty interesting reading. It was proved by her birth certificate that Angelina was 20 years old and by no means unsophisticated. There were other amorous adventures; some of them might have occurred to our old friend Casanova. Paganini more than once contemplated marriage, even when his life was saved, as he thought, by a miracle. Who was the American doctor at Milan in 1823 that cured him by giving some pills, teas made by himself, good grilled veal cutlets and good wine?

His entanglement of long duration was with a singer, Antonia Bianchi, the mother of his boy, Achille. She was uneducated, unknown, scarcely pretty, furiously jealous, but her voice was beautiful, appealing, and she won the praise of severe critics. She was hardly 20 when they first met; he was 43, deathly pale, restricted in his diet. He made love to her in Venice; said he had never loved before. "As he bent over her, she turned her head away modestly—or was it to avoid the breath of a sour stomach?" Antonia often travelled with him, but she was not a restful companion. She threw his violin case to the floor and smashed it at Naples. Luckily the violin had been snatched from her by his valet. 'Twas a cat-and-dog life. It might be said of Paganini as Liszt said of Baelow: "He had no talent as a married man," but the violinist idolized his son whom he adopted legally. For him he toiled and scraped, and although by his investment in the Casino Paganini at Paris he lost a few hundred thousand francs, he bequeathed to Achille about \$400,000 and the title of Baron. He provided for two sisters; for an annuity to Antonia, and a much larger one to "a lady living in Lucca."

This biography is not, as one might suppose, merely a record of love affairs; an account of his quarrels with men and women, his diseases, his constant use of quack medicines. His concert tours, the criticisms published in Italy, Germany, France and England—in London his asking exorbitant prices provoked indignation—his acquaintanceship with nobility and artists, his preparation for concert playing—technical details—information about his compositions—his enormous opinion of his own genius—the mixture of consummate art and the desire to astonish, are all discussed here. Edward MacDowell once said to us that in every great virtuoso there was the suggestion of the rope-dancer; but Paganini was no charlatan; by the confession of all musicians who heard him he could be as profoundly emotional in his performance as he was incredibly brilliant. Spohr was the only one of note who spoke of him coolly but Spohr was a violinist and had an inordinately great opinion of his own ability. Nor was Paganini a superficial musician, only a virtuoso; his Twenty-four Caprices are a convincing proof



of his worth as a composer. His influence on violinists that succeeded him was great and enduring; and composers for the piano acknowledged and showed his influence on the mechanics of that instrument. Surely Schumann, Berlioz and other musicians of great reputation were not men easily deceived as to the surpassing worth of his playing.

Perhaps some, prejudiced against his memory by the vain efforts of violinists to discover the secret of his wizardry, may speak of him in the words of Carlyle: "the one-string fiddler—a tall, lean, taciturn, abstruse looking figure—who was then, after his sort, astonishing the idle of mankind." Reading Miss Day's volume, we believe in the legendary Paganini as described by Maximilian to the dying Maria in Heine's "Florentine Nights." We are convinced that the long, hairy hands of Satan standing behind the violinist moved on the strings of Paganini's Guarnerius, as was observed by Maximilian at Hamburg and by the reputable citizen of Vienna who saw Satan guiding the bow.

Abdon Laus, the first bassoonist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will play Weber's concerto for the bassoon at the concert of the Boston Women's Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Ethel Leginska next Wednesday evening. Solos for the bassoon were often performed at European symphony concerts in the earlier half of the 19th century, and so at the Paris Conservatory concerts the oboe, the horn and the harp were used as solo instruments. The bassoon has suffered from the fact that some one called it a comic instrument, the clown of the orchestra. Any instrument, even the organ, can be put to a comical use. The bassoon can be demoniacal, tragic, as in the evocation of the nuns in "Robert le Diable"; in Berlioz's "March to the Scaffold"; in symphonic music by Tchaikovsky. It has also been misunderstood, as by Coleridge, who in the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" speaks of the "loud" bassoon. Prof. Lowes in "The Road to Xanadu" traces Coleridge's allusion to the bassoon to his next-door neighbor, at Stowey, one Thomas Poole, who was interested in a church choir and wrote to Dr. Langford for the bassoon and music that he had promised. This was in the year that Coleridge was at work on his poem. Prof. Lowes concludes that "the instrument which caused the Wedding-Guest to beat his breast and which incidentally struck out of the voyage the stretch from the Equator to the Cape, sounded first in the church at Nether Stowey."

Mr. Laus will play Weber's concerto in F major for bassoon and orchestra. Weber wrote it at Munich in 1811 for the famous player, Georg Friedrich Brandt, who, born at Spandau in 1773, studied at Potsdam and Berlin. The war with France brought him into military service with the Royal

Guards. After three years, returning to Berlin, Frederick William II heard him and promised him a position. The King died and Brandt was engaged at Ludwigslust by the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. In 1780 our bassoonist toured Germany and finally settled at Munich as first bassoonist of the Royal Orchestra. He was famous for his tone and technical facility. Weber's concerto is in three movements. The original accompaniment was for two flutes, two oboes, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, kettle drums and strings. It is not known when or where the concerto was first performed, but when Brandt played it at Prague in 1813, the entrance of the first solo with drums and the three voiced passage for the bassoon and two horns were especially remarked by a correspondent. Weber revised the concerto at Dresden in 1822.

The Boston Flute Players Club this afternoon will give the first performance in Boston of Francis Poulenc's Rapsodie Negre, a work in five movements: Prelude, Ronde, Honoloulou, Pastorale and Final. "Honoloulou" is an "Intermede Vocal." The poem is by some one rejoicing in the name of Makoko Kangourou—a suspicious name leading one to infer that this is one of M. Poulenc's little jokes. The poem reads:

"Honoloulou pota la ma  
Honoloulou Honoloulou  
Kata mako mosi bou  
Mata Kousira po la ma.

"Wata Kovsi mo ta ma sou  
Etcha pango Etcha panga  
Totanou nou nou nou ranga  
Lo lo lu lu ma ta ma sou.

This is to be sung "without nuances." The Rapsodie, performed at Paris in the spring of 1917, has been heard in New York. Poulenc, born at Paris in 1899, was one of the so-called "Six." A musician of indisputable talent, he wrote at first in a fantastical vein.

Debussy's Sonata for flute, viola and harp was at first planned for flute, oboe and harp. It was composed in 1916, two years before Debussy's death.

Aubrey Pankey, who will sing in Jordan Hall this afternoon, was born at Pittsburgh in 1905. As a boy he was the soprano soloist in the boys' choir of an Episcopal church. At Hampton Institute where he was to take a course in Automobile Mechanics his voice and musical feeling attracted the attention of R. Nathaniel Dett, the director of music at Hampton. Pankey travelled with Dr. Dett in concert tours. Later he studied at the Oberlin Conservatory of Music and in Boston. He has sung in cities of Virginia and Texas, at Washington, D. C., New York, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and elsewhere.

grace of Mozart's A minor Rondo (which Schubert might almost have signed), the elegance of Chopin's Bolero and the stormy romanticism (overwhelming in its emotional power) of his A minor and C sharp minor studies, the restrained poetry of Brahms and the dry humor and brilliant virtuosity of tone and technique in Liszt's Mephisto Waltz.

Invariable beauty and sensitiveness of phrasing without sentimentality, the refusal to let emotionalism transcend musical sense, uncompromising refusal to do damage to the whole effect of music by overplaying its details, the power of drawing orchestral magnificence of tone from the piano without

brutality, and of playing with a delicacy that does not seem studied—these, combined with complete simplicity of manner, a general impression of sincerity, an absolute absence of platform tricks and poses, are among the qualities which inspire respect and admiration and which yesterday drew enthusiastic applause and a well-deserved tribute of flowers from Mme. Ney's distinguished audience. S. S.

## THE FLUTE PLAYERS CLUB

The Flute Players Club presented their 50th concert of chamber music yesterday afternoon at the Boston Art Club. The program, an unusually interesting one, consisted of Brahms's Quintet in F Minor for strings and piano, a Sonata of Debussy for flute, viola and harp, and Rapsodie Negre of Poulenc, which was given its first Boston performance. The performers were: Gaston Elcus, violin; Samuel Lebovici, violin; Georges Laurent, flute; Georges Mager, baritone; Jean LeFranc, viola; Alfred Zighera, cello; Paul Mimart, clarinet; Bernard Zighera, harp; Jesus Sanroma, piano. Mr. Sanroma took the place of Heinrich Gebhard, who was prevented by illness from playing.

Poulenc's Rapsodie Negre, witty music, ingenious and amusing, was not very well named, however, since the "Honoloulou," had a sort of mock-Hawaiian flavor, the Prelude and Pastorale were imbued with fragrant and piquant orientalism, and the Final seemed to be a sort of Cossack dance. Only the Ronde called up the feeling that here was music genuinely negroid. It had the rhythm, the primitive jollity, the hearty humor of the negro. Perhaps concert-goers have been badly trained; perhaps the feeling for regional characteristics in music has been nourished by deceitfully one-sided examples of it. At any rate, whether the title is apt or not, the music is delightful. The "Honoloulou," with its sad, repetitious song, is built on four notes, with an occasional descent to the fifth, but it does not approach monotony; Poulenc is ever the master of brevity. His scoring gives the maximum of effects by simplest means. And he is not afraid of tunes; they stand out in simple, bold relief, common little tunes, made distinctive by the sportive, ironic genius of the composer. The performance was delightful. Mr. Sanroma's gift for sophisticated simplicity in piano music, and his rhythmic verve, added much to the skilful and polished work of the other players.

The Brahms Quintet was given a moving and poetical performance, though it might have been less poetic and more warm and free in parts. Doubtless the change in pianists made appreciable difference in the playing of the Quintet, though Mr. Sanroma's work was very good—spirited and accurate—if not always as broad as it could have been.

Debussy's Sonata was given a performance that left nothing to be desired of poetic insight, beauty of tone and ensemble, and polished phrasing. E. B.

## AUBREY PANKEY

Aubrey Pankey, baritone, gave a recital at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. He sang the following program: O cessate di piagarmi, Glia il sole dal Gange (Scarlatti); Star vicino al bell'Idolo, Vado ben spesso (Rosa); Nacht und Traume, An die Musik, Am Meer (Schubert); Ich grolle nicht, Widmung (Schumann); When I am laid in earth (Purcell); Dream Valley (Quilter); A Secret (MS) (Margaret Starr McLain); the Cloths of Heaven (Dunhill); O Thou Billowy Harvest Field (Rachmaninoff); A Man Goin' Roun' Takin' Names (Dett); On Ma Journey (Boatner); Zion Hallelujah (Dett); Dar's a meeting here tonight (Burleigh); Follow Me (Dett).

Mr. Pankey has a warm and resonant voice, admirably schooled to the smooth delivery of slow cantabile such as that of Scarlatti's "O cessate di piagarmi" and Salvatore Rosa's "Star vicino." There and in other songs of similar type he sang with finely sustained beauty of tone and mood, and with good phrasing. Schubert's "Nacht und Traume" and "An die Musik" profited by these qualities; a touch of intensity added to their

well poised evenness of texture made them very pleasing.

Mr. Pankey's vocal command is not so sure in songs that demand agility, nor is the emotional depth of such things as Schubert's "Am Meer" yet within his scope. But time and further study should go far to remedy these deficiencies. Mr. Pankey has the voice, the talent and evidently the conscientiousness that should enable him to progress beyond his present stage, already very encouraging. He was warmly applauded by an audience of good size. S. S.

## SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

To an audience that filled Symphony hall, Sergei Rachmaninoff played the following program yesterday afternoon: Beethoven's Sonata op. 78, Schumann's Novlette in F sharp minor, op. 21, Chopin's Funeral March sonata. Rach-

maninoff's Etudes Tableaux, op. 39 Strauss-Tauslg Valse-Caprice ("One Lives But Once").

Mr. Rachmaninoff's program was obviously in itself of outstanding interest, though it is said to be good for us to hear even minor Beethoven occasionally, and though this pianist has the knack of playing even such hackneyed music as Chopin's B flat minor sonata as though it were new and interesting to him.

The keen resilience of his tone and rhythm, his deep musicianship and admirable sanity combined with the sense of beauty and of drama, make Mr. Rachmaninoff an exhilarating pianist to hear. He imparts strength and clarity to music which under other fingers becomes sentimental and blurred. He neither offends the intelligence nor neglects the emotions, but, if his playing is distinctly recognizable from that of other pianists of the first rank, it is by the touch of harshness that is in nearly all his work. He rarely caresses the surface of pianoforte tone; he strikes through to the string, even in his quietest moments he treats the piano, however gently, as a percussive instrument, not using the sustaining pedal to blur the transitions from note to note.

Yesterday he pleased his audience most of all by his dramatic and powerfully rhythmic performance of the "Funeral March" sonata; next, perhaps, by his joyous brilliance and virtuosity in Tauslg's concert version of a Strauss waltz. Mr. Rachmaninoff's own "Etudes Tableaux," six of them, were pleasing pianistic essays, lightly flavored with Slavonic romanticism, sounding like the improvisations of a Russian virtuoso that they were.

Mr. Rachmaninoff's enthusiastic audience insisted as usual upon his playing several additional pieces. These ended, as usual, with his most popular work, which its composer is courteous enough to play as though it still interested him. S. S.

## PARK

### "Hell's Heroes"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Tom Reed from the story entitled "Three Godfathers," by Peter B. Kyne, directed by William Wyler and presented by Universal with the following cast:

Bob Sangster	Charles Rockford
Barbwire	Gibbons
Raymond Hatton	Raymond Hatton
Wild Bill	Kearney
Fred Kohler	Fred Kohler
The Mother	Fritzi Ridgeway
Carmelita	Maria Alba
Jose	Jose de la Cruz
Parson Jones	Parson Jones
Bill Connors	Bill Connors
The Sheriff	Walter James

How consoling it is to find that a moving-picture can be sternly realistic from start to finish and at the same time hold the breathless interest of an audience out for a good time. "Hell's Heroes," now at the Park Theatre, has three of the most unprepossessing characters for its principals that have ever disfigured an innocent strip of celluloid. Their actions are as unattractive as their looks, such little things as robbing banks and shooting up cashiers being all in their day's work. Yet the result is a powerful, moving and truly memorable picture, thanks to the splendid performances of Charles Bickford, Fred Kohler and Raymond Hatton.

The plot, taken from a story by Peter B. Kyne called "The Three Godfathers," is extremely simple. Bob Sangster, "Barbwire" Gibbons and "Wild Bill" Kearney hold up a bank in the little town of New Jerusalem, kill the cashier and ride out into the desert with a posse at their heels. A sandstorm, which baffles their pursuers, loses them their horses, and they are soon hard put for water. Presently they stumble on a covered wagon in which they find a young woman in the agonies of childbirth. She dies, after getting the three to promise her that they will take the child back to its father in New Jerusalem, none other than the murdered cashier. They argue it out: Bob is for going off and leaving the child to die, but "Barbwire" and Bill are for going back, even if it is to certain death. They christen the baby with sand and puzzle out the difficulties of washing and feeding it.

On the terrible march back across the hot sands, the water gives out. "Barbwire," who had been shot during the flight from the town, is unable to hold out and shoots himself. Bill struggles on a little longer, but one night goes off alone to give Bob a chance to get back in safety. Even he strongest of them all, is at the end of his rope and drinks arsenic water, which is deadly poison, to give himself the power to go on. He reaches the town on Christmas Day, staggers into the church and dies in the aisle as the minister prays for all outcasts and sinners.

The scenes in the desert were extremely well done and the harrowing struggle of the three men to go back



to death for the sake of a promise made to a dead woman splendidly portrayed. Especially vivid was the method of conveying the gradually weakening Bob, by having the camera follow his uncertain footsteps, showing the things he dropped as his strength gave out. "Hell's Heroes," despite its title, is something that should be seen, for it is drama, it has humor and it has stark tragedy, all told with the utmost simplicity.—E. L. H.

#### SCOLLAY SQUARE "Behind the Make-Up"

An all-talking comedy-drama adapted by H. M. Warner and Howard Estabrook from the story by Mildred Cram, directed by Robert Milton and presented by the amount with the following cast:

Hal Skelly ..... William Powell  
Marie ..... Fay Wray  
Kitty Parker ..... Kay Francis  
Dawson ..... E. H. Calvert  
Paul ..... Paul Lukas  
Chief ..... Agostino Borgato

It is possible that, when first plotted, "Behind the Make-Up," the essentials of a fairly strong dramatic tale patterned on familiar lines—the lowly hooper, luckless in love, loyal in friendships, ultimate victor in all things. As it reaches a Boston screen, however, the picture falls short of its promises. Robert Milton, born in Russia early trained in the Russian school of the theatre, has been a capable stage director in this country for the past 20 years. For him the screen is a more stubborn problem. If by a succession of hurried, episodic stretches he hoped to cut through detail and add dramatic strength, he failed. A sense of incompleteness, of uncertainty, both in dialogue and narrative progression manifests itself. This, of course, may be the fault of the scenarists, who obviously were handicapped by thin material. As it is, the net result does little for the reputations of director, authors or players.

Gardoni, an Italian music hall entertainer who insists that all artistry should be given subtle expression, is rescued from starvation by Hap Brown, a vaudeville buffoon who "feeds 'em hokum" because they like it. Gardoni repays Hap by stealing his act, his girl, and his savings. When Kitty Parker, an adventuress, plucks Gardoni clean and dismisses him, he commits suicide, thus making it possible for Hap and the girl, Marie, to start over again. For it was Marie the wavering weak-minded waitress who had become Gardoni's wife after an evening's courtship and who had caused Hap much of his unhappiness. Mr. Powell, terse, almost reticent, in so many Philo Vance roles, is here disclosed as a voluble, emotional, conceited and selfish fellow with a surface polish of gentility which deceives none save Hap and Marie. While his heart does not seem to have been in this portrayal, Mr. Powell tries bravely to make it seem convincing. Mr. Skelly, more at home in the part of the hooper, awkward of speech but generous and honest of intent, sings once or twice, dances, even does a trick bicycle stunt. Miss Wray, whose forte is the romantic type, is less happy as Marie. She brings neither vitality nor definite character to the girl.

#### KEITH-ALBEE

##### "Jazz Heaven"

An all-talking and singing screen comedy adapted by Cyrus Wood from the story by Pauline Forney and Dudley Murphy; directed by Melville Brown and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Barry Holmes ..... John Mack Brown  
Ruth Morgan ..... Sally O'Neill  
Max Langley ..... Clyde Cook  
M. Langley ..... Blanche Frederica  
Herman Kennel ..... Joseph Cawthorn  
Walter Klucke ..... Albert Conti  
John Parker ..... J. Barney Sharkey  
Miss Dunn ..... Adele Watson  
Prof. Rowland ..... Ole M. Ness  
Tony ..... Henry Armetta

Some time, and it is to be hoped, some time very soon, the long-suffering moving picture public will have a change from the sad, sad tales of song-writers and vaudeville actors who are always being misunderstood by their sweethearts when they are not doing the misunderstanding themselves. "Jazz Heaven," a title which in this case

means less than nothing, is now showing at the Keith-Albee Theatre and, frankly, it is a pretty unoriginal affair, especially as regards the love interest. The real entertainment is provided by Clyde Cook as a meek and brow-beaten little night-watchman with a bossy wife, and by Joseph Cawthorn and Albert Conti as the endlessly squabbling partners of a music concern.

Barry Holmes, a youth with a southern accent and a talent for song-writing, is trying to make his way in New York, but doesn't make much progress until he encounters a slangy and clever little girl who works for Kemple and Klucke, music publishers. She persuades her employers to give Barry a hearing, but then the usual misunderstandings occur. Barry becomes jealous of Mr. Klucke and strikes attitudes all over the place. One night after his piano has been destroyed, he and Ruth talk Max, the night-watchman, into letting them use a piano in the store where he works, in order that they may complete

Barry's song. By mistake they get into the broadcasting studio and send the song out over the radio. It makes a great hit, of course, and the plot, after a few more twists to lengthen it out, ends with the conventional clinch. John Mack Brown and Sally O'Neill were pleasant enough as the young lovers, but their parts were of stereotyped design. E. L. H.

#### COLONIAL THEATRE "Simple Simon"

First performance on any stage of "Simple Simon," a musical entertainment in two acts, 13 scenes; book by Ed Wynn and Guy Bolton, music by Richard Rodgers, lyrics by Lorenz Hart; produced by Florenz Ziegfeld, staged by Seymour Felix, with settings by Joseph Urban and costumes by John Harkrider; presented last evening at the Colonial Theatre, with Oscar Bradley as musical director, and with the following cast:

Simon ..... Ed Wynn  
Bert Blue ..... Paul Stanton  
Fingy ..... Alfred P. James  
Jack Horner ..... Will Ahern  
Gilly Flower ..... Bobbe Arnet  
Ole Prince ..... Huckle Cameron  
Ole King ..... Pete La Fawcett  
Tony Prince ..... Alan Edwards  
Sal ..... Lee Morse  
Captain ..... Douglas Stanbury  
Premiere Danseuse ..... Harriet Hector  
Elaine Kim ..... Dorree Leslie  
The Horse ..... Joseph Schröder  
The Frog ..... William J. Ferry  
The Giant Head ..... Frank De Witt

Mr. Wynn, so the legend runs, carried the idea of "Simple Simon" in that quaintly buzzing head of his for several years, with the hope that some time he might be able to elaborate it in a production of his own. That hope eluding him, he turned to those who specialize in productions, and a happy day led him to Mr. Ziegfeld. Last evening's elaborate, amusing and chastely clean entertainment is the result of this affiliation of two men who, each in his line, stands at the head of the class. "Simple Simon" is wholesome, beautiful, fanciful extravaganza, "Babes in the Woods" brought up to date and embellished a hundred-fold. For months it should delight old and young, for while the adults may think it was devised for them alone, it is easy to see that the youngsters will soon become cognizant of its virtues and demand their rights in the theatre.

Simon Eyes, voluble jester and keeper of a periodical shop in Ferryman street, reads fairy tales, dotes on them. Falling asleep in front of his shop, he dreams, and has strange and amusing encounters with Elucbeard, Jack and Jill, King Cole, of the cheery kingdom of Gaylyrelia, and King Otto, gloomy ruler of Dullnia; Prince Charming, Cinderella, Little Red Riding Hood, Goldilocks, in fact all of the enchanting folk of the nursery tales. Simon, aided by the boy Jonah, 10 years old, whom he has befriended before the dream, becomes a sort of fairy godfather to Cinderella and Prince Charming, routs King Otto and restores King Cole to his throne. Then he awakes; but much has happened ere then.

Mr. Ziegfeld, who sat through one of the smoothest first nights in his long career as a producer of ornate spectacle, has outdone himself here. Rather he, Mr. Urban and Mr. Felix have combined to create a series of stage pictures of rare charm and brilliance. The hunting room in King Cole's palace, with its lofty panel of that jovial monarch and his fiddlers three, as if Maxfield Parrish himself had drawn it; the fairyland ball, in white and green, coming as finale to the entrancing ballet and parade of Mother Goose characters in the first act. The corner drug store in Dullville and the Kissing Tree, scene of another delightful ballet number, and the citadel interior of King Cole's palace in the second act. Through these play graceful girls in flowing garments or skirtless trunks of softly blended colors, or as in the hunting scene, with red riding habits. This number is most effective, as the girls in four circle and leap over low hurdles while Miss Hector, as premier ballerina, pirouettes or weaves gossamer patterns. There are novelties, as when the Magic Girls do little feats of legerdemain as they tap.

The music is that of Mr. Rodgers at his best, tuneful, admirably scored. "Send For Me," the reprise song, will become popular overnight. The male chorus, "Say When, Stand Up, Drink Down," with solo by Mr. Stanbury, is a capital number. Miss Morse, of amazingly changing voice, has several songs suggestive of Helen Morgan's manner. Mr. Hart's lyrics are tipped with satire or sentiment. He has his sly flings at our law-burdened land, at our vanishing liberties of speech and action.

And Ed Wynn! That any one man, in one evening, can think of so many funny jokes, anecdotes, nonsensical interludes and what not, seems inconceivable. He enters first to interrupt

an altercation between two balloon vendors and is abruptly borne skyward by the balloons they thrust in his hands. He has comic traffic with one of the most ludicrous of stage horses, tries to tell jokes to little Jonah, who invariably beats him to the answer; relates moving stories concerning a departed relative, spreads a feast for himself in the woods and is visited by a contortionist frog and a voracious giant head. His inimitable chuckle, his unending good humor, his inventiveness, his blending of philosophy with wit, these are a few of the obvious tools which this king of buffoonery employs. It is doubtful if Mr. Wynn ever has been so completely the perfect fool. The wonder is, with last evening's performance running past midnight, what they will cut out from such a wealth of material. W. E. G.

#### HOLLIS STREET THEATRE "Dracula"

A play of three acts dramatized by Hamilton Deane and John L. Balderston from the novel of Bram Stoker. The cast: Jonathan Harker ..... Marjorie Devore  
Dr. Seward ..... Terrence Neill  
Abraham Van Helsing ..... Lester Alden  
R. M. Renfield ..... Alec Harford  
Butterworth ..... Carl Reed  
Lucy Seward ..... Joan Colburn  
Count Dracula ..... Raymond Huntley  
Wells ..... Ellen Love

The sinister undead Count Dracula, esteemed of the devil, and prince of the cursed werewolf tribe condemned forever to satiate their unclean undeadness with the blood of fair ladies and innocent children, glided across the boards last night, disappearing with puffs of smoke and lowering quivering talons over the throat of the tormented heroine as he was wont to do when he visited us last year.

When one enters the theatre he is inclined to smile at seeing a young lady in nurse's apparel ostensibly to care for those who faint, but before the play is over it seems an admirable precaution. The audience provide a part of the entertainment. There are salvos of shrieks as the stage lights go out and the werewolf seeks his victim. There are moments when the audience turns in a body, swept by one of those curious telepathic suggestions, to see if the nurse has a patient. And before the curtain goes up on the first act, there are shrieks of delighted horror as the lights are lowered.

Many of those present apparently knew what to expect. They had learned when youngsters, at the cost of shivers and goose-pimples, just how a stake should be driven in the vampire's heart to put him at peace forever. They had jumped to see bedrom curtains blown by the wind as they turned the pages of Stoker's masterpiece of horror to discover that garlic and wolfbane would keep the terrible creatures from coming in. They came last night to be reassured that the goblins would get 'em if they didn't watch out, and they were not disappointed.

In spite of the plattitudinous and pedantic lines which limp heavily across the footlights at the start, the play rapidly gathers illusion and dramatic momentum, and we become as sure of the effectiveness of the occult remedies as we once were that a dead toad kept three days would cure a wart.

All parts are played as Dracula fans would have them played, the characterizations of the novel being followed closely. We are a bit irritated with the yearning Jonathan, just as we were with the Jonathan of the book, and in same way we wish that Renfield could be a little more delicate in eating his flies. Alec Harford in the part of the lunatic turns in an admirable performance, and Dracula (curse the fiend) is a marvel of red-eyed, green-faced, sharp-toothed savagery.

Mr. Alden, whose lines as Van Helsing fell as healing balm on the overwrought house, made a brief curtain speech at the close. He said he hoped we would all sleep well, and if by chance we did feel nervous, we should remember that, after all, there are such things. The associated wolfbane and garlic growers should reward him. H. F. M.

#### WILBUR THEATRE

##### Ruth Selwyn's Nine Fifteen Revue

A musical entertainment in two acts. Staged by Alexander Leftwich. Musical numbers staged by Busby Berkeley. Don Voorhees conducted.

It seems that many of the greater lights of musical composition, as well as brethren of Tin Pan Alley have had a hand in this piece, and there is even one posthumous number. For sketches and lyrics Miss Selwyn has sought the varied talents of the artists of the comic strips, the prolific hands of many of the carpenters of bedroom drama, as well as others.

For talent there is a long list. A few of the principals are Ruth Etting, the Namara, Harry McNaughton, Fred Keating and Lynne Dore.

There is a formidable array of sketches, altogether too long a program. Much might be cut, and much will be cut. Perhaps, the sketch, if you call it such, of the "Three Bears," will find its way to the discard, for Boston sen-

sibilities may rebel at the joy of a "skirt," who glorifies the finding of a man in her bed.

Perhaps more than any other feature was the speed of this entertainment, abetted by recourse to scene after scene "in one," as they say in the vernacular.

The entertainment has in the main departed from the beaten track. No oriental stuffs, the absence of the bizarre. Yet, a few lingering pictures would include "Chimney Pots," a pretty illusion beneath azure skies and fleecy sailing patches, the sweep himself arresting the eye with the arts of his trade so eloquent in pantomime.

For the music, we have it in the mode, more graceful by orchestration than substance with the traps, horn and woodwind as industrious as Young America would please.

The chief comedian was Fred Keating, a personable comedian with an impersonable way, who rather won favor with his delightful sleight-of-hand, his swallowing and threading of needles

and his disappearing canary than with his airy flippancies.

But for outstanding virtue, the teamwork of the ensemble led all else. Much of their work is new to Boston, and in this one sees the hand of the excellent Busby Berkeley. They were good to look at, too, and you, and should keep the show on its way. T. A. R.

#### SYMPHONY CONCERT

The third concert in the Monday night series of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor took place last evening in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Vivaldi-Siloti, Concerto in D minor for orchestra with organ; Moussorgsky, Prelude to the opera "Khovanstchina"; Ravel; Bolero; Sibelius, Symphony No. 2, D major.

Dr. Koussevitzky has acquainted his audiences with several of Vivaldi's, the red-haired priest's, concertos. Hearing them, one falls to see the justice of opinions expressed by solemn writers, as Sir Hubert Perry, who spoke of Vivaldi's slow movements as showing "glibness and a certain mastery of technic," but added that the musical ideas are little more than "poses"—whatever that may mean. This music has lived, for it has nobility and beauty. Not without cause did Dr. Koussevitzky put this concerto on the first program he prepared for Boston.

The Prelude to "Khovanstchina" undoubtedly owes in great measure its charm to Rimsky-Korsakov who edited the pages that Moussorgsky left and orchestrated them. It matters little, whether the hearer is acquainted with the scene on the stage; as pure and absolute music, this Prelude has a peculiar charm if only for sheer euphony and atmosphere.

Ravel's "Bolero" excites at a first hearing, it pleases by the monotony of repetitions, which exerts a hypnotic influence. The clever trick of the composer, a veritable tour de force, does not surprise one after first acquaintance. The "Bolero" shows technical skill in the establishment of a long crescendo and in the sudden, unanticipated stormy modulation; and this is all.

It cannot be said by way of praise that Sibelius's Second Symphony is "characteristic" of him, for he is himself in all his music, an imposing figure in his loneliness, his deep-seated melancholy, his rage and passion suggestive of landscapes and seascapes of his beloved Finland.

The various moods of these four compositions were fully appreciated by the accomplished and magnetic conductor, and the performance by the superb instrument on which he plays was of the highest order. H. F. B.

#### NAOMI HEWITT

Noami Hewitt, violoncellist, gave the following program last night in Jordan hall, before a small audience: Sonata in A major of Boccherini; Concerto allegro, maestoso, and intermezzo of Lalo; Arioso of Bach; Die Yiddische Traern of Cherniavski; Elegie of Faure; (the last named three with organ accompaniment); and Variations Symphoniques of Boellmann.

Miss Hewitt would have done better to present this program at some later date, for it was obvious throughout the concert that she was ill prepared. She played from memory only three short pieces; for the rest of her program even having the music before her did not suffice, for her phrasing was timid, her intonation insecure, her rhythm uncertain. Such being the case, it was impossible to judge of her intended interpretations.

In a group of three pieces, played with organ accompaniment, she was more at ease. Here she revealed a tone occasionally warm and expressive, though not well-controlled, and a com-



mendable avoidance of the heavy portamento that is the bane of string solo playing. Die Yiddische Traern (Cherniavski), which was given its first Boston performance, proved to be a simple and appealing tune, tastefully arranged.

Reginald Boardman contributed excellent piano accompaniments. E. B.

#### THIS WEEK'S STAGE

**COLONIAL**—"Simple Simon." Ziegfeld's new musical comedy, with Ed Wynne.  
**COPLEY**—"The Middle Watch." nautical farce, sixth week.  
**HOLLIS STREET**—"Dracula." mystery play, with Raymond Huntley.  
**MAJESTIC**—"The Fortune Teller." Victor Herbert's comic opera, revived, with Eleanor Painter, last week.  
**PLYMOUTH**—"Little Accident." farce-comedy, with Thomas Mitchell, second week.  
**WILBUR**—"Nine-Fifteen Revue." with Ruth Eting.  
(Note—The Shubert, Tremont and Shubert lyric theatres are dark).

#### LOEW'S STATE

##### "Chasing Rainbows"

An all-talking screen musical romance adapted by Wells Root from the story by Rex Meredith; directed by Charles Riesner and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

It is all very well to rail at the Hollywood practice of building and releasing week after week pictures based on backstage life. Openly we may pretend to be surfeited, disgusted; secretly, if the story be amusingly told and performed, we find it just as interesting as if it were on a topic absolutely new. So one finds "Chasing Rainbows." Here we spend a season with a typical band of troupers, from the time they set forth for a western stand, through the snows of Nebraska to the spring verdure of a Vermont town for the closing date of the season. Terry and Carlie have teamed together for years, through lean years and fat, Carlie, the tap dancer, is the loyal "pal," showing her love for Terry by acts of devotion and loyalty. Terry, good-natured but dumb, falls for every new leading woman who joins the company, whether she be blonde or brunette. Jilted, he mopes, whines, threatens to walk out on the show, to shoot himself. When Daphne, a scheming brunette, enters, Terry is cajoled into a marriage by means of which Daphne hopes to reach a Broadway theatre stage. Carlie carries on bravely, and is rewarded when Terry, discovering Daphne's perfidy, turns to his little partner for true love.

It isn't so much the story, it is the way it is handled. Mr. Riesner, who knows his stage folk well, exposes all their weaknesses, is just with them when they are worthy of praise. His scenes of train embarkation, of dress rehearsals, of backstage bickerings, romances and harmless carousals, are not exaggerated; they ring true. In the sequences with Technicolor, he trains his camera expertly, makes the most of odd angle shots, holds one's attention always. Yet it is the players who intrigue. Bessie Love, with her nimble tap dancing, her disarming pertness, her outburst of hysterical laughter when she learns of Terry's marriage; Mr. King, with his attractive smile, his blundering ways, his best song, "Lucky Me, Lovable You"; Jack Benny, as the company manager, quick at repartee pointed yet stinging; and Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, as heavy woman and wardrobe mistress, in several very funny scenes. Miss Dressler sings a modern version of "Heaven Help the Poor Working Girl" and some salty verses about her "Dynamic Personality," and is uproariously comic when trying to remove the cap from a bottle of charged water, with cataclysmic consequences. "Chasing Rainbows" is a notable illustration of what clever players, exercising lightness of touch, can accomplish when happily cast. W. E. G.

#### CHILDREN'S CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave a concert for young people yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Dr. Koussevitzky and Richard Burgin conducted. Alfred H. Meyer's comments on the program were read by Carlos E. Pinfield. Stereopticon slides were shown. The program was as follows: Rameau-Kretschmar, ballet suite from "Acante et Cephisse." Tournier, "Fairie," for harp (Bernard Zighera), and orchestra. Prokofiev, march from "The Love for Three Oranges." Saint-Saens, "The Animals' Carnival—Cocks and Hens." The Elephant (M. Kunze, double bass). Aquarium, Personages with Long Ears. The Cuckoo in the Depth of the Forest. Aviary (E. Laurent, flute). The

Swan (J. Bedetti, violoncello); Messrs. Saurama and Fiedler, pianists. Ravel, Bolero.

The question arises whenever a concert is given for children, what compositions are the better suited to their musical instincts (if they have any)—music that has pronounced and stirring rhythm, music of action, or music of obvious melody. In these concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra there is no deliberate plan of instruction. Mr. Meyer's interesting comments are upon the pieces then and there performed. There are no long explanations of the various instruments and various forms, as in Mr. Schilling's concerts, with music to illustrate now the strings, now the wood-wind instruments and so on. The "education" is to be derived from the music heard. It has been shown in previous concerts in Symphony hall that the young people show little interest in slow movements of the composers called "classical." A lively piece, provided it is obviously melodious, pleases the young. It is safe to say that they would enjoy Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps," or Carpentier's "Skyscrapers" more than a slow movement by Mozart or Beethoven. Nor is this to be greatly deplored. The realization of Mozart's greatness will come later in the children's musical life.

Early in this month a concert for children was given in London, and what was the program? Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro"; Elgar's transcription of Bach's C minor fantasia and fugue; Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony and the overture to "Tannhauser." Even the English children take their pleasures sady. The program presented yesterday was much more to the point: a program that should please children from 10 to 80 years of age. Take this ballet music of Rameau's, for example. The fact that Rameau in this "heroic pastoral" was the first to introduce clarinets in the Paris Opera House would not interest children, nor would they be thrilled if they were told that as the first performance was in celebration of the birth of the Duke of Burgundy, Rameau endeavored in the overture to express the popular joy "as far as it is possible in music." Surely the music itself would be enough. Nor are children, unlike some of their elders, frightened by the name Prokofiev, nor do they argue that his music must be of a barbaric nature. And what music is more appropriate for a concert of this nature than Saint-Saens's Animals and Ravel's Bolero.

The hall was filled from top to bottom. The children were much more appreciative, more enthusiastic than on certain preceding occasions. Some of the slides amused them greatly. What would the comedians and ballet dancers of Rameau's time have said had they known that their costumes and poses would have excited laughter when shown to children of Boston in the 20th century? Yesterday the audience enjoyed the heavy tread of the elephantine double-bass, the virtuosity of Mr. Laurent, and the song of the swan so beautifully sung by Mr. Bedetti's violoncello. Unsophisticated, they applauded Rameau, Prokofiev, Tournier and Ravel with delightful impartiality. The order of the program was changed from that given above. Mr. Burgin conducted the ballet suite and Saint-Saens's zoological music. He was succeeded by Dr. Koussevitzky, who conducted the remaining numbers with the care and interest that he would display at one of the Friday afternoon or Saturday evening concerts.

The final pair of young people's concerts this season will be given on April 23 and 24. The concert of yesterday will be repeated this afternoon.

#### HAZEL HARRISON

Hazel Harrison, pianist, played at Jordan hall last night. Her program was the following: Variations on a theme by Bach (Liszt), Legend of St. Francis Walking on the Waves (Liszt), three preludes and Scherzo in C sharp minor (Chopin), Fantasy Orientale (Balakirev). Colors: Blue, violet, grey, white, orange, black (Lazlo).

Miss Harrison, who has been a pupil of Busoni and Egon Petri in Berlin, exhibited at the outset, in Liszt's richly harmonized decorations of a chromatic theme, at least one ingredient of the "grand manner" for which the more celebrated of her teachers was noted—the power of drawing from the piano, without violence, an enormous volume of tone, warmly varied and graded both in quantity and in expressive quality. In this slow-moving music, and in the Legend of St. Francis, there was also an admirable dignity of rhythm, sensitive treatment of the musical phrase, and a restless progress towards sonorous climax.

A strong and agile technique of finger and wrist was at her command. She displayed it abundantly in Chopin's Scherzo and in Balakirev's "Islamey"—displayed also, however, a failure at times to discriminate the essential from the unessential which caused the at-

#### PRETTY POLL

The disease known as psittacosis of which much is now said and written led the British Medical Journal as far back as 1897 to sound a note of warning for those who were in the habit of petting parrots. It seems that the disease had then broken out in Genoa and taken the form of malignant pneumonia. That some women are in the habit of kissing parrots without even asking them if they wish a cracker, is not surprising, for there are women who kiss dogs of high and low degree, also cats thinking they are clean animals because they are scrupulous in their own manner of ablutions.

It is doubtful whether any parrot lover, even in Boston calls her pet a psittac. Were women of the early years in the 15th century more learned or at least anxious to make a show of learning? "There ben manye Popegays that thei clepen Psitakes in hire langage" says a writer of the year 1400. As late as 1881 a pedant was reproached: "To him parrots are psittacs."

Is psittacosis the disease known as parrot's plague, or parrot's rinderpest which brought death to an officer's wife at Versailles in 1895? She caught it by feeding her bird with sugar from her mouth. Other women died in that year from the same cause. Dudley, the parrot in Algernon Blackwood's last novel, which should delight children and grown men and women,

died and left Gilderoy, the cat, inconsolable, but she died from laying an egg; besides she was gray and advancing in years.

No one has compiled a parrot anthology, which would include Skelton's Spanish parrot, who boasted "My name is Parrot, a bird of Paradise," and Pope's malicious saying: "A little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken plain by a parrot."

The richness of a parrot's vocabulary depends on the extent of his travels and his associations. A barkeeper's pet would hardly have been recommended to a maiden lady, yet Leigh Hunt in his essay on the sailor on shore pictures him bringing back from some foreign clime a parrot for the women of his family. The vocabulary of a traveled parrot would be like the phrase-book for those about to tour in Europe. While many of the words would be useful in complaining of inconveniences and extortions, the little volume would no doubt be under the ban in Boston.

tractive melodic material of the last-named piece to be all but indistinguishable amid the accompanying decoration.

Nor did Miss Harrison prove herself to have inherited any outstanding share of the supreme delicacy of touch that Busoni could at need call up. Her playing of the F sharp minor prelude, for example, was a little heavy and sluggish; that in D flat, too, with an added tendency to misplaced accentuation in the playing of the suave melody. Evidence of musical sense was not wanting, however.

Lazlo's "Colors," pleasing in themselves (but for the mawkish "white," tinged as it was with a sentimental pink) suffered from the impossibility of finding any group of listeners who feel alike about the relation of music to color. As a result, more than one member of last night audience must have felt that Miss Harrison was playing her pieces in the wrong order. She played them excellently, however, with ability and with imagination. She was warmly applauded by a rather large audience and played some encores—among them Liszt's arrangement of Schubert's "Trout."

#### MISCHA ELMAN

Mischa Elman, violinist, gave a concert yesterday morning for the benefit of the Boston School of Occupational Therapy—this being the third of six concerts under auspices of that organization for the season of 1929-30. Mr. Elman, ably accompanied by Marcel Van Gool, played the following music:

Sonata in E major (Haendel); Concerto in D (Paganini-Wilhelmj); Nocturne (Chopin-Wilhelmj); Hungarian Dance No. 7 (Brahms-Joachim); Air (Bach); Sicilienne et Rigaudon (Francour-Kreisler); Vocalise (Rachmaninoff); Contredanses (Beethoven-Elman); Tango (Elman); Zigeunerweisen (Sarasate).

Mischa Elman, if he would but deny his own emotional personality long enough to master the thought and style of the composers whose music he plays, might well be one of the greatest violinists living, for he adds to the tremendous technical proficiency of his left hand an extraordinary command of the bow. His tone is broad, warm, and powerful, and capable of delicacy and fine-spun pianissimi. With his living, strong tone, so full-bodied that it may permit the playing of slower tempi than most violinists dare whose tone depends

for volume on the speed with which the bow is drawn across the strings (pressure having a definite limit), he could make of the rich store of slow movements from old violin music a source of great delight. But unfortunately, if one may judge of the large movement from Haendel's Sonata in E major, he refers the melody decoratively within an inch of its life—by trills, broken chords, by turns and appoggiature. But the adagio cantabile he plays beautifully with nobility and passion.

#### Music

##### Women's Symphony Orchestra

That the Women's Symphony Orchestra which Ethel Leginska has led during the last three seasons has made considerable progress was apparent in a concert at John Hancock Hall last evening, when an ambitious program was capably encompassed. True, the orchestra shows many changes in personnel. New faces are the rule. A few men last evening were added to play needed instruments. In all, about 50 players followed Miss Leginska's vigorous and often authoritative stick.

Mozart's "Figaro" Overture was played with precision and zest and clean, well-manuevered strokes. Weber's Concerto in F for bassoon and orchestra brought Abdon Laus of the Boston Symphony Orchestra as soloist. The music which offered Mr. Laus an opportunity to unfold his own skill with his instrument proved not too exciting stuff—melodious, smooth, but with little differentiation in mood between the Adagio and the Allegro which followed it.

For a "first Boston performance" Miss Leginska offered a Cortège and Air de Danse by Debussy, whether in his own instrumentation or not the program failed to say. At any rate it proved a not very characteristic piece.

What became the event of the evening was the performance of Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5 in E minor. With freshness and vigor, with a good grasp of the romantic flavor and essential glamorousness of the music, Leginska and her players encompassed a well thought out and impressive reading of this familiar symphony.

These players have not yet arrived at such a point of excellence that praise may be given without reservations; but such has been their progress since the earliest concerts that much may be looked for within the next few seasons. Doubtless the improvement may be attributed to the fact that, according to a note on last evening's program, this orchestra has played more than 200 concerts.

#### RAYMOND COON

Raymond Coon, pianist, played the following program at Jordan hall last night: Italian Concerto (Bach); Ballade in G minor, Waltz in G flat, Nocturne in F sharp minor (Chopin); Rhapsody No. 12 (Liszt); Bruyeres, Dr. Gradus ad Parnassum (Debussy); Sonata (Ravel).

The Italian Concerto's two allegro movements lie none too comfortably under the fingers of the modern pianist. As a result, once he has succeeded in playing them with any digital fluency, however harsh and incoherent a rattling of keys they may seem to the mere listener, he sits back with a happy smile and proceeds to put the concerto on his recital program. Mr. Coon, to his credit, did not appear to have concentrated all his musical thought upon the expressive andante, though he played it sensitively. The opening allegro had some muddled moments when it escaped from his control, but it had evidently been regarded as music rather than as a technical exercise. The final movement achieved not merely speed, but a pleasing exuberance of rhythm.

There was authentic poetry combined with coherency of thought and unity of conception in Mr. Coon's Chopin. His playing of the Ballade was particularly praiseworthy. Instead of the usual alternations of pathos, brilliance and bombast he offered a rendering that hung together, passionate, plausible, expressive—but not overladen—and occasionally illuminating.

With slight occasional lapses the same musical insight was evident in his performance of pieces he had chosen from Debussy in Ravel's delicate Sonata played with admirable sense and style appropriate to each of its parts with sensitive appreciation of phrase and of its delicate modulations, with a silence of rhythm, and with tone.



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S.S.

## METROPOLITAN

### "Burning Up"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by  
Glover Jones from the story by William  
Javens McNutt; directed by A. Edward  
Sutherland and presented by Paramount  
with the following cast:

Lou Larrigan	Richard Arlen
Ruth Morgan	Mary Brian
"Bullet" McGhan	Francis McDonald
"Windy" Wallace	Sam Hardy
James R. Morgan	Charles Seaton
Dave Gentry	Tully Marshall

Any picture which offers as its  
climax an automobile race on the out-  
come of which depends the hero's repu-  
tation, bankroll, his sweetheart's father's  
ditto, or possibly the mere matter of a  
sentimental fade-out, is always sure of  
getting up some real excitement. Just  
why this should be, it is a bit hard to  
say, yet judging by the interest at the  
Metropolitan Theatre during the show-  
ing of "Burning Up," Richard Arlen's  
first starring film, there must be many  
who cherish a deep-rooted fear that the  
villain may win. Though it was as un-  
thinkable that Mr. Arlen should be beat-  
en as that Messala should ever van-  
quish Ben Hur, yet every dastardly  
move that his rival made to defeat him  
was greeted with breathless indignation.

It is more pleasant to hope that the  
real interest was in watching the cars  
speed around the track at a breathless  
rate, motors roaring, crowds cheering  
and drivers gritting their teeth. As a  
spectacle, such scenes are always worth  
watching, even though the outcome of  
the affair is a foregone conclusion. The  
suspense in "Burning Up" comes from  
the fact that a trusting gentleman,  
James Morgan, bets a large sum on the  
chance that a certain young racing  
driver, Lou Larrigan, will win a chal-  
lenge automobile race at a county fair.  
The whole affair was a frame-up, for  
Lou had agreed to throw the race to his  
opponent, "Bullet" McGhan, for the ad-  
vantage of his dishonest employers,  
Dave Gentry and "Windy" Wallace.  
This at least was the idea, but unfor-  
tunately Lou meets and falls in love  
with Morgan's daughter, Ruth, suffers  
a change of heart and wins the race,  
though not without some trouble from  
"Bullet."

Mr. Arlen breezes happily through his  
not at all difficult part, though it must  
be admitted that he bore a consider-  
able resemblance to William Haines in  
his methods of approaching a pretty  
girl. Mary Brian has nothing much to  
do and does it as agreeably as usual.  
Sam Hardy and Tully Marshall as the  
crooked promoters carry off such honors  
as there are in the way of acting, Mr.  
Marshall in particular presenting a  
most amusing figure as the pessimist of  
the party who always expected the worst  
to happen just a few minutes before it  
did. E. L. H.

## SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr.  
Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its 14th  
concert yesterday afternoon in Sym-  
phony hall. The program was as fol-  
lows: Mozart, Eine kleine Nachtmusik.  
Prokofiev, Scythian Suite. Prokofiev,  
Concerto No. 2, G minor (Mr.  
Koussevitzky, pianist. First performance  
the United States). De Falla, Three  
pieces from the "Three Corners Hat."  
No doubt some in the audience yes-  
terday were disconcerted by the splen-  
didity of the "Scythian Suite." What  
did they have had? The Scythians  
are not a genteel folk, nor did they  
have philosophy in sacred groves. The  
men had bloody hands; they drank the  
blood of the first men they killed in  
le; they cut off heads; they scalped  
made themselves cloaks of scalps;  
sometimes they flayed the entire body  
of an enemy; they valued drinking cups  
made from skulls; they were cunning  
in art of impalement. They strangled  
live men, to accompany a dead king,  
fed their bodies and mounted them  
beautiful horses in a circle to guard  
the tomb.

A composer chooses to take a  
mythical legend for his subject—it  
is interesting to know where Mr.  
Prokofiev found this legend—would the  
runtled have had him write suave  
and mellifluous melodies, interwoven  
with academic precision, with familiar  
expressions and cadences, discreetly  
restrained, possibly with the introduc-  
tion of a mandolin and a celesta for  
the tinkling and gum-drop effects  
in orthodox form?

Now some amiable souls are fright-  
ened by music that departs in any way  
from a long-established order! How

they delight in condemning individual-  
ity, originality; in finding the unfa-  
miliar, or the unexpected disagreeable!  
"Let us dream again," they say at a  
concert: "waking would be pain." Mr.  
Prokofiev, selecting a barbaric legend,  
writing in superbly barbaric vein, awak-  
ens the sleepers and all those who  
demand sweet music as an aid to diges-  
tion, with occasional loud passages to per-  
mit conversation with those seated near  
them.

Is it possible that there were any in  
the audience yesterday who failed to  
appreciate the wild imagination of the  
composer, the originality of his thought  
and the musical expression of his  
thought; who were not thrilled and ex-  
cited by the long and magnificent  
crescendo and climax depicting the ris-  
ing of the sun; or by the demoniacal  
fury of the Evil-God and the pagan  
monsters dancing their delicious dance?

Mr. Prokofiev's second concerto writ-  
ten and performed in 1913 was remade  
from sketches in 1923. The score left  
in his apartment when he first came  
to this country was lost when the Soviet  
Government took possession of his  
rooms. The concerto, as played by him  
yesterday, is an engrossing work, un-  
usual in its construction, unusual in  
the musical ideas and the handling of  
them. There is the incredible cadenza  
in the first movement; the Scherzo with  
its perpetual movement, music for fren-  
zied whirling dervishes. The one ob-  
viously melodic line is in the finale, a  
haunting theme suggestive of melan-  
choly folk song, which is treated in a  
masterly manner. In this finale there  
is abundant evidence of technical skill,  
especially when two themes are united,  
but by no means in the perfunctory

school-prize-composition manner for  
class-room admiration.

The piano is used chiefly as a percus-  
sion instrument; and there is great de-  
pendence, as in so many contemporane-  
ous compositions for piano and orches-  
tra, on percussion effects and rhythm.  
Farewell to the long cantilena, to the  
worship of sensuous sounds. Is this to  
be deplored? Music is for the most part  
an expression of the life and thought  
of its period. Long before the war  
Thomas Hardy wrote: "Gay prospects  
wed happily with gay times, but also,  
if times be not gay! . . . Haggard  
Egdon appealed to a subtler and scarer  
emotion, than that which responds to  
the sort of beauty called charming. In-  
deed, it is a question if the exclusive  
reign of this orthodox beauty is not  
approaching its last quarter. The new  
vale of Tempe may be a gaunt waste  
in Thule."

Mr. Prokofiev played in the already  
well-known Prokofiev manner, brilli-  
antly; yet as if he were playing for  
his own enjoyment, with little or no re-  
gard for what the audience might think;  
sure of himself but never in the flam-  
ing yet restless manner of a virtuoso  
speeding his way in the full expecta-  
tion of thunderous applause and opera  
glasses glued to the eyes of palpitating  
dames. He played as a man and a  
musician considering his technical dex-  
terity as taken for granted; busied in  
the revelation through sound of that  
which stirred him to composition. Not  
only was he loudly applauded by the  
audience; at the end the orchestra,  
standing, joined the conductor in doing  
him homage.

What is it that makes the music of  
Mozart a lasting joy? The perfect ex-  
pression of pure beauty. Here is this  
little serenade, which simple as it seems  
demands the utmost sympathy and  
the keenest sense of loveliness for con-  
veying its enchantment to men and  
women of the present generation. The  
performance yesterday was beyond all  
praise. And if Dr. Koussevitzky and  
the orchestra shone gloriously in the  
playing of Mozart's music, their in-  
terpretation of the far different speech  
of Prokofiev and De Falla was equally  
resplendent.

The concert will be repeated tonight.  
The orchestra will be out of town next  
week. The program of Feb. 14 and 15  
will comprise Debussy's "Blessed Dama-  
zel" and "The Martyrdom of Saint-Sebastian." The former has been per-  
formed at these concerts and at other  
concerts in Boston. "Saint-Sebastian"  
was performed in full at a concert by  
the Boston opera company, Andre Cap-  
let, conductor, and orchestral excerpts  
from it have been played at a concert of  
the Boston Symphony Orchestra. At  
the concerts of the 14th and 15th Mme.  
Ritter-Ciampi, the Radcliffe Choral So-  
ciety, and the Cecilia Chorus will assist.

## ENJOY CRUISE WITH BURTON HOLMES

An audience that almost filled  
Symphony hall last night took a cruise  
through the Mediterranean with Bur-  
ton Holmes and 300-odd companions.  
Among the latter was our old friend  
the "life of the ship" and no doubt  
several who boasted afterwards of sit-  
ting at the captain's table. It was a

By PHILIP HALE

"Dracula" is not the only play in which a vampire sucks the blood of  
maidens and chills the blood of an audience. A play called "The Vampire"  
was performed in New York as early as 1819 and revived. Some critics in  
those years spoke of it as founded on one of Scott's tales, but they should  
have said on a tale attributed to Byron, but written by Dr. John William  
Polidori, who was the poet's physician-companion. When another play "The  
Vampire" was produced in the season of 1823-4, a "Vampire" was shown in  
a hall at Cliver and Chatham streets, New York. What was it? Prof. Odell  
admits that he does not know: "I only learn of its existence when the Post  
of December 2nd informs me that a little boy, peeping through a crevice  
of the building to see the wonder was cruelly stabbed in the eye by some  
attendant within. The mob in revenge wrecked the place."

(And in early October of 1823 an Egyptian mummy in its sarcophagus,  
a curiosity belonging to the Boston Medical College, was exhibited in the  
American Museum, New York, "Object," says the American, "the collection  
of funds for the Massachusetts General Hospital." Where is that mummy  
now?)

In 1851 Dumas and Maquet brought out their fantastic drama "The  
Vampire" in Paris. It must have been an extraordinary show, introducing  
besides The Vampire Lord Ruthven, a ghoul played by a woman, and the  
mystical fairy Melusina, who had the power of protecting ancient houses.  
There are scenes in Spain and Brittany. In the final one—a deserted  
cemetery, the Vampire lies half in and half out of his grave, grinning  
hideously. Gilbert de Tiffanges stands by on the snow-covered ground.

"For the last time, worship God."

"No," yells the monster.

"Then despair and die." With this Gilbert sticks the hallowed sword  
into the vampire's heart. The vampire falls back into the grave, howling  
fearfully. A heavy stone closes and seals him up forever. Gilbert traces on  
the stone a cross which grows luminous. "A great aureole fills the sky and  
multitudes of rejoicing angels are seen. Among them are Helene and Juana,  
smiling in happiest benison, whilst there arises from the earth the body of  
Ziska, radiant and beautiful, to join the glorious throng among whose im-  
mortal ranks she is enrolled by the merits of her great act of renunciation  
and unselfish love." This Ziska is really the disguised ghoul, who asks the  
Vampire to relinquish Antonia's hand and accept her love though it be  
death. He refuses to betray Antonia. Then the ghoul—ghouls are not so  
unselfish and merciful in the "Thousand Nights and a Night"—divulges the  
secret by which the vampire can be annihilated, although the revelation  
will put an end to her own existence.

Before this play, "The Vampire" by Nodier, Jouffroy, and Carmouche  
was produced in Paris. Based on Polidori's story, the play packed the Porte-  
Saint-Martin. The charming Mme. Dorval took the part of the heroine.  
Oscar, "Genius of Marriages," was one of the characters. How the theatre  
applauded the lean, livid mask of the vampire, how it shuddered at his  
stealthy steps! The elder Dumas in his "Memoires" tells how he was de-  
lighted and thrilled as a spectator.

An account of other plays, melodramas and burlesques, with a vam-  
pire as the hero, may be found in Montague Summers' fascinating book—  
one that should not be read just before going to bed—"The Vampire: His  
Kith and Kin." (Mr. Summers' second volume on this subject was published  
recently by the E. P. Dutton Company. Mr. Summers evidently believes in  
vampires, as in an earlier book he made out a good case for witches.)

Who wrote "The Vampire," produced in New York in 1819? Planche's  
melodrama, "The Vampire, or the Bride of the Isle," an adaptation of a  
French play, was not produced in London until August, 1820. It was per-  
formed more than once in New York. One of the characters is named  
McSwill, possibly alluding to his fondness for whiskey, as the action is in  
Scotland. The play was included in Hodgson's "Juvenile Drama." Strong  
meat for children.

Then there is Dion Boucicault's "Vampire," produced in London in 1852;  
revived in London and New York as "The Phantom." Boucicault helped  
himself to Dumas's "Vampire," even borrowing for the dialogue. Henry  
Morley criticized the play severely: "To an honest ghost, one has no ob-  
jection; but an animated corpse which goes about in Christian attire, and  
although never known to eat, or drink, or shake hands, is allowed to sit at  
good men's feasts; which renews its odious life every hundred years by  
sucking a young lady's blood, after fascinating her by motions which re-  
semble mesmerism burlesqued; and which notwithstanding its well-pur-  
chased longevity is capable of being killed during its term in order that  
it may be revived by moonbeams—such a ghost as this passes all bounds  
of toleration. The monster of absurdity was personated by its reviver, Mr.  
Boucicault, with due paleness of visage, stealthiness of pace and solemnity  
of tone."

Has any one read Dr. M. R. James's "Count Magnus" in "The Ghost  
Stories of an Antiquary"? The book reached a second edition in 1905. The  
vampire or ghost is a Count Magnus de la Gardie. His body lay in a cop-  
per sarcophagus, the chief feature of a domed mausoleum. People were  
warned not to enter the woods on the estate. "You will meet with persons  
walking who should not be walking. They should be resting." Two hunters  
did not heed the advice. One was found with the flesh sucked off his face.  
The other standing with his back against a tree, pushed with his hands—  
"pushing something away from him which was not there." An English  
traveller, passing near the mausoleum, exclaimed, "Ah, Count Magnus, there  
you are. I should dearly like to see you." He heard the sound of metal  
hinges creaking; frightened he set out for England, but he was haunted by  
two hideous figures, a man in a long black cloak and broad leaved hat, and  
"something" in a dark cloak and hood. The traveller arriving in England,  
looking out of his carriage, saw he was still pursued. Within forty-eight  
hours he was found dead. "In the district it is still remembered how the jury  
that viewed the body fainted, seven of 'em did, and none of 'em wouldn't  
speak to what they see, and the verdict was visitation of God, and how the  
people as kep' the 'ouse moved out that same week and went away from  
that part!"

If Bram Stoker was indebted to Dom Calmet for the novel "Dracula"  
he undoubtedly was acquainted with the old melodramas, also the legends  
of European countries.

Granville-Barker's second series of "Prefaces to Shakespear," in which  
"Romeo and Juliet," "The Merchant of Venice," "Antony and Cleopatra"



and "Cymbeline" are discussed, has been published. He calls "The Merchant of Venice" a fairy tale. "It says much for the mental hypnosis which the make-believe of this theatre can induce that this scene of the trial leaves us spellbound." He will not have the "effective" exit of Shylock made with great elaboration by Sir Henry Irving. As Shakespeare's women were acted by boys Mr. Granville-Barker says: "This did everything to determine not his view of the character, but his presenting of it." Here is his characterization of Cleopatra:

"She is like Antony in this at least—and it erects them both to figures of heroic size,—that she has never learnt to compromise with life, nor had to reconcile her own nature's extremes. To call her false to this or that is to set up a standard that could have no value for her. She is true enough to the self of the moment; and, in the end, tragically true to a self left sublimated by a great loss. The passionate woman has a child's ardors and a child's obliterating fears, an animal's wary distrust; balance of judgment none, one would say. But often . . . she shows the shrewd scepticism of a child."

"There is nothing sentimental about Juliet. Life . . . as she glimpsed it around her, was half jungle in its savagery, half fairy-tale; and its rarer gifts were fever to the blood." And of Imogen: "The blows that Shakespeare had to deal her were death-blows. It is something of a simulacrum that survives."

"Much of Shakespeare's stagecraft—and the best of it, no doubt—is fundamental to all drama."

During recent years the impurities of New York have been setting a hot pace in the tiresome activity of shocking the bourgeois. In the local phrase, "the lid was off," and those with curiosity could stop, look, and listen at what is usually unprinted and unspoken. Broadway gave frequent exhibition of the salacious showman who writes up "For adults only" in order to evoke the small change of the young. The change has come for the excellent reason that common sense is beginning to avoid that which censorship only advertises. The theatrical season on Broadway has been a bad one, and the big financial crashes have had gloomy reverberations in box offices and managers' offices. It is the "audacious" plays, however, that have failed most notably. The gentler pieces are having a great success, and one of the most marked victories has been won by Mr. Noel Coward's sentimental operette, "Bitter Sweet," in which the author has made a gracious and melodious salute to the grandmotherly virtues. To those who dislike equally the stupidities of an artistic censorship and the petty exhibitionism of the "audacious" artist, this is good news. New York, despite its "padlock law," has given audacity a generous toleration, and allowed the public to discover for itself how really tedious it is to listen-in when the fussy sensation-mongers are speaking out.—Manchester Guardian.

"I regard Shaw's 'Saint-Joan' as the finest tragedy since Shakespeare's day. I saw it four times, and I could see it many more."—Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson.

Richard Whorf, art director, and Roger Wheeler, stage manager of the Copley Theatre, are the authors of "Runnin' the Show: a Practical Handbook" published by Walter H. Baker Company, Boston. This sensible little book should be of much assistance to amateur companies, as it should interest the general public. There are helpful illustrations. Those who saw "The Ghost Train"—and they were many—will be pleased to see how the main effects were secured.

## A GREAT ARTIST

Emmy Destinn, who died at her home in Budweis, Czechoslovakia, on Jan. 29 was in the line of dramatic sopranos, mistresses of the grand style. Her voice had a golden quality even in the most impassioned moments, for she was never tempted to force tone; nor did she as a tragedian forget that she was also a singer. She gave memorable performances in this city.

During the last season of the Boston Opera company, 1913-1914, she took the part of Gioconda. Her associates were Mmes. d'Alvarez and Leveroni; Messrs. Constantino, Mardones and Ancona; also of Donna Anna; Marcoux played Don Giovanni; Ludikar, Leporello; Miss Amsden, Donna Elvira; Maggie Teyte (also Miss Nielsen) Zerlina; Mardones the Commendatore; Tahlango, Don Ottavio; Tavecchia, Masetto. In an earlier performance of "Don Giovanni" John McCormack sang the music of Don Ottavio. Miss Destinn's Aida, and Girl of the Golden West were also noteworthy. She sang as Madame Butterfly admirably and acted the part impressively though her figure was not that of the little Japanese woman; for Miss Destinn, like Mme. Materna, and too many other famous singers, waxed fat with the years.

Emmy Destinn's flaming patriotism more than once incensed the Austrian authorities. She longed to see her country free and independent. Not content with the glory of a singer, she wrote a drama, "Rahel," two opera librettos, and some romances. She had studied violin playing before she took vocal lessons in Prague of Marie Loewe-Destinn. Emmy's maiden name was Kittl.

In 1897 she was engaged at the Dresden Opera House, but she received a curt note from the director cancelling her contract, "because she had no voice and was wanting in histrionic ability." She went to Berlin and made her debut there as Santuzza in February, 1898. Accepted at a first hearing, she was associated with the Royal Opera House of that city until 1908, when she joined the Metropolitan forces and appeared at that opera house as Aida on Nov. 16, the opening night of the season. Two weeks afterwards she took the part of Marta in the first performance of d'Albert's "Tiefand" in this country.

In 1901 she took the role of Senta at Bayreuth. Her portrayal in Berlin of Strauss's Salome so pleased the composer that he engaged her for the performance of that opera in Paris.

Her first appearance in Boston was not in opera, but with the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Dec. 11, 1908, when she sang Senta's Ballad of the Flying Dutchman, and three songs by Schubert with piano accompaniment: "The Sign Post," "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel," and "Eri-King." Mr. Fiedler was then the conductor.

Strange to say, this great singer whose art was recognized and warmly appreciated by European and American conductors, critics, and the more intelligent in audiences, did not draw the crowd to the box office. She surely was not lacking in "temperament." Was it because she did not stoop to

tricks that make for popularity? She was a great singer, a great actress of the operatic school. The word "artist" was not misapplied when she was thus described.

In 1915 Emmy was engaged to the Algerian baritone Dinh Gilly, who is remembered here as an accomplished singer with a rather metallic voice. He was interned in the world war as a French subject, and Emmy was not allowed to return to America by Bohemian authorities on account of her pro-Ally sentiments. In the remaining years of the war she was confined in her own castle at Statz and watched by the Austrian government, until she was released in 1919. Although she had said she would never sing again for Germans, she took part in 1927 in a concert at Berlin and was applauded. In 1923 she married a Czech aviator, Capt. Naisbach, much younger than herself. Since that time she lived mostly on her estate, Castle Neuhaus, in Moravia.

The Society of Ancient Instruments will play this afternoon music by Andre Cardinal Destouches (1672-1740), and Charles Francois Clement. Destouches, born at Paris, was at first a musketeer, who was musical. A young man, he went to Siam with Father Tachard, a Jesuit. Destouches promised him that he would join that order, but, returning to Paris, he preferred a military career. This he abandoned to be a musician. Poorly equipped, he was obliged to call in a real musician to score his first opera, "Isse" (1697). However, his natural gifts brought success. Louis XIV was so pleased that he gave Destouches 200 louis and said he was the only one that did not cause him regret for Lulli's death. Later Destouches saw that it was necessary for him to study harmony. As he became technically more skilful, his inspiration grew weaker and weaker. He was superintendent of the King's music from 1713 to 1751, also the inspector general of the Paris Opera. If he pleased Louis XIV, he did not please every one, for his "Callirhoe" provoked a bitter satire in verse complaining of his insipid airs and the ignorance of his eulogists.

Clement, born in Provence about 1720, gave clavecin lessons in Paris and wrote treatises for that instrument. Casanova says in his memoirs that he knew Clement when he was giving lessons to Mlle. Silvia, the daughter of an actress at the Theatre Italien. Clement was betrothed to her, but the engagement was broken. Casanova says that Mlle. Silvia loved him, the adventurer, and she knew that he loved her, although he had never told his love. Her parents wished her to wed Clement. "She knew it and nothing prevented her from consenting to be his wife, for, although she did not love him she saw him with pleasure. The majority of young women well reared submit to marriage without love entering into it and they are not grieved. They know that by marriage they amount to something in society. To be established, to have a position, they marry. They seem to know that a husband is not obliged to be a lover. At Paris the same idea prevails among men, and that's why marriages are for the most part liens de convenance. The French are jealous of their mistresses, never of their wives." Casanova adds that Clement quickly fell in love with another young woman. He wrote operas, clavecin pieces, songs, and published for four years a Journal de clavecin.

Mme. Hoyt will sing an air by Martin Pierre Dalvimare (1772-1839). Born of a prominent family, he was at first an amateur, but after the

Revolution he turned to music as a profession, as a means of livelihood. His skill as a harpist made a sensation. Harpist at the Opera in 1800, he was the harpist of Napoleon's orchestra. In 1807 he gave lessons to the Empress Josephine. Five years later he was able to go back to his birthplace, Dreux, and live the life of a country gentleman. He was so foolish as to resent any allusion to his life as a musician. So Fetis says, but others write that there's no truth in this story; on the contrary, Dalvimare was proud of his musical career. He was a voluminous composer, writing a concerto for harp and horn, many pieces for harp with other instruments, many songs and even an opera comique which was performed and published.

delightful cruise to make, though more than once the passengers were tempted to leave the vessel for this or that town, beginning with Madeira, where there was the allurements of wine in large goblets; to some giving keener enjoyment than being borne in hammocks to a high hill and skidding down.

There were unusual, surprising views of Gibraltar; a too short stay at Algeria and Tunis. (The overland tour to Constantine, Timagad and Biskra is promised for next season). Tantalizing views of Palermo and Taormina again urged abandonment of the ship. To the disappointment of the women in the audience no romantic sheiks were in front of Mr. Holmes's camera, and the men would gladly have had a more intimate acquaintance with the harem of the "progressive but picturesque Tunisian personage."

There was a longer sojourn at Malta—at least pictorially—with the reminder of Paul shipwrecked and speaking without the aid of any mechanical instrument so that he was heard distinctly many miles away.

Equally, if not more interesting was the second stretch of the cruise: Corfu, an island of enchantment—Dalmatia, without need in Symphony hall of the justly celebrated Dalmatian flea powder—Bucharest, whose inhabitants proudly say it is the Paris of the Balkans—Constantinople, more fascinating in its past than in its reformation and present civilization—the Bosphorus recalling unfaithful women sewed up in sacks and thrown into the water—read Victor Hugo's "Clair de Lune" for which Edmond MacDowell composed a little symphonic poem for the piano—Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria—Belgrade, amusingly described by Lady Wortley Montague years ago—Zagreb—is the new name preferable to Agram. And at the end of the cruise the passengers in Symphony hall were on the best of terms, the one with the others on shipboard, in always true of those on shipboard, in close association for five weeks.

The travelogue will be repeated this afternoon. Next week, the last of these richly illustrated lectures: the subject "Venice and North Italy." P. H.

## UPTOWN—OLYMPIA

### "Sally"

An all-talking and singing screen musical comedy in natural color, adapted from the original Ziegfeld stage production by Guy Bolton and Jerome Kern; directed by John Francis Dillon and presented by First National with the following cast:

Sally	Marilyn Miller
Blair Farquar	Alexander Gray
Connie, Duke of Cheekagovinia	Joe E. Brown
Otis Hooper	T. Roy Barnes
Rose	Port Kelson
"Pops" Shendorff	Ford Sterling
Mrs. Ten Brock	Maude Turner Gordon
John Farquar	E. J. Ratcliffe
Roue	Jack Duffy
Marcia	Nora Lane

Who ever heard of sending a dancing girl out to Hollywood to become a prima donna? Perhaps not exactly a prima donna, but a far better singer than ever she was on the stage. That is what has happened to Marilyn Miller, whose picture was unfolded yesterday at the Uptown and Olympia theatres. "Whose" is the word, for it is Marilyn's picture throughout. In fact, the screen version of "Sally" would be a dull and ordinary affair without her. That hackneyed phrase, "a personal triumph," must be used at least once again.

They do such odd things in the studios. Jerome Kern wrote a perfectly sound score for "Sally." It contained at least half a dozen catchy tunes; yet only "Look for the Silver Lining," and "A Wild, Wild Rose" remain. The sprightly "Whip-poor-Will" number, and the sentimental "Dear Little, Dear Little Church 'Round the Corner" are among the missing. Instead there are interpolated solos and a duet or two, depressing things. The stage version was rich in comedy contrasts, with Leon Errol as the lugubrious Connie and Walter Catlett as Hooper, the shoe-string theatrical agent, "Big-Hearted Otis" as he delighted to designate himself. Now Joe Brown and Mr. Barnes have these roles, sparsely comic, shorn of their original joind speech. Mr. Stein, G. at the duke's former chef become a New York cafe proprietor, really is



most of the time, with his sputtering dialect. Mr. Gray as the lover, singing or singing, is a cheerless figure. But why squander words and space, when on the Technicolor sequences, some of which are beautiful, many blurred. With the enlarged screen the butterfly dance by the Albertina Rasch Girls became the one memorable pictorial feature. It was effectively photographed and performed. Miss Miller, in her original role as Sally Green, the founding who, after proving a poor waitress became a successful dancer, now brings to it greater amplitude physically, vocally. The same grace and joyousness in the dance are there, whether it be a tap or a ballet specialty. She acts more maturely in her romantic moods, yet is still girlishly charming. The camera is kindness itself as far as Marilyn is concerned; but it is the microphone which has marvellously enhanced her vocal status. Thin piping tones have given way to full, smooth tones; the confident, almost apologetic manner of singing has vanished. Marilyn, when her dancing days are over, may become the Mary Garden of the screen. Stranger things have happened.

W. E. G.

Feb 2 1930

NIKOLAI ORLOFF

Nikolai Orloff, pianist, played the following program at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Variations in A Major (Mozart); Carnavaal (Schumann); Four Etudes, Mazurka, Nocturne, Polonaise (Chopin); Islamey (Balakireff); Reflets dans l'eau (Debussy); Tarentelle (Liszt).

Mr. Orloff delighted his very large audience as much by the never-failing elegance and the rarely-failing clarity of his playing as by its unostentatious virtuosity. He belongs, not to that race of pianists whose interpretations seem spontaneous, dictated by some inner power of which physical body and mind are but the passively obedient servants, but rather to that other category of musicians who seem very conscious artists and craftsmen, visibly and audibly choosing their tone-colors, shaping their phrases as they might shape a jewel, grading them as they might string pearls, with obvious absorption and delight in their task.

Exactly after this fashion Mr. Orloff played Mozart's variations (from a piano sonata), well-known but seldom so well-played, with such delicate, firm grace, so unassuming. With warmth and fancy added, and conscious pieces. Mr. Orloff's style adapted itself admirably to the romantic puppet-show of Schumann's Carnavaal. Delicate virtuosity and imagination combined to make delightful his playing of the four Etudes of Chopin that he had chosen. While his skill in the use of the sustaining pedal is notable, his knowledge

of when not to employ it amounts to genius. Few pianists can equal the polished elegance with which he played the Polonaise (happily divorced from its Andante Spianato).

The Balakireff's Russo-oriental phantasy Mr. Orloff gave a positively orchestral brilliance and variety, a stirring urgency of rhythm.

There was charm, though perhaps a not entirely Debussian charm, in his version of Reflets dans l'eau, and in the final item of his printed program he did full justice alternately to the pianistic of Liszt and to the tune and rhythm of the Tarentella.

Among his encores was a concert version of the Blue Danube waltz, which Mr. Orloff succeeded in playing with remarkable grace, skillfully submerging the elaborate ornamentation.

Mr. Orloff was applauded with the utmost cordiality.

S. S.

Feb 3 1930

BOSTON CIVIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The Boston Civic Symphony Orchestra, Joseph Wagner, conductor, played the following program yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall:

Overture: "Athalie" (Mendelssohn); Ballet suite, 1. Minuet, 2. Musette, 3. Tambourine (Rameau-Mott); Kamarskaja (Glinka); Bell song from "Lakme" (Debussy); "La Rumba," a Cuban Rhapsody (Quinto Mazam); Symphony in G Major, Op. 61, introduction—Allegro non troppo, Scherzo, Adagio, Allegro molto vivace (Schumann).

Marguerite La Liberte, coloratura soprano, was soloist in "The Bell Song."

With his band of young amateurs Mr. Wagner does remarkable work. Of course, as is so often the case with amateurs, his players make up in verve and enthusiasm for what they lack in technical proficiency, and in orchestral playing, enthusiasm is a splendid virtue. Due to youthful zest then, is much of the firm body of tone from the strings; to it is also due the energy and spirit

of the other sections. But to Mr. Wagner is due the precision, the phrasing, the unexpected brilliance and expressiveness of the orchestra. Only a few of the faces in the Civic Symphony have been seen in professional organizations; yet the programs of this young symphony are interesting and well worth hearing.

The orchestra, under Mr. Wagner's capable leadership, provided skillful accompaniment for Marguerite La Liberte's light coloratura in the Bell Song from Lakme. Miss LaLiberte's pretty voice, of good range and very agile, lacks the brilliance and the power it would gain if she were in command of better breath control.

The orchestra did its best work perhaps in the Schumann symphony, though "La Rumba," a Cuban rhapsody built on Cuban dance themes, and well spiced with that half-negroid, half-hispanic jazz that is characteristic of much Spanish-American music, was especially well played. The grace of Rameau's charming ballet music, and the warm tunefulness and exuberance of Glinka's Kamarskaja most pleased the large audience.

The orchestra needs now to work definitely for tone quality; for living passages in pianissimo, for better forte passages in brasses, and for greater variety of color in the wood wind. Under the leadership of Mr. Wagner, doubtless these virtues will be built into the orchestra as soon as possible.

E. B.

EMMA HOYT AND CASADESUS OLD INSTRUMENT SOCIETY

Emma Hoyt, soprano, and Henri Casadesus' Old Instrument Society gave a concert at the Repertory Theatre yesterday afternoon. The society, whose members are Marius Casadesus (quintet), Henri Casadesus (viola d'amore), Mme. Lucette Casadesus (viola da gamba), Maurice Devillers (bass viol), and Mme. Regina Patorni-Casadesus (harpsichord), played the following pieces of concerted music: Fete Galante (The Meeting, the Pursuit, Flower Gavotte, Lovers' Minuet, Tambourin of Triumph) by A. C. Destouches (1672-1749); La Chasse (duet for quintet and viola d'amore) by Lorenzini. Les Reclamations de la Campagne by Ch. F. Clement. Mme. Patorni-Casadesus played a partita for harpsichord by Ayrton. Miss Hoyt sang the following songs: Au sein de cette lyre (Gluck); Menuet Quante (Rameau); Revenez Amour (Lully); The Slighted Swain (Old English); I will walk with my love (Old Irish); Have you seen but a white lily grow (Old English); There's not a swain on the plain (Purcell); Mon Coeur soupire (Dalvmare); Romanesca (16th century dance air), Doreme-vous? (arr. by Weckerlin).

Those who compare the present unfavorably with the past must (if any of them were in the Repertory Theatre yesterday afternoon) have found much to support them in their conviction. The many who are of the prevailing opinion that the art of music has progressed immeasurably since the 17th century must have had their comfortable faith sadly shaken. For few concerts within many musical seasons have given such unalloyed delight as this. The music, most of it the work of composers about whom the average supposedly well-informed student of music knows nothing whatever—Destouches, Lorenzini, Ayrton, Clement, has a beauty, a fragrant charm, a melodic invention, a grace, a fanciful humor, a vivacity, an ingenious perfection of technique, that must be the despair of those modern composers that are at all acquainted with it.

The instruments, all but obsolete and cultivated only by a few archaeologists and enthusiasts such as the Casadesus Society and, in England, the Dolmetsches, have much more than antiquity and "quality" in their favor. The viols, with their slightly reedy tone, have a beauty of their own; they are not merely a primitive ancestor of the violin. They blend admirably together, as in the duet "La Chasse," and combine to a golden beauty of tone with the harpsichord. The latter instrument, with its two manuals, its various registers, its coupling device and harp stop, has an endless variety, a delicacy and a grandeur that the loud bland piano-forte of our day knows not.

Of consummate beauty, too, was the performance, in which virtuosity was joined to exquisite musicianship, beauty of tone and truth of intonation. The more prominent instrumentalists—Mme. Marius and Henri Casadesus, who played the quintet and viola d'amore, and Mme. Patorni-Casadesus, whose brilliant performance of Ayrton's charming Partita for the harpsichord was warmly applauded, played excellently as individuals and as members of a perfect ensemble.

Miss Hoyt, endowed with a voice of somewhat limited effective range, used it however, within those limitations, with a skill, an expressive power, a beauty and grace of phrasing, that made her work extremely pleasing. A beautiful, though not always clearly defined diction in both French and English, contributed to the pleasure that Miss Hoyt's singing gave. She was compelled to add to her program; the instrumentalists, too, were induced by cordial applause to play more than their program promised.

S. S.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Hit the Deck"

An all-talking and singing screen comedy adapted from the original musical comedy by Vincent Youmans; directed by Luther Reed and Fred Fleck and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Looloo Martin ..... Polly Walker  
Bilge Smith ..... Jack Oakie  
Pat King ..... Alice White  
Bill Harrigan ..... Charles Delaney  
Lawrence Mayfield ..... Wheeler Oakman  
Jerry Donnelly ..... Rita Flynn  
Tillie Hart ..... Gladys James  
Dave ..... Bert Moorhouse  
Cleo ..... Patricia Carson

Jack Oakie and "Hit the Deck" ought to be good for at least two weeks' shore leave at the new B. F. Keith's Theatre, where they tied up Saturday. Without Mr. Oakie, however, far less time would suffice; for as he has done many times and oft before, this freckle-faced comedian, who isn't one-tenth as silly as he has to seem to be, makes the picture his own, captures every one by the candor, honesty and intelligence of his characterization. Any young man who can put on a sailor's suit of blue, talk and act as does Bilge Smith, and retain the admiration and sympathy of his audience, is no mere slapstick comedian. The chief regret is that the exigencies of the feeble plot of "Hit the Deck," especially as Luther Reed has adapted it to his screen, keep Mr. Oakie from view more than we like.

A second and a significant virtue of "Hit the Deck" is that it has retained practically all of Vincent Youmans' delightful score, including the stirring ensemble, "Hallelujah," now sung by Marguerite Padula, a buxom songstress in blackface, and a large mixed chorus of real negro singers: "Sometimes I'm Happy" and "Ship Ahoy, Sailor Boy." Mr. Youmans even added a song, "Keeping Myself Just for You," a tune well up to his melodic standard. Why the Brox Sisters were lugged into the party, though, is one of the minor mysteries.

It always was a feeble little story, that of Looloo Martin, daughter of a deep water man, who ran a little coffee shop for sailors; who fell in love with one of the homeliest, roughest and most fickle of all of Uncle Sam's gobs, who, not knowing his first name, persuaded her rich patroness, Mrs. Payne, to engineer a dance on the admiral's flagship for all the Smiths in the navy, who sells a valuable heirloom and is suddenly wealthy, and who finally convinced the wandering Bilge that conjugal bliss on board their own little freighter was preferable to hollow conquests throughout the Seven Seas. There are two scenes of the coffee shop, and one elaborate setting for the spacious deck of the flagship, with dancing girls and tapping sailors to enliven things. These are shown in color, so ineffectually that one wishes that these experiments with pinks and greens might be confined to the laboratories until perfected. Miss Walker, out of Mr. Cohan's stage musical comedies, sings well, makes Looloo a cloyingly sweet little girl. Messrs. Gray, Woods and Sweet, as three nautical musketeers, were as funny as their lines permitted; but it was Jack Oakie who dominated all. Some day that boy

is going to be an honest-to-goodness star.

W. E. G.

PARK

"Night Ride"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Edward T. Lowe, Jr., from the story by Henry La Cossitt; directed by John S. Robertson and presented by Universal with the following cast:

Joe Rooker ..... Joseph Schildkraut  
Tony Garotta ..... Edward G. Robinson  
Ruth Kearns ..... Barbara Kent  
Bob O'Leary ..... Harry Stubbs  
Police Captain ..... De Witt Jennings  
Blondie ..... Ralph W. Wells  
Mac ..... Hal Price  
Ed ..... George Ovey

The little game of picture-stealing is as old as the motion pictures themselves, and this stealing has nothing to do with the honesty of those involved. It means simply that some player, other than the star, turns in such a good performance that the star must take a back seat. William Powell has done it so often that he has been starred in order to give some one else a chance. More often than not it is a character actor who pulls off the stunt and such is emphatically the case in "Night Ride," now showing at the Park Theatre. It is casting no aspersions on Joseph Schildkraut to say that Edward Robinson turns in a far more memorable and striking performance than does Joseph himself.

If this were not so it would be somewhat surprising, for Mr. Robinson has made a real name for himself in the stage in just the sort of role that he has here, that of a smooth, sinister and terrifying racketeer. Mr. Schildkraut, as a young reporter, daring to the point of foolhardiness in his determination to show up a notorious gangster, turns in an excellent job and one that helps to obliterate the memories of some of

the synthetic southern romances that have been his lot of late. He is slangy, resourceful and amusing, though perhaps just a shade too brash even for his chosen profession. It is merely that the racketeer is a more striking personality and that Mr. Robinson knows how to make him most effective.

Joe Rooker, reporter on the "Globe," unearths some very damaging evidence in regard to Tony Garotta, a clever and unscrupulous racketeer who has managed to keep out of the hands of the law by leaving no clues behind him. Enraged by Rooker's discoveries, Garotta comes to the press office at police headquarters, holds up the staff and informs Rooker that his house will be blown up in retaliation. Hurrying away to warn his newly married wife, Rooker is kidnapped along with Bob O'Leary, another reporter, and driven to the Long Island shore. Here Garotta forces them into a speed boat and starts off into the sound with a purpose that may be guessed. Rooker, who is steering the boat, gives the wheel a sudden vicious jerk which throws Garotta into the water. They fish him out, beat him up and return home in triumph.

E. L. H.

KEITH-ALBEE

"The Girl from Woolworth's"

An all-talking screen comedy with music by George W. Meyer; directed by William Beaudine and presented by First National with the following cast:

Pat King ..... Alice White  
Bill Harrigan ..... Charles Delaney  
Lawrence Mayfield ..... Wheeler Oakman  
Jerry Donnelly ..... Rita Flynn  
Tillie Hart ..... Gladys James  
Dave ..... Bert Moorhouse  
Cleo ..... Patricia Carson

Pa Donnelly ..... William Orlamund  
Ma Donnelly ..... Milla Davenport  
Alice White's new film, "The Girl From Woolworth's" is an amusing, innocuous and clean little comedy which seems to cause much amusement in the audience at the Keith-Albee Theatre where it is now showing. The youthful hero and heroine are a likable pair of bluffers who get into scrapes, get out of them, misunderstand one another, quarrel, make up and in the end are married. The film moves quickly and with a fair amount of interest in plot, though there is nothing in the story that might not have been foreseen from the very beginning. The night club sequences are particularly banal, especially the moments when the heroine goes out to sing her sweetheart's pet number just after she hears that he has been taken to the hospital. No one could have done anything with this, but it is to Miss White's credit that she wasn't any more tearful than she had to be. This episode and the fact that the principal characters, two ten-cent store girls and a subway guard dressed in the latest from Paris, are the only annoying things in a reasonably amusing affair.

Pat King, who sings at the music counter at Woolworth's, and Bill Harrigan, who runs one of the elevated trains, meet at a party and try to high-tail one another. This pretence breaks down owing to certain revealing encounters, and they find themselves in love. Pat is spotted by Lawrence Mayfield, the proprietor of a night club, who tests her out and promises to call her for work. For a month nothing happens, but when his telegram finally arrives, Pat is overjoyed because it will give her a chance to earn some extra money and make it possible for her and Bill to get married. Bill, of course, misunderstands her action, rushes off to the night club and makes a terrible scene.

He is thrown out and Pat goes on with her work, distressed by Bill's behaviour and rather frightened by the persistent attentions of Mayfield. Pat's roommate Tillie, finally clears up Bill's muddled ideas and he rushes off to save Pat from worse than death. Alice White is an amusing, attractive and slangy little heroine, and is given able support by Charles Delaney as the well-meaning but unintelligent Bill. Rita Flynn makes Tillie something more than just a feeder.

E. L. H.

Feb 4 1930

OPERA SEASON OPENS

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Opening night of the Chicago Civic Opera Company's fortnight. "Die Walkure," a musical drama in three acts and 11 scenes, by Richard Wagner.

Siegmund ..... Mr. Strack  
Hunding ..... Mr. Cotren  
Wotan ..... Mr. Kipnis  
Sieglinde ..... Mme. Turner  
Brunnhilde ..... Mme. Leider  
Fricka ..... Mme. Olszewska

No one, except possibly a belated Wagnerite fired with the zeal of a recent convert, is interested today in Wagner's philosophy as set forth in the "Ring." No one talks of symbolism, or other "isms." No one is deeply wounded if he hears a "Musikdrama" referred to as an "Opera." No one really believes that the "Ring" is a work of



## LOEW'S STATE

## "The Bishop Murder Case"

plenary inspiration; that if a page is cut in performance it would be better for the conductor if a millstone were hung about his neck and he be thrown into the Charles. It is acknowledged by all sane admirers of Wagner that there are whole sections that are a weariness to the flesh and the spirit; that the squabbling of Wotan and Fricka should be only for a moment; that Wotan, although Wagner has given him some magnificent music in the "Walkure," is a good deal of a bore throughout the "Ring," to be classed with King Mark, the potentate in "Tannhauser," old man Gurnemanz, and the Harper in "Mignon." Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson going with their estimable wives to the opera look on the "Walkure" as a fairy story with trick fire in the last scene, a pleasing fight in the gods, and Wotan's daughters by Erding about, sometimes on lantern-horses, answering the summoning "Ho-jo-to-ho!" likewise "Hel-a-ha!" women are amused by the wretched

meal offered by Sieglinde to the hungry Siegfried, and excuse her by saying that Hunding of the disinheriting countenance must have been a poor provider. But even Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson forget the stock market and are deeply moved by the scene between Bruennhilde and the questioning Siegmund, one of the noblest and most emotional scenes in the whole literature of opera. The good ladies are not shocked at the ending of the first act when Siegmund drawing Sieglinde to him "with passionate fervor" shouts "Bride and sister be to thy brother," with the stage direction "the curtain falls quickly," though in the early years of the opera a German ventured to say, "It cannot fall too quickly." Last night the incestuous couple ran gaily through the open door and the curtain descended slowly.

The performance gave pleasure to a brilliant audience that filled the opera house. Famous singers have appeared here as Bruennhilde, and it is not easy for any one in these days to efface the memory of Lilli Lehmann, Milka Ternina, and Lucienne Breval, but Mme. Leider sang discreetly, not forcing tone. Charming in her scenes with Wotan, she did not, appearing to Siegmund, fully convey the awful solemnity of her mission, or if she did appreciate it, she failed to convince the spectator of the supernatural announcement, the quiet pronouncement of the hero's impending death. No doubt the character of the voice itself had much to do with this, for sombre coloring was lacking. Mme. Olszewska was physically an apparition that gave Wotan no cause for wandering from his own fireside. Nor was she vocally a vulgar scold, as some of her predecessors have played the part. She was dignity personified, standing for domestic righteousness and homelife, until Wotan's pitiable excuses aroused her indignation. Mme. Turner has naturally a fine voice, agreeable, well-trained, as long as she did not think it necessary to scream against orchestral fury, though it may here be said that Mr. Pollak, the conductor, was for the most part merciful to the singers. In the first scene with Siegmund, she acted with full understanding of the role, but later she reminded one of the old-time German Wagnerian singers who thought to show dramatic emotion by wild and whirling gestures, arms outstretched, waving, or pointed sky-ward without the prompting of text or situation. She sang with more feeling, more genuine expression in the second act than in the first.

Mr. Strack sang in the German manner of the last century—earnestly, respecting the notes—but stressing unimportant words, throwing undue emphasis on final consonants, nor could his portrayal of Siegmund be justly described as romantic. Mr. Kipnis detailed his sad story to Bruennhilde effectively. There were other times when he was not wholly in the vein. There have been more ferocious Hundings on the stage than Mr. Cotruelli's, admirable singer and actor as he is in more agreeable parts.

The performance of the orchestra, led ably, with understanding and imagination by Mr. Pollak, was worthy of high praise. This cannot be said of the stage management which was often curious, to say the least: Witness the position of Hunding and Siegmund fighting, the matter-of-fact entrance of Bruennhilde down the rocks, instead of from the right, gliding as a spirit, with Siegmund bending over Sieglinde far to the left. Nor was the lighting of the stage always to be commended.

The opera tonight will be "Aida" with Mmes. Raisa and Van Gordon; Messrs. Marshall, Formichi, Baromeo and Lazzari. Mr. Polacco will conduct.

## "The Bishop Murder Case"

An all-talking screen mystery drama adapted by Lenore J. Coffee from the novel of the same name by S. S. Van Dine; directed by Nick Grinde and David Burton and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Philo Vance..... Basil Rathbone  
Belle Dillard..... Lella Young  
Sigmund Arpenson..... Roland Young  
Professor Hastings Dillard..... Alec B. Francis  
Adolph Drukker..... George Marion  
Mrs. Otto Drukker..... Zella Sears  
Gret Menzel..... Bodil Rossin  
John E. Spragg..... Charles Quattermaine  
John Pardee..... James Donlan  
Ernest Heath..... Sydney Bracey  
John F. X. Markham..... Clarence Geldert  
Raymond Spurling..... Delmar Davies  
Beedle..... Nellie Bly Baker

The third in the S. S. Van Dine series of murder cases has been produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer instead of by Paramount. This means a new alignment of players, not only in the roles of Philo Vance, dilettante detective; or Sergt. Heath, the comic sergeant; and of Markham, the district attorney; but of those who portray the various characters in the story. The methods of treatment by both producers and directors differ little. Here, for instance, is expert photography, suspenseful narrative, capable acting. Mr. Van Dine in this particular crime tale sought fit to have four persons removed by sudden and violent death before coming to his climax and solution. Joseph Cochrane Robin is found stretched out on the lawn of the Dillard home, with an arrow through his heart. Johnny Sprigg, a young friend of Robin, is fatally shot in a public park, in broad daylight. Adolph Drukker, a deformed old bachelor, would-be scientist and chess devotee, is dragged from a stone wall on a misty, foggy night, and throttled. John Pardee, also a chess student, a spectacled man of furtive manner, is found dead at his desk at midnight. Mrs. Drukker, Adolph's sister, dies of some great shock, in the night. Verses from nursery rhymes, invariably signed by "The Bishop," are found on the bodies of the victims—those relating to Cock Robin, Humpty Dumpty, the House that Jack Built, etc. Was the murderer a maniacal chess player, or did "the Bishop" refer in some way to the church? The police would arrest the wrong man, at once. Vance demurs, plays a waiting game. Victims and survivors alike have come under suspicion; but deduction must have its way in the end, and again Vance triumphs while the real culprit, as is customary, commits suicide though three men in the room could have prevented the act.

The cast is unusually strong. Mr. Rathbone's Vance is more brisk, more alive, than Mr. Powell made him. Mr. Donlan's Sergt. Heath is less amusing than Mr. Paulette's. Roland Young, George Marion and Zella Sears, three finely equipped stage players, really carry off chief honors, in characterization, in diction. To watch and to hear them is a constant delight to those who appreciate good acting. The performance moves in dramatic sequences, though here and there one may detect extremely improbable situations. As a matter of fact, the scenarios seem to ignore deliberately one point which protrudes itself early in the picture. Vance, convinced that young Robin was slain actually by a blow at the base of the skull, fingers an old short-handled mallet, either of wood or metal, in Prof. Dillard's library. Search for fingerprints on this article might have led straight to the murderer. But then there would have been no more picture.

W. E. G.

## SHUBERT THEATRE

## "Flying High"

At the Shubert Theatre, first performance on any stage of "Flying High," a musical comedy in two acts, book by B. G. DeSylva, Lew Brown and Jack McGowan; lyrics and music by DeSylva, Brown and Ray Henderson; dances staged by Bobby Benson; produced by George White, with the following cast:

Eileen Cassidy..... Grace Brinkley  
Bunny McHugh..... Pearl Osmond  
Tod Addison..... John Barker  
Gordon Turner..... Henry Whitmore  
Thelma Trent..... Dorothy Hall  
"Sport" Wardell..... Rusa Brown  
Pansy Sparks..... Kate Smith  
"Rusty" Krause..... Bert Lahr  
Major Watts, M.D..... Fred Maunt  
Mr. Henry..... Robert Lewis  
Mr. Charles..... Jack Bruns

Mr. White's forte is the revue, swift, varied, modish. When he turns for a time to musical comedy his risks are greater, for a revue may be shaped and reshaped a dozen times and ultimately become first rate entertainment. A musical comedy must have a story of sorts, must have characters, and songs and dances to fit both characters and players. Initial rough spots may be ironed out, but dialogue and incidental numbers, once written, rehearsed and given public reading, are harder to change. It is quite possible that Mr. White will express satisfaction with "Flying High," as it was presented last evening, if for no other reason that the large audience laughed willingly and

## FULL OR HALF DRESS?

The opera demands of men full evening dress. So say the arbiters of the elegancies. Swallow tail, white waistcoat and cravat, stiffly starched shirt, irreproachable trousers, pumps or patent leather shoes, and preferably a glossy stove-pipe hat, although by some the gibus, crush, accordeon opera hat is allowed; some even recommend it, for convenience, also for the joyful, attention-calling snapping, as the male makes his way to the foyer for discussion of the performance during a wait. They also say that a "silker" put in the aisle will be kicked by some belated patron hurrying to his seat. And a man does in truth present a laughable appearance holding a plug hat and endeavoring at the same time to consult a libretto with the aid of a searchlight and to handle knowingly an opera glass.

There are fellows of the baser sort, also those who consult comfort, who insist on a dinner coat, black tie, fancy or white waistcoat—a philosopher wears a waistcoat of solemn black, regarding a white one as a solecism or a timid apology for the dinner coat—and a derby or soft hat. But it may be argued, and not without reason, if a man rejoices in the possession of a claw-hammer, his own, bought with a price, not hired, and has few occasions to display it, why should he not appear before the assembled multitude as a glorious Apollo, if that god of the lyre can be imagined entering the theatre in orthodox attire?

As grand opera is a luxurious and costly entertainment, enticing those who wish to be seen of men—also of women—besides those who are attracted by the music and the singers—the spectacle is more complete when the male enters in full plumage. But, say the Philistines, the dinner coat is more comfortable to sit in; for the sight of a respectable citizen, a power in the community, parting his coat tails as he takes his seat, is a blow to his dignity, a suggestion of undue economic care, an exhibition of thrift, subsequent pressing and inevitable ex-

cess, unless wife, daughter or bachelor's housekeeper is handy with the flatiron. Such signs are not necessarily indicative of lasting success for a new stage piece. A friendly first-night audience may be inclined to lower its standards of valuation; audiences to come, especially in New York, may be more exacting. Time will tell.

"Flying High" is a lively, somewhat noisy combination of sentiment, satire and rough humors built around the theme of aviation. There are two rival airmen, the impecunious Tod Addison and the wealthy Gordon Turner; two girls, Eileen and Judy, the one poor but sweet and loyal, the other rich and selfish; both inclined to prefer Addison to Turner; much talk of a transcontinental air race! a runaway plane which keeps "Rusty" Krause, a comic mechanic, in the air long enough to establish a new endurance mark; a pert little dancer known as Bunny and a ponderous mass of good-nature and lusty voice named Pansy, for feminine serio-comic relief; and a fleshy youth called "Sport" Waddell who peddles hooch, faulty parachutes and sidewalk repartee with all the confidence which goes with loud raiment and superlative egoism.

The dialogue given to Messrs. Lahr and Brown is not of the sort which, in former days at least, would be considered fit for children to hear. It is frankly salacious, either in intent or actual utterance. Not that these two comedians are to be deemed entirely unclaimed. Mr. Lahr has many moments of genuine comicality, as when he first meets Pansy, the pachyderm from Chicago to whom he becomes engaged via a correspondence school; or when he takes a physical test to be an airman. This scene, however, has a decidedly low conclusion. In fact, though Mr. Lahr works hard and doubtless will build his role to more ludicrous stature, he is not as funny, by a good mile, as he was last year in "Hold Everything" as Gluk Schiner, the preliminary fighter who had been in 64 battles and never quit a winner.

The De Sylva, Brown and Henderson songs are typically modern and not strikingly original. The reprise number, "I'll Know Him," in the first act, "Thank Your Father," and "Wasn't It Beautiful While It Lasted," are fanciful and tuneless. The most ambitious number is "Without Love," sung by Miss Brinkley and a male chorus. Mr. Goli, trumpeter of Al Goodman's orchestra, played "I'll Know Him" as a solo and was applauded. Lahr, however, the brass side of the band became unendurably blatant. A neat travesty on fliers who invite the limelight while waiting for the weather was sung by

Mr. Lahr, Mr. Brown and Miss Osgood. The last named proved herself a capable dancer as well as a soubrette, ironic speech. Miss Brinkley sang a few numbers pleasingly. Mr. Snodgrass as the Chicago importation, has strident numbers. Her voice has some which chafes at restraint. Galt quadruplets, only group of species known to the stage, appear acrobatic dances, and the Darling T. danced acceptably. Mr. White has a "Flying High" lavish settings and tuming, mostly in bright colors. opening scene, a roof top overlook New York's waterfront, with one of the big suspension bridges alight was particularly effective.

W. E. G.

## MAJESTIC THEATRE

## "Babes in Toyland"

Operetta in three acts by Victor Herbert, libretto by Glen MacDonough. Fourth in the Victor Herbert cycle presented in the auspices of a local committee by arrangement with Messrs. Lee and J. J. Herbert. Staged by Milton Aborn, setting, Kollo Wayne, ballet by Virginia Maitland, musical director, Fred Walz. The cast includes:

Uncle Barnaby..... William Bal  
Tom Tom..... Marcella Swai  
Gonzorzo..... Barry Lull  
Rodriguez..... Rupert Dai  
The Widow Piper..... Jasna Water  
Bea Peep..... Margaret B  
Jane..... Betty B  
Alan..... Frank Wallas  
Contrary Mary..... Edith S  
Master Toymaker..... Dean Rayn

It was some 25 years ago that Victor Herbert's sentimental fantasy of Mother Goose characters, big bears and liars, rag dolls and wooden sold was first produced in New York. It quote a critic of the time, it "was a town like a prairie fire." For 25 years it held forth with its "March the Toys," grandfather of later "wood soldier" evolutions, its frolicking children in the land of wonder, and its song of slate and pencil, "I Can't Do That Sum."

Grand opera called its votaries to night, and the wonderland youngsters cavorted to a half-filled house, but which gave token of great enjoyment. For the most part it was a reminiscence audience, which readily picked up the applause cues of an older day, some times to the bafflement of its young members. The squeals of delight from children which have always been associated with its presentation were assented but many matinees are arranged, while all devoted Boston parents should be in mind.

Few theatregoers remember the mock tragic plot of the villainous Uncle Barnaby, to obtain the fortune of the Widow Piper's niece and nephew, the hand of the fair Contrary Mary. He tries to shipwreck them and is foiled, and when he sets them loose in the forest in the domain of the terrible yellow spider, a kindly brown bear comes from his cave to do battle and save them. They sleep, protected by kind fairies, and we see their dream of Christmas grove and the land of toys.

Betty Byron is memorable in her part as Jane, who sings the song about "Down Six and Carry Three," and performs many of the amusing juvenile capers upon which the story depends. Edith Scott is graceful and pleasing as Contrary Mary, though her voice is often drowned by the orchestra. Barry Lupino, whose son does Peter of pumpkin fame and takes a turn in the bear-skin, is the humorous "heart-hearted ruffian" who makes slapstick love to the widow and is fed by Rupert Darrell in wisecrack dialogue. His rag-doll dance is excellent.

Naturally, there is topical comedy which is obviously dated. "Brass" is passe for nerve, and Beatrice Fairfax, Dr. Watson and the odor of horse-shoeing smack of the same era of stage laughs. There has been some attempt at modernization by injection of talk about movies and other modernities. Most of this is to be regretted.

The play is smoothly staged and the sets are effective, particularly the Spider's Den scene and the alphabet block set for the March of the Toys. Voices blended well, and an orchestra overflowing the pit played with feeling and spirit the melodies of Victor Herbert, which is perhaps the chief thing that matters.

H. F. M.

## "AIDA"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Chicago Civic Opera company in "Aida," an opera in four acts and seven scenes, by Giuseppe Verdi.

The King of Egypt..... Mr. Baromeo  
Amneris..... Mme. Marshall  
Radames..... Mr. Raisa  
Aida..... Mr. Lahr  
Ramfis..... Mr. B  
Amonasro..... Mr. B  
Priestess..... Mr. B  
A Messenger..... Mr. B  
Conductor..... Mr. B

"Aida," deposited from the high fiction, which seemed to belong to it by almost unchallenged right, of giving a spectacular send-off to the operatic season, held splendid though belated court last night. The enthusiastic applause of a brilliant and festive audience which filled the theatre gave



adly proof, if proof were needed, of the affection with which Verdi's masterpiece is still regarded—unwilling despite the growing appreciation of the beauties of Wagner and Debussy that is springing up in the bosom of the average opera-goer. There is no likelihood that an opera written with such admirable skill, filled with music of such richness of melodic invention and emotional power, with choruses so ingenious and brilliant, with stage-pictures so impressive, will ever please any the less because of the relative simplicity of its harmonic and orchestral texture or because it presents no philosophical or psychological problem more involved than the good old love-and-duty dilemma beloved of French tragic poets of the reign of Louis XIV.

Last night's production lacked nothing in spectacular beauty. The gorgeousness of settings and costumes, the apparent care that had been taken to give these appropriateness and an appearance of authenticity, the profusion of Egyptian religious and dynastic symbols which, whether rightly or wrongly used, helped to create, for most of those present, the right historical atmosphere, the rich sonority and fine precision of the choral singing, the beauty of the work of the dancers, all contributed to make this a production, as regards mass effects, of unusual excellence.

Of the work of some of the principal singers it is less easy to speak in laudatory terms. Mme. Raisa, while her activity had emotional power and intelligence, was by no means in good voice. Her singing was laborious, lacking in freedom and brilliance, in the suavity needed, for example, in the beautiful cantilena of "Nunni Pieta" which ends the famous "Ritorna Vincitor" aria. The Aidas one remembers have ranged in color from ebony to a delicate sun-tan. Miss Raisa wisely favors a rich golden brown.

Laborer, too, was the singing of Mr. Marshall as Radames, the quality of his voice often unpleasantly heavy and rough, his high notes secure but tight. Mme. van Gordon's voice seemed no less pleasing than on previous visits. Its expansiveness suits well the music Verdi gave to Amneris. Mr. Fornichi was a magnificently virile Amonasso. Mr. Barroero's finely resonant bass and majestic presence gave dignity to the role of the King. Mr. Lazzari did equally good work as the high priest. Mme. Burke's voice sounded gratefully to the ear as that of the invisible priestess in the temple scene.

To Mr. Polacco, conducting as usual with passionate absorption, are due the thanks of those who felt the living movement, the musical dramatic appropriateness of the tempi at which he led orchestra and chorus and principals, for the firmly welded cohesion of the whole. To him was due a large share of the applause that so abundantly rewarded last night's performance.

This afternoon "Faust" will be given, with Mmes. Mason, Claesens, and Paggi, and MM. Hackett, Bonelli, and Lazzari. The conductor is Mr. St. Leger. Tonight, "Tosca," with Mme. Muzio and MM. Cortis, Vanni-Marcoux, and Trevisan. The conductor will be Mr. Moranzoni. S. S.

## PUCCINI'S "TOSCA"

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Chicago Civic opera company performed last night "Tosca," an opera in three acts; libretto by Giacosa and Illica, based on Sardou's drama; music by Giacomo Puccini. The play was produced at Paris in 1887; the opera, at Rome in 1900.

ario Cavaradossi,..... Mr. Cortis  
Scarpia..... Mr. Marcoux  
Angelotti..... Mr. Nicolich  
Sacristano..... Mr. Trevisan  
Soletta..... Mr. Oliviero  
Jugone..... Mr. Sandrini  
Pastore..... Mme. Correnti  
Tosca..... Mme. Muzio

"La Boheme," an opera, conspicuous for lyric quality, an opera which is a spontaneous outpouring—for Puccini ad known the gaiety, the poverty, the crowns of Bohemia—brought fame and fortune to the composer. In "La Boheme" he wrote from his soul.

In "Tosca," he appears a sophisticated man of the theatre, experienced every stage-trick; ready to make use of every melodramatic resource, eager for effects that would cause an audience to gasp and shudder. While "Tosca" made its way to all the opera houses of the musical world and still holds the age, critics in Italy mourned his self-indulgent under the banner of "Verismo." The learned Luigi Torchi of Bologna wrote a pamphlet denouncing the object, and criticising severely the music.

And so when Sardou's drama was brought out at the Porte-Saint-Martin, the Sarah Bernhardt as Floria and Arton as Scarpia, Jules Lemaitre wrote a savage article in which, while he admitted that the play was a success, everyone wished to hear the frightful cry of the tortured Mario and everyone wished to see the bloody circle his temples—"the girls will go, and the worn-out old men in search of

strong sensations"—he attacked Sardou for writing a play in which the chief effect was gained by the sight of physical suffering; accused Sardou of thirsting for blood; and dubbed him the Caligula of the Drama. But he added, "And with all that, how amusing it is!"

Today no one takes the opera so seriously. One looks on Scarpia as a bogeyman. One is not dismayed when Mario appears with a bleeding head for one knows that after the fall of the curtain he will stand smiling with the butchered Scarpia and the desperate Floria, expectant of applause, and shaking hands with the conductor who led the appropriate music for the torture chamber. One will applaud justly much of the music in the first act, the gavotte heard faintly in the second act through the window of Scarpia's apartment, the cantata which, sung outside, finally irritates the questioner of Mario; the orchestral prelude to the third act, possibly the music for the execution of the hero, but he will wonder why Puccini interrupts action for the sake of letting the prima donna in her distress sing of her love for art and her regard for the poor. No one should take this opera, or any opera, too seriously. Here we have a bloody-head and raw-bones melodrama with melodramatic music. Is it not possible that Puccini, in the years to come will be remembered by "La Boheme" and "Gianni Schicchi" and be mentioned as the composer of "some other opera"?

There are various ways of portraying Floria. Mme. Ternina gave her a nobility that was not perhaps in the mind of the librettists or the composer. Floria was a singer who undoubtedly lived as a singer of her period. She was passionate and jealous in her love affairs, loathing the pursuing Scarpia even before he stood between her and Mario, devout in her fashion, finding nothing remaining in life after the posthumous revenge of the man she slew. The role should be acted with passion rather than with statuesque dignity, but not without grace and in

the first act a certain lightness. If Floria were a courtesan, she was one of high degree. Her love for Mario was no passing fancy.

Mme. Muzio sang and acted with infinite nuances. One has never seen Floria played in Boston with such a range of expression as it was played last night—amorous expectation, demonstrative affection, suspicion, jealousy, spite, reconciliations lasting only for a moment, the desire for revenge. Vocal inflections seconded sentiments and emotions. In the second act Mme. Muzio was a tragic, not merely a melodramatic singer prone to exaggerated emphasis. As with Mr. Marcoux, every detail, vocal and dramatic told. Nor did passionate outbursts become so hysterical that vocal art was thrown aside. Her exit after the murder was finely planned. Her standing in the doorway before her flight will not soon be forgotten.

Mr. Marcoux's Scarpia, sinister, demoniacal, was made known to us in the days of the Boston Opera company, when a scene in the second act between him and Miss Garden shocked the sensitive and amused the hardened. There was talk even of censorship. The scene as played last night was sufficiently realistic, but this was only one of many features that impressed the large audience. His portrayal of Scarpia has been elaborated in the course of the years. There is more significant by-play; a fuller revelation of character. Admirable artist, whatever the role he assumes, he does not rely on a few dramatically or vocally great moments. The role has been composed by him so that there is a crescendo of villainy, now with a suavity that is more terrible than rage; now with a brutality of treachery.

The performance as a whole was excellent. Mr. Cortis was a fairly satisfactory Mario as far as voice was concerned. The minor parts were adequately taken. The settings and the management of the stage business were to be commended. Mr. Moranzoni conducted with the appropriate fire, not forgetting that singers have rights; not unmindful of the many beauties of Puccini's score.

The opera tonight will be "Tristan and Isolde."

## "FAUST"

"Faust," opera in four acts by Gounod. The Chicago Civic Opera Company. The cast:

Faust..... Charles Hackett  
Mephistopheles..... Virgilio Lazzari  
Marguerite..... Edith Mason  
Valentine..... Richard Bonelli  
Martha..... Maria Claesens  
Sprell..... Ada Paggi  
Wagner..... Antonio Nicolich

Conductor—Frank St. Leger

Before efficiency, good taste and intelligence let us bow low; yesterday afternoon they set forth "Faust" in a way to delight even such persons as have lost their early enthusiasm, many years ago, for Gounod's masterpiece. For "Faust," in its genre, remains a masterpiece, let the knowing jeer as they may; no mean work ever held the stage—every stage—for 60 years or more. But it must be reasonably treated.

In opera, a certain period, tradition, respected. This, the

dictum of that wise old woman, Clara Louise Kellogg, is surely a wise dictum. Those responsible, at all events, for yesterday's performance, shared her view. They tried no tricks.

For their effects they depended, just as Gounod did himself, primarily on fine singing. Lucky they were, so disposed, to have at hand that admirable singer Mme. Mason, the musicianly Mr. Bonelli of noble voice and notable technique, and Mr. Lazzari whose rhythm is outstanding. They had also a chorus who sang excellently, and lesser singers of ability, especially Mr. Nicolich, not to forget Mr. Hackett, who pleases many people.

So here was music extremely well sung, technically well, musically, with spirit. It told; always it has told, when rightly sung.

But the persons with the performance on their hands had good acting as well as good singing to help them. Skillfully Mr. Lazzari mingled malignancy with grim humor in his sharply characterized Mephistopheles, crowning it all with a superb authoritative voice. His keen rhythmic sense he brought to bear no less on his bodily motions than on his music, a strikingly picturesque figure every minute he trod the stage.

What with splendid singing and dignified mien Mr. Bonelli made much of Valentine. Mme. Mason, in the church scene, achieved a new poignancy of expressive pose. And all three practised economy of gesture. They indulged in no silly waving of arms. They resorted not once to aimless gadding the length and breadth of the stage. Why should they? To their excellent song and their motions, few but free and rational, not all the gesticulation in the world would have added one jot of effect.

Gounod, the managers wisely bore in mind, had in his own mind, when he wrote, the resources of the Paris Opera. So not for a moment did they try to make nothing answer, as Russians were forced to do when playing in barns soon after the war. They made use, on the contrary, of all the scene-painter's art, charming pictures of Nuremberg they on the stage, alive with the atmosphere of ancient times. They allowed light enough, too, to enable spectators to see the pictures, as well as actors' faces. Praise be!

For clever management there seemed a berles crowd in the streets when the soldiers came home from war. The kermesse seemed really a lively fete. There was a sense of emotion in the chorus when Valentine met his death.

With all this excellence Mr. St. Leger had much to do. Not scorning Gounod as less than Wagner, he refrained from the misguided kindness of trying to inflate Gounod into Wagner. In Gounod's score he found much to charm, melody of grace and elegance, a variety of tonal color very delightful. By justness of accent, furthermore, and rhythm keenly marked, Mr. St. Leger brought forward a dramatic force in Gounod's music not every conductor knows is there.

Intelligence, good taste, efficiency—they tell. R. R. G.

## "TRISTAN UND ISOLDE"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Chicago Civic Opera Company in "Tristan and Isolde," music drama in three acts, by Richard Wagner.

Tristan..... Theodore Strack  
Kine Marke..... Alexander Kipnis  
Isolde..... Frida Leider  
Kurvenna..... Richard Bonelli  
Melot..... Desire DeFreere  
Brangäne..... Maria Olszewska  
A shepherd..... Giuseppe Cavadore  
The helmsman..... Antonio Nicolich  
A sailor's voice..... Giuseppe Cavadore  
Conductor..... Eeon Pollak

It is difficult to imagine a more thoroughly admirable performance of Wagner's great music drama than that which thrilled a capacity audience at the opera house last night. An exceptionally gifted and intelligent group of singing actors held the stage; a finely sensitized orchestra performed its part excellently in the pit. It was a performance of such quality and of such kind as might minimize the obstacles that stand between an English-speaking audience and the complete enjoyment of "Tristan," leading even to the long expository monologues chronicling the events leading up to the opening of the opera a detailed beauty and a dramatic vividness that made them less likely to bore even those ignorant of their purport.

Whether it was that Mr. Pollak did not wish to let all the emotion of the score run riot before the story had unfolded itself upon the stage, or whether the many late-comers who continued to arrive and take their places throughout the prelude disturbed him (as well they might), his rendering of this superb introductory tone poem lacked something of the tragic breadth, the ecstatic power, which were expected from it. But throughout the rest of the evening Mr. Pollak's orchestra, neither too obtrusive nor too self-effacing, performed with consummate power and tact its share in the narration of the tale, enhanced the emotional atmos-

phere, provided the commentary.

Mme. Leider's Isolde was a superb synthesis of exquisite singing and infinitely sensitive playing of an intensely imagined role. The transition from love to mortification and hatred, the wounded dignity, the intolerable anguish, the slow unfolding of a hypnotic ecstasy of love under the influence of the potion—how marvelously, by the play of her features, by gestures, by the infinitely varied inflections of her beautiful voice, Mme. Leider expressed these things! An admirable voice is hers, as those who have heard her in "Die Walküre" and "Der Rosenkavalier" know—one capable (without the expenditure of unduly evident force), of the utmost brilliance, and (without the loss of beauty and intensity), of the most delicately soft tones; between these extremes an endless power of expressive modulation, with an admirable musical and dramatic intelligence to dictate their use.

Mme. Olszewska's Brangäne is a hardly less beautiful achievement both vocally and dramatically. She, too, used her lovely voice with consummate artistry. Her acting had rare tragic force.

Mr. Strack made an unusually impressive and plausible Tristan. A fine sincerity marked all his work; a dignity that was not wooden. His voice, though not of the freshest, has beauty and a fine manliness of quality. He uses it with skill and musical sense.

The nobility of Mr. Kipnis's King Mark, his splendid singing, were memorable. Mr. Bonelli's sympathetic Kurwenal no less so. Dr. Dufrere's Melot, too, added an admirably sung impersonation to an exceptionally distinguished cast.

The beauty of the performance drew enthusiastic applause, and the principal performers were compelled to appear repeatedly before the curtain. Tonight's opera is "Louise." S. S.

## METROPOLITAN

### "The Green Goddess"

An all-talking screen drama, adapted by Julien Josephson from the play of the same name by William Archer; directed by Alfred E. Green and presented by Warner Bros. with the following cast:

Rajah of Rukh..... George Arliss  
Lucilla..... Alice Joyce  
Dr. Traherne..... Ralph Forbes  
Maj. Crespin..... H. B. Warner  
Watkins..... Ivan Simpson  
Lt. Carew..... Rexey Sheffield  
An Ayah..... Betty Boyd  
High Priest..... David Treadle  
Temple Priest..... Nigel de Brulier

When that urbane and scholarly writer on theatrical matters, the late William Archer, wrote his out-and-out, rip-snorting melodrama, "The Green Goddess," he succeeded in shocking more than a few of the conservative and unworlly members of his large following. Could this, they wondered, be the authority whose word we have believed so long? Perish the thought—it must be a momentary aberration. Perhaps Mr. Archer was taking a vacation, perhaps he wanted to prove that a dramatic critic, despite all rumors to the contrary, can write a play as well or better than the next man, or perhaps he was doing George Arliss a favor. Whatever the reason, "The Green Goddess" was a great success on the stage, gave George Arliss one of his most popular parts and now, in the guise of a talking picture at the Metropolitan Theatre, proves that, for good entertainment, there is nothing to beat a real thriller.

Needless to say, the presence of George Arliss, after his marvelous performance in "Disraeli," is enough to guarantee the success of any film. Here again, he has a part that suits him to perfection, though it lacks the power and fascination of the English prime minister. He appears as a Hindu rajah, seemingly civilized as to speech and manners, served by the most up-to-date of troops and radio equipment, who is at heart a bitter enemy of the white race and fanatically devoted to the religious customs of his people. Suavely sinister, purring of speech, sly and cruel beneath his polished exterior, Mr. Arliss moves quietly and watchfully through the film, suggesting a great cat with three helpless mice in the range of his claws.

Three English persons, Maj. Crespin, his wife, Lucilla, and Dr. Traherne, are forced to make a landing in the territory of the Rajah of Rukh when the engine of their plane breaks down. They are received with suave politeness by the rajah, but soon discover that they are to be sacrificed as victims to the Green Goddess, in return for the lives of the rajah's brothers, executed for a political murder in India. Their only hope is to get brief possession of the wireless and send out a message for help. They try to bribe the rajah's valet, Watkins, to do it for them, but when Maj. Crespin, who knows the wireless code, finds that the man is cheating him, they bind him and throw him out the window. Crespin himself sends the message, but as he finishes the



rajah breaks in and kills

Denying with his last breath that the word had gone through, Crespin gains his wife and Traherne a brief respite. The rajah offers Lucilla her life if she will marry him, but she prefers death. Just in time the rescuing planes arrive and the rajah is forced to set Traherne and Lucilla free. Though Mr. Arliss is, of course, the dominating figure, there are two other good performances by the too long absent Alice Joyce as Lucilla Crespin, and by H. B. Warner as the caddish Maj. Crespin, who redeems himself by his death. Ivan Simpson was suitably crawling and unpleasant as Watkins.—E. L. H.

Feb 8 1930

### "LOUISE"

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE**—The Chicago Civic Opera Company in "Louise," a musical romance in four acts, by Gustave Charpentier.

The Father	Vanni-Marcoux
The Mother	Maria Claessens
Louise	Mary Garden
Julien	Rene Maison
Noctambulist	Theodore Rich
King of Fools	Theodore Rich
Irma	Alice d'Hermantoy
The Painter	Jean de Keyser
The Sculptor	Vittorio Trevisan
The Student	Eugenio Correnti
The Song-Writer	Giuseppe Cavadore
A Young Poet	Louis Deiman
First Philosopher	Antonio Nicolich
Second Philosopher	Chase Baromeo
A Rag-picker	Anna Correnti
A Young Rag-picker	Eugenio Sandrini
A Coal-digger	Mary Guillemo
A Newspaper Girl	Alice d'Hermantoy
A Milk Woman	Jean de Keyser
First Policeman	Giuseppe Minerva
Second Policeman	Thelma Voticka
A Rag-picker	Augusta Dhosche
An Apprentice	Helen Freund
A Street Arab	Irene Pavloska
A Street Sweeper	Lodovico Oliviero
An Old Clothes Man	Evelyn Chapman
A Dancer	Constance Bitter
Idan he	Sadelle Kaplan
Marguerite	Emma Bucl
Suzanne	Gladys Rayburn
Gertrude	Ada Pagri
Canille	Grace Cunningham
Elise	Rose Salvina
Madeleine	Helen Freund
An Errand Girl	Miss Bradshaw
Incidental dances by	Ballet
Conductor	Giorgio Polacco

The Opera House was crowded last night with a fashionable audience come to see and hear the accomplished and versatile Miss Garden in one of her best-known roles and, secondarily, to enjoy Charpentier's homage to "La Ville Lumiere." Of Miss Garden let it be said at once that she is no less good, both to hear and to see, than ever. Her vivacity, when she keeps this side of excess, is admirable, her ever-fresh interest in the action of the play is remarkable, her ecstasies are as convincing as ever. Her tantrums are inclined to be overdrawn and stagy—but then Miss Garden belongs to a school of acting always inclined toward the vigorous semaphoring of its heavier passions. Her voice displays as ever its velvety smoothness of texture (a little too veiled perhaps), its characteristic excursions into a gruff and chesty lower register. Her French retains its hint of the accent of Stratford-atte-Bowe.

The audience enjoyed as ever Miss Garden's assumption of the manners of the midinette; relished as though it were new the famous meal of the first act, in which Miss Garden and Mme. Claessens and Mr. Vanni-Marcoux ate and drank so convincingly that many must have marvelled that any mortals could sing so well with their mouths so full. In this unusual genre scene of humble home life in Paris, Mr. Vanni-Marcoux's impersonation of the Father was, as usual, delightfully human; both the individual and the type were portrayed with a well-rounded realism, an imagination, a minuteness of observation, that are to be found in all this superb artist's work. Mme. Claessens played excellently the part of the Mother. Mr. Maison played and sang the part of Julien glowingly and sympathetically.

But the principal character in the "musical romance," making its dominating presence felt powerfully even when it is not seen, is Paris. Its mysteriously fascinating far-off lure in the first act, its personification in the gaily dissolute figure of the Noctambulist in the second; Paris become visible in panorama in the third—spread out at the foot of the Butte de Montmartre, as night falls and Paris becomes a fairyland of lights, while a delirium of music and bacchic gaiety on the hill-tops renders homage at once to the lovers and to the magic city which symbolizes youth and joy and freedom and lusty spirits.

Charpentier's great achievement is to have succeeded in conveying something of this lure and this excitement across the footlights and across the orchestra rail, to have instilled his music—some of it thin, much of it tawdry enough, with an irresistible vitality of rhythm and brilliant life that quickens the

pulses and makes its hearers feel something of the intoxication that has invaded his characters. In this many far greater composers have failed.

The listeners last night responded enthusiastically to the excellence of the performance—not least of all, to the brilliance of Mr. Polacco's work in command of orchestra and singers.

This afternoon "Der Rosenkavalier" will be given. Tonight, "Rigoletto." S. S.

## HOLMES LECTURES ON ALPINE REGION

### Also Tells Symphony Audience Of Venice

Burton Holmes, lecturing last evening in Symphony hall on Venice and the Alpine regions of north Italy, began his travelogue with peaceful scenes, viewing the thoroughfares of the queen of the Adriatic by gondola, and ended with hair-raising motion pictures of Bradford Washburn of Cambridge, 19-year-old Harvard freshman, and his younger brother scaling the dizzy pinnacle of Aiguille de Grepon in the Alps, one of the peaks of Mont Blanc, that had never been conquered until last summer. In Venice one floated under scores of the 400 bridges, saw much of the Piazza San Marco and the Campanile, viewed the city from the towers of both and gazed with amazement at the unbroken stretch of soft-tiled roofs that gave no hint of the narrow canals stretching between the houses.

The famous quartet of golden-bronze horses of St. Marks were pictured at close range, as was the clock tower. There were exquisitely-colored pictures of the interiors of St. Mark's and of the Doges Palace, showing the famous paintings. Palaces along the Grand canal passed in panorama, followed by the Rialto bridge and the Guidecca. In the harbor loomed United States cruisers, looking strangely out of place among old world craft. Just outside Venice, Gene Tunney's villa appeared on a promontory. Pola, with its Colosseum, Flume and Burano were rapidly visited, and one watched the skillful Italian lace-makers in the last-named town busily plying their needles.

There were thrills in Alpine Italy, motoring over breath-taking hairpin

curves through the Stelvio Pass and down into the South Tyrol, a glimpse of John L. Stoddard at his villa in Meran, wonderful scenes along the road of the Dolomites, Cortina d'Ampezzo, Pieve di Cadore, a visit to the birthplace of Titian, and marvelous bits of cloudland. The motion pictures of the Washburn brothers and their French guide were taken from close range by a fourth member of the party, showing in detail the hazards of climbing sheer walls of rock thousands of feet toward the sky. This afternoon the lecture will be repeated, and tonight there will be an extra lecture on London and France.

F. A. B.

### "RIGOLETTO"

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE**—The Chicago Civic Opera Company in "Rigoletto," an opera in four acts, by Giuseppe Verdi.

Duke of Mantua	Antonio Corti
Rigoletto	Richard Bonelli
Gilda	Margherita Salvi
Giovanna	Constance Eberhart
Sparafucile	Virgilio Lazzari
Maddalena	Co. Glade
Monterone	Antonio Nicolich
Marullo	Eugenio Sandrini
Borsa	Gildo Morelato
Countess Ceprano	Alice d'Hermantoy
Pace	Helen Freund
Conductor	Frank St. Leser

More successful with "Rigoletto" than with "Aida"—the only other Verdi opera that they have so far given during their present visit to Boston, the Chicago company gave a thoroughly well-sung and lively performance of this popular work last night. "Lively" may seem a not entirely appropriate word with which to describe an opera that shocked an eminent mid-nineteenth century English critic by the "coarse but forcible horror of the revolting story," but the mind, in retrospect, returns most readily to the wealth of charming tunes and the profusion of spirited choruses that enliven the opera. That some of these seem cheerfully inappropriate to the dramatic moment matters little. The associations evoked by music vary from age to age, and it is as well not to clamor too loudly for realism in an art so fantastically unreal as opera, but to relax, when one can, and enjoy even its absurdities. But there is much also that is movingly beautiful in "Rigoletto," much that does not weaken the very

# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

It is strange that certain producers and certain comedians think that indecent lines will surely make the success of a play, musical comedy, revue. And many of these lines, jokes, with equally indecent stage business, have no real humor or wit. They are to be classed with words scrawled on a door or wall by vulgar little boys who chuckle as they write and then run away from fear of being caught and punished.

Fanny Todd Mitchell is making a French version of Johann Strauss's "Bat" to be brought out at Paris this spring where it will be known as "La Tzigane." She is using for her version the French farce "Le Reveillon" by Meilhac and Halevy on which the original German libretto is based. This farce was produced at the Palais Royal in Paris in 1872. There was a revival in 1907.

In Rene Kestner's "The Dreyfus Case" produced in Berlin, Dreyfus does not appear. He is on Devil's island. Zola is the hero, and his trial is the great scene in the play. Count Esterhazy is, of course, the villain. Clemenceau, Jaures, Rochefort, Picquart, Anatole France are on the stage. It was Clemenceau, by the way, who, publishing in his newspaper Zola's famous letter, headed it "J'accuse."

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

The writer of a series of articles, recently appearing in a sensational weekly, states much that is true and creditable, while accepting the general inference of scandals almost wholly untrue or unduly magnified.

Mrs. Langtry was received by Queen Victoria, and she retained the friendship of King Edward and Queen Alexandra without interruption or estrangement; equally there never was an "estrangement" between herself and her daughter Jeanne.

She always signed herself "Lillie," and never Lily, as all her letters prove, of which I have many. In this the writer of the article is correct, and nearly all others wrong. Lily is used only following the name Jersey—the Jersey Lily.

She was not born in 1852 or 1854, as given in biographical works generally for the first date, and stated to be on her coffin-plate for the second; but in 1853, as was found on examination of the records of St. Saviour's by the rector recently, by direction of the Dean of Jersey, at my request.

The writer in stating that Mrs. Langtry and Mr. Gebhardt were on the California ranch together for a month in 1888 neglects to mention that her brother Clement and his wife were with her there, although she does admit the fact that Mr. Gebhardt's house was some distance away.

Concerning an ill-feeling of the islanders against her, the Jersey Post said nearly a year ago: "Probably there were no people more profoundly touched than the islanders themselves, when they first heard the news that Lady de Bathe, the beautiful 'Jersey Lily,' had expressed the desire to be buried in the little island she loved so well."

All she asked was that people should "Speak of me as I am. Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice," and I possess the living right to speak so of her, from long daily association.

February 12 will be the first anniversary of the death of the most famous beauty of modern times.

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

Roxbury.

Four theatres have gone into bankruptcy at Budapest during the two past years. When "The Great Prison," a play dealing with the life of war prisoners, was produced the Actors' Association determined to divide the proceeds among the actors and theatre staff. The expenses were so great that the leading actors continued playing for about \$5 a night each, while each super received only a cent.

In Paris the theatres, cinema and music halls groan under the state tax of 7 per cent. on the receipts, exacted during the war, which brings the taxation up to 17 per cent. If the 10 per cent. of the droit des pauvres is included. The author's 12 per cent. is only calculated on what remains after the taxes are paid. The managers talked of a strike and asked that "the double rate for taxi-cabs, which for a considerable time has begun at 11 o'clock, shall be put back to half an hour before midnight, as it used to be, and shall thus encourage people to go to the theatre without the fear of an expensive drive home."

The Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph writes:

"Several papers are once more taking up the question of the crisis in the theatre. It is not an artistic crisis, for it is long since there were so many good plays, nor exactly a financial crisis, for all the good plays are doing well, and even the theatres which are not doing very well are nearly always filled up with spectators, who hold tickets nominally free, but actually paying something which is supposed to cover the tax, but really covers more. The crisis consists of the gradual driving away from the theatres—and permanently away from it—of many people, who will not stand the innumerable vexations, exactions, and inconveniences attached to going there. I will say nothing of physical discomforts, for the French do not seem to mind being cramped, overcrowded, and stuffy; but they are beginning to mind the lack of organization in the selling of seats and the inability to see or hear from many of them; the insufficient cloak-rooms, where they overcharge you for crushing your coat and walking on your hat; the interminable entr'actes, sometimes as long as the play; the multiplication of pour-boires and the high charges for a badly printed program."

A correspondent, having read the recent life of Forrest, asks when first appeared in Boston, also about the first appearance of his foe, Macbeth in this city.

Forrest made his first appearance in Boston on Feb. 5, 1827, appearing as Damon. Would an audience today stand "Damon and Pythias"? Would it laugh, hearing the cry, "Lucullus, where is my horse?" Even if the Damon were played by that versatile and great actor, E. L. Davenport



matter, would Charlotte Cushman's Lady Macbeth be accepted, or not be pronounced a "too obvious performance"? The cry now is for also for "subtlety."

Macready first played here (as Virginius) on Oct. 30, 1826. Daniel Webster greeted with cheers as he entered the playhouse. Sinclair came early in 1832 (Francis Osbaldiston in "Rob Roy"). "He was," wrote Col. W. W. Clapp, Jr., "and undoubtedly was, the accomplished male singer who then had appeared on the boards." As for Macready—have they discussed the character of Hamlet in The Merry Wives of Windsor—or do they pass by without speaking—as Ajax avoided Ulysses in the underworld?

We have no wish to see the theatre turned into a debating shambles. The earnest and indignant is the author of a propaganda piece, the likely is he to be utterly unscrupulous in what he says. It is, perhaps, safe to a propaganda play to say that it has become stale or obsolete. It is what the author of such a piece should wish it to become. But propaganda plays perish quickly for another reason than that, namely, that they are concerned with opinions and not with people, and with opinions which are partisan. The people in such plays are tricks of speech; they are characters; they are arguments; and they fail to move us for more than a moment or two because they have no life of their own, but are merely put forward for debating points. When at last the censor's ban was removed from Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession," the piece was found, in performance, to be a fine work and interesting only as a museum piece. There are plays which may be described as propaganda pieces and yet are durable, for example, "The Trojan Women" of Euripides, but they are more concerned with war and women and lasting emotions than they are with opinions. Euripides portrayed the miseries of war, but I doubt if anyone could clearly see from his play whether he was a pacifist or a militarist. All generals acknowledge that war is a calamity, but nearly all of them believe in a bigger and a bigger navy. It is common to describe "Henry the Fifth" as a propaganda piece, yet I know of few plays in which the distresses of war are so powerfully proved or one in which its horrors are so clearly set out. It is not the nature of the dangers that beset a propagandist author that he is in grave danger of being misunderstood. He may set out, like Swift, to satirise a thing, and end up as a nursery favourite. The strongest argument that can be used against a theatre excessively addicted to propaganda pieces is that it soon bores and destroys its audience. ST. JOHN ERVINE.

John Byrne's "The Story of Ireland's National Theatre: The Abbey Theatre, Dublin," is published by the Talbot Press of Dublin and Cork. Byrne's book will do much to strengthen the conviction of all who have watched his career that not much would have come of it if Mr. Yeats, George Moore and Edward Martyn had been left alone—and without Lady Gregory to form the link between the ideal and the real, which is the more real because it was passionately devoted to the ideal. It was when Mr. George W. Russell (A. E.) came into touch with Frank and Fay and their little band of amateur actors from the shops and offices of Dublin that the Irish National Theatre began. The story is fairly well told by now; but it cannot be too carefully remembered that the players who enchanted London in 1903 and often afterwards (enchanted, indeed, those who mistook their peculiar technique for mere amateurishness) were nothing to public effort and patronage and everything to their natural qualities, to their practice with and under two brothers who were men of genius, and to the people who wrote the plays for them. It is not in what may be honorably called a hole-and-corner way just the fun of it. In time they became so 'national' that their drama in time was going its own way, very far from the way intended by their first guides.

## NEWMAN'S OPERA STORIES

Mr. Newman has written three volumes entitled "Stories of the Great Operas." They are published by Alfred A. Knopf of New York. The first volume is devoted to Wagner. The second has the sub-title, "Mozart (1756-1791) to Thomas (1811-1896)." The third, which has just been published, contains operas from Verdi's to Puccini's. The volumes include illustrations in musical notation.

In the third volume the operas fully discussed are Verdi's "Rigoletto," "La Traviata," "Il Trovatore," "Aida" and "Otello"; Gounod's "Faust"; "Carmen," Offenbach's "The Tales of Hoffmann," Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel," Puccini's "La Boheme," "Tosca" and "Madam Butterfly."

One regrets that Mr. Newman could not find room for Verdi's "Falstaff." He has written "The Tales of Hoffmann" as Offenbach's "greatest work." In like manner some writers call "William Tell" Rossini's greatest opera; but there is "The Barber of Seville" which seems to have life everlasting and is surely a masterpiece, while "William Tell" does not reveal the true Rossini. And the real genius of Offenbach shines in his "Belle Helene," "The Grand Duchess" and some other of his many contributions to the stage.

By the way, speaking of Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann," Mr. Newman points out the tales from which the librettists Barbier and Carre drew their material, dealing with it freely. Thus there is no Dr. Miracle in any of Hoffmann's fantastic stories. It is surprising that Mr. Newman, widely read as he is, does not mention the fact that these librettists wrote a play, "Le Contes d'Hoffmann," which was produced at the Odeon, Paris, in April 1871, thirty years before the opera saw the footlights. Theophile Gautier reviewed this "drama fantastique" in his customarily brilliant manner beginning with what might be considered a paradox: "Hoffmann passes for a fantastic poet; yet never was a reputation less deserved; he is, on the contrary, a violent realist . . . the physiognomies that he traces remain indelibly printed on the mind, as if one had met them outside the book." The libretto of Barbier and Carre is practically that of the former drama. There is the prologue with Hoffmann drinking in the cellar, and telling stories to his companions. Olympia, the automaton, dances, and plays the harp; Antonia dies while she is urged to sing; Giulietta, Dapertutto, Schlemil, are brought on the stage; the courtesan wishes Hoffmann's reflection in the mirror; but in the drama she—called Zuleika—is poisoned by drinking from a glass that Dapertutto intended for Hoffmann. In the drama he verses, "and the action which walked with feet, runs with wings," and in the drama at the fall of the last curtain Hoffmann is left asleep by the side of a bottle Stella has left with Lindorf. Madam Laurent took all four of the female roles; Tissviano played Lindorf, Dr. Miracle, and Dapertutto.

Mr. Newman's pages about Verdi and his operas should be read by who affect to sniff at "La Traviata," "Rigoletto" and "Il Trovatore." The biographical sketch that precedes the discussion of the operas is excellent; sympathetic and sanely critical. "The cry was raised that Verdi had been influenced by Wagner." (This was after "Aida.") "The truth was that all this was a natural development on Verdi's part. He remained, as indeed he did to the end of his career, Verdi and an Italian. . . . In face of this gradual penetration of Italy by Wagner, Verdi may have felt that it behooved him to show that there was another solution of the operatic problem than that put forward by his rival, and that, admirable as the Wagnerian orchestral symphonic method might be for Germans, the true method for Italians was the historic Italian one of glowing vocal melody with an orchestral support."

Mr. Newman speaks of "Falstaff" as Verdi's first comedy," but he himself mentions a preceding comic opera, "Un Giorno di Regno" (1840) written just after Verdi's wife and two children had died. This opera failed, as was to be expected. The chapters on Verdi's operas fill nearly half the pages in the book.

There is interesting matter in the chapter about "Faust." Few lovers of the opera know that in 1857 Gounod's reason was affected so that it was thought best to take him to Dr. Blanche's asylum. "It seems likely that round about this period Gounod's physical, mental, and spiritual forces were all working at a white heat, and it is to this incandescence—an incandescence to which he never quite attained at any later epoch of his life—that we owe both his temporary breakdown and his 'Faust' which is the quintessence of all that is best in his genius." Mr. Newman quotes Chorley describing the effect of the Soldiers' chorus when it was first heard in London, but does not state that the chorus was intended originally for another opera that was never completed, as was the case with Micaela's aria in "Carmen." Writing about the latter opera, Mr. Newman refutes the story that it was a failure at first and brought about the death of the disappointed Bizet, but his legend will no doubt never perish.

As an introduction to the chapter on "La Boheme" Mr. Newman gives an account of Murger's "Scenes de la vie de Boheme." The four chief male characters, Rudolph, Schaunard, Marcel and Colline, are all more or less portraits of the author and the associates of his youth. One or two of them, though Mr. Newman does not mention it, sobered down and became honored in their respective professions. "Rudolph is, in the main, Murger himself." According to Alexandre Schanne, who wrote his reminiscences, Marcel is an amalgam of two painters of the circle. Tabor began a huge picture "The Passage of the Red Sea," but models and costumes were too much for his purse, so he changed the subject to "Niobe and Her Children Slain by the Arrows of Apollo and Diana." In this form it was exhibited in the Salon of 1842. The philosopher Colline is a compound of two co-mates of Murger. Mimi and Musetta are composite characters of various grisettes. The Mimi of the opera is also taken in part from Murger's Phenie. In life she was Louise, whose occupation was dyeing artificial flowers. These grisettes were as poor as the men, and more than one died of privation. The episode of Mimi's death was taken from the death of Lucile, one of Murger's sweethearts. She died of consumption in a hospital. Murger learned of it too late to claim the body, which was sent, according to the rules of the hospital, to the school of medicine for dissection. Louise complained that as she had no winter wardrobe, she felt the cold. Schanne in love with her, sold his new overcoat, as Colline sells his in the opera, and dressed her. "She did not die, however, like Mimi; she tripped out on the first of January in her new finery and never returned to Schanne."

There is a story to the effect that Leoncavallo told Puccini one day that he was at work on a "Boheme"; that Puccini then read Murger's story, found it good, and anticipated Leoncavallo by producing his opera first. There is no truth in the story. "The fact is that during a conversation one day on the plans that were then occupying them, each composer, to the consternation of the other, announced that he was working at an opera on the subject of Murger's book. Each of them promptly took steps, by announcing his own forthcoming opera, to guard against any charge of plagiarism."

Leoncavallo's opera, which has never been performed in Boston, was produced in 1897. It follows Murger's story closer than Puccini's, which saw the footlights in 1896.

Mr. Newman's characterization of Puccini's operatic purpose is noteworthy for its acumen. Puccini is to him a strong feminist: "His men are rarely drawn with sympathy, the assurance and the force that his portraits of women have. He dearly loved also the telling dramatic moment, and it is probable that in some cases a moment of this kind was his actual starting point. . . . Sometimes his absorption in the big climactic scene was so complete as to mislead him as to the virtues of the subject as a whole." Thus when he saw the play, "The Girl of the Golden West," he found the opportunity for blood-curdling expression "in the scene where the hidden hero is detected by the falling drops of blood from his wound"; and he was so taken up with this one scene that he did not sufficiently reflect upon the thinness of the interest of most of the remainder of the drama. In like manner fascinated by the pathetic possibilities of Butterfly's character, he did not consider how "lacking in definition" the other characters are.

This series, "Stories of the Great Operas," cannot be too warmly recommended to lovers of this form of musical entertainment, and to those who prefer reading about operas to the hearing of them. For to some while opera is the most popular form of serious music, it is as Mr. William J. Henderson recently remarked, also the lowest form of that music: "It is the lowest because it is that in which music is only one of several agencies employed to interest the public mind. Every moment there is something to explain the music and at the same time to engage the eye or distract the mind from the onerous task of considering the composer's treatment of his theme. . . . Once the music is made popular by the theatrical explication, much of it becomes available for the concert room, where it is heard only by the actual musical public, and where most of it is accorded a rank considerably lower than that conferred upon symphonic composition. An 'All Wagner' program may be trusted to draw a large audience, but nevertheless for orchestral performance it must concede precedence to the great symphonic masterpieces. The home of Wagner is the theatre."

Mr. Knopf also publishes "New Musical Resources" by Henry Cowell.



It is a book to interest chiefly composers and students of musical theory. The author's purpose is "to point out the influence the overtone series has exerted on music throughout its history, how many musical materials of all ages are related to it, and how, by various means of applying its principles in many different manners, a large palette of musical materials can be assembled. Some of them are in use, some of them are presaged in contemporary music, and some of them seem to be unused so far. Whether such materials are or are not in use it is not the purpose to discover; rather the purpose is to show the co-ordination of all possible musical materials within a certain overtone radius, regardless of whether they are yet in actual use. The very fact that such materials are built on the overtone series, which is the greatest factor in musical relationship, shows

that they probably have potential musical use and value." There are many illustrations in musical notation.

Mme. Raisa is quoted by a press agent as saying of "Tannhaeuser," which will be performed here next Wednesday afternoon, that "to those who look for the moral lesson in a work of art there is no disappointment." She will take the role of Elisabeth. This is reassuring news, for we all in Boston are strong for morality in opera.

Will some one give us the title of the old music-hall song that contains this verse?

"Maud, Maud, Maud,  
The girl who has studied abroad;  
She plays the piano  
And warbles soprano  
Her parents stand by and applaud."

real horror of Hugo's play which inspired it.

Under Mr. St. Leger's direction, the orchestral accompaniment had an unusual interest and fullness. Indeed it seemed at first a little too heavy for Miss Salvi's light voice though the balance was soon improved. This young lady made an unusually charming Gilda. Both by her appearance and by the fresh, girlish beauty of her agile and skilfully used voice, she admirably fits the part she plays so intelligently. She was enthusiastically applauded. Mr. Bonelli's fine impersonation of the jester, his beautiful and forceful singing of the expressive music allotted to him, were equally appreciated. Mr. Cortis's brilliant voice and graceful presence lent distinction to the role of the Duke. Miss Glade's Maddalena was exceedingly alluring; she used her fine voice to advantage. Mr. Nicolich's Monterone was most impressive. Mr. Lazzari's Sparafucile sinister but not overdrawn.

There were ovations for all these artists, who had so admirably co-operated in a brilliant and well-balanced performance. S. S.

#### By PHILIP HALE

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE**—Chicago Civic Opera Company. Afternoon performance of "Der Rosenkavalier," a comedy for music in three acts. Libretto by Hugo von Hofmannsthal; music by Richard Strauss. Produced at Dresden in 1911; first performance in the United States at New York in 1913.

Baron Ochs ..... Mr. Kipnis  
Faniinal ..... Mr. Preston  
Valzarchi ..... Mr. Oliviero  
Octavian ..... Mme. Olszewska  
Princess von Werdenberg ..... Mme. Leider  
Sophie ..... Mme. Mason  
Annina ..... Mme. Pavloska  
Marianne ..... Mme. d'Hernanny  
An Italian Singer ..... Mr. Mason  
Conductor ..... Mr. Pollak

Our gifted young American composers who talk confidently of writing a grand opera in a year and are not too fussy about a libretto should read the correspondence of Hofmannsthal and Strauss with reference to "Der Rosenkavalier." Each one was ready with suggestions, objections, constructive and destructive criticism for nearly two years before the opera saw the footlights. Early in 1909 Hofmannsthal wrote to Strauss about the libretto, telling him there were two big roles: "One for baritone, the other for a shapely wench in man's clothes—a la Farrar or Mary Garden." (It should be remembered that this was written in 1909.) We also learn from this correspondence that Count Seebach objected to situations and text in the original libretto, which had the princess in bed when the curtain rose. The librettist was long obsessed by the "paramount importance" of finding the right man for Ochs: "He must be a buffo, and, in my opinion, a foreigner—Italian, or what you please—I even suggested Pini-Corsi." Seebach was not the only man in authority who insisted on "softening" and refining the story.

In truth the characters in the opera are for the most part a shabby lot, almost as shabby as the majority of the gods, demi-gods, goddesses and the earthly characters in "The Ring"; but after all the Princess and the rest of them are the closer, more sympathetic to us as human beings. The Princess is not the only woman in real life, who mourns her fading charms, and knows that the lover will soon seek a younger for his temporary or permanent mate. Ochs is a "sugar-uncle." Octavian has hardly left the arms of the Princess when he falls in love with a pretty girl

promised to another. It all passed in the time of Maria Theresa, but the action might pass to-day even under a highly respectable president or dictator.

Strauss has written beautiful music for some of the scenes: the soliloquy of the Princess that ends the first act; the exquisite music for the presentation of the rose; the ensemble in the last act. The orchestra is often eloquent when it comments on the dialogue.

The opera drew an audience that filled the house, an audience that enjoyed the performance, especially when Mr. Kipnis over-played his role. Unfortunately he was not the only one, but he played in farcical spirit from the very beginning. Witness his pawing and clutching of Octavian disguised as a chambermaid. Perhaps he was encouraged by the laughter to be still more farcical in the heavy German manner, for every time he rolled from the sofa in the second act there were noisy squeals of joy from the delighted audience. Even Mme. d'Hernanny made the governess an impossible figure in Fainal's probably well-ordered household.

Mme. Leider was appropriately sad, seeing herself in the mirror. She acted intelligently throughout but one missed the aristocratic bearing of Mme. Hempel, the first to take the role in this country. It should be remembered that the Princess, in spite of her amiable indiscretions, was a grande dame. Mme. Leider's voice was warm and pleasing except in the upper register when in forte passages it lost quality and had an edge. On the whole she sang with musical sense and mildly emotional feeling. Mme. Olszewska, a brilliantly handsome apparition—who could blame the Princess?—not only played the part with no worthy spirit, not forgetting to differentiate situations and sentiments; her full, rich, luscious voice gave nobility to Octavian who, after all, was only a philanderer. Mme. Mason gave an excellent portrayal of Sophie, attributing characteristics to her that might easily have escaped a singer who saw in the girl only a conventional ingenue. Her love scene with Octavian was charming in its expression of dawning affection ending in sudden passion. She sang as the music should be sung. Nor should the graceful, dancing entrance of Mme. Pavloska bearing the letter to Ochs be passed by unnoticed. Mr. Mason sang the song to the Princess in too straightforward, undeviating manner; sang it without nuances. Mr. Kipnis was "the life of the party" with his sonorous voice and talent for comedy. What a pity that he was tempted to exaggeration and fell—and not only off the sofa! The stage was well ordered; the performance was brisk when there was a demand for vivacity. The orchestra did full justice to Strauss's score under Mr. Pollak's direction, who might, however, have given the waltzes more grace and a more seductive swing.

#### MODERN-BEACON-EGYPTIAN

##### "Peacock Alley"

An all-talking and singing screen comedy with story and dialogue by Carey Wilson; directed by Marcel de Sano and presented by Tiffany Productions, Inc., with the following cast:

Claire Tree ..... Mae Murray  
Stoddard Clayton ..... George Barrard  
Jim Bradbury ..... Jason Robards  
Martin Saunders ..... Richard Tucker  
Dugan ..... W. L. Thorne  
Bonner ..... Phillips Smalley

## THE SOUL OF DINNER

By PHILIP HALE

There are English as well as Americans who live in Paris for business or artistic reasons; or as idle expatriates, uprooted and not firmly planted in the foreign soil. One Englishman sued another recently for breach of promise because the sued and his family had not arrived to make good a dinner invitation which they had accepted. Damages were awarded by the Court for the food that had been prepared for the absent guests.

The Parisian Court had a traditional authority for its judgment. Over 125 years ago a famous gourmet and host, M. Aze, decreed that if a man accepted an invitation to dinner and neglected to appear at the table, he should pay a fine of 500 francs. This fine would be reduced to 300 fr. if one gave 48 hours' notice. M. Aze also, as a host, advised that the doors should be closed after the guests arriving at the appointed hour seated themselves at table. The seats should be filled at the stroke of the clock.

Would that there were a M. Aze, a leader of fashion, respected, even feared, whose word was law in Boston—in every city, for hostesses are lax and timid. Guests, especially the young, are often unmindful of courtesy, one might say of decency. Suppose the dinner hour is announced for 8:30. Those who arrive promptly are as the "rari nantes" who left Troy for the Italian shore. A few more straggle in. Then there is that ghastly half hour or more of waiting; the standing, the invention of small talk, the inevitable weariness of flesh and spirit, no matter how sparkling Mrs. Golightly may be in her chatter, no matter how sound the views of Mr. Herkimer Johnson concerning the World League, and those of Mr. Slopperville about the stock market. One would gladly sit. When John Phoenix talked in 1850 with the "Sappho" of Dr. Collyer's "Model Artist" company, and asked: "Do you never feel an inspiration of the moment and entering into the character, imagine yourself in mind, as in form, her beauteous illustration?" She answered, with the slightest indication of a yawn: "Well—yes, I don't know but I do, but it's dreadful tearing on the legs."

Even when it is nine, there are still belated ones. They make no excuse. They have the insolent air of favoring the hostess by arriving at all. Not that they are constitutionally absent-minded, or incapable of punctuality, as Mr. Paderewski, whose hostesses knowing his peculiarity invite him for 8 o'clock and have the dinner prepared for 8:45 or 9.

Not long ago there was a movement in New York for a correction of this social delinquency. Dinner was to be served at the appointed hour; there was to be no waiting for the tardy whatever their social rank or display of precious minerals. Were the incorrigible reformed? Were they convinced that punctuality is the soul of dinner?

Paul ..... E. H. Calvert  
Crosby ..... Arthur Hoyt  
Walter ..... Billy Ryan

An old title with a new story, a popular screen star delivering the audible, authentic text of a scenarist's script, as other popular screen stars have been doing for months. It has taken Miss Murray a long time to reach her dear public after discovery that the silent films had been cast permanently into the waste baskets of the Hollywood picture shops. But she has done a thorough job. Thanks to clever direction, to lavish settings, and to a capable supporting cast, a story which on the stage might make a 30-minute playlet is drawn out to thrice that length of time. The action is very deliberately paced, either because Miss Murray thought it would be more impressive that way or because she was afraid of making a mis-step. It is to be noted that she employs no feminine associates who might by chance steal a scene from her.

Claire Tree, who has been pitting her wits against New York for several years, spends a very long evening in Stoddard Clayton's suite in the Park Plaza Hotel. Stoddard, rich, cynical and selfish, loves Claire but balks at marriage. Claire tells him that next day she is to marry Jim Bradbury, a young Texan, district attorney of his county. They are married, and return to the same hostelry. Dugan, house detective, who has kept tabs on Claire, starts trouble when he tries to have them evicted. Two dramatic scenes follow, between Jim and Claire, between Claire and her two men. Jim departs in a rage when Clayton declines to admit or to deny that Claire spent the night with him. Ultimately, after a brief period of night club dancing, Claire divorces Jim, and accepts Clayton's offer of marriage. Outside of the interest in Miss Murray's debut as a

talking star, attention focuses on Thorne as the observant house detective. Mr. Barrard's voice does not cord well, the camera ages him. Robard fared better. Miss Murray sings once, and dances two times with a setting in colors.

"Painted Faces," companion piece, discloses Joe E. Browne, best known as a low comedian and hooper, giving amazingly convincing exhibition of tional acting. As Beppo, a clown confesses to 11 men and women whom he is serving as a jurymen in trial of Buddy Barton, a vaude actor, for the murder of a man who dued his dancing partner. Beppo against the 11, had held out for a trial, and finally told why. It was who killed Roderick, who prev had betrayed his sweetheart and c her to commit suicide. The jurors weep and applaud, acquit Beppo, and swear common silence on Beppo has told them. The H wrote the dialogue, and the prod is Tiffany's.—W. E. G.

#### KEITH-ALBEE

##### "Seven Keys to Baldpate"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted the novel by Earl Derr Bizzers and the by George M. Cohan, directed by Richard Barker and presented by Radio Pictures the following cast:

William Hollowell Mace ..... Richard Mary Norton ..... Miriam  
Hal Bentley ..... Grantford  
Mrs. Rhodes ..... Nella  
Myra ..... Joseph  
Hayden ..... Margaret  
Carzan ..... DeWitt  
Max ..... Joseph  
Bland ..... Allan  
Kennedy ..... Charles  
Elijah Quimby ..... Harvey  
Mrs. Quimby ..... Edith

It is as impossible to kill a good comedy as it is to predict tomorrow's weather in Boston. This well known fact was brought forcibly to mind a showing of George M. Cohan's hit "Seven Keys to Baldpate" at the Keith-Albee Theatre. Richard Dix here pears for the first time as a Radio picture star and the result is so general satisfactory to every one that it is probable he will remain with prosperous organization for an indefinite period. Here is entertainment at its simplest, without any night clubs, ceters, chorus girls, wise-cracking comedians talking out of the corners of mouths, theme songs, ballets or att on the heroine's honor. Any one laugh as loudly and as often as de without wondering whether it was ly funny or not.

George M. Cohan and Earl Derr gers, author of the novel from w the play was written, knew their

They were sensible enough to re that if the author went up to a house in the middle of winter to a story in hours on a bet, that the abilities for disturbing him were most infinite. So he is accordingly turbed by no less than six myste people each with a key that he bel to be the only one in existence, each with a purpose that he is anxious to reveal. It is great fun of it, and nobody needs to be high about it and sigh for epigrams. Those few who have never read book, seen the play, or been told story by kind friends, the story wi kept as dark as possible, but they hereby advised to betake themselves "Seven Keys to Baldpate" without lay.

It is the sort of an affair that carries itself, but there is an exce cast to help it along. Richard Dix pears to advantage as the bewild young author plunged suddenly into the melodramatic situations that he long ago discarded as impossible. pleasant voice and engaging manner great assets. Miriam Seegar is a p and not too simple-minded her. The rest carry out their parts ad ably.—E. L. H.

#### PARK

##### "Murder on the Roof"

An all-talking screen mystery adapted by F. Rich Herbert from the by Edward Doherty, directed by George Seitz, and presented by Columbia P with the following cast:

Molly Sommers ..... Dorothy Drinkwater ..... Raymond H  
Narcia ..... Margaret Live  
Ted Palmer ..... David N  
Joe Carozzo ..... Paul P  
Monica ..... Virginia Ryan  
Anthony Sommers ..... William V  
Victor ..... Louis N  
Ryan ..... Fred K  
Joe Larkin ..... Richard K  
Lucille ..... Hazel H

Melodrama, frank and unashamed walks the boards at the Park The where "Murder on the Roof" is ha its first Boston showing. There smooth, oily villain, a beautiful, eagueous and distressed heroine, a n and not very intelligent young hero the villain's discarded and revenge mistress. Besides, there is a c magnificent diamond concerning w a great deal of fuss is made, and remains, still walking around, o once astute lawyer, now fallen s taneously into the clutches of drs of the villain. Some of it is inter most of it is well photographed.



...a few moments of real excitement. Too frequently the spectator left wondering how such and such a thing happened and why it was possible for a bunch of gunmen to wander around an expensive nightclub and receive without any interference from the other guests.

Such, however, seems to be one of the usual conventions of nightclub life in the moving pictures. No one should really expect logic, but it did seem hard to credit that the daughter of a man named for a murder while he was drunk should be able to get work in the very nightclub where it all happened and not have a soul, even with the blessing of the tabloids, recognize her. It would also have helped if the spectator had been informed of a few details concerning the first of the two murders. At that happened was a brief notice at the end of the film that the deceased villain was the one to do it. The deus ex machina was, not altogether surprisingly, an amiable drunk who wandered unsteadily around the club, went to sleep under beds and finally turned out to be a newspaper reporter instead of a detective, an almost startling novelty.

The plot is very involved and it would, therefore, be a bit unfair to try to unravel it here. So many characters were involved that no one in particular had a real chance to shine. Paul Porcasi, repeating with good effect his nightclub proprietor in "Broadway," was quite repulsive and terrifying enough to scare any self-respecting heroine into his. Dorothy Revier, the much-pursued lady in the case, is very lovely to look upon but had much too little to do and seemed somewhat baffled by the evolutions of the story. Margaret Livingston played the discarded mistress with her customary vehemence, and Raymond Hatton provoked much laughter as the intoxicated reporter-detective.

E. L. H.

#### FENWAY

##### "The Phantom of the Opera"

A romantic screen mystery drama with talking sequences, adapted by Elliott Clawson from the novel of the same name by Gaston Leroux, directed by Rupert Julian, and presented by Universal with the following cast:

The Phantom (Erik)	Lon Chaney
Christine	Norma Kerry
Dr. Moreau	Edward Marshall
Madame de Chantel	Virginia Pearson

Silent or audible, "The Phantom of the Opera" still is good entertainment.

...a thriller. Such changes as have been made to conform to the current style in motion pictures are of scant importance. A few talking sequences, some skillfully synchronized ballets and scenes from the opera "Faust," and recreation of the original tinted scenes of the annual bal masque in the Paris Opera House, are the items of sound and color in this re-issue. It is easy, if one watches closely, to see where the old and the new shots have been interwoven. A certain scenic freshness and clarity of outline identifies the new. Evidently the chief inquiry of audiences now will be, "Does Lon Chaney Talk?" He does not. Handicapped by a huge set of false teeth worn outside his own molars, Mr. Chaney relies on his own "aphic" movements and gestures, aided by the reliable sub-title of old, to make his meaning clear. Mr. Kerry, on the other hand, suffering no such handicap, does talk, but might as well have remained silent. Few could understand him, he so mouthed his words. He is too heavy for a French lover, anyway. Miss Philbin, fragile, almost pitiable, is again Christine, the budding prima donna, the appealing heroine tormented by a jealous lover and beset by the maniacal Erik, escaped from Devil's Island and for these many months a terrifying apparition in the magnificent palace known as the Opera House. As Marguerite she seems to sing the jewel song and in the trio with Faust and Mephistopheles in the prison scene Virginia Pearson, as Carlotta, also seems to sing. A pretty little recreation for those so minded will be to determine if any of the voices come from the screen or behind it.

The weird tale of the crazed Erik, self-educated musician, of features so horrible that he wears a mask; of his strange love for the youthful Christine, his ruses, through threats of disastrous visitations, to advance her on the rungs of fame; of his innumerable destructive weapons which bring death to inquisitors and opponents; of his final exposure, capture and death at the hands of the mob just as his one great triumph seemed assured—all this is familiar to those who saw the picture several years ago. The back-stage scenes are noteworthy for the illusion of battle and clamor. The scenes underground, secret terrain of the Phantom, the revolving mirror, the huge trap doors, the lake into which the Phantom literally submerges as he pursues an unwelcome caller, are realistically devised. This part of the picture is silent, and is really better so. Griping horrors, mysteries and nerve-wracking surprises are intensified. At very least the most Universal apparently has

resurrected an old property which will prove one of the season's box-office surprises—W. E. G.

#### REPERTORY THEATRE

##### "Hunting Tigers in India"

The first all-talking nature picture reveals the hardships and perils of tracking tigers, elephants and rhinoceroses in India.

The exotic atmosphere of India, the land of rajahs and princes, beggars and misery, is carried to spectators in their seats at the theatre without their enduring the hardships of travel attendant upon a trip into that mysterious country.

Ample opportunity is afforded the spectator to witness at close range the ferociousness, fearlessness and resourcefulness of the tiger in the jungle. When the spectator sees the lord of jungle beasts crouched beneath some brush and realizes it is prey of 558 men and 100 elephants, comprising the expeditionary force of the American Museum of Natural History at New York, sympathy is with the tiger—until it leaps.

A sharp report from a rifle rings out. The tiger falls, a victim to the marksmanship of S. A. Vernay, a trained wild animal hunter, and the American Museum is provided another specimen.

Comdr. George M. Dyott, "shoots" the animals with a camera. His "shots" make possible this first all-talking nature picture. The photographic record of the journey of the expeditionary force provides a delightful period of entertainment.

The picture shows a one-horned rhinoceros in flight with a cub at its heels. This animal was also brought down by a well-directed bullet and its carcass and skin will be on exhibition at the museum.

Portrayal of a hunt for a "rogue" tusker elephant—that is one that is recognized as bad and dangerous, is given. After much excitement he is dropped and prepared for transportation to New York.

The tiger feature of the picture concludes the show. Spectators become intensely emotional over the snarling efforts of the tiger to escape death. It is an awesome spectacle while the animal performs in a close-up picture and the spectator breathes easy when the photographic "shot" is taken at a longer distance.

The picture will be shown for the next two weeks, with matinee and evening performances. Last night several consuls of various countries were present as were a number of persons from India.

##### "Thais"

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Chicago Civic Opera Company. "Thais," an opera in three acts and seven scenes. Libretto based by Louis Gallet on Anatole France's novel of the same title. Music by Jules Massenet. Produced at the Paris Opera on March 16, 1894. Thais, Sibyl Sanderson. Athanael, Delmas. Nicolas, Alvarez. Crobylic, Mme. Marey. Myrtaie, Mme. Heglon. Albine, Mme. Beauvais. La Charnieuse, Mme. Mandez. Palemon, Delpouget.

The cast last night was as follows:

Athanael	..... Vanni Marcoux
Nicolas	..... Mr. Monca
Palemon	..... Mr. Nicolich
In Serviteur	..... Mr. Sandrini
Thais	..... Mrs. Garden
Crobylic	..... Mme. d'Hernanoy
Myrtaie	..... Mme. Paggi
Albine	..... Mme. Glessens
The Violon	..... Mme. Barashkova
Conductor	..... Mr. Moranzoni

Thais in the opera is more interesting personally and musically as the joyous light-skirt than as the repentant convert. As a courtesan she appealed to Massenet more than when she was obliged to leave behind the little image of Eros and made her weary way to the convent. He was then fascinated by the voice and the beauty of Sibyl Sanderson, his Esclarmonde. He wrote for her in these roles con amore. Always a composer of the moment, he worked on "La Navarraise" as soon as he saw the success of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and lost no time in thinking of France's novel as an operatic subject. There were again the opposing characters, the conflict between the woman and the man; Salome and Jean; Manon and the Abbe Des Grieux; Varedha and Zazatra. Why not Thais and Athanael (or Paphnuce, as France called him)? But the charm of the novel is its amiable scepticism and its laudible irony. These can hardly be transferred to opera; so Massenet was obliged, not unwillingly, one can believe, to put sensuousness and asceticism in opposition; the monk disturbed by night visions; the woman exercising all her seductive arts.

When Massenet came to her conversion invention failed him; he allowed it to take place in an entr'acte and portrayed it by a solo for a fiddle.

Suppose Richard Strauss had determined to write a "Thais." Would he not have turned to the pages in the novel where the philosophers discourse at the table of Nicolas to the consternation of

Athanael? Would he not have written music comparable to that for the wrangling Jews in his "Salome"?

Wise old Palemon advised Athanael not to go to Alexandria, even to save the soul of Thais, knowing that if it were saved, Athanael might easily lose his own. And so it turned out in the novel and the opera. In the first version of the latter, after the death of Thais, the monk embraced the body wildly, then ran out, tottering, with flaming eyes. The nuns broke off their religious chant for they saw his face. They fled in terror, crying, "A vampire." As France tells the tale, the monk had become so hideous that passing his hand over his face, he felt its ugliness.

This ending of the opera was suppressed. Richard Strauss would have hurried to write music for it.

Miss Garden has been reported as saying that she was tired of "Thais." If the report is true, she does herself injustice. The part suits her, as Melisande suits her. Mark the histrionic talent of a singer who can portray two widely differing roles, as far apart as the poles, so that she seems incomparable in either one. She has always played Thais with a peculiar gusto as long as she is the toast of Alexandria. On her way to spiritual safety, it sometimes seemed, as if she would gladly retrace her footsteps to queen it again in the theatre and in the palace of Nicolas. It is not easy for a singer to turn suddenly on the stage from riotous living to divine contemplation. Miss Garden's Thais before Athanael preaches repentance is splendidly vital. Let us crown ourselves with roses, before they be withered. On her desert journey and her arrival she is less individual; one of the good sisters rejoicing in a sinner saved; but she was probably bored at times by the songs of praise and the pious counsels of Albine. After the gloriously exultant entrance with the delirious crowd, the meek, submissive exit from the city. Alas, poor Thais! But all this is the fault of Massenet; not Miss Garden's. Her voice was richer when the composer was in sensuous mood, as in her wooing of Athanael—how emotionally she colored tones in the frank declaration in her chamber!—than when she was spiritually minded. Then she found again the tones expressive of her faith and heavenly aspirations.

Until Athanael is barbered and costumed by the two coquettish young women while Nicolas stands by encouraging—and here the scene has a delightfully opera-comique flavor,—the music is not of Massenet's best. One cannot be greatly impressed by Athanael's violent denunciation of a city that surely was in a high state of culture and offered plenty of amusement to a visitor less prejudiced than the monk. Mr. Marcoux, however, giving a highly dramatic, dramatic not theatrical—portrayal of the monk in his fanatically religious fervor, his desire to save the woman whom in earlier years he had known as innocent, his horror at her downfall, his conflict between the spirit and the flesh, gave eloquence to the music even when it was empty and commonplace. Mr. Mojica was a graceful figure as the pleasure-loving Nicolas. The opening scene of the Cenobites should have been sung better. Their virtue demanded this. Mr. Moranzoni gave an excellent reading of the interesting score—for Massenet's instrumentation often atoned for paucity of vocal ideas. The violin solo was finely played. Miss Garden and Mr. Marcoux were enthusiastically applauded; the ballet met with favor.

The opera tonight will be "Carmen."

#### WILBUR THEATRE

##### "The Little Show"

An intimate revue in two acts and 27 scenes, with lyrics by Howard Dietz, and music by Arthur Schwartz and others; settings by Jo Meizner; dances arranged by Danny Dare; produced by William A. Brady, Jr., and Dwight Deere Wiman, in association with Tom Weatherly, at the Music Box, New York, April 30, 1929; performed last evening at the Wilbur Theatre with the following cast of principals: Fred Allen, Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, Helen Lynd, John McCauley, Harold Moffet, Joan Carter-Waddell, Ernest Sharpe, Lucy Monroe, Allan Vincent, Billy Keating, Portland Hoffa, Ralph Rainger, Adam Carroll.

For a revue which has been repeating itself nightly for nearly 10 months, with a cast unchanged save in one part, "The Little Show," unfolded itself with an air of spontaneity, almost a hint of the impromptu. For months Boston has heard from afar loud shouts of approbation for this out-of-the-ordinary entertainment. A crowded theatre last evening took up those shouts. There were faint bravos here and there, as if at the crowning of some new and brilliant artist. Actually, they were for Libby Holman, a dark haired chanteuse, to whom octaves are nothing, whose voice ranges high and low with an ease which might be envied by many a prima donna of opera. She sang twice, "Why Can't We Be Friends," at first, stopping the performance for five bows, as they say in the profession; and very late in the second act the more famous "Moanin' Low," a blue ballad about "the kind of a man (who) needs the kind of woman like me." Oddly enough, this number failed to evoke any great emo-

tional outburst. Perhaps it would politic to reverse the positions of these songs in the program.

Such conspicuous reference to Miss Holman should not be misconstrued. She is not the whole show. There is Fred Allen, with or without his clarinet or his banjo; chattering incessantly on innumerable topics. His wit never remains alight; it is constantly flitting, darting, skimming around and about whatever amusing thought seems to come to his roving mind. There is Clifton Webb, graceful dancer of a posthumous ballroom type, as agile in witty speech as with his two rhythmic legs. There are secondary comics in Mr. Moffet, Mr. Vincent; singers in Mr. Sharpe, whose "Song of the Riveter" was an effective number—Mr. McCauley, for lighter and broader verses generally preceding a dance. Joan Carter-Waddell contributed several exceptionally pleasing dances, Miss Lynd turned out to be a grotesque comedienne of varied talents. When occasion offered the Messrs. Grainger and Carroll sat at two grand pianos and recreated such tunes as "Or What Have You," already voiced by Miss Monroe and Mr. McCauley.

Mr. Dietz's lyrics embrace nearly every conceivable subject. They are satiric for the most part, and many are molded to the current vogue for tarnished topics. The skits are generally amusing, with "The Still Alarm," by George S. Kaufman, by far the best of the lot. In this the Messrs. Webb, Vincent, Allen and Moffet are respectively a brace of hotel lodgers on the 13th floor and two polite firemen. The guests accept the situation, smoke, scorching floors and all, with maddening calm. The firemen pause to accept a cigar or to tune a fiddle, to telephone the room clerk for the key to the adjoining room, that they may enter and pursue the flames further. Here is humor condensed, perfectly lined and timed. Another artful bit is the lampoon on the motion picture theme song, with Mr. Sharpe selling his latest song hit, "Hammacher and Schlummer, I Love You," dedicated to a big hardware firm. Too much time is given to a travesty in which Mr. Allen acts as interpreter for a trio of deaf mutes. More diverting was "The Man Who Reads the Ads," a contribution by Newman Levy, and engaging again the drollery of Mr. Allen, Mr. Webb and four others.

Think of a chorus of 12 girls, four less than a routine burlesque troupe's roster. But these girls are versatile. They are not what is known as precision dancers apparently, for each chooses her own method, almost her own tempo. It was refreshing, if a bit peculiar at first. The settings are simple, mostly a silver gray curtain against a cubist frame of darker gray. Mr. Meizner, however, has painted several backdrops hinting at beauty, imaginativeness, originality in concept and coloring. For a self-styled "Intimate revue" the orchestra was too overbearing, save when Mr. Webb indulged in languid song. By sheer impression of personality he forced the bandsmen to a planissimo which might well have been sustained through many another phase of the performance.

W. E. G.

#### THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COLONIAL—	"Simple Simon," musical comedy, with Ed Wynn; last week.
COLEY—	"The Middle Watch," nautical farce; last week.
MAJESTIC—	"Babes in Toyland," Victor Herbert's operetta; last week.
PLYMOUTH—	"Little Accident," farce, with Thomas Mitchell; fourth week.
SHUBERT—	"Flying High," musical comedy, with Bert Lahr; last week.
WILBUR—	"The Little Show," revue, with Fred Allen, Libby Holman, Clifton Webb.
NOPE—	The Hollis Street, Tremont and Shubert Loric Theatres are dark.

#### LOEW'S STATE

##### "Devil-May-Care"

An all-talking and singing screen musical romance adapted by Richard Schayer from the play, "La Bataille des Dames," by Eugene Scribe and Ernest Legouez; directed by Sidney Franklin and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with the following cast:

Armand	..... Ramon Novarro
Leonie	..... Dorothy Jordan
Louise	..... Marion Harris
De Grignon	..... John Miljan
Napoleon	..... William Humphrey
Groom	..... George Davis
Gaston	..... Clifford Bruce

Almost alone among the great figures of history, Napoleon Bonaparte is enough to galvanize an audience into attention without embellishments of any sort. Put him on the stage or screen and he dwarfs his surroundings completely before he says a word or makes a gesture. Next to him, any pretty little romantic plot ceases to be of the faintest interest and imaginary heroes and heroines fail to come to life. Napoleon was one of the greatest dramatists that ever lived though he never wrote a play, he knew to a supreme degree the art of dramatizing himself. Among these facts may be found the reason why those responsible for "Devil-May-Care," Ramon Novarro's first talkie, now to be seen at Loew's State, were careful to keep Napoleon in the background and only afford a brief glimpse of him at the very beginning of the picture. They were wise, for even as it is, Napoleon is the moving force behind the story, and the exploits of the dashing Armand de Treville



fade beside the picture of the old grenadier going down before the muskets of a royalist firing squad with "Vive l'empereur!" on his lips.

Ramon Novarro is one of the more fortunate of the old guard; the talkies afford him nothing but an additional opportunity. Not only does he once more exhibit himself as the possessor of a most agreeable singing voice, but his speaking voice, while somewhat accented, is of very pleasing quality and easy to understand. Still again, he proves himself a finished light comedian with a charming personality and natural manner. Whether he is of sufficient stature, musically speaking, to attain success in grand opera, is not easy to decide as yet, but in his present matter he has nothing to fear.

"Devil-May-Care" is an entertaining and improbable little romantic play with music; one of those delightful affairs where the hero and heroine are accompanied by a complete, though invisible orchestra when they go out for a morning ride. Armand de Treville, ardent follower of the exiled Napoleon, escapes by the skin of his teeth from execution by a firing squad and takes refuge in the bedroom of Leonie, a charming damsel of royalist sympathies. She hides him at first but later gives him up on learning his identity. Again he evades his pursuers and takes refuge with the Countess Louise in the south of France. Thicker also comes Leonie on a visit. All sorts of romantic excitements follow, ending of course with a converted Leonie in the arms of Armand. There are beautiful out-of-door scenes and a great deal of inconsequential but harmonious music. Dorothy Jordan makes a pretty and appealing heroine, though almost unnaturally vindictive in her hatred of Napoleon. Marion Harris is a sympathetic

figure as the Countess Louise.

E. L. H.

Feb 12, 1930

## BOSTON SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The third concert of the Tuesday afternoon series given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Schubert, Overture to "Rosamunde" and the first Ballet, also the "Unfinished" Symphony; Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration" and "The Eulenspiegel."

The music from Schubert's music for the half-crazed Wilhelmine von Chezy's drama reminds one of his little success when he attempted to write operas and of his lack of taste in choosing librettos and poems for many of his songs. His musical nature was pre-eminently lyrical. In some of his songs he showed uncommon dramatic force, but not in his operas, and though there have been attempts in recent years to revive one or two of them—even with a new libretto—they have obtained only a respectful hearing. He was as indifferent in transferring the overture for one opera to another as the great Rossini. Take this overture to "Rosamunde": it first prefaced a melodrama; later "Rosamunde," also his operetta, "Der Vierjaehrige Posten," while the overture that really belonged to "Rosamunde" afterward served "Alfonso and Estrella."

When Liszt revived this opera at Weimar the overture then performed was one by Rubinstein—Liszt wrote in a hifalutin manner of Schubert's failures on the operatic stage. "His sublime Muse with gaze fixed ever in the clouds, preferred to cast her azure mantle over asphodel fields, woods and mountains, and was unversed in the artificial raiment in which the dramatic muse moves cautiously between curtain and footlights. His winged strophes took alarm at the rattle of machinery

and revolving wheels," and so on, and so on.

The overture to "Rosamunde" was written hurriedly and in the prevailing Italian form of that day. The music is melodious, but it is in the charming ballet music that the true Schubert is revealed. This and the symphony were finely performed.

It was good to hear the two tone-poems of Strauss in close juxtaposition and so brilliantly played. When "Death and Transfiguration" was first heard in New York, a prominent critic in New York spoke of it as a charnel-house piece. When "Till Eulenspiegel" was produced in Boston, a scholarly critic wrote that it was the work of

a madman, while a musician of high standing and fame said Strauss's tone-poems, they are not music; they belong to another and new art. Brethren, we should watch our steps in 1930, lest we stumble and fall, to the amusement of men in 1960.

Of the two-tone poems played yesterday, "Till" is indisputably the greater work. It is more personally Strauss himself. "Death and Transfiguration," however masterly the performance, has not the amazing vitality of "Till Eulenspiegel," in which the genius of the composer shines triumphantly. The fever of the dying man in the other tone poem no longer excites the anxiety of those in the sick room; his sentimental recollections when he is not delirious, no longer affect those standing by his bed; only in the transfiguration section does the structural proficiency of the composer, his building with material that in itself is not remarkable, compel admiration. The performance of the Rondo—for such in effect "Till" is, was amazingly brilliant, showing as it did the incomparable elasticity and euphony that this orchestra has attained under Dr. Koussevitzky.

The next concert of the series will be on Feb. 25.

## "CARMEN"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Chicago Civic Opera Company in "Carmen" an opera in four acts, by Georges Bizet. Libretto by Meilhac and Halévy after the novel by Prosper Merimee.

Jose ..... Rene Mason  
Micaela ..... Edouard Sandrini  
Zuniga ..... Edouard Sandrini  
Carmen ..... Marie Olszewska  
Frasquita ..... Thelma Votipka  
Escamillo ..... Adia Pazzi  
Micaela ..... Cesare Formichi  
Micaela ..... Edith Mason  
Dancardo ..... Desire Delre  
Remendado ..... Giuseppe Cavadoro  
Conductor ..... Emil Cooper

The sparkling tragedy in which Life, Merimee, Meilhac, Halévy and Bizet so successfully collaborated came to town again last night, to the delight of the crowded Opera House. To the fact that neither the dramatists nor the composer, knowing the tragic end of the story, had wished to bathe the whole thing in gloom the survival and flourishing health of the opera's popularity are very probably due in very large measure. "Jealousy and murder are fairly bitter pills" they must have said, "let's sugar them generously." The result is one of the most entertaining shows to be seen on the stage, but, miraculously enough, the tragedy remains.

The opera was fortunate in its interpreters last night. It is true that it started off at a fairly dull pace, that the chorus during a part of the first act seemed a little melancholy, that the troupe of gamins (who are supposed to romp on to the plaza as a disrespectful advance escort of the incoming guard), entered with the staid gait and demeanor of a ladies' seminary out for its Sunday walk, but soon enough the irresistible gaiety of the opera infected even the participants.

Mme. Olszewska's impersonation of the principal role was first seen here last year. She does not, as do so many new incumbents of the part, drag in by the hair bits of violently novel stage business, nor does she, as has been done by some singers, lay such stress upon the pertness and vulgarity of Carmen that Jose's fatal passion becomes a trifle ridiculous.

Passion, savagery, the seductive wiles of the siren, the irony of the woman of the world, the fighting instinct of the gypsy, all these characteristics are present in Mme. Olszewska's interpretation; she builds them into an intensely real and living synthesis. The vivacity of the part sometimes disturbs the purity of her voice, but in general her singing is admirably skilful, expressive and varied. She danced a plausible seguidilla in the second act. She was accorded enthusiastic applause.

The Don Jose of Mr. Mason was an admirably sincere, slightly innocent young man. He played his part with conviction and sang extremely well. Miss Mason's Micaela, intelligently acted and sung with deliciously pure yet expressive tone, won her an ovation which, in the third act, stopped the show for a minute or two. Mr. Formichi, obviously suffering from a severe cold, did his best.

The Frasquita and Mercedes of Mmes. Votipka and Paggi gave unusual pleasure by their fine voices and the excellence of their work in the many charming ensembles, especially the trio of the third act. Mr. Cotreuil made a jovial and sympathetic Zuniga. All minor roles were adequately performed. The incidental dances gave pleasure.

This afternoon "Tannhaeuser" will be given. Tonight, "La Traviata." S. S.

Feb 13, 1930

## ROSA PONSELLE

By PHILIP HALE

Rosa Ponselle, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, sang yesterday morning in the ballroom of the Hotel Stadler in aid of the Boston School of

Occupational Therapy. Stuart Ross was the pianist. Miss Ponselle's selections were announced as follows: Spontini, O Nume tutelar, from La Vestale; Paradies, Qu'ell' ruscelletto; Schubert, Gretchen am Spinnrad; Widor, Contemplation; Decreux, L'Oiseau bleu; Verdi, aria, Merce, diletto amiche, from I Vespri Siciliani; Silberta, The Message; Hue, To the Birds; Reger, The Virgin's Slumber Song; MacFayden, Homage to Spring. Piano solos, Beethoven, German Dance No. 1; Schubert-Liszt, Du bist die Ruh; Chaminade, Etude de Concert; Tchaikovsky, Theme and Variations.

This was the program announced. It is a pity that Miss Ponselle was "requested" to change the arias. For the one from La Vestale she substituted one from La Forza del Destino, good enough in its place in that opera, but Spontini's would have enabled her to display "the grand style" which she has acquired. For the aria by Verdi she substituted an air unknown to the writer—Mr. Ross did not name it distinctly—and the hackneyed Habanera from Carmen.

When Miss Ponselle first sang in Boston her voice excited admiration; but it was a case of voice and little else. There was a lack of musical and mental understanding. Today the voice is even more glorious and the singer has gained amazingly in artistic stature. During the years she has evidently given much time and thought to self-criticism. Few singers are able or sane enough to do this.

She sang the pretty songs by Paradies and Decreux with the lightness and grace of an accomplished coloratura soprano. In Widor's Contemplation there was a fine example of genuine and controlled emotion. Gretchen's lament was taken at too fast a pace, which did not, allow the necessary crescendo of anguish ending with the piteous yet ecstatic remembrance of Faust's embrace.

There are many admirable features of Miss Ponselle's use of her voice: one is her remarkably distinct enunciation. In Night-Wind, which she sang, recalled after the first group, she showed that English was not an unsingable language, as certain foreigners, who are not always clear in the enunciation of their own language, would have us believe. As for Miss Ponselle's general technical proficiency, it is employed by her in the service of interpretation; not merely for the lucrative holiday of a spoiled, affected prima donna.

Mr. Ross played tasteful and helpful accompaniments, displaying in them so much musical refinement it is surprising that Liszt's impertinent, abominable transcription of Schubert's Du bist die Ruh appealed to him. It was pleasant to hear Beethoven's naive dance; also to find him Chaminading gaily in the Concert Study.

There was a very large and enthusiastic audience, which seemed especially delighted by the Habanera. Mr. Ross shared in the applause.

The next concert of the series, with Mr. Gigli, the singer, will take place on Wednesday morning, Feb. 26.

## "TANNHAEUSER"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Chicago Civic Opera company "Tannhaeuser," opera in three acts by Wagner. The cast:

Herman ..... Alexander Kipnis  
Elizabeth ..... Rosa Raisa  
Tannhaeuser ..... Theodore Strack  
Wolfram von Eschenbach ..... Richard Bouell  
Walter of the Vogelweide ..... Giuseppe Cavadoro  
Biterolf ..... Eugenio Sandrini  
Henry the Scribe ..... Lodovico Olivieri  
Reinmar ..... Antonio Nicolini  
Venus ..... Frida Leider  
A Young Shepherd ..... Helen Freund  
Conductor, Emil Cooper

Ballet and stage trappings are all very well, so are fine soprano voices and noble basses, not to forget a sonorous orchestra vigorously directed. They help, these desirable features, a performance of "Tannhaeuser." But they cannot make a fine performance. A superlatively able Tannhaeuser himself is requisite.

It could scarcely be otherwise. The struggle it was between spirit and the flesh for the possession of a human soul that stirred Wagner's imagination. The struggle continues today, be the soul a king's or a pedler's. But Wagner, for the sake of the picturesque, gave the soul a knightly body. Because of the vividness to be had through the use of old legend and medieval ecclesiastical custom, he gave his knight life in times remote from ours.

A fitting setting, therefore, he provided for his subject's fierce emotional struggle. He brought forward friends and foes to bring it into the sharper relief, a temptress, too, and the holy Elizabeth. More Wagner could scarcely have done.

He left, however, much for the Tannhaeuser to do. He must, before all, exercise his imagination till he can feel to his very marrow the conflict that wracked the man. Then, with a passion that shall move us, but with that reticence which we of today exact, he must proceed to make the audience feel the warring emotions of Tannhaeuser's dis-

cordant soul—and stir sympathy for the same.

And this he must do by means unfailingly beautiful—tones that are beautiful and, through their beauty, expressive. Wagner's music he must sing with perfect musicianship, that, thereby, it may achieve its utmost beauty and emotional significance. He must stand and move with grace, otherwise the knightly quality Wagner had in mind vanishes, and some of his poetry with it.

This would never do. To push Wagner's poetic creation down to the level of realism and prose is to make nothing out of something. Ranting, therefore, will not serve, or sobs or whines, or barks in place of song. A poetic actor only, of imagination, voice and skill in song, should essay "Tannhaeuser," if the opera is to come by its own. People present yesterday afternoon will have their individual opinions as to how successfully Mr. Strack rose to the occasion.

Everybody, however, will probably agree that Mr. Bonelli did some of the noblest singing heard here in years, musical singing, technically a model, full of character. Of the ponderous Landgraf Mr. Kipnis made a stately figure, a person richly endowed with voice and musicianliness. Miss Raisa contributed tones of thrilling splendor as well as some not so pleasing.

Miss Leider, discovered on a dais with a sort of screen behind it of curious geometric pattern—with velvet curtains of a lurid color behind all—seemed not at home in surroundings so odd, though indeed the nymphs and satyrs pranced before her quite according to rule. Neither allurements nor rage, at all events, could she call to her voice, and her climax she strangely missed.

The orchestra, too tired perhaps, to rise to Mr. Cooper's energetic direction, helped Miss Leider not too well. Nor did Mr. Cooper find the stirring festive note for the Wartburg scene. This scene, by the way, was brilliant to look upon. That of the forest, after Venus's amazing grotto, suggested a water color drawing from the brush of Trollope's Lily Dale. The pilgrims' chorus had pious fervor to its credit.

R. R. G.

## "LA TRAVIATA"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Chicago opera company in "La Traviata," opera in four acts by Giuseppe Verdi. The cast:

Violetta Valery ..... Rosa Raisa  
Flora Bervoix ..... Rosa Raisa  
Alfredo Germont ..... Giovanni Battista  
Giorgio Germont ..... Giovanni Battista  
Gaston ..... Lodovico Olivieri  
Baron Duphal ..... Desire Delre  
Marquis d'Obigny ..... Federico Sisti  
Docteur Grenvil ..... Antonio Nicolini  
Anna ..... Frida Leider  
Flora's Servant ..... Gino Monaldi  
Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni

It is hard to realize that "Traviata" was not a success when it was first produced; the Italian grace and expressiveness of the tunes in the opera might have been expected to triumph over the dramatic anachronism of a large healthy lady in the throes of consumption, which roused the first Neapolitan audiences into a hysteria of ridicule and derisive horseplay. And in "Traviata" there are not merely "lusty barrel-organ tunes" either, as some contemptuous of the earlier Verdi would have it. There breathes throughout the music, naive as it is, a wistful delicacy, a tremulous hint of impending sorrow. There is in the music too, an honest, and usually a successful attempt, to mark the personal characteristics as well as the momentary emotions of each player in the drama.

Claudia Muzio, splendid singer and unusually competent actress, best realized the possibilities of the score and of the play. Her Violetta was evidently in the clutches of the briefly beautiful but treacherous disease from the first; she gave no suddenly recollected coughs, nor did she fall into exaggerated paroxysms of hacking. She indicated her illness (as Verdi undoubtedly meant the soprano to) by faintness of breath and weak lightness of voice alternated with forced, gasping warmth and fulness. The part acts itself in the music, if the singing actress be as attuned to its possibilities as is Muzio. In the last act especially her acting and her superb use of expressive mezzovoice were notable.

Charles Hackett did not give as sustained and sensitive performance as Muzio, though he used his voice generally well, and delighted the audience with the unusual beauty of his tones when he used his voice lightly. His acting was a bit patchy; he tended to overact in climaxes, and in doing so to force his tones so that they were frequently just under pitch. But his sincerity and virility impressed his admirers, as ever Giovanni Inghilleri, as Giorgio Germont, displayed a good baritone voice, rather dark in color, and not very flexible, but expressive and well-produced, and acted with restraint and dignity.

The ballet again enlivened the evening with some excellent ensemble dancing. The dancing (by well-born Spanish ladies and base-born torens, if



## "THE COMING MAN"

Deep thinkers in Germany have been discussing the question of ambidexterity. They, and some in this country who have pondered the matter, have come to the conclusion that the right hand is the active one; the left is an auxiliary. But in eating corn on the cob, which hand is the more active? In the District of Maine they used to speak of a famous tosspot as a "two-handed drinker." A European psychiatrist insists that 33.1-3 per cent. of mortals are left-handed, but a special dynamometer which tested "thousands of boys and girls from 10 to 20 years old" in this country proves that only 3 to 4 per cent. are born left-handed.

It is strange that no one interested in the subject has referred to Charles Reade's "The Coming Man," a series of letters contributed to Harper's Weekly and published as a little pamphlet of 85 pages in 1878. The book is written in Reade's most violent, and therefore engaging manner. He set out to prove that the coming man will be the either-handed man, that is to say, neither "right-handed" nor "left-handed," but a man rescued in time from paralytic mothers, cuckoo nurses and stalling nursery maids with their pagan nursery rhymes, and their pagan prejudices against the left hand; in short, a man as perfect in his limbs as his Creator intended. . . . It is all man's doing that he is any more Semiplegic, or limbered than a lion, a raccoon, a fox, a tiger, an ape."

To prove his assertion Reade investigated ancient beliefs and languages, Assyrian and Egyptian sculptures in relief; he quotes the Hebrew writers. . . . The right hand of God is lauded and his left hand is never mentioned in the Hebrew Scriptures; but Samson used both arms in pulling down the temple of Dagon; and while Joab stroked the beard of Amasa with his right hand, he struck him dead with one blow of his left. The left hand of violinists is swift as lightning, yet sure as clockwork."

The testimony of prize-fighters is given, with a pleasing description of how Sayers, having won the full use of his right early in the fight, fought with his left only and punished Heenan severely. Among Reade's witnesses is Jem Ward, champion for five years, "the best fighter of his day, except when wicked people considered a hundred-pound into his manly palm." When Lavengro fought the Flaming Tinnman he was knocked down repeatedly until the peerless Mopel Berners, standing by, shouted to him: "It's no use flipping at the Flaming Tinnman with your left hand; why don't you use your right hand?" and it was Lavengro's blow with the right that, striking his foe beneath the ear, stretched him senseless.

Reade consulted gymnasts, male and female, all either-handed; cricketers, surgeons, scene-shifters, typewriters; in conclusion he inveighed against foolish mothers, slaves to custom, medical men, "who must dabble in physiology on juvenile methods," and especially the "Anatomical Ass"—"The lop-handed mania can never be understood by young pedants whose minds run in a tunnel."

After arms, legs are questioned. Wyatt Tilby, a foot-lover, says the most people are right-footed. Among animals, he says the cat, giraffe, elephant, camel, Kinkajou and chimpanzee are right-footed as shown by the use in feeding and the choice of the foot in starting movement; the wolf, deer, tortoise and baboon are left-footed, while the dog, horse, lion, tiger use either foot indifferently. There are men, to quote Charles Reade again, "so overflowing with mental power, that the Wecklies have had to set up a waste-pipe for their intellects; it is called Acrostic"; there are other waste-pipes for intellects, as this discussion of left and right.

One is to judge by the costumes an association that happens not merely in operas, if one is to believe some Spanish writers, had a genuine Spanish flavor; though, as we have learned since the advent of La Argentina, most Spanish dancing that is not of the Spanish soil is too willowy, too unremittently vivacious. It takes a real Spaniard to make the dance not haughty but proud, not merely vigorous but intense.

The opera last night seemed to drag, especially at first. This was due, not to the conducting of Moranzoni, which was excellent as always, but to the fact that there was only one really colorful personality on the scene, and her role demanded pastel shades of emotion.

Tonight's opera is "Pelleas et Melisande," with Garden, Vanni-Marcoux, and Mojica. E. B.

## Pelleas et Melisande

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Chicago Civic opera company performs "Pelleas et Melisande," lyric melodrama in five acts and 11 scenes; text by Maurice Maeterlinck; music by Claude Debussy. Produced at the Opera-Comique, Paris, on April 30, 1902. Mmes. Garden, Gerville-Reache; Messrs. Perler, Dufrane, Vieulle, Blondin, Vigile. Messenger, conductor.

The cast last night was as follows:

Pelleas	Mr. Mojica
Goland	Mr. Montreux
Arkel	Mr. Cotreuil
Le Petit Ynold	Helen Freund
Le Medecin	Mr. Nicholich
Melisande	Miss Garden
Genevieve	Mme. Claessens
Conductor	Mr. Polacco

This is a Debussy week. The opera of all modern operas last night, "The Blessed Damsel" and "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian" will be performed at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra; the one, an early work of Debussy; the other his latest work of importance, and as some think his greatest. Greater than "Pelleas et Melisande"? We shall hear what we shall hear.

Twenty years have gone by since the opera was produced in Boston with a memorable cast except for Dalmores, the tenor, who did not come forth as a figure from the tapestry; he broke through it as with a drawn sword in hand. But who can forget the others, Miss Garden; Mme. Gerville-Reache with her marvellous reading of the letter; the Golaud of Dufrane? Fortunately Miss Garden is still enchanting as the piteous and mysterious Melisande, and there is the fine, unforgettable Golaud of Vanni Marcoux.

Twenty years ago—and how coolly Debussy's opera was received here then! "There is no melody." "It's a silly story." "This opera will not live long"—these words of wisdom were heard on all sides. Only a few raised their voices in protest. They were called "high-brows"; "affected faddists." Fortunately the abusive term "Pelleas" coined in Paris to denote the admirers of Debussy, had not crossed the Atlantic. And how was it in Paris? Let any one read "Le Cas Debussy," by Francis Caillaud and Jose de Berys, an anthology of praise and abuse, the latter outweighing the former, and then wonder at the inability of excellent musicians to appreciate the manifold beauties of this opera, without a rival in the musical expression of a poetic text.

Who could have foreseen twenty years ago a theatre in Boston filled from top to bottom with an audience anxious to hear this opera and so enthusiastic that some could not refrain from applause after the end of each scene without regard for the music of the interludes? The performance was in many ways one of super-excellence. Mr. Mojica's voice had not always the fine quality of his former portrayals—Holly-wood is not a rest-cure for singers—but he looked the part, he had the requisite youth and grace, he was romantic, he sang with fervor when fervor was demanded, and in the scenes before the passionate outburst by the garden wall, he showed full appreciation of text and music. Miss Garden was the enigmatical

and therefore the more adorable woman, the Melisande with whom she is and will be inseparably associated, a dream-woman, living, loving and dying in a dream. Golaud was never so dramatically, one might add, analytically, portrayed here as it was last night by Mr. Marcoux. Always imposing in the role, he has developed it until now it must be regarded as a central figure in the huge operatic gallery. Never before has he so revealed the workings of Golaud's mind; the haunting knowledge that he was old, a man of the forests while Pelleas? then the self-torturing anxiety lest his suspicions should be confirmed. When he saw the lovers in a rapturous embrace, he could not at first bear the thought of ending it by the sword. Even when Melisande was dying, he must wrest from her as by force the reply to the question that unanswered would never grant him peace.

Mr. Polacco gave an eloquent interpretation of the score, leading the orchestra in poetic and dramatic underlining of situations and emotions, so that Debussy's music irrespective of that given to the voices was a revelation of the play and those that suffered in that strange land, unknown save to the poet and the composer.

The opera tonight will be "Fidelio."

## METROPOLITAN

### "Slightly Scarlet"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Howard Estabrook and Joseph L. Mankiewicz from a story by Percy Heath; directed by Louis Gasnier and Edwin H. Knopf and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Lucy Stavin	Evelyn Brent
Hon. Courtenay Parkes	Clive Brook
Malatoff	Paul Lukas
Sylvester Corbett	Eugene Pallette
Mrs. Corbett	Helen Ware
Enid Corbett	Virginia Bruce
Sandy Weyman	Henry Wadsworth
Albert Hawkins	Claude Allister

Malatoff's Victim . . . . . Morgan Farley

In getting together the cast for "Slightly Scarlet," now showing at the Metropolitan Theatre, Paramount did itself proud. To have Clive Brook, Evelyn Brent, Eugene Pallette, Paul Lukas, Helen Ware and Morgan Farley all at once is quite impressive. The only trouble about it all is that the result scarcely seems worthy of the effort. A polite little semi-crook drama involving newly-rich Americans, a couple of society crooks, a villainous master-mind and a couple of juveniles, not to mention a typical English valet of the silly-ass type is hardly what one would expect from these players who have all proved themselves in dramatic roles. It is amusing and never really sentimental, the characters dress well and speak educated English, but that's about all there is to it, save for some rather clever photographic effects.

The beautiful Lucy Stavin becomes through force of circumstances the tool of Malatoff, head of an international network of European jewel thieves. She hates her work and begs Malatoff to release her. He agrees to this provided that she carries out one last job, the stealing of a priceless pearl necklace owned by some multimillionaire Americans, the Corbets, living in Nice. She poses as a countess of unlimited means and good family and obtains easy entrance to the home of the Americans, who are being ignored by their neighbors on account of the newness of their money. At their house Lucy meets an attractive Englishman, the Hon. Courtenay Parkes, and they become mutually interested in each other. One cleverly engineered attempt to get possession of the necklace having failed, Lucy gets herself invited to the Corbett's house on a visit. Malatoff is pressing her hard and demanding immediate results. By a ruse she learns the combination of the safe, opens it and substitutes a fake necklace after extracting the real one.

Before she can leave the room someone else enters and opens the safe. It is Courtenay Parkes, also a crook, playing a lone hand. They decide that they will give up such a dangerous game and replace the jewels. In the very act they are surprised by Malatoff and a struggle ensues. Just how they solve their difficulties would not be fair to reveal. Clive Brook contributes one of his suave and gentlemanly performances and Miss Brent is unusually decorative and agreeable. Paul Lukas is a convincing master-thief and Eugene Pallette, with great gusto and high spirits, carries off the honors as the good-natured millionaire. E. L. H.

526.15.1730  
"FIDELIO"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Chicago Civic Opera company in "Fidelio," an opera in two acts and four scenes, by Ludwig van Beethoven.

Leonore, called Fidelio	Frida Leider
Marzellina	Kathleen Kersting
Florestan	Rene Maisson
Don Pizarro	Paulo Ludikar
Fernando	Eduard Cotreuil
Rocco	Chas. Baromeo
Jaquino	Giuseppe Cavallere
Conductor	Emil Cooper

Criticisms, some of them deserved, have been leveled against the Chicago Civic Opera's local repertoire for its omission of this of that masterpiece or its excessive addiction to mediocre French opera. Last night, however, the visitors may be allowed to have atoned in large measure for whatever sins may be charged to them by giving Bostonians one of the remarkably few opportunities they have had of hearing Beethoven's only opera. A century and a quarter have elapsed since "Fidelio" was completed (in the first of its three forms). It received its first Boston performance in 1857 under Theodore Thomas, since when it has been produced here some nine or 10 times. The last two performances preceding the latest were in 1923 and 1897, respectively.

This extreme neglect (paralleled everywhere except in Germany) of the sole operatic venture of a composer whom many regard (or at any rate describe) as the greatest that has yet lived might be considered a priori as a somewhat surprising phenomenon. To those who heard last night's admirable performance it will seem inexplicable. Writers on music have been inclined to insist unduly that in "Fidelio" Beethoven was not at the highest level of his achievement, that he hardly appreciated the limitations of the human voice, that he did not realize as did later composers its peculiarly sensuous charm.

But the fact remains that a good performance of "Fidelio" is a delightful experience, as the obvious pleasure of last night's audience amply proved. Its book, rendered compact by the two successive revisions it received after the

unsuccessful first performance, is both livelier and more movingly convincing than a recital of its plot or the theme of wifely devotion would lead one to expect. Its music has something of the Mozartian sparkle, a humor all its own (as in the opening duet of Marzellina and Jaquino), a serene, almost ethereal beauty in the ingenious and exquisite canon for four voices "Mir ist so wunderbar," worthy, like much else in the score, of the greater Beethoven, but somehow presenting an unfamiliar but valuable side of his musical character. The richness and beauty of the orchestration are also notable.

Yet such is the difficulty of the vocal parts that its performance by inferior singers is a thing to be dreaded. Last night's singers were fully equal to their work. All were endowed with voices that did not balk at the uncomfortably high tessitura. Mme. Leider bore herself well in male disguise and sang with ringing beauty of tone, fine phrasing and technique and with expressive power from which the slight "edge" which her voice displays in the heights did not detract. Mr. Maisson's "Florestan" had dramatic fervor and sincerity. Miss Kersting (who is new to Boston) made a charming "Marzellina," singing gracefully with a small voice of great purity and beauty. Mr. Baromeo

was excellent as Rocco, the sympathetic jailer. He sang finely. The extraordinarily villainous Pizarro of Mr. Ludikar. Mr. Cavandore's Jaquino, and Mr. Cotreuil's Fernando were alike worthy of praise—Mr. Sooper drew some admirable playing from the orchestra, winning a particularly warm and prolonged ovation after his performance of the Le Leonora No. 3 overture, which was placed between the two final scenes. S. S.

## Symphony Concert

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the Boston Symphony orchestra's 15th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, comprised Debussy's "Blessed Damsel" and "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," both sung in French. The Radcliffe Choral Society, trained by G. Wallace Woodworth, was the chorus for the "Blessed Damsel"; the Cecilia Society, Arthur Fiedler, conductor, sang in the "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian." Mme. Ritter-Clampi was entrusted with the solo soprano music in both works. The music of the Recorder in the "Blessed Damsel" was sung by Jean Macdonald.

Here we had music by the Debussy of 1887 and the Debussy of 1911. As the works were performed yesterday the younger Debussy was preferred by the great majority of the audience. The reason for this is not far to seek. First of all there was the familiar poem, and although it is the fashion in some quarters to underrate Rossetti, "the Blessed Damsel" is still a poem of exquisite beauty. The music is as exquisite as the verses. The charge of preciosity cannot justly be brought against either. Again, there is a continuous emotional, appealing story. The music, furthermore, has apparent simplicity. It is at once appreciated, enjoyed, gratefully remembered. Nor are the choral measures beyond the ability of a well-trained chorus of women. Last of all, the choral measures were sung with delightful purity of tone; with an expressiveness that was not forced nor incompatible with the sentiment of the poem; and Miss Macdonald, as the reciter, delivered her lines with refreshing clearness and significance of diction, not forcing her fine voice, though her position on the stage might have tempted her to do it. It might be pertinently asked why she was not seated by the solo soprano.

The chorus in the "Martyrdom of Saint-Sebastian" had a more difficult task. That it was so well accomplished reflects credit on Mr. Fiedler, who was recently appointed the conductor of the Cecilia. It might be said of the two choruses, with regard to the women's voices, par nobis sororum. Nor did the men of the Cecilia fall behind their sisters in art, when the great technical difficulties in the Mystery are considered. It is needless to say that Dr. Koussevitzky had rehearsed the orchestra with sympathetic care; that the orchestral performance was after all, the one that was most enjoyed.

Admirers of the work, who speak of it as Debussy's crowning achievement, insist that it should not be performed on the stage of a theatre. What is the result when it is heard in a concert hall? The work then appears to be a series of episodes, loosely strung together. Unless the hearer has thoroughly acquainted himself with d'Annunzio's drama for which the music was composed, he wonders what is happening; what Sebastian is doing or suffering; what is going on in the "Magic Chamber"; why in a Mystery with a Chris-



Business could not make dull, nor passion wild.  
Who saw life steadily and saw it whole.

To Mr. Bradford, as to many others, Madame de Maintenon is an enigma. He is sceptical about her constant murmur for repose, escape from royal responsibilities, tranquillity. If she had been out of the world and its hollow-ness, "she would have perished with longing to be back, and she enjoyed it enormously: what woman would not? or what man either?" Perhaps "Madame de Maintenon" is the most elaborately critical, the most searchingly analytical chapter in the book. She loved her children; she said, she had no passions: "I love no one to the point of being willing to do anything that God would not approve," yet scandal did not spare her when she was Scarron's wife. Was her feeling towards Louis quasi-maternal? Was her affection based on pecuniary need? "No man, not even a king could fall in love with her now. Yet a king did once, and she had the world at her feet, and found it vanity, which perhaps is just the reason why she gets our respect and not our love."

As for Madame Guyon there was nothing but God. The mystic's rapture and ecstasy, as she conveys it to us, would seem to be "the most enduring, as well as the most fleeting of all the joys that exist. You may elucidate it, you may dissect it, you may mock at it. You can explain it, but you cannot explain it away. And for those who are privileged to feel it, it is apparently the supreme possession of the world."

Julie de Lespinasse, on the other hand, was a grande amoureuse. "She knew the wildest torment of self-forgetful passion and ennobled it by the completeness of self-surrender, and she analyzed its subtlest tortures with an astonishing and revealing clarity." Yearning for love, she did not get it in the normal relations of life. Without beauty, without fortune, not especially brilliant or witty in conversation, she was a leader in the Parisian world, having extraordinary charm. The gravest, the most dignified persons found her sympathetic and diverting. Interested in politics, literature, art, she cared little for nature. As for her lack of interest in religion, she lived with 18th century philosophers and shared their indifference. But under all normal human interests, "there went on a hideous, magnificent, tragic tumult of volcanic amorous passion"; the passion of a grown woman in her thirties, not that of a girl. Mr. Bradford discusses at some length the marvelous letters, characterizing, "At all the moments of my very life: My Love, I suffer, I love you. I am waiting for you," as "the briefest and perhaps the completest love-letter in the world." One might put by it the verse of Sappho: "The moon has set, and the Pleiades; it is midnight, the time is going by, and I sleep alone."

Byron summed up the world's opinion of Catherine the Great in one famous line. Mr. Bradford is not so brutal; he finds her in many respects thoroughly lovable, "one of the most energetic, creative, dynamic feminine personalities that ever existed . . . and one may venture to say that she was good, though she was an Empress and she had her little eccentricities." He describes these "eccentricities" from Solovkov to Zubov, blowing away the great cloud of scandal, and turning to what is more solidly and permanently important. In this chapter, as in the other chapters, Mr. Bradford is never garrulously anecdotal. When he quotes it is to emphasize his own opinion, not to show erudition, not for padding. The sources of information are relegated to the end of the book.

Nor does he dwell in a conventional manner on George Sand's quest for love. She tried all the radicalism, the rebellion, the emancipation "that are supposed to mark the college girl of today . . . with a thorough fervor and completeness that no college girl of today could possibly surpass." If there is a long list of "experimental lovers," there is Mr. Bradford's study of her essential idealism shown in her novels, her memoirs, her correspond-

ence with Flaubert, "one of the great spiritual exchanges of the world, perhaps the most remarkable."

Having known, as she said, many kinds of love, "my dominant passion has been maternity." Does Mr. Bradford do full justice to her literary style? He speaks of its having the divine, natural ease, the instinctive grace of movement in improvisation, with the defects, it being "often slovenly, heedless, incomplete." Yet Thackeray, a master of style, described George Sand's as noble. "She leaves you at the end of one of her brief, rich, melancholy sentences, with plenty of food for future cogitation. I can't express to you the charm of them; they seem to me like the sound of country bells—provoking I don't know what vein of musing and meditation and falling sweetly and sadly on the ear."

# The Theatre

1930

By PHILIP HALE

1930

And so Mr. Clive will revive "The Ghost Train." The question comes up, will people who have been thrilled once by a mystery or detective play be thrilled a second time; but this question is answered more or less satisfactorily when it is stated that during the first run of "The Ghost Train" at the Copley many saw it more than once.

A revival is a severe test of a "thriller." There was a revival of "The Ghost Train" at the Comedy Theatre in London in Christmastide of last year. The play stood the test according to the critics who went to it as Doubting Thomases. See with what enthusiasm the Times began its review:

"What is wrong at this out of the way Cornish station? Why does the door of the waiting room in which a party of marooned passengers must spend the night, swing open so mysteriously? How come the stationmaster to die suddenly outside that door? Where, now, is the body that was carefully deposited in the ticket office? Can a dead man wave a red light? If not, who is waving it? Is it possible, as superstitious folk have believed ever since a bad accident here some years ago, that a phantom train dashes through the station at dead of night? The arrival of a distraught maiden adds to the general anxiety. She tells the company that the train is sure to run this very night. What is that knocking?"

Mr. Darlington of the Daily Telegraph went a second time after a long interval. When he first saw the play the author had him pretty well at his mercy. "He can make our flesh creep with all kinds of imagined horrors. A door slowly opening sends a chill down our spines, a light glimmering through a crack in the floor stirs the skin on our scalp; a sudden loud noise without causes our hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine." At the second visit to the theatre "W. A. D." said that Arnold Ridley, the dramatist, had played fair. "If you have seen this play before, you need not let that deter you from going again, and if you have never yet seen it now is your chance."

We should advise Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson to read, for putting them in the appropriate mood for enjoying incidents in the play that cause the flesh to creep, either one of two stories of mysterious spectral trains: one is a story in Dickens's "Mugby Junction"; the other is "Le Train 081" in Marcel Schwob's "Coeur Double."

If one is curious about what happens behind the scenes when the ghost train rushes by, there is a description in that excellent little book "Runnin' the Show" by Richard Whorf and Roger Wheeler of the Copley Theatre. The book was published recently in Boston by Walter H. Baker Company. It seems that five men were called on to produce the train effect. "At the opening of the first act a train coming from a distance pulls into the little railroad junction, stops to let off passengers and baggage, and then starts off again with a roar and then dies off again in the distance. To obtain this effect a trap-drummer started beating very softly on a piece of galvanized iron with holes cut in it. The stage manager blew on a wooden whistle softly like a distant train whistle. Gradually the drummer increased the beating on the galvanized iron—louder—louder. After a few moments another man began to slowly turn a truck mounted on heavy castors that revolved on a platform of corrugated iron. Another man started beating a heavy bass drum. As the noise of the approaching train became louder, another truck on castors was revolved—this made the effect of the train wheels passing over the rails. The stage manager blew several loud shrieks on a siren whistle attached to a tank of compressed air. When the noise reached full volume the stage manager gave a signal and all the effects were brought to a quick stop. The train was supposed to have arrived. Only the drummer continued his effect while the train was stopping. Instead of beating he brushed his wirebeater across his galvanized iron drum giving forth a sound something like escaping steam. On the cue for the train to start all the effects were started at the same time and then gradually toned down and stopped as the train died off in the distance."

Now if Mr. Ferguson should read his description and look at the accompanying illustrations, ten to one, seated in the playhouse, he would be thrilled, forgetting what he had read; or if he remembered all the details, he could turn to a wondering neighbor and say with a smile of "you don't fool me" and in superior tones: "It's all a trick; I can tell you how it is done."

Any one that is not willing to be deceived by mechanical tricks on the stage is to be pitied, as is any one not willing to take ghosts seriously. Ghosts are to be welcomed, whether it be Hamlet's father, the apparition in "The Corsican Brothers," Brutus's evil genius, or any other stage ghost. We are sorry for any one that, having seen "Dracula," goes jauntily to bed that night though his room is a lonely one on the top floor; though stars creak, and the wind howls. Does any one say that vampires are ridiculous? Let him read Montague Summers's second volume on this interesting and important subject, the volume recently appearing with the title, "The Vampire in Europe." (The two are published by E. P. Dutton & Co.) Let no one laugh at talk about vampires. Too many men and women have seen them through the ages; too many have suffered from their horrid thirst and appetite.

Think of the literature on the subject from the earliest times. Has any one of our readers a treasured copy of the romance, "Varney the Vampire, or the Feast of Blood," by Thomas Preskett Prest? Has any library in Boston a complete set of his works? Note the titles of some of them:

- The Skeleton Clutch, or the Goblet of Gore.
- Sawney Bean, the Man-Eater of Midlothian.
- Angelina, or the Mystery of St. Mark's Abbey.
- Blanche, or the Mystery of the Doomed House.
- The Black Monk, or the Secret of the Grey Turret.
- The Death Grasp, or the Father's Curse.
- The Maniac Father, or the Victim.
- The Blighted Heart, or the Old Priory Ruins.
- The Miller and his Men, or the Secret Robbers of Bavaria.
- And that masterpiece:
- Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street.
- But we must leave for a time the gallery of horrors.

A correspondent writes: "When was Mr. George Cohan first known as George Co-han with a heavy accent on the second syllable of his surname?" Probably about the time that Geraldine Farrar's admirers threw a genteel

can Saint, the chorus should now nura-  
rah for Apollo, now mourn the beauti-  
ful Adonis. Is the death of the latter  
symbolical of Sebastian's tortured pass-  
ing? And who, pray, the hearer might  
ask, is the Virgin Erigone and what has  
she to do with it all? Nor is the hearer  
unable to read any printed synopsis of  
the drama on account of the dimly  
lighted hall, a Phillistine, because he  
rubs his eyes, wonders, and questions.

He is unable, under those conditions,  
to find dramatic, pictorial, or strikingly

impressive music in these choral epi-  
sodes thrown together as if at ran-  
dom. Here and there are passages of  
genuine beauty, especially for the  
female voices; but these passages  
are to him merely agreeable sounds;  
he is unable, hearing them, "to  
dilate with the proper emotion." Having read of the "majestic," also  
"exultant" final chorus when Se-  
bastian takes the seat of St. John and  
drinks out of his cup, with the com-  
bined chorus of Martyrs, Virgins, Apos-  
tles, Angels,—the whole company of the  
heavenly host praising the Lord Omnip-  
otent, he is grievously disappointed and  
is not to be blamed if he remembers  
choruses by Handel. Nor, again, does

he find emotion of any sort in the music  
written for the solo soprano voice.

Mme. Ritter-Ciampi sang in Boston  
for the first time. Her voice is light  
and flexible, pleasing in the lower regis-  
ter. In many measures where the tones  
should have been well sustained, they  
lacked body and were not firmly held.

The concert will be repeated tonight.  
The program for next week is as fol-  
lows: Haydn, Symphony D major, "The  
Horn Call" (B. & H. No. 31, first time  
at those concerts). Lazar, Concerto  
Grosso No. 1 for orchestra (first per-  
formance). De Falla, "Nights in the  
Gardens of Spain" (Mr. Sanroma, pian-  
ist). Gruenberg, Jazz Suite, op. 28.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE, by Gamaliel  
Bradford; Houghton Mifflin Company,  
304 pp., \$3.50.

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Bradford dedicates this book to  
Lytton Strachey, "who makes biography  
not only a curious science, but an  
exquisite art." This might be said of  
Mr. Bradford.

The daughters about whom he is  
curious, whom he describes, having  
conferred with those who knew them  
and with those born too late for inti-  
mate acquaintance, are Anne de Len-  
clos, better known as Ninon (Eve in  
the Apple Orchard); Mme. de Mainte-  
non (Eve as Dove and Serpent); Mme.  
Guyon (Eve and Almighty God); Cath-  
erine the Great (Eve Enthroned);  
George Sand (Eve and the Pen); and  
Sarah Bernhardt (Eve in the Spot-  
light). Truly a group of noble dames,  
but women all, to whom love was a  
ruling passion, even for Mme. Guyon,  
who might have said with Valerie Mar-  
neffe dying, "Il faut que je fasse le bon  
Dieu," a sentence that Miss Wormeley  
translating Balzac for a Boston house,  
was obliged to soften. Yes, Mme.  
Guyon, for Mr. Bradford, quotes Amiel's  
cry: "There is but one thing needful:  
to possess God," and knows that mys-  
tics, especially women saints in their  
language employ "terms and phrases  
that seem immediately borrowed from  
the expression of impassioned sexual  
love." (He might also have referred  
to the mystical religious poets of the  
middle ages.)

Mr. Bradford is only one of Ninon's  
many lovers. Even the prying and ma-  
licious Tallemant des Reaux spared her  
in his gossip though he catalogued her  
favorites among men. He admitted  
that she had more charm and wit than  
beauty, but she was a mistress of the  
lute and danced admirably, especially  
the saraband. Mr. Bradford here drops  
the scales in which he weighs faults  
and virtues and writes emotionally of  
Ninon, as Montaigne her literary coun-  
sellor wrote of Socrates. Beginning by  
saying that Ninon three hundred years  
ago was "just such a girl as New  
York breeds today by dozens, fear-  
ing neither God nor man . . . perfectly  
reckless of the tattered  
conventions of a worn-out mor-  
ality," determined . . . "to suck from  
life every drop of rich and varied  
sweetness that it can possibly be made  
to yield," he finds that at the end one  
can trace in this fearless, independent,  
wayward woman "something of the  
splendid spiritual poise that Matthew  
Arnold celebrated in the greatest of  
the Attic dramatists:

"Whose even-balanced soul,  
From first youth tested even to extreme  
old age.



phists on the second syllable of "Farrar," but without changing the end vowel.

Editor of The Herald:

Referring to the item in your dramatic section last Sunday as to Edwin Forrest's first appearance in Boston, may I state that I had the honored privilege of acting with him on the occasion of his last appearance there, and it was, sadly enough, his last appearance on the stage. The place, the Globe Theatre; the date, April 2, 1872; the play, "Richelleu," and my character, Francois—which I had acted with Edwin Booth at his New York theatre the previous season. Although Mr. Forrest gave readings the following winter—and his last in Boston, in December, 1872—he never appeared again on the dramatic stage after that night in April, 1872. He died Dec. 12, 1872. And may I intrude further upon your space and patience. The following item also caught my eye, and brought to mind the fact that "Die Fledermaus" was produced at the Boston Museum, Monday, March 29, 1880, and ran for two weeks:

Fanny Todd Mitchell is making a French version of Johann Strauss's "Bat" to be brought out at Paris this spring, where it will be known as "La Trizane." She is using for her version the French farce, "Le Reveillon" by Melhac and Halevy, on which the original German libretto is based. This farce was produced at the Palais Royal in Paris in 1872. There was a revival in 1907."

I will append the salient points of the Museum program:

An Entire Novelty. A grand choral by Darr. A charming Comic Opera, "Robinsonade."

Monday, March 29, 1880, and every evening at 7:30-4 (the curtain rising promptly at that hour) until Further Notice.

A Musical Eccentricity, by A. Darr, for Solo Male Voices, Grand Chorus and Orchestra adapted expressly for the Boston Museum, by Mr. Nat Childs, entitled "Robinsonade."

Characters: Mnemosyne (as chorus), Miss Mary Shaw; Robinson Crusoe, Mr. J. S. Haworth; Friday, Mr. Geo. W. Wilson; Thursday (Friday's father), Mr. L. J. Loring; sailors and cannibals, by full chorus. Entirely new and beautiful scenery, by Messrs. Thos. B. Gleesing and Wm. Gill. Mechanical Effects by Mr. Matt Graham. Wm. Gill.

After which, Strauss' comic opera, in 3 acts, of "Die Fledermaus," the libretto suggested by Melhac and Halevy's "Le Reveillon," and adapted, expressly for the Boston Museum, by Mr. Nat Childs and Dr. F. A. Harris, the production by Mr. John J. Graham, under the title of "The Lark." Characters: J. B. Mason, Geo. W. Wilson, J. H. Jones, A. Bell, L. J. Loring, Geo. A. Schiller, C. B. Maffitt, Miss Rose Temple, Miss Alice Carle, Miss Catherine Hapgood. Under the stage management of William Seymour.

This was only fifty years ago, and Geo. Wilson, George Schiller and I are still alive. I am grateful for your tribute to my esteemed father-in-law Edward L. Davenport—he was in good company—Charlotte Cushman, Edwin Forrest, E. L. Davenport! I knew, and acted, with them all. God be praised.

WM. SEYMOUR.

South Duxbury.

What is the matter with variety? Many are asking that question, which is prompted by the sale of variety theatres and the tendency to turn them into picture palaces. Isn't the answer to be found in the antiquity of most of the "turns" that make up so many variety programs? The comic turns especially. Music hall comedians used to feel that if they had got a really good set of songs and "patter," they could go on repeating it until the end of their lives. Or if they got new stuff, it was as much as possible like the old. That was tolerated in the past. It won't go down today. Variety falls, in fact, because it isn't varied enough.—London Daily Chronicle.

## THE PAST SHOW

The fortnight of the Chicago Civic Opera Company gave pleasure to many. It is said that the subscription and box receipts exceed those of the former years in which this company visited Boston. Naturally some performances were of a higher average in excellence than others.

This company is much less successful in the production of German opera than when the operas are of French and Italian origin. The music dramas of Wagner require a corps of singers well-trained not only in Wagnerian traditions but also in the art of singing, for Wagner's music can be and should be sung. The lack of a thoroughly competent tenor in these music dramas was all too evident.

The company is sadly in need of a dramatic tenor for any opera. Mr. Marshall may satisfy Chicago's needs, but neither as actor nor as singer is he acceptable in Boston. It is said that the management believes him to be of the first rank. Far be it from a Bostonian to think of shaking Chicago's faith or attempting to dispel its illusions.

The place of the excellent Mr. Anseau has not been filled. Why in the world did the Chicago management let him go? Why was Mr. Baklanoff, admirable in any role he took, not compelled to stay? And so one might go through the list of those no longer with this company.

Fortunately for Boston, Mme. Muzio, Miss Garden, Miss Mason, Mr. Marcoux, and Mr. Bonelli were here, for lovers of song and dramatic action. Nor should the remarkable portrayal of Fricka by Mme. Olszewska be forgotten. The orchestra, when it was conducted by Mr. Polacco or Mr. Morandoni, was an unfailing joy.

There were respectable portrayals of the various characters; there were a few that stood out in bold relief, as in the performance of "Pelleas and Melisande," "Tosca," "Thais," and in certain parts of "Der Rosenkavalier." Mme. Muzio was at last given a fair opportunity to display her vocal and dramatic art. Miss Garden was as ever brainy and captivating. Mr. Marcoux was a tower of strength.

It is a pity that Boston must take its opera as a small town takes its annual music festival. Is it really worth while for the noble dames of this city to bedeck themselves in gorgeous array for only a fortnight and to serve as copy for indefatigable, hard-working society reporters? How great was the anguish of fair women when, having asked that they should appear in print as "among those present," they found their names omitted in the next morning's journals "from lack of space."

We asked last Sunday if any one could tell us the title of the old music-hall song that contained the verse:

"Maud, Maud, Maud.

The girl who has studied abroad;

She plays the piano

And warbles soprano,

Her parents stand by and applaud."

Mr. Arthur W. Watson writes that this song was in a musical comedy,

"The Toreador," which was played in London at the Gaiety Theatre 25 to 30 years ago. He adds that Edmund Payne was the leading light in the show; that the title of the song is "Maud." Mr. Watson quotes another verse:

"She sings when it's light and she sings half the night,

The neighbors are quite over-awed.

If the World's not to bust

Some philanthropist must

Kill Maud, Maud, Maud."

It was in 1901 that "The Toreador" was produced at the Gaiety, London. The lyrics were by Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank. The music by Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton. The book by James T. Tanner and Harry Nicholls. Payne died in 1914.

Efrem Zimbalist, violinist, will play in Symphony hall this afternoon. Like some other violinists from Russia, he showed extraordinary talent when still a small boy. He became first violinist in the principal orchestra of Rostov-on-the-Don, his birthplace, at the age of 9. His father was his first master, but the boy soon went to Leningrad to join the class of Leopold Auer. Zimbalist became famous throughout Europe before he first came to this country in 1911. It was on Oct. 27 of that year that he made his American debut with the Boston Symphony orchestra, when he gave the first American performance of Glazounov's concerto. It was in 1914 that he married the soprano, Alma Gluck. The Zimbalists have made their home in New York city. In recent seasons Zimbalist has toured Europe and the Orient. He owns a number of rare violins, but is proudest of his famous "Lamoureux" Stradivarius which he will play in his Boston recital.

Arthur Schnabel, who will be the pianist at the forthcoming Brahms Festival, played a concerto in A major of Mozart's with orchestra.

"It sounded as it must have done under those of Mozart himself—a thing having no other ambition than to please indolent ears. The gay themes of the first movement, in which elegance is united with vitality, showed the true candor, and the presto had a fairylike virtuosity. One heretic, corrupted by the storm and stress that mark the piano concerto in the hands of the later romantics—though Liszt is as guilty in this respect as any of his successors—remarked that it was a pity so great a pianist should play such an easy thing. As if to overcome the difficulties that lurk in every bar of a Mozart concerto were not a task that might make even a master-pianist falter!"

And so when Messrs. Iturbi and Orloff played music by Mozart in Boston some wondered why they should be willing to play this "easy" music, as if music by Mozart were not a severe test for pianist, singer or orchestra.

Some one asked recently, "what has become of the charming Maggie Teyte, whose Melisande must be ranked next to Miss Garden's?" Late in last January she took the part of Madame Butterfly in London. The Daily Telegraph (Herbert Hughes) wrote of her: "Too long has Miss Teyte been absent from the English stage. It was a rare pleasure to hear again that lovely, rich, pure voice which years ago first thrilled some of us in 'Pelleas

et Melisande.' Rich and lovely it is still, with a very personal timbre that is unaltered and apparently unalterable. Not every lyric soprano is suited to the part of Cho-Cho-San, and in her make-up Miss Teyte might contrive some tiny improvements. But by sheer sympathy she won the suffrages of the large audience, and triumphed completely, as she deserved to do."

There was a time when Balakirev's piano piece was thought to be extremely difficult so that few ventured to play it, but that was when technique did not run in the street. This piano piece was used last month at Paris in an orchestral transcription for a ballet, "an evocation of the splendors of oriental pageantry."

Mr. Fox-Strangways of the London Observer in an article about the singing of Handel's music says: "Handel wrote at least a thousands songs of a simple harmoniousness. They are so simple that every musician can 'hear' every note of them by merely looking at the printed page. They are therefore eminently singable. Yet there is no man or woman alive today who can sing them as they ought to be, and undoubtedly were once sung." Walter Ford has edited seven volumes of Handel's songs—18 in each volume. Mr. Fox-Strangways says that Mr. Ford in his accompanying essays has nothing to say about diction "and—much harder for some to forgive—nothing about larynx, glottis or diaphragm; but much about music and a singing tone. He believes that to sing Handel is to acquire these."

"No exercises are better than Handel's runs. . . . It was not only on account of their beauty that Handel's melodies laid their spell upon the world, but because, more than any others, they satisfied the singer's instincts and revealed what a noble thing the art of singing really is. . . . His mastery of form, in which he stands alone with Bach, his inexhaustible gift of melody, in which he has no rival but Schubert, his knowledge of the singer's art, in which he has no rival at all, these are points which none can miss; but those misunderstand Handel who fail to discern the length, breadth and depth of his heart, the power of his imagination, and, when he means to be dramatic, the certainty of his touch." Mr. Fox-Strangways adds: "The whole weight of Handel's music is thrown on the voices—as solo, chorus, or occasionally a quartet; and his instrumentation similarly is either obligatory, or complementary, or very rarely (as in For he shall feed his flock) the string quartet, with the unobtrusively useful harpsichord for ordinary purposes. The voice then commanded the instrument; it now obeys it. That is why we shall never hear Handelian song again in its glory. If singers will no longer give time to their art, if teachers have lost the tradition, or the power of work, if composers now write for the pianoforte with voice obbligato and call it a song, these are the effects of that cause. But song remains, like speech, a human thing (philosophers cannot make up their minds which of the two came first); and those who believe with Mr. Ford that the art of singing is a noble thing will still sing Handel's songs to themselves, even if they have to hide in a garret or a cellar to do it."

"The critical acumen, and the vivid characterization shown in this chapter and in those preceding it are again disclosed in the chapter on Sarah Bernhardt, whom he discusses not as an abstract artist, but as a human being, 'for her art was essentially an art of instinct and sympathy.' Her real existence was on the stage. It is doubtful whether in her innumerable love affairs she ever really gave herself or lost herself. There was curiosity, the sense of adventure, the desire to probe, to explore other thoughts, heart-

souls. All her whims, eccentricities and some bearing on her human interest. Legends naturally arose. In all her frolic Sarah took herself seriously. 'The universe is Bernhardt, and Bernhardt is the universe; there is absolutely nothing else.' Was she for her day 'the greatest actress in the world'? There was Eleanor Duse. Bernhardt's motto was 'Quand neme.' 'So with the whole company of Daughters of Eve you feel that they all had a touch of Quand neme, they were all adventurers, all free, joyous, careless experimenters with life."



## 'LE JONGLEUR DE NOTRE DAME'

### BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Chicago Opera Company in "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," opera in four acts by Jules Massenet. The cast:

Jean ..... Mary Garden  
 Bouffant ..... Cesare Formichi  
 The Monk ..... Edouard Coteau  
 The Monk Poet ..... Theodore Riteh  
 The Monk Painter ..... Eugenio Sandini  
 The Monk Sculptor ..... Antonio Nicolich  
 The Monk Musician ..... Desire Defrere  
 Conductor ..... Giorgio Polacco

Those who cynically resign themselves to the idea that all opera libretti are rather silly and most of them the height of absurdity, can not have taken account of "Le Jongleur." A more touchingly naive bit of tapestry was never woven out of words and legend. The absurdity in this opera is the custom, sanctioned by the personal success of Mary Garden in the role, of having a woman sing the part originally written for a man. The original assumption was that somewhere, somehow, a woman must appear on the stage, or the production—any production—would fail. "Wings Over Europe" and "Journey's End" have since proved otherwise, but "Le Jongleur" will doubtless still be played by a woman for years to come.

There are reasons why Mary Garden's interpretation of the role is good—she invests it with gentleness and whimsy, and she sings with velvety roundness of tone—lovely to hear, if not specially appropriate. But in this role more than in any other her peculiar mannerisms are irritating, for they force the struggling imagination back again and again to the realization that "Le Jongleur" is feminine. He coquets, he leaps girlishly, he stops sawing on his little viol in order to brandish aloft the bow with high note, while the accommodating violinists in the orchestra, unheeding, continued the forgotten viol's accompaniment. She is best in the last act, parading pathetic entertainment before the grateful, gentle Virgin.

Mr. Polacco as usual brought out the beauties of the score with skill and authority—the moments of medieval song, the religious chants, the patches of French sentimentality that Massenet could not avoid.

Notably fine singing was done by Formichi and by Defrere. Coteau acted and sang with dignity. There was much applause for the singers and for Mr. Polacco.

The opera was followed by a number of dances, solo and ensemble, by the ballet. The ballet showed itself proficient in all the various schools of ballet... sur les points, and characteristic dancing. The ensemble is good, and there are many charming individual dancers. Ruth Pryor's "Flight of the Bumblebee," small and agitated, had charming individuality. The dance of the Puss in Boots and the lovely White Cat—Puss of the handsome whiskers,

and White Cat of furry, feline distinction, was very good indeed. Most beautiful was the last dance, in which unusual manipulation of silk costumes and changing lights, made an effect of thrilling loveliness against the deep black and silver curtains. E. B.

## CHILDREN'S CONCERT

As Mr. Schelling was in Chicago, conducting his "Morocco" and playing the piano at a concert of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Wallace Goodrich commented on the history and the use of the instruments composing "The Brass Choir," in a lucid and interesting manner. There were helpful pictures thrown on the screen; also some that were curious and amusing. The program announced was as follows: Liadov-Glazunov, Fanfares (for the jubilee of Rimsky-Korsakov in 1890). Beethoven Overture, "Leonore" No. 3. Tchaikovsky. Excerpt for horn from Symphony No. 5 (Mr. Valkenier). Poulenc, Sonata for horn, trumpet and trombone (Messrs. Valkenier, Mager and Rochut). Conus, Concerto for violin and orchestra (Oscar Shumsky, violinist). Song, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Skilton, Indian Dance. Only one movement of Poulenc's entertaining trifle was played. Was the sonata the one for the same brass instruments with piano performed in Paris in 1923? Master Shumsky has played here before.

The children showed a lively interest in Mr. Goodrich's talk; enjoyed the pictures and applauded the music by the soloists and the numbers conducted by Mr. Goodrich. The next and last of these concerts will be on March 1. The program will include music by Loeffler, Respighi, Ravel.

## 'IL TROVATORE'

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Il Trovatore," an opera by Salvatore Cammarano and Giuseppe Verdi, presented by the Chicago civic opera company, Mr. Moranzoni conducting, with the following cast:

Leonora ..... Mme. Muzio  
 Inez ..... Mme. d'Hermannov

Count of Luna ..... Mr. Cortis  
 Maurizio ..... Mme. Van Gordon  
 Azucena ..... Mr. Lazzari  
 Ferrando ..... Mr. Oliviero  
 Ruiz ..... Mr. Morelato  
 An old gypsy ..... Mr. Morelato

The Chicago opera company brought its eighth season in Boston, and probably its most successful, to a close last night with a brilliant performance of that sturdy old favorite, "Il Trovatore." The audience, as usual, filled the auditorium to the caves, and while at first its interest and enthusiasm was restrained (possibly the snow outside had a chilling effect), it gradually warmed until it received Mme. Muzio's singing of the D'Amor sull' all rose in the last act with truly wild applause and not a few cheers. Needless to say the familiar Miserere (with Mr. Cortis) met with a similar response.

Aside from the superb singing of the entire cast, perhaps the most striking feature of the performance was the stage settings and stage management. No doubt much credit for the smoothness and precision of the opera's progress was due to Mr. Moor, the stage director. The scenes themselves were unusually beautiful, that of the convent cloister in the second act being particularly lovely with the soft gray of the walls set against a rich blue background. The lighting was on all occasions most fortunate and contributed greatly in creating appropriate atmospheres. The costumes, including those of the chorus, were fresh and attractive. Certainly, at least on the material side, it was a noteworthy performance.

The characters in "Il Trovatore" are, of course, hardly more than vehicles for the melodious arias which Verdi lavished on this opera. Needless to say, Mme. Muzio and Messrs. Cortis, Ing-hilleri and Lazzari sang gorgeously. To Mme. Van Gordon went the one role which has much semblance of a human being, that of Azucena, the avenging gypsy. To it she brought more than a modicum of a histrionic fervor and the beauty of her deep contralto voice. It was her dramatic singing in the second act which aroused the audience from its lethargy and won her a personal triumph.

As Mr. Moranzoni took up the baton to begin the last act he received a mild ovation which he assuredly deserved. It was largely his sympathetic conducting that made an old opera shine with a new lustre.

## EFREM ZIMBALIST

In Symphony hall yesterday afternoon, Efrem Zimbalist, little heard of late in Boston, played the following program: Brahms, Sonata in D minor; Frederick Stock, Concerto in D minor; Joseph Achron, Suite Bizarre; Cottenet, Chanson Meditation; Joseph Suk, Burleska; Koscak Yamada, Kuruka, Kuruka (Japanese Lullaby); Szymanowski, Tarantella.

To be a virtuoso violinist it is also, necessary to have been an infant prodigy. Too many of those who have won precocious laurels remain infant prodigies to the end of their days, repeating forever the programs of their childhood. Mr. Zimbalist's unconventional program showed clearly enough that he was not content to stand still, however one might doubt the intrinsic value of some of the music he had chosen for performance.

Mr. Zimbalist brought to his task a technical equipment admirably agile, clean and sure. He produces tone that has a certain breadth even when it is most clear and light, that can achieve expressive warmth but never wallows in it. In the first movement of Brahms's D minor sonata he seemed none too well imbued with the spirit of the music, none too sure of its style. The result was a performance from which the spark of life was absent. Nor was his style quite impeccable in the adagio, though here the flexible beauty and the warmth of his tone gave pleasure. To the third movement, however, he gave exquisite grace and delicacy, to the last a strong, spirited rhythm that compensated for earlier shortcomings.

Mr. Stock, the excellent conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, in the concerto to which Mr. Zimbalist gave yesterday its first Boston performance, put together a piece of music reflecting the skilled musicianship of its composer and his knowledge of the capabilities of the instrument for which he was writing. The concerto showed no recognizable individuality, however, unless it were that of a very minor Glazunov trying to disguise his essential romanticism under a feverish profusion of recondite modulations. A brilliantly showy final movement, very mixed in style, venturing occasionally into dalliance with the defunct whole-tone scale, gave ample opportunity for the display of the performer's technical powers. As a whole the work was much too long for the intrinsic interest of either material or treatment. Mr. Zimbalist tackled its difficulties successfully.

Achron's Suite Bizarre, a set of short pieces labelled Etincelles, Quasi valse, Grace, Grimaces, Galanterie, Pastorale, Moment dramatique, Marche grotesque, proved no more and no less bizarre than most of this composer's work, which is to say that it leaves, for all its undoubted ingenuity, a sense of dissatisfaction, a sour taste in the mouth, and an effect

of excruciating monotony. It need hardly be said, however, that Mr. Zimbalist played them with neatly pointed precision. In his brilliantly played final group he was forced to repeat Suk's lively Burleska. Yamada's Japanese lullaby had remarkable charm and the ring of authenticity.

Enthusiastic applause rewarded Mr. Zimbalist for the pleasure he had given an audience that half-filled the hall. He was compelled to play several encores. S. S.

## NEW B. F. KEITH'S

### "Son of the Gods"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Bradley King from the story by Rex Beach; directed by Frank Lloyd and presented by First National with the following cast:

Sam Lee ..... Richard Barthelmess  
 Allama Wagner ..... Constance Bennett  
 Alice Hart ..... Dorothy Matthews  
 Mabel ..... Barbara Leonard  
 Spud ..... Jimmy Egan  
 Kicker ..... Frank Abernethy  
 Eileen ..... Mildred Van Dorn  
 Elleen ..... King Hoo Chang  
 Connie ..... Geneva Mitchell  
 Lee Ying ..... E. Alan Warren  
 Cafe Manager ..... Ivan Christie  
 Wagner ..... Auden Rindolf  
 Attorney ..... George Irving  
 Bathurst ..... Claude King  
 Roy ..... Dickie Moore  
 Duran ..... Robert Homans

An erotic, arrogant, selfish girl, daughter of a man who made his fortune by manufacturing highly scented soap from scraps from the stockyards, may love and marry a youth who cannot name his own father or mother; but if he has a drop of Chinese blood concealed in his anatomy the racial barrier is up, and may not be vaulted, climbed through or under. Such is the illogical conclusion of "Son of the Gods," Richard Barthelmess's fourth talking picture. It is an unfortunate departure from the three which have gone before, "Weary River," "Drag" and "Young Nowheres," in that it takes our popular screen star out of the land of human, plausible and believable endeavor. Not that this will matter to his hordes of admirers. Saturday afternoon this reviewer had his choice of a seat in the third row front or of standing in the fourteenth row of the lobby waiters. From the third row front nothing escapes one; emotions are magnified, speech is thunderous.

California censorship obviously had a hand in the shaping of "Son of the Gods." It would not permit miscegenation to become an actuality even in screen fiction. So Mr. Lloyd and Mrs. King were forced to find a happy ending for the twisted love affair of Sam Lee, who believed himself the son of Lee Ying, wealthy, wise and truly paternal, and of Allama Wagner, who had known previous infatuations, had seen life on two continents. There is hint of this enforced conclusion when Eileen, who also loved Sam, gave him "a Catholic scapula to wear on a Chinese breast." It is her uncle, a retired San Francisco "cop," who reveals to Sam after Lee Ying's death the fact that he was a foundling, given a haven of affection in a Chinese home. The one dramatic scene of the whole picture arrives abruptly when Allama, enraged at learning that she has thrown herself at "a dirty Chinaman," publicly flogs him in a Monte Carlo dining place. That is the humiliation which sends the disillusioned Sam back to his own people, with hate of all Caucasians in his heart. Consistency should have stopped the story there; but studio stubbornness insisted on a routine finish, with Allama begging and receiving absolution from the stoical Sam.

Mr. Barthelmess blends dignity and stolidity in his acting, whether his raiment be oriental or American. Miss Bennett, despite an over-written role, gives an illuminative characterization as Allama; and Mr. Warren, Mr. King and Mr. Randolph are particularly effective as Yee Ling, Bathurst, the English playwright, and the soap magnate. Pictorially, "Son of the Gods" has much to commend it. W. E. G.

## KEITH-ALBEE

### "Frozen Justice"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Sonya Levien from the story by Einar Mikkelsen, with dialogue by Owen Davis; directed by Alan Dwan and presented by William Fox with the following cast:

Talu ..... Lenore Ulric  
 Lank ..... Robert Frazer  
 Duke ..... Louis Wolheim  
 Captain Jones ..... Ulrich Haupt  
 Little Casino ..... Tom Patricia  
 Danger ..... Gertrude Astor  
 Swede ..... El Brendel

One of the world's most futile occupations is the attempt to give advice, especially to those who are in charge of what they think the public wants, in other words, moving picture producers. Sometimes they need it so badly, however, that it is impossible to refrain. "Frozen Justice," now to be seen at the Keith-Albee Theatre, is a notable example of what can be done to ruin a perfectly good cast headed by a star, interesting above the average. Lenore Ulric, snatched from the fostering hands of David Belasco and turned loose in a welter of melodrama and fake scenery, manages by a miracle to be effective and interesting, but she is wasted on such stereotyped material. Truth to tell, the most interesting portions of the film are those devoted to building

up atmosphere in the ramshackle, tawdry town that was Nome, Alaska, in the 1890's. These scenes in and out of the tawdry dance halls and eating houses, filled with nondescript riff-raff from all over the world, have an authentic tang that is woefully lacking in the story itself.

The story begins in the far north in a small Eskimo town on the seacoast. The chief of the Eskimos, Lanak, has a beautiful half-caste wife, Talu, who is dissatisfied with her surroundings and longs for the life of a white woman. A ship comes in under the command of a dishonest white trader, Jones, and his villainous-looking mate, Duke. Jones's purpose is to trade cheap commodities for valuable furs, but he is not averse to a little dalliance, and when he sees Talu his one idea is to get possession of her. Tempted on board the ship by the promise of a dress, Talu is made drunk by Jones, but as he kisses her a great mass of ice crushes the boat and she is barely saved by Lanak. Beaten by him on their reaching home, Talu rushes off to Jones and begs him to take her away with him.

Months later in Nome Talu is disillusioned and unhappy, for she finds that white people look down on her for her mixed blood. Unable to endure it she begs Duke to take her back to her husband, but Jones discovers the plan, kills Duke and heads south with the protesting Talu, closely followed by the ultra-forgiving Lanak. Talu and Jones fall into a crevasse, Jones is crushed to death and Talu dies in her husband's arms. Aside from the noble efforts of Miss Ulric, there are good performances

by Ulrich Haupt as Jones and by Louis Wolheim as Duke. Robert Frazer was not at his best as the Eskimo husband. E. L. H.

## PARK

An all-talking comedy drama adapted by A. A. Kline from the novel by Jay Gelzer; directed by Edward H. Griffith and presented by Pathe with the following cast:

Connie Hayden ..... Constance Bennett  
 Jeff McLean ..... Regis Toomey  
 Noel X. X. X. ..... Robert Ames  
 Beverly Hayden ..... Mahlon Hamilton  
 Margery Mears ..... Ika Chase  
 Capt. Danforth ..... John Lodge  
 Sally Vandewater ..... Polly Ann Young

Constance Bennett, after an absence of several years, returns to the screen in "Rich People," now showing at the Park Theatre. The film was designed to be a triumphal affair for her, and there is no question that it gives a very charming, natural and decorative performance. There is a hitch, however, in the person of her leading man, for he picks up the picture and walks off with it quite in the manner of William Powell. Regis Toomey is the culprit, he who died so cheerfully and so effectively in "Alibi." From first to last he carries the interest and sympathy of the spectator with his lovable awkwardness, honest seriousness and ingratiating smile. Briefly, here is a new star in the making, already made, in fact, if his performance in this film gets anything like the attention it deserves. His part is not too easy, either, for a poor but noble youth in love with a rich girl is apt to be unbearably priggish, but he plays it to perfection, with a naturalness that is positively startling.

Connie Hayden, wealthy and attractive, meets Jeff McLean, an insurance agent, who rescues her from a nasty situation when her car breaks down at night. At first she finds him only amusing, but the more she knows him the more interested she becomes. Finally they fall in love, though Jeff protests that it is idiotic on account of her wealth and position. Connie is engaged to marry a nice boy in her own crowd whom she likes but does not love, and when Jeff discovers it, he thinks she has been playing with him. In the end she leaves her fiancé and, in her wedding dress, goes to find Jeff. Not a very original tale, but so well acted by everyone, including Robert Ames as the jilted suitor, that it provides an extremely pleasant entertainment.

On the same bill is "The Racketeer," an exciting and effectively written melodrama with Robert Armstrong in the title role. An all-powerful gangster befriends a woman who has left her husband for love of a gifted but erratic violinist. He has the musician brought back to health and falls in love with the woman. She is grateful and finally agrees to marry him, while loving the other man. There is an unexpected and dramatic solution. Mr. Armstrong gives an excellent performance in the title role, and Carol Lombard is strikingly good as the heroine. Paul Hurst is capital as a hard-boiled cop, and Roland Drew makes a plausible musician. E. L. H.

## SCOLLAY SQUARE

### "In the Next Room"

An all-talking mystery drama adapted from the play of the same name by Harriet Ford and Eleanor Robson Belmont; directed by Edward G. Cline and presented by First National with the following cast:

James Godfrey ..... Jack M. Hall  
 Lorna ..... Alice Day  
 Tim Morel ..... Robert Ames  
 Philip Vantine ..... John St. John  
 Parks, the butler ..... Claude Allen



As a play, back in 1923, "In the Next

Room" achieved an average success as a thriller. Its action was confined to one room in which all the characters gathered at one time or another. In the next room, with wide doors between, stood a boucle cabinet, just acquired by Philip Vantine, elderly collector of antiques. Several persons who entered that unseen chamber never returned. A scream or a groan, a thud, a corpse. These deaths, of mysterious cause, became matters of research by police, by young Godfrey, a reporter disliked by old Vantine. There was a suave visitor, M. Crossard, who called himself a diamond importer and seemed over anxious to gain private access to the cabinet. He had his reasons: to retrieve a fortune in precious stones which had been stolen in Europe and smuggled into America via the highly respectable cabinet. Our recollection is that when cornered, M. Crossard turned the knob which released a deadly trickle of poison and committed suicide. The poison had been put there to protect the loot.

The screen play which Harvey Gates and James Starr have written and which Mr. Cline has directed in unconvincing fashion, takes up a part of the original plot, introduces a minor complication. Parks, a cadaverous butler employed for many years by the former owner of the house and retained by Vantine, has gone into bootlegging as an avocation. Having sole knowledge of a secret stairway to the wine cellar, his only need was to keep that knowledge from inquisitive persons. Thus he appears as a secondary villain, if not the master-mind, until the weakly contrived climax is reached. Also, we have a beautiful French girl, fleeing from the Paris police, concealed in the cabinet by Crossard, who previously had reduced her to a cataleptic state for preservation, as it were. It is she who, in the end, explains the mystery of the cabinet. It is obvious why Snitzer, a rival jewel thief, met his death. He did not know of the poison spring; Crossard should have known, yet he dies in like manner. It is all very bewildering. The action is slow, the episodes too frequently are unrelated, left dangling. There are shrieks in darkened chambers and the traditional dumb detectives, Morel and Grady, to startle or to amuse the groundlings. The best acting is by Mr. Prival as the notorious diamond thief. He reminds one, in person and in technique, of Eric von Stroheim. The photography is none too clear; as for the recording, those in the rear rows must have found it difficult to know what it was all about. W. E. G.

#### UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

##### "Blaze o' Glory"

An all-talking screen drama, adapted by Renaud Hoffman from the story by Thomas Boyd, directed by Renaud Hoffman and George J. Cline and presented by Sono Art with the following cast:

Eddie Dowling	Edith Williams
Henry B. Walthall	Frankie Darro
William Davidson	Eddie Conrad
Frank Sabini	

Eddie Dowling, once a pretty good musical comedy balladist and lately a not-so-good screen sentimentalist, is appearing in person this week at the Uptown and the Olympia theatres. He is in street clothes, for he is spending most of his wakeful hours in taxicabs between the two houses. He sings several songs from his first talking motion picture, "The Rainbow Man," including the one about the flowers growing round the door, children playing on the floor, and relates a few amusing anecdotes. After him comes his second talking picture, "Blaze o' Glory," with Mr. Dowling as the singing hero. Candor compels the admission that Eddie of the flesh is more entertaining and more likable than Eddie of the film. To be sure he is handicapped by one of the most maudlin stories yet set to

of unnatural, quite impossible incidents. Suffice that Eddie sings at every opportunity, in his dressing room, in the canten, in the trenches, and always to orchestral accompaniment: that he coughs and coughs, so that many in the audience cough in sympathy. In the end, after the verdict which should have restored him to Helen and to his little "pal" Jean, the newsboy, Eddie collapses and dies. It is a depressing narrative and a cheerless climax.

Miss Compson's sole task is to sustain a worried look, a silly occupation for such a competent actress. Master Darro really should be removed from Mr. Dowling's melancholy influence. Twice this youngster has been compelled to sob his way through a picture. So bright a lad deserves a happier existence. W. E. G.

#### Symphony Concert

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, gave the fourth concert of the Monday night series last evening in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, Eine Kleine Naehmusik. Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks." Honegger, concerto for violoncello and orchestra. Dvorak, symphony No. 5, E minor, "From the New World."

The soloist was Maurice Marechal, for whom Honegger wrote the concerto played last night for the first time anywhere. Mr. Marechal, born at Dijon, was awarded a first prize for playing the violoncello at the Paris Conservatory in 1911. For some years he was the first cellist of several Parisian orchestras, but of late years he has led the life of a virtuoso.

Honegger composed this concerto in 1928-9. The performance was delayed until it could take place in Boston under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction, with Mr. Marechal, violoncellist. Honegger wrote a little note about the work; a short but sufficient argument to the effect that the three movements, enchainé without a pause, are in the traditional form. The first movement has two contrasting elements: one a suave melodic line; the other a rhythmic pattern. The former is a more sustained and emotional song than one is accustomed to associate with the composer's instrumental compositions; the latter has little distinction except for its unusual contents, which are for the display of technical proficiency, but the orchestral portion of this movement is interesting even when some combinations and effects excite surprise rather than whole-hearted admiration. Mr. Honegger says that the second movement is a song in imitation of a North American Indian chant. This is the first time he has looked kindly on this racial music. One of his earliest orchestral pieces with North American themes was performed here when he visited Boston. The present song is charming in its melancholy and it was simply presented. In the finale we preferred the second sentimental theme to the "gay and rhythmic" main body of the movement. Again there was singular instrumentation as when the wind instruments apparently mocked the sentimental song, impatient to have their say. Mr. Marechal is an accomplished artist, having a beautiful, rich, but not cloying tone in song passages; a violoncellist of fine taste, possessing a fluent and accurate technique. He was recalled several times.

The remaining numbers on the program were of a popular nature, nor is the word "popular" here used in the

obnoxious sense. The delightful music by Mozart; the dazzling brilliance shown by the orchestra in Strauss's admirable tone-poem, and the symphony, with its direct appeal, justly aroused the enthusiasm of the very large audience.

The next concert of the series will be on Monday, March 17. Renee Longy-Miquella, pianist, will be the soloist.

#### EDWARD MATTHEWS

Edward Matthews, baritone, sang the following music last night at Jordan Hall: Amarilli, mia bella (Caccini); Gia il sole dal Gange (Scarlatti); When I am laid in earth, from "Dido and Aeneas" (Purcell); Where'er you walk—Aria from "Semele" (Handel). Four Schubert songs: Nacht und traurne; An die Leier; Du bist die ruh; Rastlose liebe; There be none of beauty's daughters (Quilter); It was a lover and his lass (Quilter); All things that we clasp (Bridge); The last song (Rogers). Negro spirituals: New Born Again (arr. by William Heilmann); I Want Two Wings (arr. by Edward Matthews); Done Made My Vow (arr. by Percival Farham; On my Journey (arr. by Edward Boatner).

Mr. Matthews gave pleasure to a large audience by his genuine musicianship. He has a voice of rich and pleasing quality, if limited range and volume; he has some faults of production, too, that further curtail the usefulness of his instrument—sometimes his breath fails him in long sustained passages, and his high notes retreat into the head. But

the sincerity and simplicity of his performance, the warmth and intensity of his feeling, the deft grace of his phrasing, make his songs delightful. It is his power, limited as is his voice, to give musical audiences glimpses of fresh beauty in the songs so often heard in concert halls.

His diction, not too accurate, and even in English uncertain of some vowel sounds, is remarkably clear and expressive. His readings of the words of poems are as sensitive and moving as his singing.

When he has gained further control of his warm, reedy voice, when he has polished his diction, when he has added to his rhythmic gifts the ability to select unerring tempi, he will be a first-rate singer.

A large audience, and an appreciable number of sponsors gave the singer much applause, and demanded additions to the announced program. His singing of negro spirituals, including a very charming one arranged by himself, was refined but emotional—full of the naive faith and simple pathos and humor with which they should be sung. E. B.

## ANGNA ENTERS

Angna Enters is one of the few dancers now in the public eye who does not find it necessary to have recourse to the modernistic school of the art to prove entertaining to her audiences. Neither does she demand the spectacular in costume. Instead, she selects characteristic episodes of the day of her grandmother, or her mother, or possibly some ancestor of another land than ours, and presents them for inspection, dressed up in what, maybe she has resurrected from a generous attic. Once the gown is on—Presto! Her entire person is transformed for the part.

Miss Enters looks young. Where can she have seen all these old-fashioned girls and ladies, who looked shy and coquettish as they whirled in long, high-necked evening gowns with deep berthas? Or jerkily fingered out their "pieces" on the piano on commencement day? Or who flirtatiously promenaded in the park in tight, black basques buttoned straight up the front over big-busted green skirts, beneath little parasols adorned with pink ribbons? Whether she represents the awkward schoolgirl, or the young 16th century Spanish dancer, clad in sweeping velvet and gold, curtsying before royalty in the "Pavana," or whatever she chooses, her miming is refreshingly skilful and perfect.

Her program yesterday afternoon, given in the Hotel Statler ballroom before a large and fashionable audience for the benefit of the Travelers Aid Society, was not new. Doubtless many, if not all, of those present had previously seen the same "episodes," as Miss Enters adroitly styles them. Yet her entertainment was received with every evidence of delight and with demands for encores. F. A. B.

#### SHUBERT THEATRE

##### "The New Moon"

A romantic musical comedy in two acts, by Oscar Hammerstein, 2d, Frank Mandel and Laurence Schwab; music by Sigmund Romberg; produced by Messrs. Schwab and Mandel at the Imperial Theatre, New York, Sept. 19, 1928. Presented last evening at the Shubert Theatre with the following cast:

Julie	Mary Callahan
Monsieur Beaunir	Pacie Ripple
Capt. Georges Duval	John Ehrle
Vicente Ribaud	O. J. Vanasse
Alexander	Robert Halliday
Besae	William Sully
Jacques	Lyle Evans
Marianne	Zellie Norman
Philippe	Evelyn Herbert
Clotilde Lombard	William Neal
Doorman of the Tavern	Esther Howard
Capt. Dejeau	George O'Donnell

Some time before St. John Ervine, erstwhile guest critic of the American stage, returned to his beloved London, with all its fog and its freedom, he wrote many eulogistic phrases about "The New Moon." He rejoiced that it was "a saxophoneless piece"; he complimented America on having far more than its share of beautiful women, many of whom he discovered in the chorus of this flaming operetta; and he ventured the prediction that "if the musical play-going public is to face posterity with unashamed eyes, then it must be able to say that in a time of jazzmania 'The New Moon' was not only produced but was magnificently supported."

"The New Moon" remained in New York months after St. John Ervine had sailed away; from the start it justified his magnificent appraisal, his hopeful prayers. As performed last evening at the Shubert, 17 months after its Broadway debut, this handsome, swash-buckling, sentimental and always appealing play with music gave emphatic refutation to the plaint that operetta is dead. Librettists and composer have collaborated as happily as did Gilbert and Sullivan before disension split them in twain. The book is sturdy, suave, decorously comic; the score is

rollicking, romantic, mischievous, tender; the settings, designed by Donald Oenslager, reflect the spirit of the narrative and its characters in scenes of old New Orleans, aboard the ship from which the operetta takes its title, and the stockade, with the blue Caribbean sea in the distance, so real one can almost hear the soft murmurs of its waters.

Robert Misson, a French aristocrat whose autobiography was written in the late 18th century, has been appropriated for the role of hero. Robert, wanted in France as the central figure of an execution because of various misdeeds, becomes a bondservant in the New Orleans home of Monsieur Beau-noir. When not making love to Beau-noir's daughter Marianne he is exhorting the revolutionists who congregate at the Chez Creole tavern. Trapped at a masked ball, Robert is put aboard "The New Moon" in chains. Marianne, on pretence of love for Capt. Duval, is permitted to go along, though she knows that the guillotine awaits Robert. Philippe, Robert's loyal lieutenant, follows with his men, seizes the ship and puts Robert in command. He establishes a West Indian colony of his own, and spends the rest of the second act in singing his way out of and into his lady's heart.

Many virtues may be found in this richly produced operetta. Its principal singers are real singers, as note Miss Herbert and Mr. Halliday. Its dialogue dovetails to the second into the opportune melody, becomes at times like a recitative with orchestral accompaniment. There must be comedy, of course, and Mr. Sully, Mr. Evans, Miss Howard and Miss Callahan provide it through reputable tomfoolery, amusing verses, quaintly conceived dances. And there are chorale numbers, like "Stout-hearted Men," roared lustily by a score of sailormen in blue jackets, white trousers and red and white striped shirts. There is the delightful "Interrupted Love Song," when Capt. Duval pours out his heart to Marianne, who giggles when Robert piles up annoying interventions; "One Kiss," gloriously sung and acted, by Miss Herbert; or "Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise," delivered by Mr. O'Neal with all the relish for high notes inborn in an operatic tenor.

Best of all, the song which has whined its way by radio into a million homes, yet which never was heard here in all its gorgeous coloring until Miss Herbert, seated on the deck of the New Moon, with the shimmering sea at her back, gave it such dramatic meaning—"Lover, Come Back to Me." That was the real climax to a portrayal marked by countless graces, by vocalism of that same electric quality which so stirred us recently when Evelyn Laye sang in "Bitter Sweet." Mr. Halliday, a temperate baritone, a crisp-spoken hero, was excellent, if a bit unbending. In brief the entire cast, the mighty ensemble, the enlarged orchestra under Mr. Radin, deserved salves of applause. "The New Moon" should wax fat in Boston. It remains for Boston to rally for once at least to "a saxophoneless piece." W. E. G.

#### MAJESTIC THEATRE

##### "Robin Hood"

An operetta by Reginald de Koven and Harry B. Smith, first produced by the Bostonians' Opera Company at the Chicago Opera House on June 9, 1890. Present production by the Jolson's Theatre Musical Company under the auspices of the Boston Victor Herbert festival, directed by Milton Aborn. The cast:

Robert of Hainston	Sudworth Frazier
Sheriff of Nottingham	William Danforth
Sir Guy Gisborne	John Cherry
Little John	Greek Evans
Will Scarlet	Charles E. Gallagher
Friar Tuck	William White
Allan-a-Dale	Lorna Doone Jackson
Lady Marian Fitzwalter	Olga Steck
Dame Burden	Sara Camp
Annabel	Gladis Heyser

Conductor, Max Fichtler

Once again after an absence of many years Robin Hood and his merry men returned to Boston last night, the Boston whose one-time opera company first voiced De Koven and Smith's magnificent approval of a mellow autumnal beverage and gave birth to the famous promissory song which has since served as accompaniment to innumerable nuptials.

Last night's audience sat in reminiscent worship throughout the singing of the old melodies, and burst into enthusiastic approval at their close. Their praise was all-embracing, and none of the cast was slighted, even at times when a pale semblance of former full-throated glories was their only reward.

Eugene Cowles of the old Bostonians sat in a stage box. It was he who in 1890 created the robust role of Will Scarlet and faced Mr. Smith, who was stationed under the prompter's hood, in the first doubtful days in Chicago. The librettist recalled in a recent article how when H. C. Barnabee tired of being knocked down by the windmill in "Don Quixote" and demanded a new play, he and De Koven submitted the scenario of Robin Hood, rented an office in a Chicago business building, and completed the work in three frantic weeks. There was little confidence in the play at the start, and the company spent only \$109.50 in pro-



ducing it, while Robin Hood sang in a costume from "Il Trovatore." It ran for over four thousand performances.

There were some last night who recalled Tom Karl or Walter Hyde as Robin Hood, and others longed for Florence Wickham in the role of Allan-a-Dale, yet swift romantic momentum and deathless tunefulness swept them along, and with the end of the second act came the persuasive grip of true illusion, gratifying goal of the ascending sweep of story and score.

William Danforth gave lusty and roaring reality to the sheriff, and Mr. Gallagher's Will Scarlet was convincing in kind. Perhaps foremost of male singers, Greek Evans sang "Brown October Ale" in manner to speed the blood and dry the throat. Lorna Doone Jackson rendered the much-anticipated "Oh, Promise Me" with warmth and restraint. Olga Steck made a charming Marian, and essayed the difficult coloratura of "The Forest Song" in highly creditable manner. H. F. M.

#### COPLEY THEATRE

##### "The Ghost Train"

A mystery melodrama in three acts, by Arnold Ridley, playing in Boston for the third season. The cast is as follows:

Saul Hodgkin..... Ralph Roberts  
Richard Winthrop..... Jan Emery  
Elsie Wither..... Esther Mitchell  
Charles Murdoch..... Richard Whorf  
Peggy Murdoch..... Peggy Bent  
Miss Bourne..... Elspeth Dudgeon  
Teddie Deakin..... E. E. Clive  
Julia Price..... Rosalind Russell  
Herbert Price..... Gerald Rogers  
John Sterling..... Francis Compton  
Jackson..... Herbert Belmore

Once more "The Ghost Train" is whistling and steaming its startling trips past Axworthy Junction at the theatre close to Copley square. Could it have been due to the coldness of the evening, or was it the uncanny circumstances that happened to a group of passengers marooned in that station, that shivers continued to chase each other in avalanche fashion up and down one's spine last night? At all events, it was perfectly evident that the very full house had come hoping for something of an elevation of the hair on their heads; and apparently they did not leave disappointed.

To calm the nervous, beautiful explanations may be written about how trap-drummers, and galvanized iron, and heavy castors and wooden whistles fake a train. It is no such thing! Everyone who heard it thunder past the windows of that very bare little station knows perfectly well that Mr. Clive has a long and very powerful steam train tucked in somewhere behind the stage. About the ghost part—well, he explains all that logically before people go home. Mr. Clive appears to be a born humorist. He can say the most amusing things with the most solemn face imaginable. He was at his best last night. He had splendid support from a well-trained company. His handy flask did peculiar things to the voluble Miss Bourne with the Cockney accent, a part which Elspeth Dudgeon assumed with marked dexterity.

Such a serious old grizzled station master, as Ralph Roberts was when transformed into Saul Hodgkin, one

would never imagine—but there, we almost gave the secret away. Was Rosalind Russell too hysterical, as the distraught Miss Price? There were tense moments in her acting, very finely done. Mr. Emery and Mr. Whorf, Miss Mitchell and Miss Bent are all deserving of praise, as are Mr. Rogers, Mr. Compton and Mr. Belmore. For an evening of thrills, "The Ghost Train" is to be strongly recommended. F. A. B.

#### LOEW'S STATE

##### "The Ship from Shanghai"

An all-talking drama adapted by John Howard Lawson from the novel by Dale Collins entitled "Ordeal," directed by Charles Brabin and presented by Metro-Goldwyn Mayer with the following cast:

Howard Vazey..... Conrad Nage  
Dorothy Daley..... Karl Johnson  
Viola Thorne..... Carmel Myers  
Paul Thorne..... Holmes Herbert  
Lily Daley..... Zeffie Tilbury  
Ted..... Louis Wolheim  
Pete..... Ivan Linow  
Rita..... Jack McDonald

Thanks to dissembling nature and an unfortunate football game, Louis Wolheim went forth from college with one of the very ugliest faces on record. That smashed nose and stocky figure seemed cut out for something very sinister, but when he went into the movies the directors for whom he worked were unable or unwilling to take advantage of such unparalleled homeliness and refused to let him live up to his looks. Picture after picture has been him cast as a semi-comic character or as a heavy with a heart of gold. What a relief it is, therefore, to find him in "The Ship from Shanghai," now showing at Loew's State Theatre, an out and out villain without a single redeeming quality! His is the only part of any importance, for the other characters are the merest shadows without conviction or interest.

To a story that starts well and finishes in the utmost depths of banality he lends a force and dramatic power that are quite startling.

He plays the role of Ted, steward on board a yacht bound from Shanghai to San Francisco. The passengers are a rich, good-for-nothing lot and as he waits on them and submits to their insults an abiding hatred and resentment smoulders within him, together with a longing to master them and have a chance at their luxury. A sudden storm that cripples the yacht gives him his chance. Food and water run low and the crew is on the point of mutiny; Ted shoots the captain, throws the firearms overboard and takes possession of the water supply. Mad with his unaccustomed power he assumes the airs of a tyrant, bullies passengers and crew and for a few hours tastes the joys of an absolute ruler. His downfall comes only when one of the women whom he has tried to make love to, screams and screams at him that he is a madman until he looks in a glass, sees himself as he is, and jumps overboard in a frenzy.

This conclusion mars an otherwise exciting climax; it is not logical or convincing and varies needlessly from the solution in Dale Collins's novel and play. Up until then, however, Louis Wolheim carried everything before him and made the situation tense and appalling. The remainder of the cast, save for the bovine and humorous Ivan Linow as the cook, were nothing to boast about. Conrad Nage succeeded in getting himself shot in the arm and knocked on the head and that was about all. Kay Johnson was only fair as the heroine, but Holmes Herbert was effective in a minor part. The photography was good enough, save for the storm scenes, which were pretty obviously faked. E. L. H.

#### TREMONT TEMPLE

##### "Jango"

Dr. Daniel Davenport, who recently explored 7500 miles of African jungle in search of a cure for sleeping sickness, presented the first Boston showing of his film, "Jango," which contains striking scenes of his adventures during the five-year sojourn, before a large audience at Tremont Temple last night.

One of the most vivid scenes in the film shows how Dr. Neuman, a fellow-scientist, lost his life during the exploration when he was gored by an infuriated rhinoceros. Dr. Neuman killed the mate of the rhinoceros with one shot, but was killed himself before he could reload.

The film, however, is not without its bits of comedy. One scene shows a negro boy devouring a foreleg of a giraffe, which is considered a delicacy in the jungle. Another scene shows three black children washing away the taste of too much salt, which they had eaten with gusto.

Squeals of horror ran through the audience at the sight of a 20-foot snake hatching its eggs, then gliding away with the gruesome movement effected by reptiles.

Dr. Davenport presented to his audience two real, live cannibals and "Nigger," the tiny black and white dog which was mascot to the exploring party.

Nigger played a heroic part in the film, incidentally, for in one part of the film he is shown routing eight lazy rhinoceroses from a comfortable sunbath in a pool out to the dry ground to be shot.

#### THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COPLEY—"The Ghost Train," mystery play, revival.

MAJESTIC—"Robin Hood," DeKoven-Smith opera, revival; with Olga Steck.

LYRIC—"Young Sinners," new play by Elmer Harris; opens Thursday night.

PLYMOUTH—"Little Accident," farce, with Thomas Mitchell; fifth week.

SHUBERT—"The New Moon," romantic musical comedy, with Evelyn Herbert, Robert Halliday.

WILBUR—"The Little Show," revue, with Clifton Hall, Fred Allen, Libby Holman; second week.

NOTE—The Colonial, Hollis Street and Tremont theatres are dark.

#### MAXIM KAROLIK

Under the auspices of the Boston Tuberculosis Association, a recital for the benefit of the Prendergast Preventorium, Mattapan, was given in Symphony Hall last night by Maxim Karolik, tenor. After seconded at the piano by Nicolas Slonimsky, he sang the following program: Aria from "Iphigenia en Tauride" (Gluck); Interpolated aria from "Cherevichki" (Tchaikovsky); "Uncas' Narrative, from the opera "The Last of the Mohicans"—first time in Boston (Paul Allen); Little Star, Where Art Thou? (Moussorgsky); The Sleeping Princess (Borodin); The Sea (Borodin); Soupir (Duparc); Les Papillons (Chausson); Ninna Nanna (Castelnovotedesco); Rondeau (Cecconi); The Kiss (Tcherepnin); Christ Is Risen (Rach); The Steppes (Grechaninov); Freedom (Balakirev).

Mr. Karolik, who has been heard in Boston before, announces that he was formerly a member of the "Music Drama" Theatre of Petrograd, an institution described as having as its aim the realization of the ideas of Wagner and Moussorgsky relating to the union of music and drama. It would be unwise to look to this fact for an explanation of Mr. Karolik's platform manner and of his style of performance, unless one were willing to assume that the majority of the Russian singers who have appeared before the public have been trained in the same theatre and are imbued with the same mission.

Mr. Karolik's tendency to express the meaning and emotion of the songs he sings by physical rather than by purely musical means seems to be typical of much Russian singing, whether the reason be racial or the accidental effect of the influence of some such outstanding figure as Feodor Chaliapin. It is doubtful whether Wagner or Moussorgsky would have approved wholeheartedly of the procedure.

Nevertheless, there is a picturesque charm in Mr. Karolik's performance that lends a welcome touch of color to the season's drab concert routine. His Byronic poses, his prefatory half-minutes of prayerful meditation, head in hand and back turned to the audience, the expressive play of hands and eyes, all are entertaining, even when they seem ill-judged. And often he does achieve dramatic intensity.

When the nature of his song does not tempt him into a style excessively "parlato," or excessively dramatized at the expense of the beauty and continuity of the melodic line, he can sing in excellent lyric style, as in the air by Gluck, or in that (announced as new to Boston) by Tchaikovsky. His voice has beauty but lacks freedom in emission so that it sounds constrained and smaller than it need be. The high notes that should provide dramatic climax are for the same reason the least resonant part of his voice. There is insufficient variation of expressive color or quantity.

Mr. Allen's Narrative of Uncas was sung in Italian, despite its American subject, doubtless by reason of the fact that the opera from which it was extracted was performed in Florence (in 1916). The music gave the impression of being largely in the recitative style of the later Italian operas. It had moments of charm, though little strong individuality and (though this is not necessarily important) no noticeable flavor of Indian music such as might have been expected. The music, the composer, who played its accompaniment, and the singer were warmly applauded.

Mr. Karolik gave evident pleasure to his audience; the applause was such that he was impelled to add to his program. S. S.

#### MISCHA LEVITZKY

Mischa Levitzky, pianist, played at Jordan Hall last night before a very large audience. The following was his program: Sonata in A major (Scarlatti); Sonata in A major, K. 331 (Mozart); Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue (Bach); Symphonic Studies (Schumann); Impromptu in F sharp, Ballade in A flat, Nocturne in F minor, Etudes in F, C, and A flat major, Polonaise in A flat major (Chopin).

Mr. Levitzky, in the past, has been a slightly irritating pianist. As though afflicted with a kind of pianistic Narcissism, he seemed so wrapt in complacent admiration of his own almost faultless technique as to give only languid and secondary attention to the music he was playing. To say that he has completely recovered from this affliction would be an exaggeration, yet in his most recent concerts Mr. Levitzky has shown welcome signs of convalescence; he has shown at times unmistakable evidence of being effected emotionally by the music he has played; he has so far forgotten himself, more than once, as to strike (Heaven be praised!) a wrong note.

These are healthy signs. Last night, although, as in his Scarlatti and his Mozart, he devoted a disproportionate amount of attention to the production of beautifully polished tone ("making the piano sing," as the cant phrase goes) somewhat to the neglect of the more essential graces of form and phrasing, yet there were moments in which he showed deeper qualities. He gave unusually significant beauty and a finely varied musical emotion to the Chromatic Fantasy, though he was unilluminating in the fugue (which lacked interest, progression, and real climax, despite its suddenly noisy end). Though his Mozart, in the quest of simplicity, had verged upon the naive, and though in Scarlatti he was unable to end effectively except by appending a loud chord of his own—surely a confession

of weakness, yet he gave a pleasing, fresh and clean performance of the Symphonic Studies of Schumann,—a rendering which divested them of excess romanticism, and thus made them easier to hear for the 1000th time. He was not able, however, to lessen the boredom that the endless finale almost always produces.

Mr. Levitzky's Chopin group displayed to the full his remarkable technical powers, his unflinching beauty of tone, the purling fluency of his passage work, as well as a certain deficiency in true grace and an addiction (shared with many other players of Chopin) to the oversteering of inner parts.

He was most enthusiastically applauded by his hearers and compelled to add lavishly to his program. S. S.

#### LYRIC THEATRE

##### "Young Sinners"

A comedy in three acts by Elmer Harris, produced at the Lyric Theatre, New York, on Nov. 28, 1929. Presented by the Messrs. Shubert under the direction of Stanley Lozan, with the following cast:

Maize Trowbridge..... Astrid Alwyn  
Bud Springer..... Paul Lane  
Betty Biddle..... Virginia Locks  
Jimmy Stephens..... Frank Henderson  
Butler..... John Belmont  
Constance Sinclair..... Marjorie Peterson  
Mrs. Sinclair..... Edith Shayer  
Baron von Koutitz..... Paul W. Dunn  
Gene Gibson..... Hardie Albright  
John Gibson..... Joseph Kilgour  
Trent..... Clarence Bellair  
Manager of Apt. Suite..... John Ellis  
Alice Lewis..... Pearl Ramoy  
Tom Maguire..... Frank Shannon  
Maggie Maguire..... Patty Reynolds  
Tim..... John Ellis, Jr.

An anatomical farce about the jeunesse doree came to the Lyric last night and for 2½ hours alternated flippantly between saccharine preachments and lurid practice. If the slightly lavender daughter of wealth sinks her pearl-like teeth in a reluctant young man's neck at one moment, you have not long to wait before an elderly "nature's nobleman" comes to the fore and spouts honest platitudes anent virtue and fidelity. He too finds it necessary to step out of character to pave the way for an unconventional week-end, but after all, a playwright has to eat, hasn't he? And if he can invent a few striking situations, throw in a handful of stock characters, and plug up the chinks with sentimental drivel and gratuitous sex lines, dish it up and pull in the cash customers that's one way of paying a New York rent.

Superficially, the play has to do with the reconstruction of Gene Gibson, 20, whose wearily wealthy father has given him enough money to be smashed up in his own planes, lure ladies to his own yawl off Palm Beach, and have a case of champagne delivered every three hours to his New York apartment during what used to be called orgies. But he is doing this only to forget. The 17-year-old Constance who once bit him in the neck in the moonlight is to wed an aged baron. The elder Gibson appears in his son's orgy parlor and puts the lad in the hands of an Irish trainer (the man with the platitudes), who takes him off to his camp in the Adirondacks and puts him through rigorous training, calmly knocking him down when he demurs. After Jean has skied over mountains and abstained from liquor and hashheesh cigarettes for a few weeks his corpuses improve, but alas, the 17-year-old Constance arrives with dishonorable intentions. There was some necking on a couch and some real frank talk about sex which seemed to please everybody. Mother arrived and that made a situation. Jean's father got there and that made two. When we left it seemed fairly certain that the boy and the girl were going to be married and that he was henceforth going to live an honest and industrious life.

The scenes were smart and attractive, the play smoothly given and well cast. The acting, though theatrical, was good of its kind and in keeping with the demands of the play. A large audience seemed to be highly diverted. H. F. M.

#### METROPOLITAN

##### "Dangerous Paradise"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by William Slavens McNutt and Grover Jones from the novel entitled "Victory" by Joseph Conrad; directed by William Wellman and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Amy..... Nancy Carroll  
Hest..... R. Hald Arlen  
Schomberg..... Walter Davis  
Mr. Jones..... Gustave von Seydewitz  
Ricardo..... Francis McDonald  
Pedro..... George Koskoff  
Mrs. Schomberg..... Dorothea Woyt  
Zangarone..... Clarence B. Wood  
His Wife..... Evelyn Selver  
Wine..... W. H. Fox  
His Wife..... W. H. Fox  
Myrtle..... Lilian Woods

While Nancy Carroll is undoubtedly a young lady of much charm, with a mop of flaming red hair, it has never seemed as if she were violently destructive by nature. Yet before "Dangerous Paradise," now showing at the Metropolitan Theatre, runs its course, she is the direct cause of four persons being killed and also of shaking Richard Arlen out of a most unusual indifference toward her sex. Just how much this film resembles the novel by Joseph Conrad from which it is supposed to be derived, it is impossible to say.



and having read the book. But a reasonable guess would be not much. For his film bears few traces of Conrad's insight into human character or his understanding of those inward qualities which, far more than any outward events, bring about tragedy. It is a pretty fair melodrama with some notably effective scenes and a good many pretty poor ones.

The story passes in and around one of the familiar South Sea islands. The heroine, Alma, plays in the band at a shabby hotel. Her life is made miserable by the offensive attentions of the proprietor, Schomberg, and the bandmaster, Zangiaco. In order to escape them she hides on board the yawl of an aloof young man, Heyse, who lives alone with his native servants on a distant island. He doesn't quite know what to do with her, but lets her stay until he can find a way to send her back to the United States. Without warning three sinister characters, Mr. Jones, Ricardo and Pedro arrive. Their purpose is robbery, for they have heard from Schomberg that Heyse has a hoard of gold. There is a grand fight, ending with the triumph of Heyse and his realization that he loves Alma.

Nancy Carroll is sympathetic and attractive as Alma, but the depths of the character seem to elude her. Richard Arlen is less satisfactory than usual in the part of Heyse. The only impressive acting was contributed by Warner Oland as the disagreeable Schomberg, and by Gustave von Seyffertitz, who made Mr. Jones a figure of terrifying menace.

The real hero of the afternoon's entertainment was Nikita Balleff, appearing on the stage with his famous revue, "The Chauve-Souris." Not quite so plump as heretofore, perhaps, but just as genial, just as expansive and just as incomprehensible as ever, he makes his little speeches before each number, adding greatly to the pleasure of the audience. Seven pieces are presented, including the "Volga Boat Song" and "The March of the Wooden Soldiers." They are beautifully done with the joyous naïveté and light-hearted grace that has always characterized them. The costumes are lovely, the dancing is graceful or intentionally awkward. All in all it is a rare treat and something quite unique. E. L. H.

## Futile Search of a Genius For the Woman of His Dreams

BALZAC: THE MAN AND THE LOVER, by Francis Gribble; E. P. Dutton & Co. 276 pp. \$5

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Gribble does not attempt to give a critical estimate of Balzac's novels. He is concerned only with the man who, writing to his sister Laure, asked when his two great desires—to become famous and to be loved—would be satisfied. He became famous. He was loved tenderly when he was young; later other women entered into his life; some from coquetry; some from curiosity, to be intimate for a passing week or month with a man who had shown amazing knowledge of women's hearts; others wished to be recognized as closely associated with an author of note; but as the author justly says, the woman whom he loved never existed except in his imagination; the woman whom he married after a long correspondence and furtive meetings was a shallow, selfish creature who neglected him when he was alive and was unfaithful to him when he was on his death bed.

The extraordinary story of Balzac's literary and amatory career is told vividly, at times humorously, for Mr. Gribble exposes ruthlessly Balzac's weaknesses, his desire to be an aristocrat—he had no right to the "de" in his name—his flamboyant dress, his preposterous schemes for enriching himself, schemes for a farce-comedy—his vanity almost equalling that of Victor Hugo. Nor does Mr. Gribble hesitate to portray the physical inferiority of the man, his awkwardness, the indifference to decent dress that characterized his younger years. Yet when all is said, when the bitter attacks of gossip and enemies here quoted are pondered, Balzac remains a gigantic figure, courageous, incredibly laborious, sure of himself, confident of his future—as Rodin hewed him in the statue that shocked the Philistines.

While there are repetitions in the book, while there are pages in which Mr. Gribble, speaking of Balzac's adventures with women, states his own opinions about them, analyzes their motives, the story as he tells it is of engaging interest, as romantic as any novel in the "Human Comedy." The long account of the execution of Balzac's uncle for murder—he was undoubtedly innocent—though it may seem superfluous—is a good detective story. Mr. Gribble, describing Balzac's

life and struggles, also gives a view of literary and social conditions in the Paris of that period.

Balzac received his sentimental education from Madame de Berny, as Rousseau received his from Madame de Warens. The two women were older than the men. The former was more than 20 years Balzac's senior. Her husband of an old and noble family was band of an old and sullen. She bore him nine children, "without enthusiasm." Not conspicuous for beauty, she was attractive, she had character. She really loved Balzac and in her love a motherly feeling entered. She improved his manners, influenced his sympathies. It was from this intimacy that much of his knowledge about women, their sentiments and emotions, was acquired. Rousseau had a rival; Mme. de Berny was faithful to Balzac; she loved him to the end; even when she knew of his relations with other women, she was constant. He never forgot her, was

grateful to her, extolled her to other women and thus probably bored them. It was of her that he wrote: "Her words, her deeds, her devotion sustained me through the tempests of life. If I am alive, it is thanks to her."

Mme. de Mortsauf of "Le Lys dans la Vallée" was a pale reflection of the least of her qualities." It was of her he wrote: "Only a woman's last love can satisfy a man's first love." It was through her that the woman of 40 entered as a heroine into French fiction.

It was through the Duchesse d'Abrantes that he acquired his enthusiasm for the empire and added to his store of worldly wisdom. When he met Mme. de Pomereul she insisted that a new hat should replace the greasy and battered one, but she, as Mme. Curraud, entertained for him only a sisterly affection. When he was 32, when publishers were willing to accept his work and editors asked for it, insolvent but with money in his pocket, he frequented Mme. de Girardin's salon, who appreciated his genius. She liked him in spite of his green coat, white waistcoat splashed with sauce, his lace cuffs with ink on them, his enormous ornamented walking stick. She replied vigorously to Jules Janin's article in which he denounced Balzac's picture of the "woman of forty" as an insult to young women of a marriageable age. But his second grand affair was with the Marquise de Castries, a coquette, who amused herself with him, took advantage of his vanity, his desire to be an aristocratic dandy and Don Juan. When he found out the truth he revenged himself by writing "La Duchesse de Langeais," but from her he learned the manners and the conversation of the circle in which she shone. Then entered into his life Evelina Hanska, the wife of a rich man, old enough to be her father, living on an estate in the Ukraine. Seven years Balzac's junior, she began the correspondence that lasted until their long delayed marriage, delayed even after the death of her husband, though the lover protested vigorously against the postponement, for, as a young man, he had looked forward to marriage and a home. He begged Mme. Hanska when he knew her as "the Foreign Lady," to be kind to him, only because Mme. de Castries had been cruel. The story of Balzac and Mme. Hanska, of their voluminous letters, of her jealousy and his attempts to allay it, of the finally suspicious husband—here is a subject in itself for a romance ending in a pitiable and squalid manner, if the stories about Jean Gigoux, the sculptor, hidden in the apartment when Balzac was dying, are true.

Some, not knowing the facts, have described Balzac as a celibate until his marriage, but he boasted of one child in a letter to his sister; there is evidence that a son died long after him; a little daughter died when she was six months old and there was another daughter. Was not Balzac the father of Richard Guidoboni, whose beautiful, statuesque mother was the wife of Count Guidoboni-Visconti? But Balzac was finally dismissed and Lionel de Bonneval replaced him until she became fat. As for the child, the count merely remarked: "Ah, well, she was always wanting a baby with a dark complexion, and now she has one."

There was Mme. Marbouty, who made a sentimental trip with Balzac to Italy, yet he had told Gautier: That "one should only write to women. That helps to improve one's style." Who was his correspondent Louise—one of many Unknown Ladies who passed through Balzac's life? He knew her only by her letters. Women by the dozen in trouble about their own love affairs wrote to him. There was always the jealous Mme. Hanska, silly, exigent, selfish and suspicious; in these respects the opposite of Mme. de Berny. Balzac did not love Mme. Hanska. She was a phantom of his imagination, as unreal as his ring of the Great Mogul, to whose empire Balzac wished to journey, for this potentate had offered tons of gold and

diamonds to the one that would restore it.

Balzac "had always been a sentimentalist, and only at rare intervals a Don Juan." When he married he had

ceased to be a Don Juan, but he remained a sentimentalist.

Let no one think that this book is only an account of the women who helped, loved, or embittered him. There are chapters equally interesting concerning his boyhood and his parents; his trials as a publisher, printer, type founder; his preceding life as an unsuccessful author in a Paris garret; his debts and his endeavors to discharge them; his failure as a dramatist. Here is an intensely interesting story of a man that may fairly be called a prodigious personage.

## Symphony Concert

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the 16th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, was as follows: Haydn, Symphony, D major (with the Horn Call—B. & H. No. 31). Lazar, Concerto Grosso No. 1 for orchestra, in the Old Style. De Falla, "Nights in the Gardens of Spain" for piano (Mr. Sanroma) and orchestra. Gruenberg, Jazz Suite op. 28. The symphony was played for the first time at a concert of this orchestra. Lazar's Concerto was performed for the first time anywhere. The Jazz Suite, having been played at Cincinnati and Los Angeles, was heard in Boston for the first time.

Mr. Koussevitzky is to be heartily praised for acquainting the audience with Haydn's delightful symphony. When a symphony by this composer is chosen, it is usually one with which we are all thrice familiar. Arthur Nikisch had the courage to put the "Bear" symphony on a program, but in spite of the fact that the list is a long one, few conductors here have felt it their duty to let the audience know that Haydn wrote more than a half-dozen. These, by constant repetition, have become stale, so it is not surprising that the younger generation in the audience is inclined to regard Haydn's music as hopelessly out of date and boring. This "Hunting Call" symphony is interesting not only because written in 1765 when Haydn was in the service of an Esterhazy prince, the score calls for four horns; not only because the finale, instead of a rollicking movement, is in the form of a theme with variations, but because the music itself is surprisingly fresh and charming. Solo instruments have so much to do—the first violin in the adagio; first violin, violoncello, flute, horns in the set of variations that the symphony may well be described as Concertante. There is no attempt at program music although the horns suggest the chase; and there is another title bestowed by some unknown commentator—"On the stand, or hiding place" from which the hunted may be slain as they pass by or approach. The richly ornamented adagio has nothing to do with the chase. In the lusty minuet one hears the stamping of the country folk—music that is far removed from the grace and elegance of the French dance. But in the finale, after the variations, the horn call brings the end. The whole symphony was admirably performed. The variations, melodious, not painfully complex, yet calling for tonal beauty and technical proficiency, served for the display of virtuoso qualities.

Philip Lazar, the Roumanian composer, living in Paris, is not an unfamiliar name. His "Gypsies" and a Scherzo have been performed under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction. They left only a fleeting, if not pleasing impression. This concerto has solid substance without dryness. "In the Old Style"—in that of Handel rather than of Bach or Vivaldi. The first movement full of life and showing a technical authority that one missed in the preceding works is followed by a singularly impressive slow movement—and here was a not unwelcome touch of modernity through an emotional quality, somewhat sombre in its gravity; yet the modernity was in the musical thought, not in the harmonies, not in the instrumentation. The two following movements, interesting enough, even when there was purely scholastic treatment, have less individuality, and the theme of the final allegro is of a trivial lightness. The concerto well deserves a repetition.

De Falla's "Nights in Spanish Gardens," was performed here in 1924 when Mr. Montoux conducted and Mr. Gebhard was the pianist. The composer says that this music is not descriptive; it is merely expressive. Some no doubt found it full of "local color." A good many years ago Johannes Weber, the Alsatian, who was the first music critic of Le Temps in Paris, and held that position for a long time to

the distress of musicians and those only "fond of music," wrote an article to prove that local color is chimerical. For example, a Westerner, not knowing native Oriental music, but told by a program that a certain piece has eastern character, at once finds in that piece peculiar melodic characteristics, rhythms, gorgeous coloring that he fondly believes are Oriental, though a Hindu a Persian, an Arabian, a China-

man would hear only unmeaning, perhaps disagreeable noises, and wonder what it was all about. There is some truth in this article of the crotchety Johannes. But De Falla is a Spaniard, who sojourning in Paris for some years, was not unduly influenced so that he wished to be more French than the French composers. There are charming pages in the work played yesterday; there are also pages that are simply music without especial suggestiveness of Spain or any other country; pages indeed that suggest labor rather than racial spontaneity. Though the performance by the orchestra and the pianist was brilliant, a mere foreigner prefers to gain his impressions of Spain from Chabrier's "España," Debussy's "Evening in Grenada" and "Iberia"; Ravel's orchestral suite, and the compositions by Albéniz and Granados.

There is no denying the fact that jazz has mightily influenced contemporary composers. There is no reason why works that show this influence should not be performed at symphony concerts. Whether jazz gains by symphonic and sophisticated treatment is a subject for those who write learnedly or chatter jauntily about music. We prefer our jazz to be naked and unashamed. Mr. Gruenberg is an accomplished musician. That is recognized by those who heard the symphonic poem played earlier in the season and know other works by him. In the "Jazz Suite" one misses the frank melodic lines that should be on the brink of vulgarity; one misses delirious rhythms; the crooning or compelling sensuality that should permeate and give a vitality that is not gained merely by daring instrumentation; the spirit of Harlem, or of the Congo as it appeared to Andre Gide and Paul Morand.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will comprise Florent Schmitt's Symphonic Study for Poe's "Haunted Palace"; the violin concerto and the symphony No. 6 by Sibelius. Mr. Burgin will be the soloist.

## UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

### "Street of Chance"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Howard Estabrook from the story by Oliver H. P. Garrett; directed by John Cromwell and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

John B. Marsden ("Natural") Davis	William Powell
Judith Marsden	Jean Arthur
Alma Marsden	Kay Francis
"Babe" Marsden	Regis Toomey
Dorgan	Stanley Fields
Al Mastick	Brooks Benedict
Mrs. Mastick	Betty Francisco
Tony	John Russo
Miss Abrams	Joan Standing
Nick	Maurice Black
Harry	Irving Bacon

"Street of Chance" reopens the Rothstein case, inferentially at least. It does not pretend to solve the assassination which rocked New York's underworld several months ago which presumably has been entered on the police records as one more mysterious murder case. But this Garrett-Estabrook version does offer a strikingly romantic, even chivalrous, motive to explain why the iron-nerved "big time" gambler permitted himself to be put "on the spot." It would have us believe that Rothstein, or shall we call him John B. Marsden, alias "Natural" Davis, was a fatalist; that, having cured his younger brother of the gambling fever and apparently having lost the second thing in life which he loved, his wife Alma, he was ready to face his Maker in that same armor of stoicism and calm which had protected him in his charmed career as king of the racketeers. Among his associates his word has been his bond; his code had forbidden that he be a cheat, a double-crosser or a welcher. In accordance with that code he had sentenced Al Mastick to death. When by fateful weaving of cumulative, ironic incidents "Natural" appeared to be all three, that code still held good. It was underworld justice.

Thanks to John Cromwell's expert direction, to grimly realistic acting, to exceptionally graphic photography, "Street of Chance" exalts itself far above the ruck of underworld photoplays. Its action is set convincingly in the heart of New York's Red Light district. The characters are almost recognizable: Tony, the one-armed newsboy to whom portentous messages are entrusted; Mastick, the double-crossing weakling; Dorgan, the Detroit runner, and his sardonic humors; "Babe" Marsden, on whom "Natural" had spent thousands to keep him straight, who should have been a parson instead of the second devotee of chance in the same family; and "Natural" himself, immaculate in dress, crisp of speech, highly intelligent, a man who might have become a brilliant lawyer.

Though the cast numbers four women, sentiment takes minor part in this drama of sinister, furtive, ominous night life. Miss Francis, at last in a human role, is the disillusioned wife who almost attains happiness with "Natural"; Miss Arthur is the youthful bride of "Babe," careless cause of the passing of a sacrificial brother. It is the men who shine, with Mr. Powell's fascinating and flawless characterization in the lead. Closely following are Mr. Toomey and Mr. Fields, each in masterly portrayals. In "Alibi" Mr. Toomey died happily with a smile. In "Street of



# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

That Charles and Mary Lamb figure in a play by Joan Temple was stated in *The Herald* of last Sunday. Further information can now be given. The play in three acts has a prologue and an epilogue. Mary's murder of her mother happens in the first act. "In the ensuing scenes Charles is shown leading a sort of double life of public gaiety and secret tragedy, giving up Hester, the Quakeress, whom he loved, to devote himself to his sister and shield her in her periodic bursts of madness. As a matter of history, he succeeded in encouraging her (Mary) to write, and she did the greater part of the famous 'Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare,' as well as other work." Hester married, the Hester of the charming poem. "Yvonne Rorie will play the apprentice girl who was the indirect cause of the tragedy (for Mary rushed at her with a knife in a fury and Mrs. Lamb got in the way and was killed)." Coleridge, Wordsworth, Godwin and Dyer—the absent-minded poet—are among the characters. "I understand that an American author has also written a play about Lamb, but it has not been staged; and this one is believed to be the first on the subject." Can any one enlighten us about this American play?

Every now and then one reads that Mme. Anna Pavlova has left the stage; but when the King of Spain visited the great international exhibition at Barcelona she with her company danced with the customary grace and vigor and again died becomingly as a swan.

I maintain that characters are not imaginatively alive until their author feels them tugging away from him. He then realizes that they are taking charge of their own affairs, and sometimes they oblige him to alter the plan of his play or novel. That never, I am sure, happens to Mr. Shaw. His people fit into his plan because they have no life outside his plan. If he were to offer them their freedom they would not know how to use it and would perish from sheer inability to look after themselves. He is a law unto himself, and able, because of his genius, to break the law which the majority of authors prefer to observe—namely, that characters should be allowed to have a say in their own lives; but even Mr. Shaw had to make a concession to Joan of Arc and permit her to be mistress of herself. I think he resents her attitude toward him, for I have several times heard him insist that "Saint Joan" is her play, not his. Sir Arthur Pinero once told me that the proper way in which to write a play is to take several characters, throw them together, and then watch what happens. I imagine that the curious contradictions and discrepancies in Shakespeare's plays—for example, in "Hamlet"—are entirely due to quarrels and fights between him and his charge of their own affairs, and sometimes they oblige him to alter the plan with him. They have not got the nerves.—St. John Ervine.

There ought to be plenty of scope for trouble with the sensitive high-brows over the proposed "talkie" of "The Life of William Shakespeare." Nobody knows exactly how Shakespeare and his contemporaries did talk (it would probably sound a most frightful, if not quite unintelligible, dialect to modern ears), but there is bound to be a little complaint from some people if William is heard throatily saluting his "Dark Lady" as a "poifect peach" or addressing the Earl of Southampton as "O Boy!" It may lend a little more support to Mr. H. L. Mencken's quaint theories about the American and English tongues—though that is hardly necessary, for Mr. Mencken's own vivid imagination, coupled with the large and guileless gaps in his knowledge of the language really spoken in this country, offers quite sufficient foundation for any more philological fairy tales that he may have in mind.

On the "scenario" side the proposed "Life" sounds as though it ought to mean some very rich and fruity material. Certainly William will have to go deer-stealing; and when the sheriff's men are after him (and have proved their authority by that swift turning back of the coat lapel which reveals their badge of office) it is Anne Hathaway, with hair down her back and about ten years younger than William, who throws them off the scent. It seems a poor return for such kindness that William should afterwards let himself be vamped so vilely by that minx Mary Fitton, but Anne suffers that the film may profit. And it all comes more or less right in the last reel with Anne, a grandmother with white hair in permanent waves, sitting in the old home in the twilight and looking soulfully at William's second-best bed.—Manchester Guardian.

George Bernard Shaw has been at it again, beginning an amusing speech by saying: "England is a curious place in which to raise any question of fine art." A National Theatre that "without any regard to strict commercial considerations would be able to do the best work and not go in for that horrible policy of giving the public what it likes. Nobody knows what the public likes."

This point Mr. Shaw illustrated by stating that he put into "Man and Superman" a third act which everybody connected with the theatre said was impossible to perform. The public always insisted on that now.

"The English people want three and a half hours of solid entertainment, and not one and a half hours, with long intervals for going to the bar. And there are very few who can afford 5s for their seat. You want plenty of 2s 6d and 1s seats, and, for the snobs, the real out and outers, some seats at 5s. We want a site for this theatre, and we want the government to give us one, as well as to get a lot of money for us."

Miss Lena Ashwell, quoting Mr. Shaw as saying that theatre prices were not within the means of the people, remarked that to see his "Apple Cart" she had to pay 10s 6d for a seat in what used to be the pit. "I appeal to all Socialists to stop this robbery and see that Mr. Shaw does not get all this money." She added, merely to pass the time that Mr. Shaw once wrote to her: "Dear Lena: The word 'policeman' occurs forty-four times in your play, and forty-four times you say 'pleeceman.'"

There is reassuring interest in the drama at Budapest. When Koloman Kovacs's new play "The Dream Queen" which tells in "daring" style the tragedy of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria (Queen Elizabeth of Hungary), was produced there for the first time, the part of an aristocratic admirer of the Empress was taken by Oskar Beregi, a republican actor who had just been allowed to return after seven years' exile in Vienna because he had supported the short-lived Hungarian republic of Karolyi. As soon as Beregi

came on the stage Nationalist students threw stink-bombs, and the first act was interrupted for five minutes. The general public greeted the play with great enthusiasm.

The National Casino at the last moment before the production had obliged the management to delete all personal names from the program, and so the characters appeared as An Emperor, An Empress, An Archduke and so on. The play shows how the Empress's heart was broken by the suicide of her son Rudolph and how her happiness was destroyed by the intrigues of the court camarilla.

The company that played in "Nine Till Six" produced in London were all women. "The authors have presented for our consideration a slice of life rather than a play in the once-accepted sense." The story is of a fashionable dressmaker's shop—an affair of millinery and tea cups. There are overworked women, jealous women, spiteful women; scenes in the dressing and rest rooms. "Woman is at work here, undisturbed by the presence of man, though not wholly uninfluenced by thoughts of marriage. As a view of unfamiliar life, nothing could be better. As a play all that can be said of it is that it has the pathos and some of the sentimentality of melodrama without its plot and movement . . . it has the fault, which may be argued as permissible in a play about women, that a change of heart is wrought in two characters at least without any credible reason."

It is always easy, of course, to extol the past to the detriment of the present. But certainly it is not a symptom of "old fogeyism" to maintain that a Gaiety first night such as we had last week, quite apart from any question of the merits of the show itself, is a sadly tame and uneventful experience contrasted with the memorable first nights of the Edwardes regime. Is comparative public apathy to be wondered at in the changed conditions of today, when long runs are very scarce and new productions at this, that, or the other theatre succeed one another with bewildering rapidity? Is it strange that in happier times first-nighters went to the Gaiety, which had probably not changed its program for a couple of years, with a thrill of expectancy, wondering whether the new piece would be as good in its way as the last? Is it strange that the audience, from stalls to gallery, should have welcomed uproariously the entry in turn of such favorites in the joyous family Edwardes was wise enough to keep together as Gertie Millar, Connie Ediss (still happily in harness), Gaby Ray, George Grossmith (still youthfully debonaire), Teddy Payne, Fred Wright (Huntley's brother), and the rest?

Where, one may well ask, are the popular songs of the present day? Gaiety first-nighters of old would have been sadly disappointed if they had not heard half-a-dozen tunes that they could easily hum on their way home. Could anyone at the Gaiety the other night have memorized the refrain of a single song to save his life? And what, I couldn't help reflecting, would George Edwardes have thought at the sight of the Gaiety without a pit and everyone in the stalls smoking? (He had a perfect horror of the dangers of fire in a theatre.)

No; the great first nights of musical comedy are almost things of the past. The modern manager himself is not wholly to blame. He is up against commercial difficulties undreamt of by his predecessors.

When Edwardes first staged musical comedy at the Gaiety his weekly expenses did not exceed £1000. At Daly's his entire salary list—cast (and what a cast!) and chorus—for *The Merry Widow* came to less than the salary paid in a musical piece there a few years ago to the leading lady. Edwardes certainly would have considered anyone demented who predicted that the day would come when a musical play would be withdrawn from a London theatre while playing to £2600 a week because the expenses were more. Yet that's what actually happened a few months ago.—Ernest Kuhe.

## BENEFITS AND AUDIENCES

In the old days of the drama and the concert hall a "benefit" performance often brought pecuniary loss to the beneficiary. Box office receipts often failed to cover the expenses. It was seldom that manager, company, stage hands and ushers volunteered their services; seldom that celebrated singers, fiddlers, pianists were persuaded to "contribute" their assistance. There were exceptions—a great state or national calamity, for example. For a private individual the benefit was often an injury.

It is now said in some quarters that in concerts in aid of this or that—the Society for the Relief of Neglected Maidens, the Society in Aid of Distressed Bootleggers and so on—the artists who are engaged at a high cost are the real sufferers for their audiences are of a miscellaneous character, assembled as charitable persons rather than genuine and discriminating lovers of music. The finer work of the artist is not appreciated at its just value and in order to arouse applause she is obliged to sing down to the level of her hearers. This statement is too loose and sweeping. As for "discriminating lovers of music," what is to be said of the audiences at our Symphony concerts? Are not inferior singers applauded as heartily as those conspicuous for their technical ability and emotional interpretations?

Only a few days ago Mme. Ritter-Ciampi was applauded heartily, yet neither her voice nor her interpretative faculty entitled her to an engagement with the orchestra, nor was there any reason for her importation. Are there no native singers in this country who could have sung the music in Debussy's "Saint Sebastian"? Now we are not shouting "Amurrica for Amurricans." We welcome any singer, French, Italian, Bulgarian, Peruvian, Corsican, who proves herself or himself an artist. We all have a right to protest when the foreigner has a mediocre talent or a tired voice. Applause may only be a tribute of courtesy. What is the result? The singer rejoicing in her reception writes—perhaps cables home in her joy—"Great triumph. A true ovation. Recalled many times." And this fact which is not a fact is published in the music periodicals and gossip columns of the city where she lives. And foreign governments, banks, prominent persons in official positions, write to persons male and female in this country to take an interest musically, i.e., pecuniarily and socially, in Madame Tremulando who is about to visit the barbarians of the United States.

It is true of course that many persons go to benefit concerts to aid what they believe is a worthy cause. If they are not musical themselves they are not "aghn" music; they are glad to attend the concert if only for the sake of being reported as having been "among those present." Many go because there are few other opportunities of hearing this or that engaged artist. That a singer or pianist deliberately lowers her standard to win applause on these occasions is stuff and nonsense. A true artist would sing or play as well as possible if the audience were composed only of persons not listed in the



and Register and of a scattering of elderly men and women in an advanced state of deafness. If a singer is careless, indifferent on an occasion valued only for pecuniary regard, not eager to please an audience, she will slump on other occasions when she strives to do her best. An amazing feature of benefit performances that have recently taken place is the satisfying sum of money thus raised though tickets were at a high price. It mattered not what was the cause for which pecuniary aid was asked, the response was hearty and genuine. It must also be said that the attraction offered was generally worthy of the cause for which the appeal was made.

There should be classes formed for the study of Brahms so that there will be full enjoyment of the approaching Festival. Already there are devoted Brahmsists in the city. Dr. Koussevitzky by his masterly interpretation of the symphonies has made converts, who like converts in a religious sect are the more zealous—shall we add, the more intolerant? A recent biography of Sanctus Johannes has recently been published, the sanest, most informative, the most readable of all the books devoted to him. We hope to discuss this work next Sunday.

Sir George Henschel announced his retirement from the concert stage after he had sung a group of songs, accompanying himself, in London last month. He was 80 years old last Tuesday. Mr. Legge in the Daily Telegraph expressed the hope that the withdrawal is only temporary. "In a material age such as this those who still retain a sense of beauty can ill spare so distinguished, aye, so noble, an exponent of all that is best and most beautiful in vocal art." The English are a loyal folk when their own actors or singers are concerned. It is rumored that Sir George will be invited to be present at the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, as he was its first conductor.

Ernest Bloch wrote to a friend not long ago that he thought of leaving San Francisco to spend the rest of his life in Switzerland, his native country. He is a restless soul as well as a remarkable musician.

This reminds us that the violoncello solo in Bloch's Schelomo, played superbly by Felix Salmond at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season, will be played in unison at a concert of this orchestra in New

Haven, March 5, by Messrs. Bedetti, A. Zighera, Langendoen and Chardon. It is a curious experiment. When Arthur Nikisch was conductor of this orchestra thirty-two violins played a Moto perpetuo by Paganini at the concert of April 26, 1890. They stood in a row on the stage of the old Music Hall and fiddled nobly.

To go back a minute to Sir George. If he should come to Boston and be asked to conduct the program of the orchestra's first concert Oct. 22, 1931, the audience would listen to these orchestral compositions: Beethoven, Overture, Dedication of the House! Haydn, Symphony B flat major (B. & H. 2); Schubert, ballet music from "Rosamunde"; Weber, Festival overture. Annie Louise Cary was the soloist at that concert: Air from Gluck's "Orpheus," and a scene from Bruch's "Odysseus." Perhaps Sir George might be persuaded to sing, play and conduct as he did in one of the early concerts under his direction. In those years he was learning his trade as a conductor. He had been known here only as a singer and pianist. When he took the baton in hand he was bitterly criticised by some of the critics and by feverish contributors to the newspapers of the city.

Eighty harps will be twanging together in one piece on the program of a concert in Symphony hall on March 3, the 10th annual national harp festival. The program is an unusual one besides showing the interest taken in an instrument once used only by sentimental ladies with shapely arms.

There is a Harp Ensemble in London but alas, it has only one harp. The other players are a string quartet and a flutist. A critic wrote of their last concert: "The Harp Ensemble has discovered that, if it is not made a rule that each player shall play all the time, a delightful out-of-the-ordinary program can be made." For the benefit of those recognizing the value of the harp in chamber music, we give the titles of some of the pieces played by the Ensemble in London: Quintet for harp and strings by Inghelbrecht, modern but not too much so. A V. valdi concerto for viola damore, lute and strings arranged by Arnold Bax for strings and harp. Sonata for viola and harp by Bax. "These two instruments are such as appeal to Bax's Celtic imagination. . . the work is original, especially in the writing for the harp, which is most effective and contains a good deal both of poetic and of sensuous beauty." Schubert's quartet for flute, guitar, viola and violoncello written in 1814 and discovered in 1918. This charming work was performed here at a concert of the Flute Players' Club this season when a harp was substituted for the guitar.

Eighty harps. It is a pity that at the coming festival in Symphony hall the harp of "a thousand strings" mentioned in the old sermon "And he played on a harp of 1000 strings—spirits of just men made perfect"—cannot be heard.

Mr. Schelling's last concert for children will take place next Saturday morning. It is good news to learn that they will be continued next season. The program for Saturday contains modern compositions. Will the children follow the example of their elders in Symphony hall who stamped and showed delicious enthusiasm when Ravel's "Bolero" was played—for the first time?

It is seldom that a singer giving a recital engages a small orchestra to accompany her in certain songs. Mrs. Kingsbury has done this for her recital next Tuesday evening. She not only has the orchestra: the incomparable flutist, Mr. Laurent will play to her singing of a song by Roussel; the brilliant trumpeter, Mr. Mager, will play the obbligato measures to the air of Handel's in which Lillian Nordica vied with that instrument.

#### GRACE CRONIN

At Jordan hall yesterday afternoon Grace Cronin, pianist, played the following program: Sarabande (Rameau); sonata in C (Scarlatti); sonata Op. 27, No. 2 (Beethoven); preludes in C major and B minor, Impromptu in C sharp minor, waltz in G flat, scherzo in C sharp minor (Chopin); Rhapsody in E flat (Brahms). Debussy No. 2 (Tcherenine), nocturne (Debussy), prelude in G sharp minor (Rachmaninoff), Valse Caprice (Rubinstein).

Here is a young pianist who comes before the public (not for the first time), admirably prepared as regards technique, showing by her perform-

ance a natural aptitude for her chosen instrument, careful preparation of her program, and a coolness and poise which permit her to carry out her intentions without a hitch. A rare neatness and finish characterize all her work, qualities valuable equally in the delicate finger work and dainty phrasing of a Scarlatti sonata and in the staccato octaves and filigreed decoration of Chopin's C sharp minor scherzo. She has an enviable agility of finger and of wrist, a no less enviable accuracy of aim. Her power of producing tone richly sonorous (though she availed herself of it rarely), was shown in Rameau's sarabande. This, by the way, she played in a justifiably "enriched" ver-

sion, achieving an effect probably nearer to that produced by contemporary clavichord performance, with its organic coupling, than slavish fidelity to the notation would give.

Admirably gifted and prepared technically, Miss Cronin is, however, still immature artistically. Not only, as might be expected from her youth, is there a noticeable lack of depth and of musical interest in much of her playing, but—a more serious matter—certain mannerisms have been acquired. Sudden rhetorical silences, for instance, were occasionally employed where a less drastic procedure would have sufficed to draw attention to a crucial phrase. Sudden changes of tempo were too frequent. In the final movement of the "Moonlight" sonata, a phrase repeated no less than eight times in close succession, was given with precisely the same "rubato" distortion at each repetition. It is to be hoped that Miss Cronin will rid her playing of such faults as these without delay. Her audience yesterday gave evidence of keen enjoyment. It demanded and received several additional numbers.

S. S.

#### LOUISE HOMER—LUELLA MELIUS

A large audience attended the joint recital given by Louise Homer, contralto, and Luella Melius, soprano, at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. Mme. Homer had the able assistance of her daughter, Katharine Homer, as accompanist; Mme. Melius was accompanied by Milford Snell, pianist, and Gaston Bladet, flutist. The program of the concert was as follows:

Air from "Coq d'Or," Rimsky-Korsakov; Vor Sonnenaufgang, Hugo Wolff; Verschwiegene Liebe, Hugo Wolff; Vocalise, Ravel; Waltz (with flute), Strauss. (Mme. Melius) Dem Unendlichen, Schubert; Sapphische Ode, Brahms; Maedchen sind wie der Wind, Loewe; Adieu Forets, from "Jeanne d'Arc," Tchaikovsky (Mme. Homer) Duet from "Stabat Mater," Quis est homo? Rossini (Mmes. Homer and Melius). Stresa, Winter Watts; Tonight, Alice Barnett; The Wren (with flute), arranged by Weckerlin (Mme. Melius). The Song of the Shirt, Sidney Homer; I Love Sexpence, from "Mother Goose," Sidney Homer; Don't Cease, Carpenter; Wild Bells, Gounod (Mme. Homer) Duet, Tutti i fiori, from "Madame Butterfly," Puccini (Mmes. Homer and Melius).

Mme. Homer was greeted yesterday with an enthusiasm inspired, no doubt, mainly by the recollection of her long and distinguished operatic career, but she soon proved that she can still win and hold the affection of an audience without needing to appeal to the memory of past glories. The unimpaired brilliance of her fine voice, the admirable skill which she displays in its use, her good taste and artistic sincerity, the rare charm and dignity of her presence, all these things combine to inspire respect and admiration. It is easy, for these things, to forgive the hint of shrillness, the occasional falling below true intonation, that are sometimes apparent.

Mme. Melius was less commendable. Not only is her sense of style inadequate to enable her to deal justly with such songs as those of Hugo Wolff that she had chosen, which she sang note by note rather than with any sense of continuity, but she left much to be desired in the matter of vocal technique. Her head tones were of unpleasant quality; she scooped upward to the attack, not only at the beginning of a phrase, but repeatedly within it; she passed from note to note too frequently by a slide, rather than by the conventionally established route. All this is too bad, since Mme. Melius's voice is inherently of excellent quality and agility. Mme. Melius takes evident delight in the time-honored tricks of the coloratura soprano, from the naive competitions with the flute to the sentimental rendering of The Last Rose

of Summer, accompanying herself (with a flourish) at the pianoforte.

The two singers combined forces in the trivial Quis est homo? from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," the same duet which was sung (by Patti and Alboni), at its composer's funeral in 1868, and in Tutti i fiori, from "Madame Butterfly." The latter was the more pleasing performance of the two. In response to energetic applause it was repeated.—S. S.

#### BOSTON FLUTE PLAYERS' CLUB

The Boston Flute Players' Club gave a concert yesterday afternoon in the gallery of the Boston Art Club. The program was as follows: John Alden Carpenter, quartet, for string instruments; V. Dukelsky, Canzonetta, for flute, oboe, viola, French horn, bass clarinet, bassoon; Mozart, Rondo in A minor; Chopin, quatrieme ballade; Francis Poulenc, Le Bestiaire, Ou Le Cortege d'Orpheus; Brahms, Liebeslieder Waltzes, op. 52.

The following artists took part:

Claire Maentz, soprano; Maurine Palmer McClosky, contralto; Ruth Culbertson, pianoforte; Gaston Elcus, violin; Louis Artieres, viola; Georges Laurent, flute; Paul Mimart, bass clarinet; Edgar Isherwood, tenor; David Blair McClosky, baritone; Jesus Sanroma, pianoforte; Samuel Lebovici, violin; Alfred Zighera, cello; Fernan Gillet, oboe; Abdon Laus, bassoon; Georges Boettcher, French horn.

The quartet of Carpenter was charming music, fragrant with much sweetness. A number of styles seemed to struggle for supremacy. . . warm sparks of Spanish deep song burned through the even coolness of the first movement, thrust themselves into the second movement, and conquered in the last, turning it from a hesitating jazz tune into a rhythmic and seductive Spanish dance. The quartet was well played, needless to say, by Messrs. Elcus, Artieres, Lebovici and Zighera.

Dukelsky's Canzonetta is an infectiously tuneful piece, well-knit, and debonair. Considering the array of con-

trasting colors he had available in the instruments he chose, however, he achieved a curiously well-blended and unvarying tint for the whole of the song. . . but perhaps that is what he meant to do. At any rate, "it sounds," and the audience enjoyed it.

The beautiful Brahms Liebeslieder Waltzes pleased most strongly, even though the quartet was not over-carefully rehearsed since Claire Maentz, at the last moment, volunteered to sing in the place of Elizabeth Worcester Beaman, who was suddenly called out of town. The fresh beauty and grace of the waltz songs do not require perfect performance; there is something in that music which makes a virtue of spontaneity. Two of the songs were repeated. E. B.

#### PAUL BREGOR

At Jordan hall, yesterday afternoon, Paul Bregor, pianist, gave a recital which was well attended. He played the following program: Bach, prelude and fugue in E flat minor; Brahms, Rhapsody in E flat, op. 119, and Inter-rhapsody in E flat, op. 117; Beethoven sonata, op. 53; Schumann, fantasy, op. 17; Debussy, "Danse de Puck" and "Terrasse des audiences du clair de lune;" Ibert, "The Little White Donkey;" Paganini-Liszt, La Campanella.

Mr. Bregor plays always like a pianist aware of the movement which is the soul of music. Not content to linger by the wayside and polish each note and each phrase until it shines, he urges onward, conscious that the music is "going somewhere," developing an idea or unfolding an emotional experience. This quality, combined with emotional insight, made his performance of the opening movement of the "Waldstein" sonata unusually eloquent and dramatic, lent it unity and logic. Perhaps through nervousness, Mr. Bregor tended, however, towards an excess of speed that was sometimes inappropriate in itself and marred the clarity of his detail. Here and elsewhere, tempi less hurried would have made his excellent rhythms still more effective. In the Brahms Intermezzo his heavy accentuation of the beginning of each phrase suggested that he had forgotten that the piece was inspired by a cradle song. A less percussive touch would have been welcome in Bach's prelude; a more sparing use of the pedal might have made the fugue clearer, excellently conceived, architecturally built-up, as its interpretation was.

Mr. Bregor pleased his audience particularly in the brilliantly played short pieces of his final group. He was warmly applauded and compelled to play some extra numbers. S. S.

#### NEW B. F. KEITH'S

##### "Happy Days"

A screen revue with story and dialogue by Sidney Lanfield and Edwin Burke, directed by Walter Catlett, presented by Benjamin Stoloff and presented by Fox with the following principals:

Frank Albertson, Warner Baxter, El Brendel, Walter Catlett, William Collier, George Jessel, Sr., James J. Corbett, Charles Farrell, Janet Gaynor, Richard Keene, Dixie Lee, Edmund Lowe, Sharon Lynn, George MacFarlane, Victor McLaglen, J. Harold Murray, George Olsen, Paul Page, Tom Patricola, Ann Pennington, Frank Richardson, Will Rogers, David Rollins, "Whispering" Jack Smith and Marjorie White.

"Happy Days" is distinguished chiefly for its amazing roster of stage and screen stars of the past and present, and for its numerous novel camera effects or stunts. It is shown on an enlarged screen, not the Grandeur which has just been tried out at Roxy's Theatre in New York, but one large enough to reveal stages remarkable for breadth and depth. Unfortunately the scenes are not always reflected in proper focus. The needless top of a picture allowed to stay in view while the feet of dancers at the front are hidden. Once or twice distortion steps in, to make little Ann Pennington and her tap dancers Broddingnagian in stature. These minor faults are offset by many original tricks, both mechanical and photographic, which are employed effectively here and there. At early showings Saturday there was too much



volume, an indication of treacherous recording in all probability.

Those who anticipated a story for "Happy Days" will be disappointed. What might be called a prologue informs us that Col. Batchelor, none other than our old friend Charles E. Evans of Evans and Hoey fame has been stranded with his show boat troupe in a southern town. Marjorie White, his soubrette, rushes off to New York to the Artists and Writers' Club, which might well be the Friars' Club, never the Lambs', and persuades every one but Will Rogers and Warner Baxter to rush right back to stage a monster benefit minstrel show for the venerable colonel. Before they leave Mr. Rogers manages to get in his advertisement of his favorite chewing gum, and Mr. Baxter essays a few card tricks. The Messrs. Collier, Catlett and Jessel make pitiable efforts to supply some witty repartee, and then the minstrel show is on, with George MacFarlane and James J. Corbett as interlocutors, a blackface circle, and George Olsen's band for songs and dances. Mr. MacFarlane, Harold Murray, Frank Richardson and "Whispering" Jack Smith sing a little; Tom Patricola does a bit of routine tapping, as do the Slate Brothers; McLaglen and Lowe add a ditty about pals, ending with Lowe's curtain tag from "What Price Glory." El Brendel dons his trick dress suit and gets a ripple of laughs; Wait for Me, Baby! Mr. Farrell and Miss Gaynor, still ill at ease in song, recite a piece about building a little world of their own, and Dixie Lee, Marjorie White and Richard Keene contribute dance specialties of modern style. There are several ambitious ensemble numbers handicapped by murky photography and lacking in any great originality of conception. "Happy Days," despite its impressive array of names, is less successful than Mr. Fox's first big revue, "Movietone Follies." It is far less entertaining than the various revues presented by other studios. But what a payroll all that talent, wasted or otherwise, represents! W. E. G.

#### KEITH-ALBEE

##### "Love Comes Along"

An all-talking and singing screen drama adapted by Wallace Smith from the play by Edward Knoblock entitled "Conchita," directed by Rupert Julian and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Peggy..... Bebe Daniels  
Johnny Stark..... Lloyd Hughes  
Sangrado..... Montagu Love  
Happy..... Ned Sparks  
Carlotta..... Alma Tell  
Brown..... Lionel Belmore  
Bianca..... Evelyn Selbie

What a plum Bebe Daniels has turned out to be for Radio Pictures! She can take a musical comedy such as "Rio Rita" that is interesting in itself, and improve it enormously. What is more important, since "Rio Rita" doesn't happen very often, she can take a perfectly commonplace little romance such as "Love Comes Along," now showing at the Keith-Albee Theatre, and sing so agreeably and look so attractive that it is perfectly easy to look at her and forget the plot. Such regrettable little matters as the tendency of the director to make Bebe say "Okay, Colonel," to every remark made to her by the suavely villainous Montague Love, and the distressing overacting of Lloyd Hughes as a bellicose sailor can be forgotten when Bebe sings "Love Comes Along," or when Ned Sparks wanders in with some disillusioned remarks. The photography is not given much attention, but it suffices, and a good time is had by almost every one watching various characters scaling balconies, singing serenades to one another or calling names in loud and vociferous tones.

Johnny Stark, sailor, comes ashore at a small South American town and wanders into its one and only cafe in search of entertainment. He finds it

in the shape of Peggy, last name unknown, a pretty American girl, stranded a long way from home by the break-up of a theatrical troupe. They fall in love, sing a good many songs and then they have a real quarrel, almost a hair-pulling, in fact. Trouble came about when Peggy was invited to sing at a local fiesta by Sangrado the lord high everything of the neighborhood. Johnny disapproved heartily, and what he said to Peggy and she said to him in return was a caution. He repents of his evil suspicions just in time and climbs Peggy's balcony for the fourth time in time to knock Sangrado flying, and then carry Peggy off, with apologies, to his ship.

E. L. H.

#### MODERN-BEACON-EGYPTIAN

##### "Troopers Three"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted from a story by Arthur Guy Emmer, directed by Norman Taurog and presented by Tiffany with the following cast:

Eddie Haskins..... Rex Lease  
Dorothy Clark..... Dorothy Gulliver  
Burs..... Roscoe Karns  
Sunny..... Slim Summerville  
Hank Darby..... Tom London  
Capt. Harris..... Joseph Girard  
Halligan..... Walter Perry

The opening scenes of "Troopers Three" give a hint of much slap-stick

to follow, with a fresh young man named Eddie Haskins and a pair of would-be comedy acrobats known as Bugs and Sunny being thrown out of a cheap burlesque house after very discouraging try-outs. They meet in the stage door alley, compare notes, pool their funds of \$1.95 and pledge themselves to keep at it until they make the Palace Theatre in New York. They must eat meantime, and a street poster glorifying life in the United States cavalry suggests a roof and food, and possible opportunities for rehearsals of the new act. They think they have signed up for only a month, but it actually is for three years.

The scene shifts, via a railroad train, to the town of Colfax, somewhere in the West, where a cavalry post is located. Eddie, with his trick cigars which explode after a few puffs, and by his all-round impudence and cockiness invites reprisals not only for himself but for his companions. They are put through many embarrassing moments but gradually acquire a semblance of military efficiency, a respect for discipline. Eddie falls in love with the daughter of a grizzled sergeant, and on a certain moonlight night takes a sound beating from Hank Darby, a husky rival. Eddie doesn't squeal, though Hank and his mates think so and shun him. Eddie's great moment arrives when he pulls Hank from a blazing stable where are housed many valuable horses, including Dorothy's own Honeyboy. As the picture ends Eddie, promoted to a sergeantcy, rides proudly along, a new man with a new vision.

It is all good propaganda for the cavalry arm of the service, especially when linked entertainingly with frequent views of these dashing horsemen in action, in sensational races, in mock battles, in parade ceremonies. This part of "Troopers Three" is interesting and instructive. Such portions of the film as are devoted to the experiences of the three rookies are often amusing, particularly as they affect Sunny, played by Slim Summerville, a gangling fellow whose low comedy methods include the faculty to ring every drop of humor from a given situation. Especially funny was his desperate obedience to marching orders given by a parrot perched, unbeknown to him, on the gun barrel slung over Slim's shoulder. W. E. G.

#### PARK

##### "Dames Ahoy!"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Matt Taylor from the story by Sherman Lowe; directed by William James Craft and presented by Universal with the following cast:

Jimmy Chase..... Glenn Tryon  
Mabel McGuire..... Helen Wright  
Bill Jones..... Ott Harlan  
MacDougal..... Eddie Gribbons  
The Blonde..... Gertrude Astor

Somehow the method of approaching an attractive girl by spilling food on her or making her an object of ridicule is always good for a laugh and so is usually dragged in by way of arranging the meeting of hero and heroine in screen comedies. True to form Glenn Tryon, now to be seen in "Dames Ahoy!" showing at the Park Theatre, first calls the attention of his future sweetheart to himself by jogging her elbow at a soda fountain. Happy to relate he behaves throughout the remainder of

the film in a perfectly respectable fashion and succeeds in being funny without being vulgar.

The situation is decidedly amusing, though not violently original. Three sailors, Jimmy Chase, Bill Jones and MacDougal, come ashore on leave from their battleship in search of a certain blonde who had inveigled Bill, on his previous trip, into signing over half his pay for her use. She is to be identified by a strawberry mark on her knee, so the three cronies spend a few hectic hours endeavoring to see the knees of every blonde they meet. In the course of their travels they wander into a big dance hall where there is a contest going on to decide the lucky couple to win a bungalow and \$500 on condition that they will be married in the hall. The gobs procure themselves a woman apiece and go to it. Jimmy and his partner, Mabel McGuire, win the contest, but Jimmy is not too delighted to find out what is coming to him for his pains.

Next morning they accidentally discover the predatory blonde and Jimmy manages to buy her off for the same amount as the wedding check. He decides to go through the ceremony with Mabel, whom he is finding more attractive by the minute, to get his friend out of trouble. In the end, however, matrimony looks pretty good and the film closes with an ideal picture of Jack ashore. Glenn Tryon has a wonderful time as the breezy Jimmy and his antics meet with much laughter. Ott Harlan and Eddie Gribbons are even more amusing as the other two sailors, and Helen Wright makes a pretty and lively Mabel.

On the same bill is "The Mounted Stranger," with Hoot Gibson. This is the story of a cowboy whose chief aim in life is to avenge the murder of his father. He finds his arch enemy and wounds him but is forced to flee for his life. On his ride for the border he meets a beautiful girl with whom he falls in love. There is plenty of hard riding, shooting and come the end

Hoot gets the girl and his man.

E. L. H.

#### FENWAY

##### "Her Unborn Child"

An all-dialogue screen drama, adapted from the stage play of the same name by Howard McKim Barnes and Grace Hayward directed by Albert Ray and presented by Windsor Picture Plays, Inc., with the following cast:

Doris Kennedy..... Adele Ronson  
Stewart Kennedy..... Elisha Cook, Jr.  
Peggy Kennedy..... Elizabeth Wragge  
Mrs. Kennedy..... Frances Underwood  
Jack Conover..... Paul Clare  
Helen Conover..... Doris Rankin  
Elizabeth Gilbert..... Pauline Drake  
Dr. Remington..... Harry Davenport

The pros and cons of birth control have been set forth at divers times through the medium of tracts, the public forum, the stage. Now the screen is added to the list. "Her Unborn Child," produced first in the Eltinge Theatre, New York, on March 5, 1928, and performed in this city last April by Mary Young and an ordinary company at what then was known as the Uptown Theatre, has been revised by the Hattons for film use. It is the very frank narrative of a young girl, Doris Kennedy, of reputable and hitherto happy family, who finds herself in serious trouble. Jack Conover, other party to the escapade, wishes to marry the girl, but the woman he always has thought to be his aunt bids him to drop the girl or be turned out.

There are candid discussions between Mrs. Kennedy and Miss Conover, between the boy and the girl, but it is honest, kindly old Dr. Remington, to whom Doris has turned for guidance, who beats down all of Miss Conover's arguments in favor of malpractice, who reveals the fact that she really is Jack's mother through a girlhood romance with her father's coachman, and who encourages Doris to accept motherhood bravely and without sense of shame. In the end, after a series of family conferences, the young people reach an understanding which promises permanent happiness. They decide to be married—which is exactly what they should have done in the first place.

Young Cook as the "head of the family," emerging suddenly from the tremors of sentimental verse-making and the thrills of his first dress suit to realize the need of caution in his relations with his 16-year-old inamorata, Elizabeth, is the only one of the stage cast to appear in this screen version. W. E. G.

#### LOEW'S STATE

##### "New York Nights"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Jules Furthman from the play entitled "Tin Pan Alley," by Hugh Stanislas Strange, directed by Lewis Milestone and presented by United Artists with the following cast:

Jill Deverne..... Norma Talmadge  
Fred Deverne..... Gilbert Roland  
Joe Prividi..... John Wray  
Peggy..... Lilyan Tashman  
Ruthie Day..... Mary Doran  
Johnny Dolan..... Roscoe Karns

Two things are proved by "New York Nights," Norma Talmadge's first talkie now showing at Loew's State Theatre. First, Norma herself seems to be one of those fortunate persons of whom Shakespeare was thinking when he wrote: "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety"; she looks for the most part fresh and blooming as she has ever since she went into the movies and, what is of considerable importance, her voice registers in a very promising manner indeed. Second, John Wray, abducted from the stage, plays the same role that he did on the stage when "New York Nights" was "Tin Pan Alley," and plays it so well that his part stands out like the proverbial good deed in a naughty world and completely submerges Norma's nominal leading man, Gilbert Roland. His soft, sinister voice, his strange but effective manner of pawing the ground when angry, like an impatient horse, and the aura of evil that seems to surround him, make for a memorable characterization.

The plot tells how Jill Deverne, an attractive young woman married to a shiftless song-writer, Fred Deverne, forgives her husband ninety and nine times, but leaves him at last in disgust when he breaks his word to her, gets drunk and is caught alone in a hotel room with another woman. Of course, there was an influence behind all Fred's misbehavior. Joe Prividi, racketeer and a man, was in love with Jill and not a love any means by which he could discredit Fred and get her for himself. Sick of Fred's prevarications and backsliding, she leaves him to go to Prividi; he fits her out with an elaborate apartment, jewels and all the rest, but she still longs for her erring spouse. One evening there is a wild party in her apartment, it is raided, and Jill and Prividi are hauled off to the police station, where he is locked up for lack of bail. By an opportune stretching of the long arm of coincidence, Fred is hauled in for vagrancy just as Jill is leaving. She bailes him out and forgives him

still again.

They plan to leave New York for a fresh start, but Prividi gets wind of it and tries to have Fred shot before he can board the train at the railroad station. The shot strikes Fred's friend, Johnny Dolan, instead and Jill and Fred escape. Prividi boards the train at the next station to put Fred out of the way in person, but is seized by the police. Miss Talmadge did a great deal with the routine role assigned to her, and Lilyan Tashman was excellent as a hard-boiled blonde. Gilbert Roland was only fair as the weakling Fred. E. L. H.

#### REPERTORY THEATRE

From time to time views of the eventful voyage of the Graf Zeppelin around the world have been revealed in the news reels in motion picture houses. These views have now been assembled in one unit and are being shown this week at the Repertory Theatre. They make a comprehensive pictorial and audible log of the trip which started at Lakehurst, continued on to Friedrichshafen, across Germany, Russia and Siberia to Japan, and out across the Pacific to San Francisco and Los Angeles and across country to New York and the original starting point. Shots from aloft and from the ground are interestingly alternated. Interior views of the giant airliner show how the travelers amused themselves, show Comdr. Eckener at the wheel, and show the guest newswriters at their fascinating work. An instructive feature is the talk by Comdr. Rosenthal of the American navy, who went along as official observer, in which he explains the use of maps and charts and describes various points of interest along the route.

#### THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COPYLEY—"The Ghost Train," mystery  
MAJESTIC—"Robin Hood," DeKoven-play, second week.  
Smith opera; last week.  
LYRIC—"Young Sinners," comedy, second week.  
PLYMOUTH—"Little Accident," farce, sixth week.  
SHUBERT—"The New Moon," musical comedy, second week.  
WILBUR—"The Little Show," revue, third week.  
NOTE—The Colonial, Hollis Street and Tremont theatres are dark.

#### Symphony Concert

##### By PHILIP HALE

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra's Tuesday afternoon series, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso for strings, op. 6, No. 10. Haydn, Symphony with the Horns. Tchaikovsky, "Pathetic" symphony.

The audience—it completely filled the hall—was enthusiastic and justly so. It was even tempted to break rules and applaud after each movement of Haydn's fresh, gay and delightful symphony with its florid solo measures for various instruments. It was impressed by Handel's majesty and tenderness; by Tchaikovsky's symphony, that Iliad of woe. No wonder that Dr. Koussevitzky will take Haydn's symphony to New York next week. Has it ever been heard there? Had it been performed in this country before the Symphony concerts of last week?

The eloquent reading of Tchaikovsky's symphony and the music itself

again excited surprise at the attitude of the French toward this composer and his orchestral works. Whenever a Parisian conductor ventures to put one of the symphonies on a program, the vials of contempt and wrath are uncorked. Rimsky-Korsakov on the contrary is applauded. Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony is especially the abomination of desolation to the Parisian critics. They find nothing in it; but they find all the terms of critical abuse. Perhaps their attitude comes from a dislike of the aggressively personal note; the wailing, the pessimism. Rimsky's music, his delicacy, his super-refined instrumentation are much more to their taste. Nor was Tchaikovsky highly regarded by the big "Five." He was an outsider; not a true Russian composer; he had been Germanized and so on. Cesar Cui was especially bitter; one might say small-minded, incapable of appreciating the strength in what they called Tchaikovsky's weakness. Yet within a year one finds Stravinsky, for a time ultra-Russian, now deliberately attempting to write in Tchaikovsky's vein or even borrowing from him and acknowledging gratefully the debt.

The next of the Tuesday concerts will be on March 11.

Feb 26 1930

Feb 26 1930



## SUZANNE DABNEY

Suzanne Dabney, soprano, and Madeleine Monnier, cellist, combined talents for a concert last night at Brown hall. A fair-sized audience was appreciative. The program was as follows:

Come and Trip It (Handel): Where'er You Walk (Handel): Melodie (Ransstrom): L'Amour en A (Grieg): Tak for Dit Radd (Grieg)—Miss Dabney.  
Zigeunerweisen (Sarasate): Menuet (Handel): Chant Russe (Lalo): Allegro Spiritoso (Sensallie-Salmond)—Mlle. Monnier.  
Lamento Provençal (Paladilhe): L'Attri-bute (Poulenc): Foret (Caplet): Vieille Chanson Espagnole (Aubert): Le Moulin (Piccini)—Miss Dabney.  
Four Spanish Folk-Tunes (Joaquin Nin): Passepied (Debussy): Source (Davidoff)—Mlle. Monnier.  
Five songs by Harold Henry: Nocturne, Priere, The Morning Glory, In Autumn, What the Bullet Sang—Miss Dabney.

Miss Dabney's fine voice is, because of a few technical deficiencies, not always equal to the musical and poetic intelligence of her interpretations. Lack of adequate breath control makes her full tones uncertain, and occasionally off-pitch; her diction suffers through a confusion of vowel sounds. But she pleases very much through the sincerity and charm of her readings of the poetry, and her warm response to the mood and atmosphere of the music, of her songs. The three Scandinavian songs in her first group, and her graceful singing of Aubert's Vieille Chanson Espagnole (which had to be repeated), pleased her audience most. Poulenc's mischievous setting of Ronsard's Attributs was sung with wit and polish. Miss Dabney was compelled to add to her announced program.

Madeleine Monnier, violoncellist, has a remarkable left-hand technique (though the intonation is not always secure in the highest register, or on harmonics), and a good, but not a flexible or polished, bowing. She plays with real fire and understanding, and with splendid rhythm. She delighted the audience with her interpretation of four Spanish folk tunes arranged by Joaquin Nin. The pointed grace of Debussy's Passepied suited Mlle. Monnier's cello better than Sarasate's Zigeunerweisen, whose violinistic acrobatics are so quick that there is no time for the cello to make them audible. The familiar "Swan" of Saint-Saens, given as an encore, sounds better on the cello than any other more fancy writing; Saint-Saens did not try to make the deep, dignified cello turn somersaults. Here Mlle. Monnier's tone was rich and full, vibrant with the true timbre of the instrument, and unusually expressive.

Frank Bibb contributed excellent accompaniments. E. B.

## MARION KINGSBURY

Marion Kingsbury, soprano, gave a concert at Jordan Hall last night. She had the assistance of Malcolm Lang, accompanist, Heinrich Gebhard, composer and pianist, Georges Laurent, flutist, G. Mager, trumpeter, and a small orchestra of players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Richard Burgin.

Mrs. Kingsbury had arranged an exceptionally enjoyable and unusual program. Would that it were within the power of all givers of recitals to offer their hearers so varied a treat. It was surprising and regrettable that relatively few people availed themselves of the opportunity offered. The audience was of no more than average size.

Mr. Burgin and his orchestra of some 25 picked players opened the proceedings with Mozart's overture to "The Abduction from the Seraglio." Vivaciously yet sensitively played, this delightful music revealed new beauty through its being heard from an ensemble small enough to preserve the individuality of its parts and the individual luster of its instruments.

With Elvira's aria, "Mi Tradi," from "Don Giovanni," Mrs. Kingsbury herself appeared before her audience. To her orchestra's beautifully rendered, fully subdued accompaniment she earnestly the admirable recitative, with what style and grace her technical limitations permitted, the exquisite air. She revealed a voice of lyric potentiality, very small (though of pleasing quality), and (as it seemed last night, when nervousness may have hampered her performance), much deficient in resonance, in evenness of scale, and in breath control. Careful attention to appropriateness of expression and style were evident in her performance.

Three folk songs—one Scotch and two Irish—arranged by Beethoven for performance to the accompaniment of violin, cello and piano were the curiosities that appeared next upon the program. Exceedingly amateurish was the setting of the first ("The Pulse of an Irishman"), despite the eminence of its perpetrator. In the second ("O Might I but My Patriek Love"), the beauty of the tune had inspired the arranger to efforts more worthy of his nettle; the third ("Charley Is My Darling"), descended slightly, but not to the level of the first. Here Mrs. Kingsbury sang with an engaging simplicity. A suite in B minor for string orchestra and flute by J. B. Bach revealed the composer in whimsical mood (but

for the hint of the more grandiose Bach in the overture), and provided some delightful playing of music of marked charm by both the orchestra and that admirable virtuoso and exquisite musician, Mr. Laurent. He was compelled to repeat the frolicsome finale (aptly entitled "Badinerie").

Three of the songs of Heinrich Gebhard, composer of skill, impeccable taste, and imagination, followed. The first ("The Call") was new; expressive and interesting though it was, it pleased its hearers less than the two next ("The Flower's Complaint" and "April"). Cordial applause compelled the addition of another of Mr. Gebhard's songs, Roussel's duet for flute and voice, "Rossignol, mon mignon," is one of the most successful of this flute-haunted composer's efforts. There was a melancholy beauty in the interweaving of the rhapsodic nightingale song of the flute with the sadness of the voice-part. Of great beauty, too, in a style less untrammelled, with reminiscences of Debussy and of Faure, was Hue's "Soir Païen," for voice, flute and piano. Both these were admirably done by singer and players. Three Brazilian dances by Milhaud, characteristic and polytonal, led pleasantly to the last item of Mrs. Kingsbury's generous program, Handel's "Let the Bright Seraphim" (from "Samson"). The exhilarating effect of orchestra and trumpet was not adequately seconded here by Mrs. Kingsbury's voice, which lacks the desired brilliance, but she deserved and received in audible form the gratitude of her audience for an unusually pleasing concert. S. S.

## Beniamino Gigli

By PHILIP HALE

Zeniamino Gigli, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House, and Anna Fitzlu, soprano, sang in the Hotel Statler ballroom yesterday morning in aid of the Boston School of Occupational Therapy. Miguel Sandoval was the pianist.

Mr. Gigli's selections: Donizetti, Una furtiva lagrima from "L'Elisir d'Amore," Donaudy, O bel nidi d'amore, Liszt, Liebestraum (words by Gigli), Greg. Un Reve, Wagner, Lohengrin's Narrative, Balfe, Then you'll remember me ("The Bohemian Girl"), De Cutris, Tormento, Curci, Notte Venegiana, Mozart, Dalla sua pace ("Don Giovanni"), Verdi, Quando le sere al placido ("Luisa Miller").

Miss Fitzlu's Bohm, Calm as the Night, Spiritual All God's Children's got wings (arr. by Burleigh) O'Connor-Morris, Hallelujah, Marx, Waldseltelheit, Cimara, Fiocca la neve, Valverde, Clavellots.

To the layman it is surprising that vocal energy can be displayed in the morning, or that a singer's flues will then be open and not require a forced draught. But Mr. Gigli yesterday sang soft and low, loud and high to the great delight of the large audience. At times he was the traditional Italian tenor of the old school putting his faith in boisterous climaxes, introducing the "sob" in moments of extreme emotion, not content with Verdi's "Donna e Mobile" as Verdi wrote it (it was introduced as an extra number) decorating it with flourishes and interpolated notes. On the other hand he sang the air from "Don Giovanni" respectfully and for that reason all the more effectively, not trying to improve on Mozart's simplicity that is a stumbling block to many pianists as well as singers. Mr. Gigli sang the air from "The Bohemian Girl" in English, so we were permitted to hear again the immortal lines of Alfred Bunn, Esquire, the librettist: "When Hollow Hearts Shall Wear a Mask."

Mr. Gigli has a noble voice of fine quality. When he uses it judiciously as regards interpretation, he is pleasing as a singer of songs. This is seldom true of opera singers when they depart from an operatic repertory. Lille Lehmann was a great exception; so was Mme. Sembrich, but she was a lyric soprano in the opera house. Other noteworthy exceptions were Victor Maurel and Mr. Clement. In the arias Mr. Gigli displayed the fervor of his role. This was at times misplaced in the interpretation of songs. He would express admirably the sentiment of poet and composer and then, suddenly, wax operatic, as if he were denouncing a rival or a false mistress in an Italian opera of the Forties. He gave Lohengrin's narration intelligently, not with undue emphasis, and he

realized that this music should be sung, not barked. Did not Hans von Bulow write to Wagner after the first performance of "Lohengrin" in Italy that he should hear the music sung by Italians, to know how it should and could be sung?

Applauded stormily, Mr. Gigli was generous in additions to the program. Among these additions were the Aubade from "Le Roi d'ys," "Donna e mobile," the "Dream" from Massenet's "Manon."

Miss Fitzlu suffered a nervous breakdown in 1927 and was obliged to withdraw from the opera and concert stage. It was evident yesterday that she is not yet ready to return. Her vocal short-

comings were many.

The helpful and musical accompaniments by Mr. Sandoval were a pronounced feature of the concert. His proficiency as a pianist, his delightful touch, and his poetic feeling were especially observed in the "Liebestraum" of Liszt.

Mme. Onegin, contralto, will sing at the last concert of this series on March 26.

## SYMPHONY PROGRAM

The program of the Boston Symphony orchestra's concerts this week has been changed. It now reads: Bach, organ prelude and Fugue in E flat transcribed for orchestra by Arnold Schoenberg (first time in Boston); Bach, Brandenburg concerto No. 2; Sibelius, violin concerto (Mr. Burgin); Sibelius, symphony No. 6 (first time in Boston); Wagner, prelude and Love-Death ("Tristan and Isolde").

Schoenberg's transcription of Bach's music was recently performed for the first time in this country by the Cincinnati orchestra in Cincinnati.

## RACHEL MORTON

At Jordan Hall, last night, Rachel Morton, soprano, sang the following songs and airs: Beethoven, Ah! perfido. Joseph Marx, Gebet, Wanderliedchen, Schlafend traegt man mich. Strauss, Wegenlied, Kling. Ponchielli, Suicidio! (from "La Gioconda"). Roux, Dernier Souhait, Suzul, Clair de lune. De Severac, Chanson pour le petit cheval. Paulin, Avril pose ses pieds. Grovlez, Guitares et Mandolines. Vaughan Williams, Silent Noon. Davidson, Rain on the Down. Josten, Adoration. Holst, Lovely Kind.

Miss Morton is one of the few singers who, when they wish to create atmosphere, convey emotion or suggest drama, remember that the ear is to be convinced as well as the eye—indeed that the concert singer must be above all else an artist in musical tone. More than most singers, and more effectively, she avails herself of the eloquence of physical suggestion, by her pose, by subtle half-gestures, by the raptness or the mobility of her features. But into her voice, too, she can put the whole gamut of these changing emotions and sensations; moreover, she can use it as a musician (with a musician's ear for phrasing), playing upon the most flexible sensitive and responsive of the musical instruments (though it is but rarely made to sound so). It is for this exceptional command of the musical and emotional functions of voice that Miss Morton is specially to be commended.

She showed her mettle at once, to those who had not previously heard her, in Beethoven's fine recitative and air. She sang it with notable breadth of style, with dramatic power and with admirably molded, flexible phrasing. Ponchielli's air from "La Gioconda," in contrast with this, is melodramatic and violent. It tempted Miss Morton into a corresponding violence of manner that was none the less dangerous for being, unfortunately, appropriate to the music she sang. Her voice, ample and expressive as it is, displays signs of friction which may do it damage if she yields to the temptation to overemphasis into which its dramatic potentialities tend occasionally to lead her.

In her songs by Marx, in those by Wolf (notably "Und willst du deinen Liebstem stöben sehen") and by Strauss, there was excellent discretion and an delicacy combined with her remarkable expressive faculty. An unusual and admirable feature of her singing was the fact that she seemed to sing also, as it were, in silence, the pianoforte interludes and epilogues that are so essential a part of most songs of any worth, following (but without ridiculous exaggeration) their changing emotions, whereas so many singers, and instrumentalists, too, show little interest in anything in which they themselves are not at the moment active.

Singing delightfully in her atmospheric and delicate French songs, finding vivacious rhythm for De Severac's "Petit Cheval" and Grovlez's "Guitares," she was no less successful in her English group (in itself not intriguing despite the presence there of some distinguished names. Her diction throughout was very clear, there were some slight inaccuracies in French and a tendency to distort vowels upon high notes.

Miss Morton was warmly applauded and added some extra numbers. S. S.

## METROPOLITAN

### "Roadhouse Nights"

An all-talking and singing screen drama adapted from a story by Ben Hecht; directed by Hobart Henley and presented by Paramount with the following cast:  
Lola Fagan ..... Helen Morgan  
Willie Bindbugel ..... Charles Ruggles  
Sam Horner ..... Fred Kohler  
Duffy ..... Jimmy Durante  
Moe ..... Eddie Jackson  
Joe ..... Lou Clayton  
Hokan ..... Fuller Mellish, Jr.  
City Editor ..... Leo Donnelly  
Jerry ..... Tammany Young  
Hanson ..... Joe King  
The talking pictures are doing strange things to the stage. They take Helen

Morgan, for instance, and turn her, now once but twice, from a "bit" balladist into a quite convincing character actress. She gave a strikingly true conception of an aging burlesque queen in "Applause," thanks no doubt to helpful hints from Mr. Mamoulian. Now in "Roadhouse Nights" she makes Lola Fagan of Kenosha, Ind., believable as an unhappy singer in a dive frequented by thugs and owned by Sam Horner, one of the toughest and brainiest of that select group of outlaws who handle contraband liquor in half-million-dollar lots.

And these same talking pictures now have kidnapped Jimmy Durante, wild, crazy, and, in some odd way, one of the most engaging low comedians ever to convulse a Ziegfeld audience, have set him to acting as a timorous ditty-monger, doubling as a dirty-aproned waiter, and have metamorphosed him in a flash of the camera's shutter into a new screen comedian to be reckoned with. He rings in one or two of his routine gags ("I've got a million of 'em"), sings a verse or two raspingly, picks up his hat as fast as some one knocks it off his head. But it is his straight acting which impresses one. He deprecates violence. "It's the gallows!" he repeats, fearfully.

"Roadhouse Nights" is another rough picture, distinguished by capable direction, casting and photography. Sam Horner, annoyed during his efforts to dispose of a valuable cargo of liquor, shoots a Chicago reporter named Hanson through the heart as he tries to get a telephone message through to his paper. When Willie Bindbugel, likewise a former resident of Kenosha, and a boyhood admirer of Lola, appears in search of his brother worker, Horner tries to kill him. Willie, feigning drunkenness, taps out a Morse code call for help with his signal ring on the transmitter's edge as he pretends to be trying to get his city editor. His message is understood and coastguardsmen arrive and capture the whole gang, after Lola shoots Horner's gun out of his hand and saves Willie's life. Miss Morgan and Mr. Ruggles have the final "clinch," but it is Jimmy Durante who speaks the tag—"Just another tool for a beautiful dame."

Mr. Kohler and Mr. Ruggles are perfectly at home in their roles, because the former is one of our most reliable screen villains, and Mr. Ruggles is happiest when simulating inebriation. Between these two, "Roadhouse Nights" becomes an entertaining admixture of threats, gun play and all-round suspense, and of lightly humorous interludes larded with clever dialogue.

W. E. G.

## Symphony Concert

By PHILIP HALE

It was announced a week ago that the program of the Boston Symphony concert of yesterday would comprise Florent Schmitt's "Study of Poe's 'Haunted Palace'"; Sibelius's Violin Concerto and Symphony, No. 6.

Schmitt's "Study" was reserved for a later occasion. The program then read: Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 2; the Violin Concerto and symphony by Sibelius; Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde."

Late in the week the score and parts of Schoenberg's transcription for orchestra of Bach's Organ Prelude and Fugue in E flat major were received. Bach's Brandenburg Concerto was thrown overboard, but the last change was made too late for the Program Book, which necessarily contained no note about the transcription and retained the pages about Bach's Concerto.

The program finally presented was as follows: Bach-Schoenberg, Organ Prelude and Fugue in E flat major transcribed for orchestra. Sibelius, Violin Concerto (Richard Burgin, violinist). Sibelius, Symphony No. 6. Wagner, Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde." Dr. Koussevitzky conducted.

These moderns will not let Bach alone. What do they not do to him? The organ Prelude and Fugue transcribed by Schoenberg were originally separate compositions, that is not compositions of one jet. The fugue is the one known in England and this country as the "Saint Anne" fugue because there is a similarity between the first notes of the fugue's subject and those of the familiar, stately psalm or hymn tune. The authorship of this tune is ascribed to Dr. Croft, but it is said that the first strain of it is from a French chanson of the 16th century. There are some who will resent the transcription for full orchestra, seeing in it only Schoenberg's desire to show ingenuity in orchestration without regard to the



characteristics of the original; to turn a noble prelude and a masterly fugue into a bedecked and bedizened showy, virtuosic piece. On the other hand transcribers may reply, if organists persist in playing the "Ride of the Valkyrie" and Dvorak's "From the New World" symphony on the organ, why should we not be allowed to make Bach's organ music more popular by employing strings, wood-wind, brass and percussion instruments? If Schoenberg had only written in a parenthesis following the title "Prelude and Fugue in E major (after Bach and longways after!)" Impressive and sonorous continuity in the prelude was thus turned into urolic patterns and kaleidoscopic effects. It was all very clever in its irreverent modernism, and as it was brilliantly performed, great was the joy of the audience.

Two Sibeliuses entered into Symphony hall yesterday: The composer who wrote the violin concerto 25 years ago; the Sibelius who wrote the Symphony, hitherto not performed here, of 1923. Only here and there in the Symphony was the earlier Sibelius revealed.

The rhapsodic Concerto is the work of the man still obsessed by Finland's epic; the man on whose musical horizon a tempest was ever looming; the composer whose most characteristic music often suggested the "Spasms of the Sky and the Shatter of the Sea"; music of passionate emotion; wild, heaven-assailing defiance; the darkness of black melancholy. Music peculiarly individual, not recognizing influence or school. Music robust, dramatic, often tragic; yet at times tender without sensuousness; lighter moments turning to demoniacal fury.

The sixth Symphony might be considered by his many warm admirers as in the nature of an experiment. An experiment in structure, in harmonic schemes, even in orchestration. Or as

a sketch in black and white to be afterwards enlarged as a painting. The work seems to us in thematic invention, in expositions and developments, in emotional appeals, in the employment of instruments the weakest of his symphonies. Later works have shown that his creative powers have not failed; but here is thinness, a passion for the repetition of insignificant, almost childish figures, an absence even of sentiment—these seem inexplicable. In spite of Dr. Koussevitzky's care in preparation, and in performance the symphony to which one had looked forward disappointed those eager to praise.

Mr. Burgin's performance of the concerto was more than technically brilliant. There are other qualities necessary for an impressive, even an adequate rendering of the work. These qualities were fully displayed. An excellent musician-virtuoso might easily content himself with an exterior view; the inner, the emotional contents and the prevailing rhapsodic, bardic spirit might as easily escape him. They did not escape Mr. Burgin.

The familiar Wagnerian excerpt was strongly in contrast with what had preceded. Here sensuousness in highly dramatic guise made its customary appeal to nerves and to other organs than the ears. The concert will be repeated tonight. The next concerts will be on March 14-15. The program, as announced, will be: Galliard-Steinberg, Sonata in G major, Martelli, Assyrian Bas Reliefs (first performance). Strauss, An Alpine Symphony.

**THE DEVIL: AN HISTORICAL, CRITICAL AND MEDICAL STUDY,** translated by Stephen Haden Guest from the French of Maurice Garcon and Jean Vinchon. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 288 pp. \$3.50.

By PHILIP HALE

It was often stated years ago that the Satan of hoofs and horns was the Pan of the ancients; but Pan was usually represented in mythology as a friendly though roguish soul, fond of music, often beneficent. When Pan-tagruel told the story of how a mighty voice was heard stating that Pan was dead, he understood "it of that great Saviour of the faithful who was shamefully put to death at Jerusalem . . . the great shepherd." But these French psychologists find the Christian devil in the classic form which he assumed in the 15th and 16th centuries an infinitely complex personage, of relatively recent formation. Man inherited terror, knowing nothing of the phenomena of nature. He believed in outside forces that worked against him. Magic in the early years was not separated from religion; it was one of the forms of the rite; but magic became a dangerous, forbidden science.

The authors of this book describe at length the exploits of the demon as

narrated in the Old Testament and in the New, and argue that the whole demonological doctrine of the church rests on these texts. The tradition did not disappear, but it gradually took on a varying importance. To practise magic was forbidden in order to defend the magicians against dangers to the soul; but at first the punishments were light. It was a bull of Innocent VIII in 1484, that contained in the germ the whole theological theory of magic and demonology. The bull gave power to inquisitors; it sharpened the zeal of the judges. It was about the 14th century that the devil, his powers, his appearances, his bodily shape were discussed with certitude; before that there had been no attempt to describe him. He was not pictured in the form known in cathedral sculptures before the Middle Ages. As his cult contrasted with the cult of God it could only be sacrilegious, i.e., a reversal of sacred doctrines and ceremonies. A few crimes of madmen, a few examinations of mentally diseased persons confirmed the writings of the pious learned. The witch became the symbol of all horrid, abominable crimes and sins. "The disordered fantasy of mystic minds constructed the drama"; and in 1489 Sprenger's "Malleus Maleficarum," the code of witchcraft, was published. It was believed that Satan could manifest himself materially; as an animal, preferably a goat, or as a man or woman. He concerned himself with the daily life of the Christian world. The sorcerer entered into a covenant with him, and he marked his followers with a sign.

The chapters on his various manifestations, and on the Sabbath, The Adoration of the Devil the sacrilegious obscene festival, are of a painful interest. One should compare with them certain pages of Michelet's "La Sorciere." Equally interesting is the chapter describing the trial of the witch. In the 16th century there was criticism of the reported evil works of Satan; but this was timid until the 18th century, for devout Christians "could not detach themselves sufficiently from their beliefs to deny facts which were the mainstay of dogma." Even in the 19th and 20th centuries prodigies were attributed to the devil. A friend of Huysmans, whose "La-Bas" should be put on a shelf with this book, so different from Defoe's "History of the Devil"—Defoe must have written it with his tongue in his cheek—the Abbe Boulan sought to evoke Lucifer. Satan still figures in plays, in fiction as in that extraordinary novel, "The Oldest God," by Stephen McKenna. There are still exorcist priests, but exorcism today is practised very rarely. "Tacitly it is supposed that Lucifer had provisionally renounced his intervention, whether by possession or by witchcraft, among men."

Is a man mad who believes in the devil? Then for centuries whole nations and different civilizations were mad.

The remaining chapters should appeal to physicians, psychologists and all interested in abnormal mental processes and consequent bodily afflictions. These chapters are entitled "From Belief to Delusion," "Modern Ideas About Demoniacs," "Demoniacs and Convulsionaires," "Neurosis Characterized by Demoniac Fantasies," "Demoniacal Madness," "Religious and Lay Therapy: Exorcism." For physicians, the obsessed person is lacking in will power, as hys-

teria is "a group of symptoms due to a suggestion, curable by a stronger suggestion which is persuasion. But its causes remain obscure." Many curious cases are cited. The formula of old Jerome Cardan epitomizes the thought of demoniac states as considered by the two French psychologists. "These things are of three kinds, some are of dreams, some of ecstasy and wonderment, some of pure wakefulness."

Jules Bois's "Le Satanisme et la Magie," published in 1895, with a preface by J. K. Huysmans, and strange illustrations, will entertain those who wish to acquaint themselves with the sensational side of the subject. For further consultation the "Dictionnaire des Sciences Occultes" in the "Encyclopedie Theologique," published by the Abbe Migne, in 1860, is invaluable. "The Devil" lacks an index and a bibliography

# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

As there is at present in Boston a dearth of plays that invite grave comment, let us speak of a few that Boston will probably never see, plays that are published by E. P. Dutton & Co.; Chekhov's "That Worthless Fellow Platonov," translated by John Courmors from the Russian; three plays by Menander, translated and interpreted by L. A. Post, associate professor of Greek at Haverford College.

The play by Chekhov, an early piece by the Russian, was never really completed, i.e., sandpapered and polished for performance. The book contains passages in brackets. Were they to be omitted? Were they to be rewritten for naturalness in the dialogue? And why did the dramatist put the play aside? Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton thinks that Chekhov might have decided that the theme was too romantic, "too much an individual character study to picture as he wished to do, a society."

This society is a provincial one before the revolution. What action there is comes from the delineation of character. The characters, major and minor, drift in and off the stage in haphazard manner. They talk—ye gods, how they do talk! The soliloquy is not eschewed. It takes some time for the reader to identify the men and women in this Who's Who in the unnamed Russian district. One becomes confused at once as to the precise relationship of the three Triletzky's, the two Voinitzevs, the Vengerovitchs, the Glagolyevs. One reads in the list, "Ossip, a dark character," and at the end this Ossip remains enigmatic.

Platonov, a married man, is a Don Juan, but not your ordinary pursuer of the female; he has a fatal attraction for widows, wives, respectable maidens and light-skirts. They chase him; they sit on his doorstep. He bewails his fate, constantly reproaches himself. Yet he has his own philosophy. When towards the end he refuses to run away with Sofya, the wife of Voinitzev, he tells her not to allow herself to get pale. She asks him: "Are you acting the scoundrel?"

Platonov: "In all likelihood . . . (I'm ready to do anything to get peace.)"

Sofya: "You infamous wretch." (Weeps.)

Platonov: "I know . . . 'I've heard it a hundred times. We might have a talk about it later—without witnesses."

Sofya. (Sobbing.)

Platonov: "Why don't you go to your room? The most superfluous thing in misfortune is tears. . . . It had to happen, and it happened. Nature has its laws, and our life has its logic. It all happened according to our logic."

When Sofya says that perhaps he is not sober, and asks him to sit down and think it over, he replies:

"I've already sat and thought. Get rid of me, Sofya Egorovna! I'm not your man! I've rotted so long, my soul has long since become a skeleton, and it's too late to resurrect me! Far better to dig me in further, so that I might not contaminate the air! Believe me for the last time!"

Platonov, a schoolmaster, drinks and talks. He is really fond of his simple, mouse-quiet wife, but the women are at his heels. This amuses him; when they come to quarrel over him, they bore him, as they did before each one knew she had rivals. He admits he has ruined women, "killed them, stupidly in the Russian fashion," though human beings, he says, have been, above all else, dear to him. "I didn't want to hurt any one and I've hurt all." He contemplates suicide. "I didn't succeed. An instinct. The mind pursues its own, nature its own."

He recalls his past: "Sofi, Zizi, Mimi, Masha. There are many of you. I love you all. I was at the university, and I used to say kind words to the fallen—in the Theatre square. The people were in the theatre, and I in the square." "There was one," he says to Grekova, "Shall I show you her letters?" This poor Grekova! "You are the only human being there is. I don't want to know any others. You can do with me as you like. You are the only human being there is." Platonov in his last speech says to her: "I understand King Oedipus who pierced his own eyes! How low I am, and how deeply I am conscious of my lowness. Go away from me. It isn't worth it." While he is thus chattering, Sofya comes in. Raging with jealousy she picks up the pistol with which he thought of killing himself, and shoots him. Grekova in vain has placed herself between them.

The translator has described this provincial society as "a curious mixture of primitive emotions and ultra-sophistication. As in most Russian novels and plays with which we are familiar, its men are notoriously weak and the women strong."

The money lenders in the play, the Glagolyevs, father and son, and Petrix and Bugrov, are no more amusing than some of those on whom they prey. In the opening scene in a garden the younger Tribetzky asks Bugrov for a loan coming out of the house where there is a party. Bugrov opens his wallet.

Tribetzky, looking into it. "Heavens! And they say Russians haven't any money. Where did you get so much?" Having received fifty roubles, Tribetzky says: "Merci, Timofey Gorditch, I wish you'd get stouter still, and get a medal. Tell me, Timofey Gorditch, why do you lead such an abnormal life? You drink a lot, you talk in a bass voice, you sweat. You don't sleep when you ought to. For example, why aren't you asleep right now? You're a full-blooded, splenetic, inflammable sort of man. You ought to go to bed early. Why you even have more veins than others." Or listen to the elder Tribetzky enumerating his decorations: "I used my brains to spill Turkish blood. I don't know much about the bayonet."

The women are lovable. The wonder is that they are mad for Platonov. Grekova suffered from his jests. How could Sofya endure him after he asked her, "Where's your character, where the strength of a healthy mentality, if every banal man you happen to meet seems dangerous for the well-being of your Sergey Pavlovitch? (her husband). I came here every day and chatted with you because I considered you a sensible, understanding



woman. What a deep depravity. In any case, I am to blame. I was tempted." Of all the women, it is the General's widow, Anna Petrovna, who speaks out boldly about love as she understands it, and is not ashamed; a striking type of the "emancipated" woman of the 20th century. Probably Platonov in life would have been at best a bore of the first water, but on the stage he would be entertaining; especially in his more brutal speeches. There is this to be said about the abandoned, incomplete play: all the characters are alive; all are different in their opinions and their way of expressing them. Perhaps some Little Theatre will have the courage to produce the play as it stands.

It was thought that one of Menander's 105 plays had come down to us. Excerpts from the comedies were quoted by other ancient writers and the adaptations of Plautus and Terence gave some idea of his dramatic qualities. In 1905 Lefebvre found in Egypt the remains of a papyrus code that had contained several of Menander's plays. The book had been torn up by some Roman functionary to protect the contents of a jar filled with legal documents. From fragments of three plays "The Girl from Samos," "The Arbitration," "The Shearing of Glycera," Prof. Post has reconstructed (guessed and supplied) the plots so that one can appreciate the delineation of character.

It is the preface in which Prof. Post gives a study of this dramatist, who in the opinion of ancient critics was superior to all other writers of comedy, Greek or Latin, that will be of chief interest to students of the drama, though enough remains of the plays to illustrate the editor's analysis of Menander's methods and qualities, to find literary delight in "tracing the interplay of purposes and cross-purposes"; to note how each character with distinct motives acts and reacts plausibly; how "each separate act advances the general movement of the whole." Nothing happens by accident. His characters are treated sympathetically; the slave and the peasant "more sympathetically treated than in Shakespeare."

Prof. Post thinks it would be a great mistake to try to reproduce the verse form in English. That would misinterpret the tone of the original. The plots are conventional, foundling babies, long-lost parents, intriguing slaves, young men in love. But the Greeks were conventional in art. "Having evolved a type, they never wearied of refining on that same theme. There was more repetition in their temples than in their comedies. Each comic plot is really quite distinct from the others. And even in our day a good many plays end with the happy couple falling into one another's arms." And if the elements of the Greek plot seems to us trite, they have become partly so through association with melodrama. No one of the characters in Menander's comedies is base or an object only for satire. "He is almost the only Greek writer we possess who treats sympathetically the theme of passionate love. He represents men as renewed and exalted, not degraded by love. His young men are impetuous and inflict many wrongs in the excitement of passion, but they are never callous or merely lecherous. They are really in love. . . . The loyal wife, who wins back her husband by her constancy and tenderness is a favorite theme in Menander."

The plays were acted on the conventional comic stage: a street; in the background, two houses. The soliloquy is freely used. Sometimes the actors addressed the audience directly.

Little is known of Menander's life. He was of good family. It is said he squinted and that in regard to women "his enthusiasm passed all bounds." One of his plays was refused a production because a democratic government after Demetrius, his friend, fell from power, thought it contained one unfavorable allusion to the new regime. The Kings of Egypt and Macedonia sent ships and personal representatives to invite him to their courts, but he preferred to remain in Athens. His death was probably from an accident; by drowning, as one writer says.

## THE BRAHMS FESTIVAL

In villages of Western Massachusetts and no doubt in villages throughout New England in the Sixties and for some years later where there was a monthly Communion service in the Congregational churches on a Sunday, there was a "preparatory lecture" on the preceding Friday afternoon. The bell in the Old Church at Northampton, for example, would summon the faithful.

Many who are looking forward to the Brahms Festival to be held with pomp and ceremony in Symphony Hall will not be contented with the biographical sketches of Johannes in the music encyclopedias and will wish to know more about him as a man, rather than to be able to talk knowingly about the history of the works then to be performed. Kalbeck's huge biography is forbidding even to those willing to wade in its verbal torrent. Florence May, a pupil of Brahms, has little to say about the man himself. She vies with Kalbeck in indiscriminate flaming eulogy.

"Brahms" by Walter Niemann has been translated into English by Catherine Alison Phillips. Published by Alfred A. Knopf of New York, it is as readable as it is informing and sanely critical. The first part deals with Brahms's life. The second with his works. There is a bibliography of the principal German and English books concerning Brahms. There is a catalogue of his compositions arranged in order of opus number with names of publishers, year of composition and year of publication; also a list of Brahms's arrangements of his own works. An index of names is followed by an index of references to the works in the text.

The leading events in the artistic life of Brahms are more or less familiar to the Brahmsites in Boston. But what was his boyhood? What were his personal habits?

His father was an amiable, humorous man of the lower middle class, of limited intellect, a capable double-bass player, having a knowledge of the horn and the violoncello, who began by playing in the lowest taverns for sailors at Hamburg, and finally held a position as double-bass at the Stadt Theatre and in the Philharmonic orchestra. Once when a conductor told him to play a little louder, he answered: "Herr Kapellmeister, this is my double-bass; so I can play on it as loud as I like."

The mother was upright, of no education, with more mother-wit than her husband, a good housekeeper, a clever needlewoman. There were three children. The parents lived apart in later years. Young Johannes was a stocky, tough, healthy boy. He studied faithfully what the schools had to offer, he even learned a little French. The Bible made a deep impression on him. It was during the early years that his "Austerly North German and Protestant view of life and art were firmly laid together with his deep-rooted love for the true Protestant chorale and Protestant church music." He had a long hard struggle to obtain a good education. What he acquired later in life was due to his own efforts and self-discipline.

When he was 15 he had finished his musical studies with his father and could play the violin, violoncello and horn well enough to act as a stop-gap when necessary. His father made him play his first attempt at a composition to friends, but the father found composition of secondary importance; there was no money to be earned by it. Johannes told Widman that he was always composing. "My finest songs would come to me early in the morning when I was cleaning the boots," that he composed only in great secrecy and in the earliest hours. "All day long I was arranging marches for brass bands, and at night I would be seated at the piano in taverns." The father obliged him to help him earn money. He would play second violin in private orchestras and at dances. Late one night there was a knock at the door. Johannes was dragged from bed to play at a ball for two thalers and drink unlimited. He would take walks with a young piano teacher; "as a rule he did not speak a word, but walked along humming to himself, usually carrying his hat in his hand, as he loved to do throughout his whole life." He bid fair to end his days as a ball-room player "in the same narrow, middle-class surroundings, both material and artistic, as his parents." To them and to many talented musicians of Germany art was a business, a practical matter, a means of earning money to ensure good living.

But the father was quick to realize that his Johannes had more than ordinary talent, and impelled by the pressure of other musicians he did what he could to develop the boy musically. So he entrusted the 7-year-old to a pianist, Cossel, who was bound to make him a pianist. "It's a pity," he once said. "He might be such a good pianist, but he will not leave this everlasting composition alone." The boy studied Czerny, Clementi, Cramer, Kalkbrenner, Hummel, but Cossel now and then let him try his hand at a piece by J. S. Bach. He wisely protected him from being exploited as a child prodigy. When he was 10 he played at a subscription concert where an agent heard him and wanted the boy with his father to make a concert tour in America. The parents were tempted, but Cossel put his foot down, for which Johannes was grateful all his life.

Johannes during childhood and adolescence had a deep love of nature as "the fount of all sound human and artistic endeavor"; and he had an overmastering bent towards knowledge and culture. There were times when he could not be torn from the harbor. He read "Robinson Crusoe," but while the harbor drove his brother Fritz westward across the ocean, Johannes was drawn more towards the south. He was proud of the city's history; he became acquainted with the writings of Mattheson and C. P. E. Bach; with the plays of Lessing; he haunted the shops of second-hand book dealers. Thus he laid the foundations of wide reading in music, literature and art, betraying what a passionate collector he was to become—"at that time quite a rare thing for a German musician." Books were his favorite presents to his friends of both sexes.

When Johannes was 10 years old, Edward Marxen, an excellent man, admirable musician, a man of erudition, a composer in the greater forms, became his teacher. Marxen was pleased with the boy's acuteness of mind. Though the first compositions were insignificant Marxen saw that an exceptional, great, profound talent was dormant in his pupil. "I therefore shrank from no effort or work in order to awaken and form it, that I might one day rear a priest of art, who should preach in new accents what was sublime, true, and externally incorruptible in art, and that by acts as well as words." This idealistic attitude toward life and art had a great influence on Brahms. It won him over to the "moral in music, and the classical in art." He was initiated into Bach, Beethoven, Weber, though that was a Philistine period in Hamburg of uninspired virtuosity. But Marxen thought more of form than color, more of the contrapuntal and polyphonic than of the homophonic. Thus it was he who gave Brahms the firm foundations of this conception of art, though his own outlook on life was "quite as gentle, sentimental and sleek as that of any Philistine of his day."

Even while he was studying with Marxen, Brahms was anxious about earning a livelihood. He had given lessons, he said in after life, ever since he was 12 years old. Naturally his own pupils gave him little pleasure. He acted as conductor of a male voice chorus; gave his first concert arranged by himself when he was 14, including his own variations on a folk-theme in the program. At his first concerts he followed the taste of the period which "tended toward superficial 'tunyness,' sentimental gush, 'pluies de perles' and the fireworks of virtuosi, and so he rarely gave concerts of his own; he taught the piano for a mark a lesson, played at dances, played entr'actes behind the scenes at the Stadt Theatre, accompanied virtuosi on the platform; made transcriptions and arrangements—signed "G. W. Marks"—for publishers, signing his own free compositions "Karl Wuerth." He composed some 150 fantasias on waltz airs and some serious works.

When Brahms was 50 years old, he said to Gustave Jenner, "Few can have had so hard a time as I."

In 1849 some political refugees from Hungary appeared in Hamburg. Among them was Eduard Remenyi, the violinist, who long afterwards gave concerts in the United States and died in San Francisco in 1898. He said on his arrival in Hamburg that he was then on his way to America, but giving a "farewell" concert he met with so great pecuniary success by his playing of national dances that he decided to remain. Brahms was so dazzled by Remenyi's brilliant playing, his wandering, gypsy-like romantic life, that he offered to be his accompanist. Remenyi engaged him for a short concert tour, intending to take him to Joachim. There was the meeting that led to the friendship and artistic bond that lasted through life. The meeting was at Joachim's house in Hanover.

Remenyi was of importance to Brahms as a composer by directing his attention to Hungarian folk music, which led to the composition of the Hungarian dances for piano; for the finales of many of his chamber works; an influence that is seen in the finale of the second piano concerto.

The brilliant, erratic Remenyi, who would now play like a god even in his later years, sometimes like a pig, to use his own words when he once talked with us at the lodgings of an Austrian at Albany, N. Y., accused Brahms of making free with Remenyi's own compositions, unpublished, rhapsodies for concert use. He was a singular, fascinating man, this Hungarian virtuoso, entertaining in conversation by his reminiscences, his original views on life and art his sudden changes from devotion—he had his superstitions—to scepticism, his wit not free from malice. When we knew him he reminded one of a snuff-taking French abbe of the 18th century as described in books of anecdotes and gossip. He would grow enthusiastic over the classic works for the violin; and show the same enthusiasm for his own "Hymn to Mount Shasta." Edward MacDowell once said that there was the suggestion of a rope-dancer in every great virtuoso;



this was true of Remenyi—whose name was Hoffmann—but when he was wholly in the vein he played like an inspired musician reverencing his art, as well as a brilliant virtuoso.

Behold our Johannes fairly launched on his career. Next Sunday let us consider him as a human being in Vienna.

## CHILDREN'S CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Ernest Schelling returned to Jordan hall yesterday morning and was greeted by his faithful flock as a kindly disposed uncle with pockets bulging with gifts. The concert was the last of the series. It is a pleasure to note that these concerts will be continued next season. The children and older persons have learned much; not only about the shape, history and nature of the various instruments, essential facts about composers, but musical taste has been developed through the compositions that have been performed. Some—ultra-conservative souls—might wonder whether children would not be unduly "modernized" by listening to music by Loeffler, Respighi and Ravel; whether they ought not to be fed solely on the "Classics," i. e. German classics. Forbid it heaven! There were brave composers before Mozart; music did not die with Johannes Brahms. Nor was music invented by Germans; nor has it since been confined within their geographical or mental boundaries. Mr. Schelling's taste is as catholic as it is fine. He does not intend that his children should attend any particular school.

Yesterday, the program was as follows: Mozart, overture to the "Magic Flute"; Loeffler, "Memories of Childhood"; Respighi, "La Gallina," and "L'Ugignuolo" from "Gli Uccelli"; Ravel "Bolero" and, by request, Skilton's "Indian War Dance." Mr. Schelling stated that the music by composers now living was put on the program by the wish of those attending the concerts.

There was also Schreiner's Humoresque, "The Worried Drummer," in which Lawrence White of the Boston Symphony orchestra appeared as "Traps" playing drums, tambourine, cymbals, rattle, triangle, castanets, xylophone—all sorts of percussion instruments; playing them with great dexterity accompanied by his orchestral co-mates. (By the way concertos have been written for the kettle drums, and one of them by an Englishman—was his name Godfrey Cleather?—was performed by him in New York and London a good many years ago.) Especially interesting were the charming tones of the marimba. An untiring man is Mr. White for he played this Humoresque immediately after the Bolero which is enough to test any drummer's endurance.

The prizes for the best notebooks were distributed. The youngest recipient was six years old. Mr. Schelling asked the children to applaud the orchestra for its indispensable service. The deserved tribute was gladly paid.

## NIKOLAI ORLOFF

A large and extremely enthusiastic audience greeted Nikolai Orloff at his second concert of the season here yesterday afternoon at Jordan hall. His program was as follows: Capriccio (Scarlatti); Les Fifies (Dandrieu); Sonata in E flat major, Op. 31, No. 3 (Beethoven); Papillons (Schumann); Poissons d'or (Debussy); Two Etudes (Scriabine); Ballade (Chopin); Mazurka (Chopin); Nocturne (Chopin); Scherzo (Chopin).

After the captivating joyousness of Scarlatti's capriccio and the naive charm of Dandrieu's Les Fifies, the Beethoven Sonata in E flat major seemed square, heavy, labored. Perhaps it is inherently one of Beethoven's lesser works or perhaps to Mr. Orloff must be laid the uncomfortable fact that it did not hold the interest. Mr. Orloff's admirable sense of style, so well balanced that it never tempts him into exaggerations, did not aid him in the Beethoven; with less polished intelligence, and more rough, impetuous romanticism, the scherzo and the presto would have sounded better.

Mr. Orloff did his best playing in the exciting etudes of Scriabine—the first daintily Chopinesque, the second triumphantly harsh and brilliant, with biting chords and unrelenting, frenzied fortissimi. It would be good to hear a whole recital of Scriabine's music, and Mr. Orloff would be just the right person to give it. He has all the polished technical skill necessary; he has clarity and nicety for the earlier Scriabine, and the curious sort of cold passion that must go into the later works of the erratic Russian genius.

Mr. Orloff's playing of Schumann's Papillons was brilliant, and well-planned, as all his interpretations are,

and his poissons d'or in Debussy's piece were appropriately delicate—just flashes of light through dark water.

His last group of pieces consisted of music by Chopin, which he played to the great delight of the audience. Long applause followed each piece, and he was compelled to grant several extra numbers. E. B.

March 3 1930

## RICHARD CROOKS

At Symphony Hall, yesterday afternoon, Richard Crooks, tenor, sang the following program: Pergolesi, Nina, Respighi, Stornellatrice. Stradella, Per Pita. Rimsky-Korsakoff, Lied. Rachmaninoff, Sorrow in Springtime and Aria from "Alcko." Strauss, Heimliche Auforderung, Freundliche Vision, and Zueignung. Protheroe, Ah, Love, But a Day. Morgan, Clorinda. La Forge, Into the Light. Mr. Crooks was assisted by Rudolph Gruen, pianist, who played the accompaniments and the following solos: Mendelssohn-Hutcheson, Scherzo from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Gruen, Two Interludes (Contemplation and Determination). Chopin, Polonaise in A flat major.

The audience made up in obviously genuine enthusiasm for its deficiency in numbers. There seems no reason why Mr. Crooks should not win a following, large enough to make a brave showing in Symphony Hall. The fine quality and ample volume of his voice, the unusual skill with which he uses it, the taste, intelligence, and imagination that he manifests, besides a certain charm both in the delivery of his songs and in his personal manner, seem bound eventually to bring him a wide popularity. He combines lyric and dramatic gifts to an unusual degree.

In "Nina" he displayed the smoothness and grace of his lyricism, in Respighi's "Stornellatrice" his command of expressive variation of tone and manner, in Stradella's air a warmer, more forcible emotionalism. He had taken the trouble to sing his Russian songs in their original tongue, and in a style similar to that to which Russian singers have accustomed us. His singing of Strauss's "Freundliche Vision" pleased so much by its delicacy that he repeated it.

There are, to be sure, a few shortcomings to balance this singer's notable merits. He is inclined to exaggerate his pianissimo so that it becomes toneless and almost inaudible. At the other end of the dynamic scale, he sometimes becomes slightly over-vehement in the quest of dramatic emphasis, though his voice has enough true resonance to make vociferation unnecessary; at such moments, too, he tends to cut short his vowel sounds and hence to destroy the continuity of the phrase. In phrasing, by the way, he has a habit (so frequent as to amount to a mannerism) of coming in like a lion and going out like a lamb, like this very month of March (if tradition may be believed). But these faults, though worthy of his attention, are unobtrusive amid so many and such praiseworthy qualities.

A long series of additional numbers, added at the request of an enthusiastic and insatiable audience, included operatic selections from "Traviata" and "Manon." Mr. Gruen was also warmly applauded for his masterly playing. His own well-written interludes aroused surprise that so mild a Meditation should have brought about so ferocious a Determination. S. S.

## KEITH-ALBEE

### "The Careless Age"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the play, "Diversion," by John Van Druten; directed by Richard A. Rowland and presented by First National with the following cast:

Wyn.....Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.  
Muriel.....Loretta Young  
Ray.....Carmel Myers  
Sir John.....Holmes Herbert  
Owen.....Kenneth Thompson  
Le Grande.....George Baxter  
Lord Burghish.....Wilfred Nay  
Mabs.....Doris Lloyd  
Bunty.....Ilka Chase  
Tommy.....Raymond Lawrence

Sophisticated and worldly-wise ladies trifling with the affections of adolescent youth have probably had the same inanities said to them in every language under the sun, with the same emotions in evidence. This is by no means a fresh and original theme. Given this situation, the inevitable finale results. Youth is disillusioned. Young men of tender and impressionable years will doubtless view with some superiority and amusement the glib medical student depicted by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "The Careless Age," who so promptly loses his heart to the glittering actress, much older, in the person of Carmel Myers.

It is a picture of much action. There are few of the long-continued close-ups, with sighs and emotional breathing. The people in the play are too busy to waste time on that. The scene is laid in London. Except for a brief glimpse of the Thames and another of one of London's traffic-filled "squares" with its swiftly-passing buses, it all might be in Boston or Chicago or Kalamazoo. And aside from a becaped little maid, Mabs, who forgets her h's or attaches them in the wrong place, the conversation is innocent of any tang of the British Isles.

The story, adapted from the play, "Diversion," but with a different ending, is of the son of a famous surgeon, Sir John Heywood. Young Heywood, preparing for his medical examination, develops signs of a nervous breakdown. He is sent to Lake Como for a rest. In the family is a ward of Sir John's, Muriel, a somewhat lifeless, though devoted girl, with whom Wyn imagines himself in love. But at Lake Como he encounters a type of woman new to him, equipped with all the seductive feminine arts. She toys with his affections while awaiting more exciting adventure, until at last, repulsed, in a jealous rage he chokes her in her apartment in London. Believing her dead he returns, overcome with horror, to his father's home.

Some of the best acting between father and son occurs in the scene immediately following. Holmes Herbert, as Sir John, displays with true sympathy and pathos the affection and sorrow that might be expected of a father. Miss Myers has a role which might easily become mawkish, were she less gifted and possessed of less delicacy and restraint. Mr. Fairbanks gives to the youthful admirer the great ardor and enthusiasm necessary, and withal a certain appropriate innocence and boyishness suitably convincing. Miss Myers sings the theme song, "Melody Divine," and there is also the "Say it with a Solitaire," an inconsequential ballad. F. A. B.

## PARK

### "Undertow"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Winifred Reeve from the story by Wilbur Daniel Steele; directed by Harry Pollard and presented by Universal with the following cast:

Sally Blake.....Mary Nolan  
Paul Whalen.....John Mack Brown  
Jim Paine.....Robert Ellis  
Lindy.....Churhill Ross  
Kitty.....Audrey Ferris

A dreary monotone, with a bathing beach for a prologue and a lighthouse for the heavy acting. Sally, engaged to Jim Paine, a domineering sort of chap,

becomes interested in Paul Whalen, a life guard, whose speech is obviously of Alabama or some similar southern port. Jim, after Sally breaks with him, sees to it that Paul is transferred to a lighthouse remote from the mainland, so remote that Sally, who has married Paul, watches wistfully through a window and sighs for people, dances, life, and all that sort of thing. There is a child. Paul becomes blind; and thereafter theatrical drama takes charge to that point where Paul, miraculously recovering his sight, engages in a fierce battle with villainous Jim, on the lighthouse spiral stairway, and bests him in an encounter which has its interested audiences on the edges of the Park Theatre chairs. Love triumphs, as it should, and the saccharine ending shows Sally, Paul and the baby in that felicitous state of domesticity which should and undoubtedly does point a moral.

One is supposed to hear the lapping of the waters at the base of the lonely lighthouse, the moan of the fog horn, in fact all those incidental tokens of a desolate maritime existence. Unfortunately such sounds as are heard fail to give any realistic touch to the picture. They smack too much of studio tricks and substitutes. As for the acting, Miss Nolan, who is starred, gives glimpses of histrionic ability which might be better demonstrated under more auspicious conditions. If she lacks emotional sincerity she yet must be credited with aptitude in artful simulation of the more serious moods of a woman fated to lonely existence. Mr. Brown as the life guard and lighthouse keeper indicates too clearly his subservience to unimaginative direction, and Mr. Ellis, of whom better things might reasonably be expected, is revealed as just one more screen villain lacking in extenuating virtues. W. E. G.

## SCOLLAY SQUARE

### "Playing Around"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Frances Nordstrom from the short story, "Sheba," by Vina Delmar; directed by Mervyn Le Roy and presented by First National with the following cast:

Sheba Miller.....Alice White  
Nicky Solomon.....Chester Morris  
Jack.....William Bakewell  
Pa Miller.....Richard Carlyle  
Maude.....Marion Byron  
Joe.....Maurice Black  
Master of Ceremonies.....Shep Camp  
Mrs. Fenerbeck.....Ann Brody  
Mrs. Lippincott.....Nellie V. Nichols

Yellow roadsters with musical horns

don't care who drive them, whether yeggmen or millionaires' sons. Nicky Solomon drove this particular car which led him straight into the arms of waiting officers of the law, and thereby hangs the tale, if ever so slenderly. Nicky was a flashy young gunman, with a fondness for new loves. In the Pirates' Den one night he was pressed into service as judge of a "knee" contest, and of course little Sheba Miller, unwillingly escorted by Jack somebody—the screen program does not specify further, happened to be present. She won the prize, a big loving cup, and next we see her riding about town nights with the mysterious Nicky, much to the distress of her father and Jack, the soda fountain clerk in the corner cigar store managed by Pa Miller. Nicky's engagement ring looked better to silly Sheba than humble Jack's \$5 raise, and she was about to consent to a nocturnal marriage ceremony when something serious happened.

While Sheba was waiting on a street corner for him, Nicky was leaving the corner cigar store, an empty till and the crumpled body of old Pa Miller on the floor testifying to a lone gunman holdup. Nicky had never met Sheba's father, else he probably would have picked some other place for his pistol practice. Jack, hidden in a telephone booth, partially identified Nicky for the police, and later tricked him into a rendezvous at a Grand Central station ticket booth, where handcuffs instead of a ticket to Montreal awaited him. It was at this point that Sheba realized that it was dangerous to play around, and that love in a cottage with Jack was safer than fooling with dynamite in night club retreats. To prove further that everything came out all right, Pa Miller recovered. The only loser was Nicky, personifying evil and pointing a sound if trite moral.

Mr. Morris seems fated to play menace roles. He has had far better parts than this one, but does all that can be done. His best scene is with Joe, an Italian restaurant owner, who tries to persuade Nicky to pay cash on a \$3 table charge and winds up by loaning him \$100 in cold cash. Miss White is still in the wistful ingenue class. She sings once, though one wishes she hadn't done it, and the spoken word evidently is something yet to be mastered. Miss Brody and Miss Nichols contributed amusing interludes with back alley scandal bulletins. W. E. G.

March 4 1930

## MAJESTIC THEATRE

### "The Merry Widow"

An operetta in three acts by Franz Lehár. Book by Victor Leni and Leo Stein. Lyrics by Adrian Ross. First performed at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, Oct. 21, 1907, with Donald Brian as Prince Danilo, R. E. Graham as Popoff, Louis Elwell as Natanale, William C. Weedon as Jolidan and Ethel Jackson as Sonia. Presented last night as the sixth in the current series of revivals by the Johnson's Theatre Musical Comedy Company, with the following cast: Sonia (the Merry Widow) Berthe De Vries, Vicome (Camille de Jolidan) Craig Campbell, Marquis de Cascarda.....Charles Ankle, M. De St. Briouche.....Joseph Baylow, Gen. Novikovitch.....Francis Tyler, N. Khadya.....Edward Orchard, Nish.....Harry Lewellen, Prince Danilo.....Donald Brian, Baron Popoff.....Oscar Fickman, Natanale.....Ethel Jane Walker, Olga.....Mildred Newman.

"The Merry Widow" came to Boston last night. Not a pale spectre of a once living and breathing reality, not a makeshift or imitation, not, as the saying goes, a picture of any kind whatsoever, but The Merry Widow, itself, in person. Theatregoers with attics full of programs may question one's right to compare without remembered means of comparing, but we reply that we are not comparing—we merely state that a superb romantic operetta, excellently cast, beautifully costumed and deftly performed, came to town last night, that its tunes should be whistled on the streets in a few days, and that a certain young man named Donald Brian has a great future ahead of him.

It is often the duty of one who attends a revival to deafen his ears to the creaking of ancient machinery, to speak kindly of those who do not fill the regal cloaks which they have donned, to be sympathetic with "dated" comedy and scanty scenery and to read former grandeur into thin voices, all with the conviction that perhaps we'd better be thankful anyway. All this is not necessary at the Majestic now. Leave your generosity at home, for this production can stand on its own feet.

We cannot believe that Donald Brian played Prince Danilo 23 years ago. The slender, buoyant, athletic bon vivant who last night pranced with the girls at Maxims and alternately concealed and revealed his yarning for Sonia simply must have been, yes—two other fellows. A young lady in the audience remarked that her mother had seen and admired Brian in 1907, and did not wish to come to weep over "the remains." She has now returned home with glad news. Mother will be there tonight.

And as a part of the spirited recreation of an old favorite, Boston re-



comes a distinctly new sensation in the person of Bepie De Vries. It is her first appearance here, we believe. She is a svelte blonde young lady from Holland who has played in her own land, England and Australia, and is on her way to becoming an American artist. She can sing, she can dance, she has beauty with distinction, and the graceful coquetry of her stage manner has in it a dash of Bordonni set off by a sprinkling of Garbo. In "Villa" and "I Love You So" she banished all lingering doubts.

All other parts were well taken. Oscar Figman scored heavily in the grotesque antics of Popoff. Francis Tyler was copiously tearful as Novikovitch and Ethel Walker as Natalie sang well and conducted her philanderings drolly. It was as pleasant an evening as one can spend.

#### ARTHUR LeBLANC

At Jordan hall, last night, an audience of good size attended a recital given by Arthur LeBlanc, violinist, with the assistance of Mme. Saint Coeur, soprano. Carl Lamson played the piano-forte accompaniments; Harold Schwab played the organ part of Bizet's "Agnus Dei." Mr. LeBlanc's program was the following: Tartini, Sonata in G minor No. 2; Goldmark, Concerto; Saint-Saens, Havanalse; Paganini-Kreisler, Caprice No. 20; Koschat-Winternitz, Forsaken; Winternitz, Scherzo; De Falla-Kreisler, Danse Espagnole. Mme. Saint Coeur sang the following songs and airs: Massenet, Il est doux, il est bon (from "Herodade"); Rubinstein, Der Asra; Horsman, The Bird of the Wilderness; Verdi, Pace, mio Dio (from "La Forza del Destino"). With the aid of Mr. LeBlanc, Lamson and Schwab, she sang Bizet's "Agnus Dei."

If Mr. LeBlanc's playing shows at present little trace of individuality or of confidence and authority, it has, however, something which at his age is more valuable—the earmarks of an excellent training. This young violinist has a commendably agile finger technique and commands a light, pure, and often beautiful tone. His intonation, except occasionally in the higher positions and in fast passage work, is usually excellent. He phrases nicely, though his rhythm is uncertain, and he has no obvious violinistic vices. These qualities lent a certain freshness and charm to his playing of Tartini and Goldmark. He was pleasing in Saint-Saens's Havanalse and drew applause also with his other short pieces. The cordiality of his audience brought some additional numbers.

Mme. Saint Coeur's voice, which sounds curiously untutored in its middle and lower registers, rejoices in some brilliant and readily accessible high notes. Though her style was not impeccable, and though her vagaries of rhythm compelled her resourceful accompanist to add or delete an occasional measure or two, Mme. Saint Coeur pleased her hearers greatly; she was warmly applauded. She sang in four languages; her diction was most accurate in English.

S. S.

#### HARP FESTIVAL CONCERT

The National Association of Harpists, who are holding their 10th annual festival in Boston, gave a concert last night in Symphony hall. It was attended by an audience which left a considerable number of empty seats—this was surprising, considering the allegorical and romantic associations of the harp, and the awesome thrill of seeing and hearing 80 harps at once, like a heavenly host. The program, designed to give an idea of the orchestral and solo possibilities of the instrument, failed to impress one that the harp is either greatly varied or unusually adaptable. It seemed, very often, to be a rather poor substitute for piano, harpsichord, guitar or bells. In its variety it does not seem to remain a harp—as the guitar, in all its nuances, remains a guitar. A guilty feeling that imitations are being performed creeps into the consciousness of the hearer. It is most beautiful combined with small choirs of wind instruments, which lend it unforced colors, or as resonant plucked accompaniment for a singer.

The program of music was as follows: Song of the Volga Boatmen (arr. by C. Salzedo); Slumber Song (William Place, Jr.), the national ensemble of 80 harpists. Pieces en Concert, for flute, cello and harp (Jean-Philippe Rameau); Sixth French Suite, arranged for a polyphonic ensemble of eight harps (Johann Sebastian Bach). For soprano and harp: Sainte and five popular Greek melodies (Maurice Ravel). Polyphonic ensemble of eight harps: Gavotte from "Le Temple de la Gloire" (Jean-Philippe Rameau); Two Musettes (Francis Couperin); Spanish Dance (Enrique Granados); Clair de lune (Claude Debussy). Concerto for harp and seven wind instruments (Carlos Salzedo).

The following artists co-operated with the 80 harpists in giving the program: Carlos Salzedo, Lucile Lawrence, Marietta Bitter, Cobina Wright, soprano; Jean Bedetti, cellist; Georges Laurent, flutist; Fernand Gillet, oboe; Gaston Hamelin, clarinet; Paul Mimart, clarinet; Abdon Laus, bassoon; George

Boettcher, horn; Georges Mager, trumpet, and an ensemble of eight harps composed of artist-students of the Curtis Institute of Music: William Cameron, Alice Chalifoux, Flora Greenwood, Mary Griffith, Victoria Murdock, Edna Phillips, Reva Reatha, Floraine Stetler, E. B.

#### LOEW'S STATE

##### "Not So Dumb"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Blanche Sewell from the stage play, "Dulcy," by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly, directed by King Vidor and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Those pessimists who have told us that the audible screen never could produce farce satisfactorily, because of the inability to maintain the proper high-speed tempo of farces, should drop into Loew's State Theatre this week and chuckle over "Not So Dumb." To be sure it is billed as comedy, but farce it really is and naught else. It is, of course, a talking film version of the stage piece by Kaufman and Connelly, made smartly entertaining nine years ago by Lynn Fontanne before she went Theatre Guild. Once Constance Talmadge mimed through a silent version. It seems difficult now to understand how any silent version could have revealed the original humors of play or characters. Dulcinea, as may be recalled, first came to public view through the witty columns of "F. P. A." She apparently was author of almost daily letters to her friends and her naive inversions of old adages, quotations and colloquisms were extremely amusing.

Miss Davies is to be doubly congratulated. She showed courage in tackling a role exacting a consistently utilized sense of farce values and demanding ability to rattle off Malapropian speech rapidly and effectively. For a comedienne who was brought up on the Mack Sennett diet of slap-stick and custard pies, who is still a debutante in talking pictures, she turns in a very neat score.

Her Dulcy is a voluble little bungler who, hopeful of aiding her fiancé, Jack Smith, in getting advantageous terms out of old Forbes in a merger of manufacturers of artificial jewelry, invites strange guests to her home to meet the big man, his second wife, his daughter. One guest is Leach, a be-spectacled poseur who avers that he is a motion picture scenarist, not a mere scenario writer. He calls little Angela Forbes his Wonder Girl and tries to elope with her. Bill, Dulcy's boob brother, circumvents that. Another guest is announced as Schuyler Van Dyck, financier, golf fiend, inventor of a playful game called "Guess Who?" It would be unfair to give details of this pastime. The fellow proves to be mildly insane.

Mr. Stewart makes him delightfully amusing. The butler is a convict, out on parole. It is a very democratic party. As directed by King Vidor and played to the hilt, even to the dangerous point of burlesque at times, "Dulcy" is good fun nearly every minute. Both the outdoors and the interior scenes are natural and decorative, and for the most part the vocal recording is adequate. To hear Miss Davies's prattle during the bridge game, her rustling of the paper wrappings of a huge box of candy during a piano recital is alone worth the price of admission.

W. E. G.

#### THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COPLEY—"The Ghost Train," mystery play; last week.  
MAJESTIC—"The Merry Widow," Franz Lehar's operetta, with Donald Brian, Bepie de Vries.  
LYRIC—"Young Sinners," comedy; third week.  
PLYMOUTH—"Little Accident," farce; second week.  
SHERRIFF—"The New Moon," musical comedy; third week.  
WILBUR—"The Little Show," revue; last week.

NOTE—The Colonial, Hollis St. and Tremont theatres are dark.

March 7, 1930

#### TO SEE, OR TO READ?

The play "Journey's End" has been published as a novel in London. It is written by the dramatist, R. C. Sherriff, in collaboration with Vernon Bartlett. There are new scenes: Stanhope's life at school, the home at Alum Green, where Stanhope is in love with Madge. The story ends in the dugout at St. Quentin. The question naturally comes up whether the play will gain or lose by the "novelization."

Some publishers think that a novelist runs a risk when his play is dramatized. It depends on whether the play is successful. There is no question about Mr. Sherriff's play. On the other hand the comedy founded on Aldous Huxley's novel "Point Counter Point" met with a poor reception. The title was not an appropriate one: "This Way to Paradise." The audiences and critics were cool. Before the production, Mr.

#### HER CORSET FRIEND

A good many years ago a series of articles under the general head "The Wares of Autolycus" appeared in the Pall Mall Gazette. They were attributed to Mrs. Joseph Pennell. One of these articles was devoted to the corset, which was described as woman's best friend. The old instrument of torture, supposed to be indispensable even in the Nineties, has long been discarded for gentler substitutes, or wholly put aside as any student of sociology walking the streets may see, but now one reads the disturbing news that the corset is to return in its former unyielding stiffness, and whales in the sea must again lose their "whiskers" as well as their oil, for whalebones will be in demand.

Now the corset has always been more or less in fashion among races described as civilized. Among the women of Ancient Greece it took the form of a tight-fitting bandage of linen, wool or soft skin reaching from the armpits, level with the breast, to about the hips. On it the chiton could be securely arranged. There were straps for fixing the girdle on the shoulders.

When the rigid machine came into fashion, women paid no heed to warnings of physicians and edicts of potentates. Women would not obey Louis XIV. When Charles the Tenth strove for its extinction, there was tighter lacing than before. Joseph II of Austria ordered that women of bad character, or those convicted of serious crimes should be corseted, but this did not discourage the noble dames of Vienna.

Did the women of Illinois pay any attention to the law passed by that state "in the interests of female virtue and the menaced moral code"? One item read: "The use of corsets is only permitted when absolutely necessary to health and upon production of a medical certificate to this effect." Ah, but a tightly strapped corset gave a woman a beautiful "figure," the victims said. Look at the fashion plates of the Nineties, the photographs of American, English and Continental actresses and leaders of fashion. Is it possible that a wasp waist was ever admired? Even in those years there were writers on the toilette and cosmetic arts who inveighed strenuously against the corset then in vogue. Witness the excellent Cooley whose illuminating volume contains nearly 800 pages. "They (corsets then in use) neither improve the figure nor promote the personal charms. The most beautiful, fascinating and healthy women in the world are those who are innocent of their use . . . Frail, indeed, and unfit for earth must be the being who needs such artificial support."

And so on, and so on. Charles Reade, whose women in his novels do not walk into a room—they "swim"—ever fond of a shindy, wrote, no doubt in vain: "Europe and America crush the vitals of the growing female, rob that masterpiece, the floating ribs, of their elastic play, and substitute a bad hour-glass, a hideous meeting of Triangles, for the serpentine line of beauty kind nature has bestowed on women." That form of corset is now a museum piece, to be shown with the Nuremberg Maiden, the thumbscrew and the Scottish boats. Whatever Paris may say, will sane American women don sidewalk-sweeping skirts or sing, as New England women sang in the 18th Century:

"Last Sunday at St. James's prayers  
I drest in all my whalebone airs?"

Huxley discoursed knowingly on the difference between novel-writing and dramatic work. "In a novel you are entirely responsible for your own effects. In a play, other people take your material and create out of it something quite different from what you foresaw." It is thought that this play will not help the sale of Mr. Huxley's books. After the long run of "The Morals

of Marcus," the novels of Mr. W. J. Locke increased in popularity.

Did Dickens and Thackeray suffer in reputation when their novels were turned into plays? The dramatist has no time for showing the development of character. One also misses the descriptions and, in a large degree, the dialogue, when the novel is squeezed as in a duck-press. Admirable as was Mrs. Fiske's portrayal of Becky, her adventuress was not all of Thackeray's heroine.

How many novels by Dickens have gained by being dramatized? Yet he often wrote as if he had an eye for melodramas. "The Constant Nymph" was much more entertaining as a novel than as a comedy. A novelist can lead up to a scene that is accepted by the reader; on the stage this scene is preposterous. "Rain" was more effective as a play than as a short story; and not only because the audience saw the tropical downpour instead of reading about it.



Mrs. Fiske insured the success of "Becky Sharp"; did many rush to read or reread "Vanity Fair," as Charles Warner, by his performance in "Drink," led many to read Zola's "L'Assommoir"? In dramatizations of novels, there is often dependence on one character, for the benefit of a popular actress or actor. Few novelists are like Charles Reade who always wrote dramatically. It might be asked fairly whether "Journey's End" can possibly gain by turning it into a novel with the "love interest" so eagerly desired by the average audience. It is again a case of to see, or to read. Many prefer a dugout without a woman.

## NEGLECTED IN BOSTON

It is said of Josef Slivinski, the Polish pianist, who died a few days ago, that when he was touring Poland in 1899 he excited so great enthusiasm among women by his face, romantic bearing, as well as by his fire and sentiment as a pianist, that two maidens of Warsaw fought a duel over him. So years before two noble dames of the French court fought a duel, both being enamored of that scapegrace, the brilliant young Duke Alphonse Louis de Plessis-Riche-lieu, of whom an unappreciative moralist wrote: "To a most unbridled taste for pleasure he joined that dangerous pride which sought to multiply his seductions." *Mich 8 1930*

Now Mr. Slivinski came to Boston early in 1894 and gave recitals in the old Music Hall. He was then in his 27th year, a thin, long haired, poetic person. He arrived at a time when musical flappers thronged Hamilton Place to palpitate at the sight of members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra after an afternoon concert wending their way home or to the nearest bar. There was no lying-in-wait for our Polish pianist; no rush to the "artist's room" after the recital. No maidens or matrons of the Back Bay, excited by his presence on or off the platform, thought of pistols and coffee for two. (The two heroic Polish ladies fought with swords.) And when Mr. Slivinski played with the orchestra in 1901, the line waiting in front of Symphony Hall did not extend to Mechanics Building, although he had not grown fat nor had he cropped his hair in the manner known to the vulgar as the "dead rabbit."

Should it be argued from this neglect that Mr. Slivinski was an inferior pianist? Not at all. He had ability and taste. But his press-agent had been negligent. He had not dwelt on the pianist's romantic history, nor likened him to the Apollo Belvedere. His advance notices for the press were not passionate, only prosaic with statements of facts that could not kindle a flame in susceptible breasts.

But no one can tell why one pianist causes the hearts of women to flutter; why another, often the greater, leaves them cold. Is it possible that Mr. Slivinski was not possessed of that mysterious quality known as "It," or that he left it behind him in Warsaw?

## BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

Doris Humphries and Charles Weidman brought the dance—the dance abstract and impersonal, an independent art—to the Boston Opera House last night. With their "concert group" or ensemble, they gave an unusually interesting program for the benefit of the Ellis Memorial house.

After the incomparable Argentina, the vital young dancers from Moscow, and the gifted and intellectual Germans, Kreutzberg and Georgi, it is gratifying to find that there are American dancers who are as perfect in their chosen field as any of the distinguished foreigners. The art of the dancers last night was refined and clean cut to an extreme

degree. They are preoccupied more with pure line, sculptural effects, rhythm, and motion—the abstractions of the dance—than with interpretative effects, although, when they occasionally attempt interpretations of music, they do it with genuine musical phrasing, if not with a very great variety of suggested emotions. But, of course, it is always a sore point to justify dancing to music, when an attempt is made by the dancer to become the music, or to interpret its essence in motions. There will always be some who prefer to interpret music without visual assistance. For such people the graceful and sharply etched character dances, such as the "Marionette Theatre," with its quaintly tottering dolls, and the pathetic "Minstrels," are more acceptable. For pure poetry of line and rhythm, the dance of Doris Humphries called a "herzo" was most appealing. Rhythmic dances, such as the marvellously ar-

ranged Water Study, done without music, best show the talents of the ensemble group and of the gifted originator of the dances... probably Miss Humphries herself. The dance compositions were all splendid, having the feeling of space, floor designs, rhythmic originality, and beauty of line. She works surely and effectively in any dimension.

A regrettably small audience attended the recital. No doubt it will take some time for dancers such as the Humphries-Weidman group to gather to themselves an appreciative following; they are too artistically scornful of the personal appeal, and of cheap and easily won effects through costuming, lighting and decor. It is a brave, pure art of movement they offer, and much of their reward must, of consequence, come from a limited group. It is to be hoped that group will find them in time.—E. E.

## "She Couldn't Say No"

An all-talking and singing screen drama adapted from a story by Benjamin M. Kane directed by Lloyd Bacon and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast: Winnie Lightner... Chester Morris... Jerry Casey... Sally Eiler... Tommy Blake... Johnny Arthur... Big John... Tully Marshall... Cora... Louise Beavers

That irrepressible rowdy of the raucous voice, Winnie Lightner, is a large again. She is "Wild Winnie," now, and wild is a mild term. When she is not singing of "A Darned Fool Woman Like Me" or "Watching My Dreams Go By," just to mention a couple of the half-dozen ditties in her latest screen program, she is making faces at Chester Morris, cast as a racketeer whose heart is not in his profession, and trying to persuade him that that maternal, protective love she can give him is better for him than the torpid affection of a young woman beyond his reach on the social ladder even could be. Winnie's speech is blunt. She scorns flowery phrases, prefers the vernacular. "You're making a mud-pie out of my heart," she cries. "Think of a sap like me lovin' a mug like you! And, to Tommy Blake, song writer and devoted slave, "What a sucker you are for second-hand goods!"

These observations are not intended in disparagement of Miss Lightner's superior talents along certain restricted line. As a lively, grinning female exponent of slapstick comedy, she has few equals among her contemporaries. There is no question of the honesty of her methods. Whatever she undertakes she does to the very best of her ability, and there are things she can do well. So it seems a pity that something better suited to her individual style could not have been framed for her debut as a screen star. She is ill at ease in scenes intended to be emotional; yet she does manage to indicate quickly her grief at the passing of Jerry Casey, shot to death in his last quarrel with "Father" John, brains of the gang of robbers of which Jerry has been an indifferent member.

Mr. Morris must be a "quick study." His name seems to be prominent in the cast of every other picture seen hereabouts recently. Fortunately for him, he need only learn his lines; a stereotyped pattern of underworld rascality serves for the rest. That he is able to make so many interesting digressions from that pattern is amazing. The others in the cast are as good as their roles permit them to be. "She Couldn't Say No" is not a shining example of convincing story, dialogue or characterization. Even the title is a source of bewilderment. Perhaps it refers to Miss Lightner's attitude when the scenario was first read to her and she was asked if she liked it. W. E. G.

## FINE ARTS THEATRE

### "Ten Days That Shook the World"

A silent picture produced by Artkino in Russia; directed by Serge M. Eisenstein and presented by the Artkino Guild.

That the silent film, for all the hue and cry against it, is still a potent factor in moving pictures, was conclusively demonstrated yesterday afternoon when the Artkino Guild gave the first Boston showing of "Ten Days That Shook the World" at the Fine Arts Theatre. It is an extraordinary, terrible and tragic film, as befits its subject; the overthrow of an empire and the rise to power of a new and questionable element. It is not for a squeamish soul nor for those who believe that this country will be immediately corrupted and handed over to the Bolsheviks. For a series of dramatic scenes wherein elementary forces are let loose, for mass action on a scale hitherto unparalleled, for moments of frenzy and despair, of savage lust, of stubborn resolve and futile discussion, "Ten Days That Shook the World" has no equal.

The director of the film, that same Eisenstein who stirred up such a commotion with his first picture, "Potemkin," has accomplished an incredible task. It is impossible to watch his completed work and realize that what is shown on the screen is acting and not the real thing. His players are the Russian people themselves without make-up in their habit as they live; his

scenes are the streets and buildings of Petrograd; his story is of those terrible days when the Kerensky government tottered to its fall, as the Bolshevik tide, sweeping all moderation aside, seized the reins of government in a grip more iron than that of the old regime.

The cry that will inevitably be raised against such a film as this will be the old one of "Propaganda!" Considering the circumstances under which it was made, a certain amount is inevitable, but it is not unduly emphasized. Kerensky is ridiculed for saying that Russia would stand by its obligations to the Allies and he himself is shown as a weakling with a fondness for Napoleonic poses. There are a few glimpses of Lenin, portrayed by an actor almost uncanny in his resemblance to the deceased dictator, and the warring factions argue and struggle. The film ends with the fall of the Winter Palace, last stronghold of the provisional government, and the last picture that the mind retains is that of a group of youthful cadets, loyal to the old government, going down as did the Swiss guards in other days, under the savage bayonets of the triumphant revolution.

## Learning About the Long Dead City of Abraham And the Chaldees

HISTORY AND MONUMENTS OF UR, by C. J. Gadd: many illustrations and a full index; E. P. Dutton & Co. 269 large octavo pages. \$4.85.

By PHILIP HALE

Until the archaeologists made surprising discoveries, Ur was a name associated chiefly, if not only, with Abraham. "And Terah took Abram his son, and Lot the son of Haran his son's son, and Sarah his daughter in law, his son Abram's wife, and they went forth with them from Ur of the Chaldees, to go into the land of Canaan; and they came unto Haran, and dwelt there." "I am the Lord that brought thee out of Ur." And in "Nehemiah" the Levites cried aloud: "Thou art the Lord the God who didst choose Abram and broughtest him forth out of Ur of the Chaldees and gavest him the name of Abraham."

Mr. Gadd gives the legends about Terah, the idolater, and maker of idols; how Abraham turned from them and defied King Nimrod; curious legends found in the Talmud and the Koran, but not in the Bible. The conclusion drawn by Mr. Gadd is that the tradition of Abraham's birth at Ur may be accepted; that his sojourn there may have been about 2000-1900 B. C.; that his journeying to Haran broadly corresponds with a general northward transfer of the Hebrew people from southern Babylonia, where they are first mentioned in secular literature; but "nothing in any way referable to Abraham has been found in the recent excavations; nothing of the kind was to be expected."

The purpose of Mr. Gadd's book is to present the most interesting facts now known about the fortunes of Ur during its long life.

The excavations have contributed to knowledge of these fortunes, but Mr. Gadd does not describe this work, nor is the book any substitute for accounts published annually by the excavators nor for the full official publication, of which two volumes have been prepared, and of which more are to come. "All that this book seeks to provide is an historical thread upon which the discoveries at Ur may be strung." Rabelais insisted that Chinon, his birthplace, was the oldest city in the world, for it was founded by Cain, the first builder of towns, but if Babylonian historians are trustworthy Eridu was the earliest of all cities and then at the dawn of creation Bel, whose true name was Marduk, moulded the race of men out of wet clay. The pottery of that city, near Ur, is still found; the lower parts of the private houses were discovered in good preservation. As for Ur, it was counted among the holy places not long after its creation. Eridu was the seat of Ea, the water-god; Ur, of Sin, the moon-god. (Some have found relationship between Sin and Sinal). The chapter, "Beginnings in Fable and Fact," will probably be the one of greatest interest, with other pages of a legendary character, to the general reader, who may later be confused by the names and wars of suc-

ceeding conquerors of Ur, names as forbidding as those in Russian plays and novels. Sargon of Agade may not be

distinguished from Sargon of Assyria. Nabu-shum-iddina, a singer in a temple service, may be mistaken for Nabu-zer-kenu-lisher, who betrayed his sovereign and pitched his camp against Ur. But as Walt Whitman sang: "Great are the myths—I, too, delight in them."

Often in the historical chapters the author is obliged to rely on tradition or express a doubt. No one knows, for example, when or where the writing described as "cuneiform" syllabary was invented, though it was the characteristic symbol, the most pervasive carrier of the Babylonian culture. Were the Sumerians, the earliest named inhabitants of the alluvial plain, the deposit of the Tigris and Euphrates, indigenous? They possessed the land as far back in time as anything is obscurely divined; their legends have no other land than their historical home. Did works of painted pottery live before the flood? Works of art astonishing in beauty have been found to be relics of the first, not the last ages.

There are detailed descriptions of houses, implements, figures, plaques found by the excavators. From one pictured scene it is known that the Sumerian cowmen milked from behind, as is still the custom of certain tribes in that country. If one asks when Semitic-speaking people in the riverlands first appeared and what were their relations with the early Sumerians—these questions are not strictly capable of solution. When one reads the story of the mighty Sargon as told by himself—how his lowly mother bore him secretly, put him in a basket of rushes and cast him into a river where he was rescued and reared by a ditcher—one thinks of Moses and remembers that the accepted notion of a conqueror's origin and rise to power was that he should have been born of obscure parents and exposed by a mother too poor to keep him. So Cyrus the Great was rescued and adopted by a neatherd.

It was in 1854 that J. E. Taylor, exploring a steep mound of ruins, found cylinders bearing an inscription of the last native King of Babylon, which revealed to the world that "this desolate spot in a forsaken land" was the famous city of Ur. The site at Ur was as repeatedly built over again at higher levels as were its fortunes, good and bad, in peace and in war. Mr. Gadd calls it the paradox of the town's history that it ends in grosser darkness than it begins. Its history virtually ends about the year 535, but its life persisted during the Persian rule over the land. Herodotus visited and described Babylon as it was under the Persian Kings. "We should give much to know what Ur might have looked like had Herodotus passed that way."

The story of Ur's rise to might, its civilization, its decline—the dynasties, the rule of Isin, Larsa and Babylon, the Kassites and the conquering Assyrians—is a fascinating one, at times almost incredible. Still one is relieved to find in its history familiar names, as Nebuchadnezzar, Ashurbanipal, known to us as Sardanapallus, though he could not have been the voluptuary who perished on "the pyre which consumed the instruments of his luxury—for he was dead long before the destruction of his capital."

The folk-lore and the student of comparative religion will find pages well worthy of their attention. Furthermore, Mr. Gadd tells his story without undue enthusiasm, not attempting to turn history into romance, or legends into history.

## UPTOWN

### "Vagabond King"

All talking and singing screen operetta led by Herman J. Maniewicz from the production of the same name by H. Post, Brian Hooker and Rudolph M. and from the novel and stage play "I Were King" by Justin Huntly McCarthy, directed by Ludwig Berger and presented by Paramount with the following cast: Francois Villon... Dennis King... Jeanette MacDonald... O. P. Heggie... Lillian Roth... Warner Oland... Arthur Stone... Thomas Ricketts... Lawford Davidson

Francois Villon, poet, thief, vagabond, has been the subject of historians, novelists, playwrights, composers and scenarists. Through the chemical changes of the years he has grown from an ugly-visaged ruffian "held firmly in bond by at least five of the seven deadly sins known to the medievals," to an attractive, romantic figure, a dashing fellow admired by his cut-throat followers, coveted by women of high and low degree. Justin Huntly McCarthy gave Francois his first glamorous cloaking in his book and play, "If I Were King." E. H. Sothern created his physical image, stressing the poetry rather than the Martian streaks in the man. In that play were movingly beautiful verses, "If I were king—ah love if I were king! . . . Beneath your feet what treasures I would fling—The stars should be your pearls upon a string, the world a ruby for your finger ring, and you should have the sun and moon to



wear—if I were king! One does not hear them now.

Then came a silent screen version with William Farnum as Villon; an later an operetta, scored with melodies both exquisite and vigorous. The Paramount production seen and heard last night at the Uptown Theatre, on Huntington avenue, combines much of the text of the play several of the tunes of the operetta, dresses and warms both with amazingly effective colors. As a cinematic achievement it is marked by lavishness tempered by invariable good taste and judgment. As a monument to its brilliant director, Ludwig Berger, it reveals him as a master of stagecraft, bringing a new, or at least an advanced, technique to the screen. As royal entertainment it will owe its success to its romantic story, its splendid cast, its unbroken pictorial charm.

The story as now set forth opens with the Paris of 1460, with the crafty, sensitive Louis XI on a tottering throne, with the streets swarming with starving, desperate mobs, with the Duke of Burgundy's hosts at the outer walls, with Villon carousing, fighting, loving in a dingy tavern cellar. The king, seeking a leader to inspire his army, overhears Villon as he recites bitter verses belittling Louis, and bargains with him. He will make Villon king for seven days, then he will hang him. Villon accepts the offer, is bathed, perfumed and arrayed in fine garments, responds to the coquettish advances of Katherine de Vaucelles, the king's niece, apparently renounces his old associates, including the faithful Huguette, and in due time leads a motley horde against his enemy. Returning victorious, he is escorted to the gallows. When Katherine would die with him, Louis relents, and pardons Villon.

Aside from individual performances, three features stand out. One is the tremendous, surging effect of Villon's rushing rabble as it passes and returns across the screen; another is the magic employment of shadows in the color scheme, making a few primary hues seem as if placed by an artist's brush. The third is the natural reproduction of voices and sounds, thanks to the RCA equipment of the Uptown Theatre. Denis King, an able, confident singer, as agile as a circus tumbler, in a performance less fine might be lightly accused of an excessive self-esteem. As it is he makes Villon a likable rogue, masters every dramatic scene, reveals a saving comic sense. Miss MacDonald's beauty, disarming though it be, is not so dazzling as to blunt suspicion that Katherine is too softly pliant, too eager to surrender to her unpedigreed lover. Nor is her voice able to compete with the sonorous tones of Mr. King. Mr. Haggie, with countless deft touches effects a delineation rarely registered in stage or screen. It may not be true of Louis XI's character, but it is at least consistent in development. Miss Roth, as Huguette, is still the soubrette, though she deserves credit for a dramatic death scene.

"The Vagabond King" should need no oily ballyhoo. It can and does stand up to its obvious merits. It is no limed copy by unskilled hands of a passing stage musical comedy, snippily quenched on a plucked canvas. It has all the vocal frenzy of Wagnerian opera, all the sweeping grandeur, restless animation and vivid coloring of a durably painted cyclorama. If the motion picture public sincerely wishes evidence of new and a finer eloquence of the screen, "The Vagabond King" offers that evidence. To that same public is the best squarely proffered. W. E. G.

#### NEW B. F. KEITH'S Men Without Women

An all-talking screen drama adapted by an unknown hand from the story by James R. McGillicuddy and John Ford, directed by John Ford and presented by William Fox with the following cast:

Chief Torpedoman Burke	Kenneth MacKenna
Ensign Price	Frank Albertson
Landmine	Paul Page
Sub	Walter McGrath
Boatman	Warren Hyman
Postelle	Farrell MacDonald
Stinks	Stuart Erwin
Blackie	George LeGuere
Blackie	Ben Hendricks, Jr.
Blackie	Harry Tombrook
Blackie	Roy Stewart
Blackie	Warner Richmond
Blackie	Charles Gerard
Blackie	Pat Somerset

Those who like their horrors in generous doses will be able to sit through "Men Without Women" without experiencing that disagreeable disturbance in the pit of the stomach which pornd nausea. True, the picture gives craftily to put one in genial humor through the jollity of its opening sequences, showing a group of sailors from the American submarine S-13 on shore leave in Shanghai. Their umsy badinage with geisha girls, their frank talk along the bar of the night hall, their ribald greetings for representatives of other branches of the service—these are rarely humorous incidents. They tend to illuminate one of the natures of the dozen odd

men who later are destined to die or to come near to death when a tramp freighter rams their craft in a storm in the China sea and sends it to the bottom.

Thereafter the photoplay becomes reminiscent of another film, "Submarine," directed by Frank Capra and shown very briefly throughout the country 18 months ago. The current picture is more worthy because of a more plausible narrative, more natural speech and acting; but it is nonetheless another distressing series of scenes depicting mental anguish, physical suffering, and death. It takes courage to produce such a picture, and courage to watch it. There is a subplot about an English naval officer named Quartermain who, after a tragic scandal, disappeared to bob up years later in the United States navy as Burke, a petty officer. When, after suspense has been toyed with to the limit and rescuers pick up the survivors who have been shot upward through the torpedo tube, one man stays behind. It is Burke, Capt. Weymouth, the British rescuer, knew too much about him.

Mr. MacKenna as Quartermain-Burke, atoning for his one great mistake; Mr. Albertson as the naval academy ensign whom fate ironically designated as a leader; Mr. MacDonald as the grizzled

seaman who loved his liquor; Mr. Hyman as Kaufman, a 'tough guy' but just; Mr. LeGuere as a crazed youth shot by his superior as he is about to hurl a deadly bomb; and Mr. Erwin as the laconic radio operator who jests about busy lines when death is imminent—these players stood out from their fellows. It is all gruesome realism, too gruesome for a steady diet.

W. E. G.

#### METROPOLITAN

##### "Only the Brave"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Agnes Brand Leahy from the story by Keene Thompson; directed by Frank Tuttle and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Carl James Braddon	Gary Cooper
Barbara Calhoun	Mary Brian
Capt. Robert Darrington	Phillips Holmes
Vance Calhoun	James Neill
Tom Wendell	Morgan Farley
Gen. U. S. Grant	Guy Oliver
Gen. Robert E. Lee	John H. Elliott
The colonel	E. H. Calvert
Elizabeth	Virginia Bruce
Lucey Cameron	Elda Voelkel
The sentry	William LeMaire
Elizabeth's lover	Freeman S. Wood

Just what those responsible for Gary Cooper's latest film, "Only the Brave," now showing at the Metropolitan Theatre, intended to do, is a little hard to decide. The picture starts off nicely as one of the more romantic civil war

dramas, with the gallant hero looking very decorative and heroic in northern uniform, jilted by his fickle sweetheart and leaving for the southern lines on a mission that means sure death. Once across the lines his endeavors to get himself shown up as a spy rapidly assume a serio-comic tinge, and when he is seen sitting in becoming negligee by an open window guarded by a burlesque sentry whom he could squish with one finger, matters cease to be funny and become downright ridiculous.

Romance is nothing to be ashamed of, nor are good manners, and while "Only the Brave" is woefully lacking in the former, it has plenty of the latter. Men address one another as "suh" with unfailing politeness, and ladies are punctiliously called "Ma'am," save in moments of greatest stress. The hero and heroine embrace with quiet earnestness, as if they were in love and not as if they were trying to choke themselves. It did seem a pity that Mary Brian and Gary Cooper were not allowed to pursue their little romance in peace without constant farcical interruptions and improbabilities. They both managed their southern accents with skill and never forgot them, which is more than can be said for the remainder of the cast. They were decorative and generally

pleasing, but they never had half a chance. To be sure, Gary gives Mary an amusing curtain lecture on the flirtatious behaviour of southern girls, and the aforesaid burlesque sentry is hilariously portrayed by a clever newcomer, William LeMaire. The closing scene, the surrender of Lee, was well done, but lost in effect from the preceding antics.

What there is of plot probably began with serious intentions: a young Union captain is sent across the southern lines with the purpose of getting himself captured with incriminating dispatches on his person. After a great deal of trouble and innumerable difficulties with the heroine, who tries to save him, he succeeds, but, of course, he is rescued before the firing-squad can dispose of him, and the whole affair ends with a nice little wedding. The old southern mansion in which the action takes place is attractive, substantial and in admirable taste.

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# The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Leiber will begin his performances of plays by Shakespeare at the Wilbur Theatre tomorrow night with "King Lear." The other tragedies in the course of the week will be "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Julius Caesar." The comedies will be "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," and "Twelfth Night."

To the best of our knowledge "King Lear" has not been played in modern costume. Lear has not been seen on the stage holding an umbrella in the storm; not even with a rubber coat and goloshes. Nor has Lear often been seen in late years clad in the traditional stage dress. The actor who plays the king must be a brave man.

A London journalist recently reviewing Mr. Tomlinson's last book, said: "All our Yesterdays' seemed a good phrase, so, of course, I suspected Shakespeare." The Observer made this comment on the journalist's suspicion: "Dumfries can do better. 'Knowing,' wrote the young reporter there in his criticism of 'Hamlet'—'Knowing as we do, the play from beginning to end.'"

If there is to be preparatory reading for the full enjoyment of the Shakespearean fortnight there is no better little book than John Jay Chapman's "A Glance Toward Shakespeare," published by the Atlantic Monthly Press some years ago. Volume after volume—a wilderness of words—a verbal jungle—have been written about Shakespeare, the poet, the dramatist, the man. Mr. Chapman's book is, first of all, entertaining; at times witty without being flippant, critical in an original manner, characteristically independent in judgment of plays themselves, and of the way in which they should be performed. Take Mr. Chapman's essay on "King Lear," for example. That tragedy will survive any treatment. Nahum Tate fitted it with a happy ending, and his version held the stage for 160 years. (Tate's version was used when New York first saw the tragedy in 1754, and for some years afterward.)

Germany and England, a public that knew the play by heart, attended a performance "as a modern audience attends the performance by some new pianist of one of Beethoven's great sonatas." "Lear" and other tragedies produced "a special race of prodigious experts."

"I have seen," says Mr. Chapman, "Edwin Booth and Salvini, who were the latest stars in the slowly setting galaxy—or, as it were, dynasty—of great tragedians, and I am going to confess that in 'King Lear,' though each was extraordinary, there did not seem to be mists and clouds enough about the old King. The mind's theatre was too bare; Lear had slipped his envelope and was too isolated, too visible, too articulate, too cunningly lighted." The minor plots and minor characters were neglected by the stage managers. Mr. Chapman then discusses the strange sheaf of things that Shakespeare had in his hand before he began to write—the two similar legends he wove together. Many characters were to be killed. As Lear was to go mad, there must be other mad persons or pretended mad persons. "A mad person surrounded by sane persons on the stage is isolated. In a good tragedy the terrors and curses and general hellward tendency of things must affect as many minds and persons as possible." All the mad people in "King Lear" are good people; but there must be some wicked people—the bad daughters, mere names, are exactly alike; Edmund and Cornwall are desperately wicked in the nursery-tale manner. Then there is a commentator, a moralist, Shakespeare himself—the Fool.

"If I had not been told so often that the theme of Shakespeare's 'Lear' was filial ingratitude, I should have said that the theme was houseless poverty, and 'blessed are the poor in spirit.' All the good people in the play are obsessed with the idea of the sacredness of beggars." Mr. Chapman points out the power of iteration on the stage as shown in this tragedy. "Before Lear actually goes mad, he prophesies eight times, in crescendo, that he is about to go mad. . . . The whole of this play, after the opening pageant of the abdication, is a medley of detached scenes; it is in form a scatterbrained play, and in substance the most solid thing in human drama."

Note this delightful remark of Mr. Chapman's: "Part of the pathos in 'Lear' comes from the way in which the old gentleman is haled about from one place to another. . . . We must deal with the stage business in 'Lear' with as light a hand as if it were a farce, and the tragedy in it will take care of itself."

There is no opera "King Lear" by any great composer. Verdi in his old age thought of the subject and even sketched his own libretto. Did he find himself unable to invent music for so great a tragedy? He refused to write a "Romeo and Juliet" on the ground that he was too old; freed from the necessary passion.

There is a "Cordelia" by Konradin Kreutzer (1819) with an overture that suggested to Christopher Wilson Julius Caesar or Charlie Chaplin as much as it did Cordelia. There are operas by Semeladis (1854), Gobati (1881), Reynaud (1888). There is the fine overture by Berlioz; Bazzini's grim and sombre overture; Weingartner's Symphonic poem; stage music by Hatton; by Balakirev and no doubt others. Debussy was writing stage music for the tragedy in 1905-06. Fragments of it, including "The Sleep of Lear," were played in Paris in 1926 and in New York in 1927.

Whenever "Macbeth" is performed certain questions are raised as to the proper portrayal of the leading characters and the appropriate stage business. Last month the Oxford University Dramatic Society gave a performance with Brewster Morgan, an American, the producer. The weird sisters at first were seen and heard by Banquo and Macbeth. Later they appeared as visions in Macbeth's mind, through a transparency while he sat in the deserted banquet hall. The appearance of Banquo's ghost took place far up stage. This ghost was not visible to any one's eyes except Macbeth's.

The old way of presenting this ghost appeals to us: his appearance with blood-streaked face, pointing to himself with a ghastly smile. By the way, who wrote these lines about an actor in some gory play:

"I saw him at half-price,  
But methinks I see him now,  
In the tableau of the last act,  
With the blood upon his brow."

How should Lady Macbeth be portrayed? Maeterlinck in the long introduction to his excellent translation of the tragedy asked: "Should she be an angular, lank shrew, a bitter, hard, vain chatelaine, the frightful business woman, inflexible, dry, wily, perfidious, colder than the steel of the dagger she directs, or should we not see her as the too affectionate



wife, a victim too much punished by a horrible thought born in the marriage bed? . . . Is she better or worse, more interesting or more hateful than her spouse? Is she black as the raven whom she summons at the approach of her prey? Is she tall and sombre, bony and muscular, haughty and insolent, or frail and blonde, lithe and undulating, voluptuous and tender. Have we to do here with the psychology of murder, of the tragedy of remorse and unrecognized justice? A study of fate or the poisoning of a soul by its own thoughts? We know nothing about it; one can discuss without end, support this or that theory; it is highly probable that Shakespeare himself would not be able to define these two beings escaped from his prodigious hands."

Richard Grant White saw Lady Macbeth as a sensuous temptress holding her husband by the wiles of the flesh. Macbeth's picture showed her "a Scandinavian Amazon, the muscles of whose brawny arms could only have been developed to their great size by constant use." Mrs. Siddons found that she had all the charms and graces of personal beauty, possessing that character, "which I believe," she wrote, "is generally allowed to be most captivating to the other sex—fair, feminine, nay, perhaps even fragile. Such a combination only, respectable in energy and strength of mind and captivating in feminine loveliness, could have composed a charm of such potency as to fascinate the mind of a hero so dauntless, a character so amiable, so honorable as Macbeth." (Yet Henry Irving preferred to see Macbeth a neurotic, cowardly person.) Mrs. Siddons was a practical soul. When Sheridan objected to her breaking tradition in the sleep walking scene by not holding the candle in her hand, she urged the impracticability of washing out that "damned spot" with the vehemence implied by Lady Macbeth's own words and by those of a gentlewoman.

In this recent performance at Oxford, Miss Ffrangcon-Davies played Lady Macbeth, "little, quiet and very determined. An extra murder or two would only have made Macbeth's beefy Amazon sleep the sounder, but Miss Ffrangcon-Davies gave up a high-strung creature who will not fail once she has screwed her courage to the sticking-place, but who must pay dearly afterwards for the nervous strain she has imposed upon herself. Her voice—the thick, toneless voice of the somnambulist—was full of the horror and pain which she had to hide even from herself in her waking hours."

Having seen Charlotte Cushman bullying Macbeth and roaring—poor J. B. Booth stood it courageously—we sympathize with the critic whose words were quoted on the Oxford program: "Did the fierce fire of Lady Macbeth's soul animate the epicene bulk of a virago? Never! Lady Macbeth was a lady, beautiful and delicate, whose one vivid passion proves that her organization was instinct with nervousness, unopposed by weight of flesh." A later critic said that we should look for "feminine subtlety rather than statuesque magnificence"; that Lady Macbeth was a sentient being, "not a reciting machine, an invincible tragic bombardment."

Mr. Frank R. Zebley of Wilmington, Del., wrote to the N. Y. Times that the people of that town were puzzled when "Elizabeth and Essex" was produced there.

"What puzzled the audience was what the words of the play were before the actors gargled them and shot them out over the footlights in the form of mush. At a distance of approximately 50 feet from the stage only one word out of three could be understood, although they were spoken loudly enough.

"As to your implication that Wilmington is a hick town, this is also probably correct, but you must remember that many of the best New York writers and critics come from just such towns as Gallipolis, O.; Paducah, Ky., &c., &c. The New York writers appear to agree that the main support of New York theatres is from transients who hail from the sticks, and the only reason that New Yorkers don't run after the fire engines is because the fire might possibly be 20 miles away."

## BRAHMS IN SLIPPERS

The audiences at the Brahms Festival would no doubt like to know something about the man in private life. They already rejoice in the knowledge that Beethoven was irascible, the despair of his landladies, given to rough joking; that Haydn was nagged by his shrew of a wife and fell in love with a woman in London; that Mozart was fond of punch and billiards; that Cesar Franck's trousers were too short. There are many anecdotes about the great; some of them no doubt apocryphal.

In the excellent biography of Brahms by Walter Niemann, to which we referred last Sunday, there is an entertaining chapter entitled "Brahms as a Man."

He was not fussy in his dress. At home he went about in a flannel shirt, trousers, a detachable white collar, no cravat, slippers. In the country he was happy in a flannel shirt and alpaca jacket, carrying a soft felt hat in his hand, and in bad weather wearing on his shoulders an old-fashioned bluish-green shawl, fastened in front by a huge pin. (We remember that in the sixties many New Englanders on their perilous journeys to Boston or New York wore a shawl.) He preferred a modest restaurant to hotel table d'hotes. In his music room were pictures of a few composers, engravings—the Sistine Madonna among them—the portrait of Cherubini, by Ingres, with a veiled Muse crowning the composer—"I cannot stand that female," Brahms said to his landlady—a bronze relief of Bismarck, always crowned with laurel. There was a square piano supposed to have been Haydn's, also a grand piano, on which a volume of Bach was usually standing open. On the cover lay note books, writing tablets, calendars, cigar cases, spectacles, purses, watches, keys, portfolios, recently published books and music, also souvenirs of his travels. He was passionately patriotic, interested in politics, a firm believer in German unity. He deeply regretted that he had not done military service as a young man. Prussia should be the North German predominant power.

His library occupied the whole of a long wall of the room. The shelves held rare old books on music, autographs, engravings, etchings, etc. Among his favorite writers were Freytag, Heyse, Keller (the Swiss poet) Alexis, Grillparzer, Kleist, Hebbel, E. T. A. Hoffmann, Arnim, Auerbach, Luther (the translation of the Bible and the "Table Talk"). Folk poetry, fairy tales, sagas, delighted him. Books of travel were dear to him, as was Grimm's German dictionary. A man, he kept his boyish love for "Robinson Crusoe." "Gil Blas" was on the shelf, as were historical works on Germany's wars. For 24 years he subscribed to the satirical Kladderadatsch—the numbers were piled in a wardrobe. Well acquainted with modern literature, he was

a zealous first-nighter at the Burgtheatre. He had little patience with the hysteria and arrest of the contemporary literary tendencies. "Passions," he wrote to Clara Schumann, "do not pertain to man as a natural thing. They are always exceptions or excrescences."

His traveling trunk and valise were always packed ready for instant use. The windows of the music room and library were always shut; those of his bedroom open day and night.

As a young man he was shy, awkward; this awkwardness had its origin "chiefly in his oppressive consciousness of his lack of ease in the forms of polite society, which he tried, as a rule, to conceal behind an apparently rough manner." He was then slender, walking with an uncertain gait, body bowed a little forward. His voice was then as gentle as his hair was long. He was a good athlete. As a boy he had a pure soprano voice, which he ruined by singing when it was breaking. Forty years later this voice was gruff; he was portly; the once clean shaven face gave way to a great full beard. At the age of thirty his figure was short and squat, his under lip protruded, but "his whole appearance was steeped in force . . . there was something confidently triumphant in his face, the radiant serenity of a mind happy in the exercise of his art," wrote Widmann, observing him playing the piano.

He could take a nap at any time in the day; in the open as in a room, he could sleep at a friend's house on a sofa or under a grand piano. Breakfast was his favorite meal. Coffee and cigars could not be too strong for him. No matter how heavy his supper, he drank coffee for which his recipe was as many coffee beans as would ordinarily make 10 cups. He seldom composed at Vienna; when he did, it was standing, never at the piano. Out of bed very early—in summer holiday, at 5—he worked without stopping till noon. At 12:30 he would lunch at the "Roter Igel"; take his coffee, then a long walk. At night after a concert or an opera he would take his drink at the same restaurant, where he would meet carefully chosen friends. Though he carried his liquor well, he was moderate and simple in what he ate and drank, demanding no delicacies, preferring a solid, middle-class meal. At midday he drank a half-pint of red wine or a small glass of Pilsener beer.

As a young man he had a rough exterior. This roughness grew on him, was noticeable even in his jesting, his physical behavior. Yet his friends said his nature was gentle; that he would weep before certain pictures, or at a performance—especially of his own works. His eyes would brim with tears as he farewelled intimate friends. As soon as there was talk about music he would become silent. Interested in a subject, he would speak vivaciously but with few words and little gesturing. With close friends he was lively and witty. He would often be curt, abrupt in speech. He could be jovial with men, gallant to beautiful women. The curiosity of professional journalists, reporters, autograph hunters, he detested; also dedications, painters and sculptors after a commission. He made innumerable enemies among critics and journalists by his rudeness. "These petty scribblers are nothing but skirmishers; they delay matters a bit. Only a creative genius can be convincing in art." (What would he have said to Oscar Wilde's theory that the critic is the true creative artist; that the excuse for a work or a performance is the critical article about it?) He let himself be photographed fairly often. Amateur photographs and snap-shots amused him greatly.

"All these are but small things and characteristic trifles. But they spring from the very depths of Brahms's native Low German character, which hated nothing so much as false solemnity, spurious pathos and stilted theatrical pomposity, and show us his simple, modest side." This quality caused him to be grossly misunderstood. Niemann, in a diatribe against some of Brahms's contemporaries, admits that his hero in his relations with his fellow-artists was often "far too prone to follow the impulse of the moment and say hasty, spiteful, disagreeable and stinging things; indeed, he felt he simply must say them, though nobody had less desire to be nasty, and nobody repented of them more sincerely."

Here are a couple of the many illustrative anecdotes that might be told here:

When Bruch, sweating, had played him the whole of his "Odysseus,"

all that Brahms said at the end was: "Tell me, where do you get your beautiful manuscript paper?"

Seeing some compositions by Reinecke on a friend's piano, he said to the old composer's wife, who was standing by: "What, does your husband compose, too?"

He asked Gura, the singer, in Goldmark's presence: "Do you not think it extraordinary that a few should compose a setting of Martin Luther's words?"

No wonder that Brahms, growing more reserved, harsher, ruder, suffered from his incapacity for "getting outside himself." He told Clara Schumann he longed for affection. He loved his parents, step-family, brothers and sisters, children and animals. Loyal to his friends, he was genuinely religious. He was generous, in secret, to those in need. "Brahms was a convinced and believing member of the Lutheran Protestant church; not as regards dogma, not in the letter, but in the spirit." "We North Germans," he once said, "long for the Bible every day and do not let a day go by without it. In my study I can lay my hand on my Bible even in the dark."

Niemann asks whether Brahms's celibacy was voluntary or not. He bases his answer, in the negative, on occasional remarks of Brahms. As a young man he was secretly in love with Clara Schumann. He was devoted to her till her death. Though he had a youthful passion for Agathe von Siebold, he let it cool, for his future was not assured. A girl at Oldenburg pleased him when he was in his thirties. He told Widmann years later he had waited too long. He made an unsuccessful attempt to marry Clara Schumann's daughter Julie. When a young woman asked him why he had not married, he answered, "None of them would have me; and if there had been one who would, I could not have stood her on account of her bad taste."

Not that, to use Sir Thomas Browne's phrase, he was "averse from that sweet sex." Dwellers in Vienna who knew Brahms have told us that like Sainte-Beuve, like Hazlitt, he looked with a favoring eye on bonnes.

There is a short chapter in Niemann's indispensable book on Brahms as a composer as well as a man—a book as remarkable for the sanity of his criticism as for the orderly information—a chapter about Brahms as a pianist, conductor and teacher, in which Niemann says that as a pianist and conductor Johannes must above all be judged as the interpreter of Brahms the composer. We heard him play in the season of 1883-84 at Berlin his



concerto, and found his performance rough and uninspiring. In 1888 he conducted the first performance in Berlin of his Symphony No. 1. The orchestra was respectfully obedient to his baton. The testimony of his piano pupils is singularly contradictory. He thought a pupil should be encouraged with words of praise. He said to Richard Strauss after the first performance of his "F-minor" symphony: "Young man, look at Schubert's dances and inventing simple, eight bar melodies." Niemann ends this chapter with a note: "Even during his lifetime Brahms's achievements as a composer were overshadowed by his activity as pianist, conductor and teacher."

Then follow nearly 300 pages in which Niemann has much to say about his compositions. The book is published by Alfred A. Knopf of New York.

## DE COU'S PICTURES

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Branson de Cou gave at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon the first of three series of "Dream Pictures." There was a very large audience. The subject was "Norway and Sweden: Midnight Sun Lands." The accompanying music, appropriately chosen, consisted of Scriabin's "Tranquil Ocean," Dohnanyi's "Winterreigen," Rubinstein's "Barcarolle" in A minor, an improvisation by Grieg on a Norwegian Folk Song; a nocturne by Glinka, and Debussy's "Submerged Cathedral."

Mr. de Cou began by mentioning the great number of summer cruises starting from German and English ports to the land of the Midnight Sun. He then gave advice to those thinking of this tour. After a few glimpses at Berlin, the more important fjords were visited, various valleys, Trondhjem, the old coronation city of Norway, Tromsø, homes of wandering Laplanders, the Lofoten Islands, the glaciers and cataracts, wild flowers in the Arctic circle, the famous Norangstal, Balholm, wild and smiling scenes, pictures of the inhabitants—old ladies whose strong faces were also benignant—fishermen catching cod in the dead, dark water; views of Bergen, Oslo, Hammerfest, the glory of Magda-

lene Bay, a short visit to Copenhagen; then the sight of fertile Sweden as seen from the Gotha canal, with pictures of Stockholm for the ending.

The pictures were marvels of photography and color, no more to be described in a review, except possibly by a Ruskin, than were the glories of sky, mountains and water, as the lecturer said, to be adequately pictured by the camera.

Many of the scenes awoke the enthusiasm of the audience. They certainly surpassed in beauty—one fading into another—any that have been shown here since Mr. de Cou's visit to Boston a year ago. And his talk was delightful. Not too statistical, but amply informative. The pictures were eloquent in themselves. There was no need of a lecturer's search for purple phrases or any hi-alutin. And Mr. de Cou talked informally—a relief from lectures that seem to have been laboriously prepared and painfully committed to memory. Without striving to be funny, Mr. de Cou was often amusing in his comments, not as a professional jester, but as an experienced traveler quick to see the ludicrous. He is seldom that pictures, talk and music are so deftly joined—talk that seemed suggested at the moment by the scene or adventure

—to give rounded and unusual entertainment.

The subject next Saturday afternoon will be "Springtime Motoring on Our Pacific Coast," including many gorgeous wild flower pictures.

At the third and last on March 22 the subject will be "The Canadian Rockies."

## MRS. PAT CAMPBELL

Mrs. Pat Campbell, distinguished actress, held a large audience enthralled for an hour and a half at Jordan hall yesterday afternoon, by the perfection of her art. Standing simply on the stage, in a black velvet gown, without the slightest visual assistance except hurriedly hung curtains which concealed the organ pipes, she reincarnated characters from plays she has acted in, and explained to the audience, in a talk well-flavored with her own personal charm and wit, her conception of the art of vocal control. As illustrations of tone color in speech, she treated the audience to little cameos of enunciation—selections from Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth, Pelleas and Melisande, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, and Pygmalion, a Psalm, bits of poetry, and a few deliciously pointed anecdotes. Her lovely voice, schooled to absolute control, is marvellously expressive, varied, and compelling. The audience was genuinely moved by the magic of her voice and the power of her imagination, and there were, throughout the afternoon, numerous bursts of spontaneous enthusiasm.

In her plea for more beautifully spoken English, off the stage as well as

on it, she said: "Today we may disagree with a man's opinion, and he will like us still, but woe to us if we dare to criticise his pronunciation! I'm afraid that those of us in England who speak beautifully must resign ourselves to being called affected, and those of you who speak beautifully in America must resign yourselves to being called Anglo-maniacs."

Mrs. Pat Campbell is convincing in her denunciation of the current vogue for "natural" speech in stage acting. It is as bad as natural dancing, natural violin-playing, or natural—that is, unlettered—performance in any art. An actor must learn to control his medium of expression, his voice, before he is equipped to attempt a role. That many if not all in the audience are more profoundly moved by 10 minutes' acting by Mrs. Pat Campbell than by a season of "shows," forces the unhappy truth home: The art of acting does not tread on the heights it used to walk. It will be a worth-while pilgrimage for her if through her efforts some of us learn what we are missing on the stage today.

E. B.

## VERBAL KILL-JOYS

Among those who are constantly taking the joy out of life are the superior persons who object to words and phrases of respectable years and now in common use. One man writes that "far-flung" should be thrown into the dust-bin except when it is applied to an army, for it then suggests a quick manoeuvre. He holds Rudyard Kipling responsible by his "Recessional" for the loose use of the phrase with reference to immovable things; he also objects to an "American Vulgarism"—"at that" for besides.

Another finds fault with "the—that was" as in Poe's

To the glory that was Greece  
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Another assails dramatic critics for using the words "good theatre"—"This is hardly good theatre"—"A play may be indifferent theatre." Still another, an Englishman, wishes to know why "Exit" is in use, even over school doors. "Why do we keep up, not only on our railways but in many other places, the use of an incorrect Latinism?" But "exit," a place for departure, has been approved by English writers for nearly three hundred years.

There were objections years ago to words and phrases that are now accepted by pedants, prigs and prudes. The word "bet" for "wager" was long considered a low term. There is a passage in Bulwer Lytton's "Ernest Maltravers" that is curious reading today: "I told you we should not get safely through the day," said George Herbert. "Now we are in for it." "George, that is a vulgar expression," said Lord Donningdale, buttoning up his coat.

Why was "in for it" a "vulgar" expression in 1837?

That there is a long list of words that are overworked ad nauseam no one will deny: Vision, reaction, meticulous, premier (for first), pretentious (for elaborate or sumptuous). A few days ago a headline in a respectable New York newspaper read: "Received its premi." Nor will it be denied that the language, English or American, as one pleases, is debased by those who should know better. On the other hand, there are persons who are too "bestly particular," reminding one of a famous saying of Thomas Hobbes, that, when quoted, often suffers from abbreviation:

For words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools, that value them by the authority of an Aristotle, a Cicero, or a Thomas, or any other Doctor Whatsoever, if but a man.



